

GOVERNMENT IN CONTROL

Mexican Insurrectionists Said to Have Taken Tolereon But No Other Very Important Centres

EL PASO, Texas, Nov. 23.—The government in Mexico is fairly well established here tonight. So far as can be learned, the insurrectionists are not in actual control of a single important town.

Francisco Portino, mayor of Juarez, has been assured by his government that all of the important towns in the state of Chihuahua are held by government forces. The troops have recovered control of the Madero branch of the Mexican Northwest Railroad, which was attacked and captured by insurrectionists Monday night. Nine ruffians, three Mexican women and a child were killed in the attack, which was directed against the soldiers.

A Rebel Victory. EAGLE PASS, Texas, Nov. 23.—Employees of the federal telegraph line in Ciudad Portillo, Diaz says that the Maderists now infest the city. All arms and ammunition there have been confiscated. An American courier reaching Eagle Pass today from Torreon said he counted 21 bodies of Mexican soldiers, police and rurales in Gomez Palacios on Monday. The revolutionists carried away their dead and wounded.

A high Mexican official at Ciudad Portillo Diaz said fifty-two Mexican soldiers were killed at Gomez Palacios. Raid Madero's Ranch. LAREDO, Texas, Nov. 23.—Mexican soldiers late today raided the San Enrique ranch of Francisco I. Madero, leader of the uprising in Mexico, for the chance of capturing Madero and his family. The raid was successful. Madero and his family were taken to the city.

It is believed by the Mexican authorities that Madero had placed 3,000 horses on his coastal ranch, with which he intends to mount a force of cavalry.

Insurrections. CIUDAD PORTILLO, Mexico, Nov. 23.—Francisco I. Madero proclaimed himself president of Mexico, and admonishes followers not to commit crimes against Americans, nor to damage property of foreigners. The proclamation is being generally circulated today throughout northern Mexico.

LAREDO, Tex., Nov. 23.—For the first time since the revolutionary movement against Mexico assumed definite form, troops moved along the United States side of the Rio Grande. The Mexican site overlooking the river covered reaching from Matamoros to Ciudad Portillo Diaz, a distance of about 300 miles.

General Lauro Villar is in command of the Mexican forces from Matamoros to Nueva Laredo and Colonel Ricardo Pena is in charge of the territory extending through the states of Nuevo Leon and Coahuila.

Gen. Villar had advised from his detachments today that quite several like advances have been received by Colonel Pena at Ciudad Portillo Diaz. The border is in a state of well guarded on the American side, a corps of soldiers extending from Brownsville to Eagle Pass.

At Minera. In view of the rumors regarding the mobilization of an armed force of 200 revolutionists at Minera, Texas, Marshal Brewster wired the War Department at Washington today and received a reply that the United States military forces at Fort McIntosh would be placed under orders to cooperate with him. As a result he requested that a company of troops be sent to Minera and at 4:30 o'clock this afternoon Company "A" of the Nineteenth Infantry under command of Captain Keaton, departed by train for that point.

Incoming passengers on trains from Mexico have varied stories to tell regarding the outbreaks. One passenger today told a story that there was treason within the ranks of the Mexican army and that nineteen officers had been shot by order of the Mexican authorities.

Despatches from the interior indicate that the Mexican authorities are strenuously endeavoring to protect Americans and that in many instances the police as well as the soldiers who are engaged in the suppression of property of Americans have been ordered to shoot down anyone attempting to molest Americans or their property.

The Revolutinary Leader. SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 23.—Francisco I. Madero, who is leading the revolution in Mexico completed his plans for the political outbreak since his arrival in this city on October 7. He left here the night of November 15 and crossed the Rio Grande in his own rascals in Mexico Sunday morning, November 20, when he took command of 800 men well armed.

YALE ELECTORS HEAR PREMIER

Convincing Arguments in Support of Government Candidate—No Bona Fide Opposition Offered in District

Most Pious Reduction. CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—Wholesale reductions in the price of beef and pork were announced by the Chicago packers today. Spare ribs, pork chops and beef loins were sold at one cent less than yesterday. Beef ribs dropped a cent and a half.

Democratic Majority. WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—The Democratic representation in the next House of Representatives will be 227, against 123 Republicans and one Socialist.

Japan's Railway Policy. TOKYO, Nov. 23.—The government's policy of permitting the construction of the railway by the people appears to be likely to revive the spirit of enterprise. Already twenty charters have been applied for, and twelve have been granted by the government.

Injured in Auto Accident. WINNIPEG, Nov. 23.—Mrs. G. W. Allen, wife of a well known lawyer, was seriously injured in a motor accident. Her car collided with a street car on the corner of Broadway and Main streets.

MANY SALES ON DOUGLAS STREET

WINNIPEG AGITATION

Mr. Justice Robinson Appointed Commissioner to Inquire into Social Conditions. WINNIPEG, Nov. 23.—Chiefly as the result of reviving revelations of the white slave traffic growing out of the party to Winnipeg of Maud Pierce and other women, the city council has appointed a commission to inquire into social conditions.

Striking Natives in German Southwest Africa in Fight With Soldiers. BERLIN, Nov. 23.—A strange light is thrown on the killing of a score of Transkei Kaffirs, who were British subjects, in Southwest Africa, by the papers which have just arrived here from that colony.

ROADS N B. C. Mr. Mann's Statement in Regard to Northern Line—Readiness of British Capital to Invest in Canada. VANCOUVER, Nov. 23.—B. D. Mann, vice-president of the Canadian Northern railway, in an interview here today championed imperial defence, declaring that a financial situation in Canada would be that prevailing in the United States had been created by the willingness of the British investors to finance Canada's railway enterprises.

Trains Killed. CHICO, Cal., Nov. 23.—Conductor Ralph Crum and brakeman A. B. Strong were instantly killed yesterday eighteen miles from Shiloh, Calif., when the axle of a logging car broke, wrecking seven heavily-laden cars. Brakeman Strong was buried beneath a mass of lumber, and workmen were occupied several hours in extricating the body.

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Investors Show Their Faith in Future of Thoroughfare by Buying Largely—Detailed List of Transfers. The most important tendency in the present real estate activity is the growing belief among investors that Douglas street better long is destined to become the thoroughfare of the future of the city. This belief is evidenced by the largely increased number of sales of that artery every day.

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One year \$1.00, Six Months \$0.60, Three Months \$0.35, Sent postpaid to Canada and the United Kingdom.

WHAT WE OWE BRITAIN

The Mail and Empire administrators rebuke to Mr. Blondin, a Conservative member of Parliament who said during the Drummond-Arthabasca contest that Canada owes nothing to Great Britain. Le Devor, which is Mr. Bourassa's paper says that Mr. Blondin only repeated something that Mr. H. Y. McLean, a Liberal M. P. from South Huron, had already said. Two wrongs never yet made a right and nothing that Mr. McLean may have said could justify what Mr. Blondin said. Canada owes very much to Britain, and no part of the Dominion owes more than does the province of Quebec. We should be sorry to say that Quebec has never done anything to return for the protection afforded her, because that would not be true, but that Quebec is what it is today is due to the fact that Britain protected her even against the reasonable demands of people of British origin. A great deal of nonsense is talked and more is implied in the discussion of the position of Quebec under the British Crown. Some people would have us believe that the people of that province have certain treaty rights, which are their under and by virtue of the terms of the surrender by France. The sovereignty of that part of North America. Hence they argue that in the event of the people of Quebec becoming dissatisfied with the manner in which they are treated within the Dominion, they have a right to call upon France to make Great Britain live up to her obligations. Only a few days ago we read somewhere the statement that the people of Quebec looked to the tricolor of France as the ultimate protection of their rights. But the people of Quebec have no treaty rights whatever. All that was assured to them by the treaty of Versailles was that those who wished to leave the country after its conquest by the British were at liberty to do so and take their property with them, and that those who remained should be permitted to worship God after the dictates of their own conscience. All the peculiar privileges of the people of Quebec were conferred upon them as a gratia by the British government and not de jure. We are not going to deny that to a certain extent those people gave something in return. We are ready to admit that, at a time when it was desirable for Britain to have Quebec loyal, the clergy of the province exhibited an appreciation of the advantages of British protection and did very much to preserve the province to the Crown. As for English-speaking Canada, its debt to Britain cannot very well be measured, for it is an inextinguishable kind. If we value our institutions, which time is showing to be so much better adapted to the needs of the people at large than are the institutions of the United States, we owe a debt of gratitude to Britain for having kept us within the Empire. Here again the obligation may be mutual. We should be sorry to be compelled to feel that it was not. But we have not yet paid our debt to Britain, and never will as long as the Common Law forms the basis of our institutions.

MR. BOURASSA

As our eastern exchanges come to hand we read references to the attitude of Mr. Bourassa, which fully bear out what has been said on the subject in these columns. Thus we find Mayor Geary of Toronto telling the Conservative convention that "he has studied this man Bourassa and he is not the stamp of man who is going to make for a united Canada." He frankly said that he would have preferred to have seen the ministerial candidate elected in Drummond-Arthabasca, Toronto Saturday Night, which is Conservative in its political leanings, thinks it is "absolutely necessary that the aspirations of the Bourassa group should be nipped in the bud," and it adds that "the Conservative party cannot afford to rejoice over any victories that Bourassa and his allies may win. They are victories not only over Laurier but over all other classes of Canadians." There is not the least use in anyone pretending that there can be any alliance between the Conservative party and the Nationalists, as long as the latter take the position which Mr. Bourassa and his collaborators occupied during the recent by-election, and it is not easy to see how they can work in harmony with the Conservative element in Quebec if L'Evenement, a Conservative paper, correctly voices their views when it declares that the mass of the people of that province are "hostile to imperialism." We

make no claim to prophetic vision, but we are strongly of the opinion that things will never be quite the same in Canadian politics since the election in Drummond-Arthabasca. As a matter of fact a change was bound to come when it was decided that Canada should embark upon imperial defence, no matter how small a measure of participation therein was sanctioned by Parliament. You cannot keep old issues alive under new sets of conditions.

Of course it has been raining, and raining pretty hard for this part of the world. But what reason is there for complaining? The rain falls upon the just as well as upon the unjust, and we ought not to complain because we get our share. Surely you don't want Vancouver to get it all, do you?

In December last the Colonist received and printed in the ordinary course of its telegraphic news a statement connecting the name of Dr. J. E. Wilkinson of Toronto with the theft of Cobalt ore. We are informed by Dr. Wilkinson's solicitors that the statement was untrue. The Colonist had, of course, no information on the subject than was contained in the despatch which it printed in good faith, as other newspapers receiving the same despatch did. The publication was without any animosity whatever against Dr. Wilkinson, and we very greatly regret having coupled his name with any such transaction.

We have not the least doubt that if the government would clear the land and give it to settlers that it would be rapidly taken up. It would be still more rapidly taken up if the government would build houses and barns for the settlers, and even more rapidly if they would put the necessary number of farms and possibly if they would furnish each farm house with a phonograph and set up a moving picture show on every section, the Irish of settlers would be quite rapid. The only difficulty about doing these things is to find the money. But speaking seriously, it is absurd to suggest that the government can engage in a policy of land-clearing and then give the cleared land to settlers.

We have been asked to publish the explanation of the Treasurer of the National Women's Social and Political Union as to what becomes of the Suffrage funds. The item for rent and furniture which is in round numbers, \$10,000, is due to the fact that the organization maintains larger offices than either the Tariff Reform or Free Trade Unions, having 21 rooms at headquarters, 12 rooms in the publishing department and 30 branch offices in various towns. The 20,000 travelling expenses is to meet the cost of speakers attending 20,000 meetings. The 25,000 for salaries is to pay 88 persons. The nearly \$5,000 for special board and lodging is for persons who are willing to work for nothing, provided their expenses are paid. The expenditure for breakfasts and catering is nearly offset by the sale of tickets to these entertainments. Our correspondent requests us to publish the treasurer's statement in full, but we see no reason for doing so.

Never on any previous occasion have matters relating to America bulked as large in a British election as they are likely to during the campaign that is now on. Both parties will base arguments upon them, and if we may judge from the past, both of them will very greatly misstate the actual significance of what has taken place or is now happening. Thus the Liberal will represent the demand for the free importation of agricultural implements, as a great Canadian movement towards free trade, although, as every one in the Dominion knows, it is nothing of the kind. The Tariff Reformers will claim that the negotiations for reciprocity must be offset by a preference to Colonial imports by the United Kingdom in order to prevent the disruption of the Empire. The Free Trade party will cite the result of the congressional elections in the United States as showing a drift away from high protection; the Tariff Reformers may quote John Bright, the champion free trader of his day, who said that Britain's day of commercial peril

would come when the United States adopted free trade. We have already seen that the contributions that have been made in Canada and the United States towards the expenses of the Home Rule party, and against this we may expect to see offset the hearty reception accorded in Canada to Mr. T. P. O'Connor. It will be something new for the British electorate to have to consider American opinions as they will be asked to consider it during the next few weeks.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 21.—The American Federation of Labor this afternoon declined to adopt a resolution the purpose of which was to centralize in its officials the power to call general strikes in given localities. President Gompers led the opposition to the resolution, which was introduced by Delegate Abrahamson of the Central Federation of Greater New York. Resolutions were unanimously adopted rebuking railroad employees who petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission to permit railroads to increase their freight rates. The strike question came up on the report of the special committee, which was unfavorable to the measure. Delegates from the state and central bodies complained that they were unable to make strikes effective because of lack of authority over the various local unions. President Gompers said he would not want such authority vested in himself as president of the federation, neither would he want it vested in anybody else who might hold his place.

Find at Stewart. A new strike is reported from the Portland Canal district. O. B. Blush says that on the property of the Salmon Bay River Mining Co., Ltd., there is a seam fifteen feet wide and 800 feet long on the surface has been uncovered which assays \$127 in gold and silver. The samples were assayed by J. D. Sullivan, of Vancouver, and the above is the result as announced by him. The discovery is causing great interest and excitement and adds very substantially to what has been already established for the Portland Canal district. The scene of this latest discovery is about twelve miles distant from Stewart.

In a series of reports which have just reached the Attorney-General from various coroners throughout the province, the information is given that investigation of the circumstances attending the death of Paul Koehn, near Trail, on the 15th instant, show hands of his friend Gruno Rux, whom the jury exonerated from all blame for the misadventure. The two friends had been spending the evening with a friend "up the hills" and it had been arranged that they should signal their partner in camp when they reached the summit, by firing a revolver. The weapon was in Rux's hand for this purpose, and he pulled the trigger twice with weapon pointed in the air. It did not "go off" and he lowered it to investigate the reason. As he did so it was discharged, the bullet striking and inflicting fatal injuries for his friend. The death of Jack Hene near Merritt on the 15th instant, was found to have also been due to accident, the deceased, an Indian, being struck by a passing train. The death of John D. Monaghan, in the Turk's Head Saloon at Kaslo on the 5th November, is ascribed to pneumonia, resultant from his careless mode of life; and that of Thomas Drapau to drowning, accidentally, in Gordon Pasha lake on the 9th instant.

GOVERNMENT ST. WEILER BROS. SELL IT FOR LESS BROUGHTON ST.

Order By Telephone. We have long distance connections over the telephone. Send in your orders and we'll take the best of care to see that you are pleased. Money back if you're not satisfied.

WEILER BROS. Everything 25c. We have a table on our first floor, and on that table there is a card that says: "Everything 25c Each!" To look at the fine assortment you would think there had been a mistake; but it's right. Come and see what we offer you at 25c. Here are a few of the articles: Fruit Saucers, Plates of all sizes, Flower Vases, Teapots, Shaving Mugs, Cups and Saucers, Ornaments of all kinds, Match-holders, Jugs, etc., etc. Everything 50c. On our first floor we have also a 50c table. These articles are of a higher grade, and we are giving them to you at a cheap price when we say 50c. This table of Baby Plates, hand-some Cups and Saucers, with the coat-of-arms of the City of Victoria (this is a cheap souvenir, but it's good), beautifully painted plates, hand-some Vases, Pepper and Salt Shakers, etc., etc. Everything 50c. We have some good values on our 10c table. We think that we can surprise you with these goods that we sell at 10c. Give us a call and see our special prices this week.

Tea Pots. Have you ever seen our assortment of Teapots? No? Well, you have missed a sight worth seeing. Earthenware Teapots, in assorted and decorated colors. Each, 60c, 50c, 40c, 30c, 25c, 20c and 15c. See Our Table of Water Sets. We have a table of Water Sets, specially priced. These sets are an odd lot and we are selling them cheap. We have them in Blue, Green, Red and White, and many other shades. Some of these have sweet designs of flowers, painted on glass. Look at these prices: \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.75. Everything at 10c. We have some good values on our 10c table. We think that we can surprise you with these goods that we sell at 10c. Give us a call and see our special prices this week.

Do You Know What Solid Comfort Is? Come and Get One of These Chairs. They Will Make You Comfortable for Life. What is it you look forward to most in the evening? A nice quiet evening by the fire with the paper or a nice book. Yes, but you must also have some comfort. You want a nice, comfortable, cosy chair, that you can sit in for a few hours and feel real comfortable and cosy, so comfortable that you don't feel like leaving it to go to bed. After the toils of the day a comfortable chair is the most satisfying article you can have. These chairs that we are showing are the kind that you love better than a friend—you don't want to leave them. Come and see them. If you buy one you are getting a true friend for life. COME TODAY—DON'T DELAY.



- Morris Chair, Early English oak, cushion in velour \$11.00
Morris Chair, golden oak and Early English oak, cushion in velour, spring seat \$15.00
Morris Chair, golden oak, with spring seat, cushions in verona and crushed plush \$20.00
Morris Chair, Early English oak, cushions in verona \$18.00
Arm Chair, Early English oak, two cushions in Spanish leather \$50.00
Arm Chair, Early English oak, red leather. Price \$35.00
Arm Chair, in Spanish leather, dark green cushions \$25.00
Arm Rocker, Early English oak, cushions in Spanish leather \$25.00
Arm Rocker, Early English oak, dark red leather cushions \$35.00
Arm Chair, Early English oak, with beautiful design in back, upholstered in rich dark red Spanish leather, finished with large brass tacks. Very artistic, and only \$30.00

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Do You Need a New Hair Brush? If you do, we can give you the kind that will satisfy you in every respect. We stock only the very best Brushes and offer them at most reasonable prices. An immense variety to select from. Come in and let us show you a good Brush with a hardwood, solid back set with the best Bristles hog bristles.

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AUTHORITIES

Resolution Adopted at International Session at Br...

On the construction of the roadways it will be found that the first thing to be done is to macadamize the road. The chief part of the road and small towns; and a portion of the roadways proved roadways usual wood or asphalt pavement has so largely adopted cities, and in many of size; and thirdly, pavement that is used on the roadways is that on the roadways vicinity of docks, depots, or similar places goods have to be carried and where traffic volume is consequently heavy. Taking these in order, we find in the improvement of the first of macadamized roadways, which the residents live, the chief thing to be done is to obtain comparative quietness from the nuisance caused. The roadways should be so constructed that the principal ones should allow the traffic to pass as noiseless as possible, and from dust, and from mud in winter, easily cleaned, and should be in the cost of maintenance. Up to a few years ago the road, but since the advent of the motor car, the problem of the road surface has become general. In England, the author has seen the development of far the most practical commencement of only three years ago, has been that in the residential districts in which these roads already so treated it has proved of exceptional benefit and the inhabitants of the adjoining streets. The treatment depends on a study of the materials used, and the nature of the being of great importance. It is again dependent on the nature of the soil, and on the nature of the traffic, and on the nature of the climate. This difficulty is solved in England on account of great uncertainty of climate. Another matter requiring attention is the correct use of the available granites, basalt, and other materials, having the proper properties which are considered among themselves. It is important that attention should be given to the nature of these materials, as otherwise a tendency to hoar frost to be ed on the tarred surfaces, which are slippery, and likely to lead to accidents, and to the bad footing to horses, and to the adhesion to the rubber-covered wheels of mechanically propelled cars. Another secret of success is tar or bituminous binder should be applied in minimum quantity, of sufficient to render the road surface proof, for any excess of tar, which remains fluid within the road, is turned on to it is liable to be washed away, and so that the individual stones of the road surface, instead of being firmly in position, are allowed to slip and slide, and are liable to move among themselves, and are ground up by mutual attrition. It is the case with the case with bound macadam, during wet weather or after frost. There are two distinct methods of applying a bituminous binder to roads, the first being a surface method, generally called "tar spraying," may be carried out either by hand machinery, and which under favorable circumstances binds the surface to a depth of about 20 mm. By the application of this method, the surface is thoroughly cleaned from the tar is applied. In wet weather it is difficult to obtain these conditions, and the penetration of the tar to the surface and its durability are by much reduced, but under the most favorable circumstances, this application of tar costs only one-third to bind the surface for one season; that it is evident that the more complete method of impregnating the road material to a depth of 80 mm. from the surface line is eventually carried out. When this has to be done, existing roads, the material must be removed to a full depth of 80 mm. and replaced with a layer of graded aggregate, reduced to the same thickness, this is a 60 mm. ring, combined with a aggregate consisting of impregnated gular pieces of granite or basalt, such size that they will pass through a 60 mm. ring, combined with a sufficient smaller particles to fill up the interstitial spaces, so that the previously applied to the large and small material fills up the remaining spaces and renders the road non-slippery and hence prevents the surface water from penetrating it. A roadway so formed becomes

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our first floor we also a 50c table. articles are of a grade, and we give them to you cheap price when 50c. This table Plates, hand-Cups and Sau- with the coat-of- of the City of (this is a souvenir, but it's beautifully plates, hand-Vases, Pepper Shakers, etc.,

everything 10c

ome good values ble. We think rprise you with at we sell at 10c. and see our sur- week.

rt Is?



SEE OUR WINDOWS

IT'S GOOD

### AUTHORITIES ON GOOD ROADS

#### Resolution Adopted by Permanent International Association of Road Congresses in Session at Brussels

On the construction and maintenance of the roadways of large towns, it will be found convenient to divide the roadways into three classes, the first being the widest and the macadamized road which forms the chief part of the roadways of villages and small towns, and a very large portion of the roadways of the larger towns, the second class being the improved roadways usually covered with wood or asphalt pavement which has been so largely adopted in all the large cities, and in many of those of moderate size, and thirdly, the granite set pavement that is used wherever the traffic is exceptionally heavy, such as that on the roadways in the immediate vicinity of docks, quays, railway depots, or similar places where heavy loads have to be continuously handled, and where traffic tonnage per square metre is consequently exceptionally heavy.

Taking these in order, at the present time we find in England that the improvement of the first class, namely, of macadamized roadways, is of paramount importance. These roads are chiefly found in the residential districts, whether these be old or new, in which the residents live, in order to obtain comparative quietness and freedom from the nuisance caused by traffic. The roadways should be formed so as to possess certain characteristics, the principal ones being that they should allow the traffic to pass over them as noiseless as possible; they should be free from dust in summer and from mud in winter, should be easily cleaned, and should be economical in the cost of maintenance.

Up to a few years ago these conditions could not be satisfactorily met by any existing form of macadamized road, but since the advent of water-proofing the road surface by tar treatment has become general, at any rate in England, the author thinks that this problem of treating town roads can be solved in a satisfactory manner, for the development of tar treatment, the practical commencement of which dates only three years ago, has been so great that in the residential districts of London in which these roads have been already so treated it has proved to be of exceptional benefit and comfort to the inhabitants who live in the houses adjoining these roads. The success of the treatment depends on a thorough study of the material used, the selection of the tar or a bituminous binder, and of great importance, this selection is again dependent on the nature of the stone used, and on the extent to which this can be dried previous to impregnation. This difficulty is accentuated in England on account of the great uncertainty of our rainfall.

Another matter requiring much skill and experience is the correct choice of the available granites, basalts, and other road materials, the tar-imparting properties of which differ considerably among themselves. Again, it is important that attention should be paid to the heat-radiating properties of these materials, as otherwise there is a tendency for heat to be deposited on the tarred surfaces, which render them slippery and likely to give bad footing to horses or insufficient adhesion to the rubber-covered driving wheels of mechanically propelled vehicles.

Another secret of success is that the tar or bituminous binder should be applied in minimum quantity, only just sufficient to render the road waterproof, for any excess of tar which remains fluid within the road after the traffic is turned on to it is liable to remain in this condition for a long time so that the individual stones forming the road surface, instead of being held firmly in position, are allowed by the lubricating action of the still fluid tar to move among themselves, and hence are ground up by mutual attrition and destroyed, as was the case with water-bound macadam roads during very wet weather or after frost.

There are two distinct methods of applying a bituminous binder to the roads, the first being a surface method, generally called "tar spraying," which may be carried out either by hand or by machinery, and which under favorable circumstances binds the surface to a depth of about 30 mm. By favorable conditions is meant that the tar is applied when the roadways are thoroughly dry, and the existing dust thoroughly cleaned from them before the tar is applied. In wet weather it is difficult to obtain these conditions, and the penetration of the tar below the surface and its durability are thereby much reduced, but, under the most favorable circumstances, this surface application of tar can only be expected to bind the surface for one season, so that it is evident that the more complete method of impregnating the whole of the road material to a depth of 80 mm. from the surface line must be eventually carried out. Whenever this has to be done to existing roads the material must be removed to the full depth of 80 mm. and replaced by a layer of tarred aggregate, rolled down to the same thickness, this aggregate consisting of impregnated angular pieces of granite or basalt, of such size that they will pass through a 60 mm. ring, combined with sufficient smaller particles to fill up the interstitial spaces, so that the tar pervasively applied to the large and the small material fills up the remaining spaces and renders the road nonporous, and hence prevents the surface water, either the rain or that from artificial watering, from penetrating it. A roadway so formed becomes so

waterproof and so durable that it can be laid with a cross-fall or camber, which need in no case exceed 1 in 50, and in many cases will yield satisfactory results with the smaller cross-fall of 1 in 60. It is important that this top material should be rolled with comparatively light rollers which must never exceed 10,000 kilos. in weight, for use rollers exceeding this weight, as they are liable to crush the new material, exposing new untarred surfaces, and hence preventing satisfactory waterproofing. The cost of such water-proof coatings has been found in England not to exceed 3.50¢ per square metre on the average, and from experience already obtained it is believed that for ordinary traffic this coating will last from six to ten years without removal, but to obtain the best results it is advisable to make certain that the surface remains waterproof by giving it a light water-proofing coating of tar by spraying every year or every alternate year.

Roads so prepared and so treated possess to a maximum degree the qualities of being noiseless, of cleanliness, ease of scavenging, requiring little or no artificial watering during dry seasons. The author considers that the use of this class of road will become universal for all the light-trafficked streets of our large towns and that it will in many cases be found to advantageously take the place of the more expensive pavements which have been used in the second class of more highly trafficked streets.

The author proposes to leave to others the discussion of the best methods of constructing the wood or asphalt-paved streets of the second class and of the granite paved streets of the third class. Great perfection has been arrived at in London in the use of wood and asphalt pavements, and we find the streets forming the docks and quays of Liverpool and Glasgow form excellent examples of pavement of the third class.

Summarizing, the author believes that the improved water-proofing method herein indicated is a satisfactory solution of the problem of dealing with the roadways of the majority of our streets of all our towns and that the other problems of dealing with the second and third classes of roads are already satisfactorily met by the wood pavements and the granite pavements which are already so largely in use.

### HERE AND THERE

No woman who has a vote should neglect to cast it today. There is nothing which the homes of Victoria need so much and so immediately as a plentiful supply of good water. No one who has ever visited Goldstream or Dr. Fagan's assurance that the supply will be always safe from contamination.

The names of the gentlemen who assigned the report and of those who endorsed it give ample evidence that the supply of water is sufficient for the needs of a city many times the size of Victoria and that the sum to be paid for the property will not be excessive. There is no one who thinks that near the close of the dry season the water of Elk lake is palatable and Dr. Fagan's letter shows that there is already a danger of contamination. But apart from this, the folly of refusing to buy a plentiful supply of pure water which may be had without any delay seems so great that the wonder is that Victorians have not long since passed a measure which will remove the only objection to our city from a homesick standpoint.

Only property owners can vote today on a bylaw that concerns the poorest woman in Victoria quite as much as the richest. It may be that the actions of those who have votes will show the wisdom of allowing all a share in the management of the city's housekeeping.

Let no one neglect the duty of every good citizen to help to put an end to the scarcity of water which has so long been a reproach and a hindrance to Victoria.

Canada has work for all the women who want employment. This would be a matter of congratulation if good wages were paid all workers. That this is not the case is shown by the difficulty women have in providing themselves with comfortable homes. It is to be doubted whether those girls are all wise who leave their homes in the country where their services are needed to enter factories, or other places of employment in the city. On the other hand, we know that life would be impossible in many city homes were it not that girls add to the wages their fathers earn. The safest place for a young girl who is compelled to earn her own living is her own home. That manufacturers are recognizing this is being proved in Ontario where many large manufacturing concerns are establishing branches in towns where there are many young girls in need of employment rather than extend their factories in cities where the supply of labor is small and where women must leave their homes to take positions.

If it is thus seen that there is a demand for the products of women's industry, it is admitted that many of these factories could not be carried on if it were not that women worked cheaper than men. As long as the wages received are sufficient to support the workers in comfort there need be no quarrel with the employers and certainly not with the men who bring their labor to a better market leaving the situations open to women. But it may well be questioned whether any industry that cannot pay its employees sufficient to keep them in comfort is benefit to the country.

It would seem that women in Canada are in a position to solve the problem of underpaid labor which is having so terrible an effect on the women of the large American cities. If each girl felt that it was a duty she owed to herself to learn some trade, business or profession by which she could secure an independent living, employers would be compelled to pay such wages. It must not be forgotten, however, that it is as much a woman's duty to make herself competent as it is that of an employer to pay just wages. This requires not only ability and industry, but steadfastness of purpose.

Are there many women in Victoria who have considered the possibilities of gardening as a means of livelihood? The demand for flowers is a constantly increasing one. Florists who a few years ago were finding it difficult to pay expenses now own very large establishments. It seems as if it should be possible for a young woman who had a small plot of ground in a good situation and judgment to select the most beautiful varieties of out door plants as well as skill to cultivate them to make a good living in a very pleasant way. A few weeks ago one of the florists told a lady that he could get profitable sale even for the commonest blossoms. At the same time there were in many gardens flowers going to waste. The matter is worth thinking about.

### SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Last evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Otterburn Cottage, Gladstone avenue, a most happy event was consummated in the marriage of Miss Nellie E. Graham to Capt. W. H. Porter. The bride, very well and favorably known among a large circle of acquaintances, has been a valued employe of D. S. Spencer, Ltd. millinery department, while the groom has been for some time an officer of the C. P. R. Coasting service. The groom was supported by his old friend, Mr. J. G. Johnston, while Miss Kirk and Miss Hesse acted as bridesmaids. The bride was becomingly dressed in silk voile, while the bridesmaids in silk crystalline. The house was locked very charming. The house was prettily decorated by Mrs. Kirk in ivy smilax and chrysanthemums entwined in rope, in honor of the sailor groom. The knot was tied at 8:30 and immediately after fifty intimate friends sat down to a dainty supper, at the conclusion of which all joined in drinking the health of the bride, and several speeches were made expressive of the good will and high esteem in which both bride and groom are held.

At seven thirty a large reception was held at which a large number of friends attended and wished the happy couple much good luck. Five young ladies, the Misses Pickard, Sherk, Jennings, Wales and Ricketts, assisted at the reception. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl brooch to Miss Kirk and Miss Hazel Kirk, and to Miss Dorothy, a pearl ring, and to the groom a pearl stick pin. The happy couple were the recipients of many and costly presents, among which were a handsome oak hall rack from the officers and crew of the steamer Chawm, and a magnificent silver bowl from Mrs. Ross and the Misses Sherk, Jennings, Wales and Ricketts, former business companions of the bride.

After a pleasant evening spent in music and singing, the young couple left for their new home, a pretty bungalow on Pendergast street. Rev. T. E. Hollins officiated at the ceremony.

### THE LOCAL MARKETS

FOODSTUFFS	
Bran, per 100 lb.	1.45
Barley, per 100 lb.	1.45
Oats, per 100 lb.	1.10
Feed, per 100 lb.	1.10
Crushed Oats, per 100 lb.	1.10
Wheat, per 100 lb.	1.10
Crushed Wheat, per 100 lb.	1.10
Chop Feed, per 100 lb.	1.10
Whole Corn, per 100 lb.	1.10
Cracked Corn, per 100 lb.	1.10
Feed, Cornmeal, per 100 lb.	1.10
Hay, Fraser River, per ton	11.00 to 12.00
Hay, prairie, per ton	11.00 to 12.00
Alfalfa Hay, per ton	11.00 to 12.00
Silage, per ton	11.00 to 12.00
Fresh Island, per dozen	1.00
Butter, per lb.	1.00
Cheese, per lb.	1.00
Condensed, per lb.	1.00
Starch, per lb.	1.00
Butter, per lb.	1.00
Best Dairy, per lb.	1.00
Victoria Creamery, per lb.	1.00
Cowichan Creamery, per lb.	1.00
Comox Creamery, per lb.	1.00
Salt Spring Is. Creamery, lb.	1.00

MEATS	
Royal Household, per lb.	2.00
Royal Standard, per lb.	2.00
Woolly Ass, per sack	2.00
Robin Hood, per sack	2.00
Rainbow, per sack	2.00
Crushed Meat, per sack	2.00
Three Star, per sack	2.00
Moita's Best, per bag	2.00
Best, per lb.	10.00
Mutton, Australian, per lb.	10.00
Veal, dressed, per lb.	10.00
Goose, dressed, per lb.	10.00
Chickens, per lb.	10.00
Chickens, per lb. No weight	10.00
Ducks, dressed, per lb.	10.00
Hams, per lb.	10.00
Pork, per lb.	10.00

FRUIT	
Grapes (Call), per basket	1.00
Apples, local, per box	1.00, 1.50, 2.00
Pears, local, per box	1.00
Lemons, per dozen	1.00
Oranges, Navel, per dozen	1.00
Bananas, per dozen	1.00
Oranges (Call), per basket	1.00

VEGETABLES	
Onions, per lb.	1.00
Carrots, per lb.	1.00
Onions (Australian), lb.	1.00
Artichokes, per lb.	1.00
Artichokes (Globe), each	1.00
Artichokes (Dumaine), each	1.00
Parsley, per bunch	1.00
Cucumbers, per bunch	1.00
Peas, per lb.	1.00
Potatoes, Abernethy, per sack	1.00
Chillies, each	1.00
Cabbages, new, per lb.	1.00
Lettuce, per lb.	1.00
Garlic, per lb.	1.00
Spinach, per lb.	1.00

TACOMA, Nov. 23.—Negroes may be barred from saloons and saloon men have the right to refuse them of any man liquor regardless of race or color, according to a decision handed down by Judge Clifford of the supreme court. As a result of the decision, Henry Newman, a negro, lost his suit for \$1,000 damages against George Breesler, proprietor of the Olympic Club.

### Science Cures The Kidneys

THROUGH "FRUIT-A-TIVES" THE FAMOUS MEDICINE MADE OF FRUIT JUICES

After careful consideration, it has been determined that "Fruit-a-tives" is a thoroughly scientific remedy. It is based on scientific facts and it cures in a scientific manner.

It is fact "Fruit-a-tives" is known to be the most scientific remedy ever discovered for Kidney and Bladder Troubles. Mr. Placey thinks so, and his experience proves it.

Clarence J. Placey, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50; trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

### Blood-Poisoning From Cut Finger

Serious Condition Relieved by Zam-Buk

Mr. Jas. Davoy, of 786 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg, says: "A few months since I was cured of a poisoned finger through the timely use of Zam-Buk. I cut a deep gash across the middle of the right hand, in opening a lobster can one evening. I suffered at the time with the excruciating pain, but had no idea it would become a serious wound. However, in about two days I was greatly alarmed, as my whole hand and arm to the elbow became inflamed, and the finger was much discolored, showing signs of blood-poisoning. The pain was dreadful, and I was forced to leave off my work and go home."

"The wound on the knuckle had become poisoned through the dust and dirt about the turkeys and boilers. I then decided to start the Zam-Buk treatment, and having first bathed the cut, I applied the healing balm. It soothed the pain almost instantly, and by the next day there was a great improvement. In a week's time, through perseverance with Zam-Buk, a complete cure was brought about."

"Scores of similar cases could be quoted, and the wisest precaution is to keep a box of Zam-Buk handy and apply it immediately on a cut, or burn, or bruise's assistance. Zam-Buk will be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bite, chert's, eczema, blood-poison, hemorrhoids, itching scalp, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises and skin diseases generally. All post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. Refuse imitations and substitutes."

### Births Marriages Deaths

STYKES—On 21st inst. to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stykes, 880 Broughton street, a daughter, Margaret Ann, aged 21 years.

IRWIN—On November 20th, to the wife of A. W. Irwin, 823 Johnson street, a daughter.

DEED.—McBAIN—Helen McBain, widow of the late Rev. Alexander Young, in the eighty-seventh year of her age, died at her residence, "The Oaks," St. Charles street, Margaret Angus, aged 82 years.

HUTCHINS—On Saturday, November 19th, at Liberty N. Y., Walter Hart Hutchins, of Vancouver, B. C., died at the age of 53 years.

WENGER—At the Jubilee hospital, on the 20th inst., Joseph H. Wenger, 34 years, a native of Victoria, B. C.

Sentence Confirmed.—ST. PAUL, Nov. 23.—The United States circuit court of appeals has affirmed the judgment of \$1,000 fine and six months imprisonment at Fort Leavenworth imposed by United States Judge Pollock at Kansas City upon Fred Warren, proprietor of the "Appeal to Reason," a Socialist paper published at Girard, Kansas.

### PROVINCIAL PRESS

Lower Fraser boards of trade are meeting at New Westminster today to discuss dredging plans. The charge against a Nanaimo Japanese of setting fire to the Newcastle Island salteries has been dismissed on preliminary hearing.

At Mission City a few days ago a demented Hindu made a determined attempt to commit suicide by throwing himself into the firebox of a C. P. R. locomotive.

Money bylaws are shortly to be submitted for the building of two new bridges at Vancouver—one from the foot of Burrard street to Klondike and the other from Georgia and Dunsmuir streets to Harris street.

The C. P. R. charges \$10 for switching and hauling a carload of potatoes from Grand Forks to Greenwood, 25 miles.

One train on the Mother Lode railway are not permitted to haul more than fifteen cars owing to the steepness of the grade.

Silverton has organized a Conservative association with D. Brandon, president; D. Grant, vice-president and J. W. M. Tindal, secretary-treasurer.

ESTABLISHED 1858

# The Colonist

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Are Leaders in the Art Preservative. Carry the Largest and Best Assorted Stock in the Province, the Greatest Variety and Most Modern Styles of Type, Materials and Machinery, combined with Good Workmanship and prompt attention to business, we are thus enabled to guarantee perfect satisfaction in all work we undertake to turn out.

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to you. "Our work speaks its worth," and cannot be excelled in Canada, nor duplicated in B.C. We can compete, both as to quality and price, with the best eastern houses in all classes of printing and office supplies, in stationery, etc., if given the same chance. Give us an opportunity and we will prove it to you. We are Sole Agents for the Tengwell Loose Leaf Files and Binders, also the celebrated Majestic Loose-Leaf Ledger, the best on the market. Before going elsewhere call at our office, write, or telephone and get prices and figures.

PHONE 197 PHONE

# The Colonist

Broad Street - - - - - Victoria, B.C.

CROWDS ATTEND SIMPLE BURIAL

Body of Count Tolstoy Laid at Rest Under "Poverty Oak" - Many Tributes Paid to Memory of Writer

TULLA, Nov. 25.—Throughout the night and during the early hours of today special trains arrived at Zaslavka, the railway station near Yasnaya Polyana, bearing delegations to the funeral of Count Tolstoy.

Following Count Tolstoy's written request, his grave has been made under "Poverty Oak," where in childhood he buried a green rocking horse. The novelist often referred to this disposition of his body and specified explicitly that the ceremony incident thereto should be of the simplest and without the rites of the Orthodox church.

The special train bringing the body from Astapova arrived at the Zaslavka station this morning. The funeral party was met by throngs of mourning peasants, who since daylight had been wending their way thither from the surrounding countryside.

According to the Russian custom, Tolstoy's sons were in the front, and carried the casket on their shoulders over the two miles separating the station from the novelist's home at Yasnaya Polyana. The route was across the gently sloping fields and through the wooded park of the estate to the house. The way was lined with mourners.

Peasants marched at the head of the procession carrying white banners inscribed "Leo Nikolavitch, the memory of your accident has never faded from the minds of the orphaned peasants."

Following the peasants were two student choirs chanting memorial hymns, and four carriages filled with wreaths. Then came the sons, striding slowly under the weight of the casket.

FINAL PROPOSAL OF UNIONISTS

Resolutions to be Presented by Lord Lansdowne Will be Basis for Lord's Campaign in Coming Election

LONDON, Nov. 25.—It is stated today that the resolutions which Lord Lansdowne will move in the House of Lords embody the final proposals of the Unionist leaders as presented at the recent abortive conference.

Whether this be true or not, the statement from Lord Lansdowne as a great surprise and for a moment at least overshadowed all other features of the political controversy. Members of Unionist organizations insist that the proposals will profoundly impress the country and will afford an absolutely safe working basis for the settlement of party differences.

The attitude of ministers on the Liberal press was the suggestion indicates that the country may prefer Lansdowne's position to that advocated by the government.

WINNIPEG, Nov. 25.—In the districts of Alberta largely settled by persons from the United States there has been trouble over the singing in the schools of British national airs, particularly "God Save the King."

The Dominion Technical Education Commission while touring the country heard evidence respecting this at Calgary.

Mr. Joseph Ford has returned to his home at Spence Bridge after a pleasant visit to the Capital.

U. S. SETTLERS OBJECT

Singing of British National Songs in Alberta Schools is Taken as a Grievance

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TECHNICAL SIDE OF SCHOOL WORK

Two Members of Royal Commission Take Evidence at Fernie—Agreement for Industrial Training

FERNIE, B. C., Nov. 25.—Dr. Bryce of the royal commission on technical and industrial training, accompanied by Mr. Fergusson, the British Technical School, who is a member of the commission, arrived in town yesterday.

The morning session here was adjourned to four o'clock, and the afternoon to enable the commissioners to visit the mine at Coal Creek.

After the mayor came a delegate from the Fernie school, Miss Helen Bruce of the city schools, Miss Hogan of his staff, Mrs. F. C. Laun, of the Ladies Benevolent Society, Chairman of the school board and many others, including Rev. Father Michel of the Roman Catholic Church.

Under the very able and able guidance of Dr. Bryce, these examinations are an education in themselves and are creating a lasting impression upon the people of the town visited.

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RAILWAY GAINS POINT

Passengers on Seattle-Tacoma Interurban Line Ordered by Court to Pay Fare

SEATTLE, Nov. 25.—The contest between the warring Riverfront companies and the Seattle-Tacoma Interurban Line ordered by the court to reinstate the old rates, which were about one half the present rates, took a new turn late today.

The order was especially directed against the persons on the cars which were held at Georgetown and Alentown by the refusal of some of the passengers to pay the full fare.

WINNIPEG, Nov. 25.—Fire which broke out shortly after 3 o'clock this morning in the warehouse of Martin, Bole & Wynne, wholesale druggists, 293 Market street, practically gutted the building.

G. T. Pacific Officials. VANCOUVER, Nov. 25.—E. J. Chamberlain, general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway, and the chief of the railway, arrived yesterday from Winnipeg.

Local Investor Purchases the Corner of Blanchard and Buys Yates Street Business Site

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MUCH ASPERITY MARKS DEBATE

Sir Wilfrid Laurier Shows Great Vexation Over Recent Defeat in Drummond and Arribaska Bye-Election

OTTAWA, Nov. 25.—The debate on the address in reply to the speech from the throne was launched today in the commons to the accompaniment of indications that it will probably win out who wagers that this is going to be a fighting session.

MR. BORDEN STANDS BY BRITISH COLUMBIA Premier Makes Declaration in Reply to Reciprocity Negotiations—Is Challenged to Further Test Naval Policy

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Our Sale of Music Folios Starts Today

Regular Values, 50c to \$2.50, for 25 Cents

You will find amongst these a number which are suitable for teachers. This is an excellent opportunity to procure a good folio at a next-to-nothing price. Regular 50c to \$2.50 values for 25 Cents

Handsome Patterns in Polished Tiles For your Hearth. Splendid new lot of GRATES AND MANTELS

Raymond & Sons 613 Pandora Street Phone 272 Res. 376

Corrig College Select High-Class Boarding College for Boys of 8 to 15 years

COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS The Laurels, Rockland Ave., Victoria, B.C.

NOTICE NOTICE NOTICE NOTICE NOTICE NOTICE NOTICE NOTICE NOTICE NOTICE

ROYAL BANK IN HANDSOME HOME

Prominent Local Financial Institution Comfortably Established in New Government Street Granite Block

Within the past few weeks the Victoria branch of the Royal Bank of Canada has taken up its quarters in its handsome new granite fronted building on Government street.

The front view of solid granite, with heavy pillars setting off the entrance, forces attention. Inside is found an office in which the convenience of the public and staff, as well as the electric fixtures of the most modern character, are provided.

The dome, however, is something which demands special notice. This beautiful piece of work was specially manufactured in Portland, Ore. It bears the bank's coat of arms, showing the date of its incorporation. It closely resembles that of the State of Nova Scotia.

Long distance telephone wires were also down and in many sections of the city, wires were broken, cutting off connection with the central station. Men were at once sent to repair the damage which will not be extensive.

The same thing occurred at the section of lighting system. James Bay, Victoria West and Esquimalt were in darkness when a tree near the corner of Rockland avenue and Linden avenue fell across the wire, plunging that section of the city in darkness.

It was a timely precaution which led many pedestrians to take to the middle of the streets, out of danger of

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## Good and Bad Misers

"There is not in nature anything so remotely distant from God," wrote Barrow, "or so extremely opposite to Him, as a greedy and gripping niggard."

But was not Barrow making a more sweeping statement than he could defend? There are misers, and then again there are those who are parsimonious to the end that eventually they may benefit those who during their lifetime, perhaps, have engaged actively in reversion of their overthrift.

Of this sort was George Salting, the London art collector, who died last December. Remarkable tales were told of Mr. Salting's economies—tales which reflected the more discreditable upon him because it was generally known that he was a man of great wealth, without a dependent family.

No adverse criticism appeared to touch him, however. He went calmly on his way, living on a trifle and spending enormous sums on works of art, and when his will was probated it was found that he had bequeathed to the British nation his art collection, valued at several million dollars, and legacies totaling a good many thousands to hospitals. If he was a miser, the public derived the benefit of his savings.

An even more striking case of the kind was that of an old man named Guyot, who lived a number of years ago at Marseilles, France. His reputation throughout the city for niggardiness was such that whenever he ventured upon the street he was pursued by a troop of hooting urchins, who jeered at him and pelted him with missiles.

Few people even passed door of the miserable hovel in which he dwelt without commenting upon the despicable character of the occupant. His will contained these remarkable words:

"Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can only be procured at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to obtain for them this great blessing, and I direct that all of my fortune be expended in building an aqueduct for their use."

A strange combination of parsimony and generosity was Thomas Guy, who died in London in 1724. He started life as a poor bookseller, but, by a series of successful speculations, amassed a great fortune. He was parsimonious to an extreme, and invariably dined alone, a dirty proof sheet from an ancient newspaper taking the place of both dishes and tablecloth.

On one occasion "Vulture" Hopkins, a famous miser, whom Pope characterized in his satires, called on Guy, and was ushered into a dark room, where sat the owner of the house, huddled up before a handful of embers on a cold hearth.

Reluctantly Guy rose from his rickety chair and lighted a fatiguing candle.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I have come to ask what methods of prudence you follow to save your money," said Hopkins.

"If that is all, we can talk of it in the dark," answered Guy, and he blew out the candle to save it.

But despite his notorious parsimony, Guy proved that he had thought for others. He founded Guy's Hospital, and on his death left more than a million dollars for its endowment.

He had always been shunned and ridiculed as an inveterate miser by his relatives, but in his will he left four hundred thousand dollars to be divided among them. Many charitable institutions profited by his purse, and when his death was approaching, he said that he hoped the self-sacrifice he had voluntarily undergone during his life would be of benefit to the poor who needed money.

Years ago, when it was proposed to build Bethlehem Hospital, London, many benevolent persons volunteered to solicit contributions. Two of these gentlemen were chosen to call upon an aged miser who lived in a wretched neighborhood on the outskirts of the city. As they approached the squalid hovel in which the miser lived, they heard through the open door a heated altercation within.

Pausing to listen, they discovered that the trouble was about a match. It developed that the servant had thrown one away, and was reaping the harvest of his master's anger at his wastefulness. With small hope of success, the two canvassers entered the hut and made known their desire. Without a word the miser turned to a closet and took from it a heavy leather bag. Untying the string which held its mouth, he counted out four hundred guineas, which he presented to the astonished applicants.

"Gentlemen," he said, "no doubt you were surprised to hear me complaining over the loss of such a trifling thing as a match; but my parsimony enables me to bestow more liberally upon charity."

Not all misers, of course, possess such generous impulses. Sir John Elwes, of London, who died in 1789, the parsimonious possessor of a vast fortune, was a curious combination of reckless spendthrift and mean miser. He would sit up all night in his club and play cards, with thousands of pounds at stake, and in the grey of the early morning, when the rattle of the chips had ceased, would walk five miles to his residence in order to save himself a farthing. He would give costly dinners at which no extravagance was spared, and then, for months, live on moldy crusts of bread rather than spend a shilling for fresh food.

On one occasion he won several thousand pounds at cards, and the next morning spent an hour haggling with his butcher over twopence.

He may have inherited his parsimonious instincts from his mother, who, though possessed of a substantial fortune, starved herself to death rather than spend the amount necessary to procure food.

Quite as striking an example of penurious humanity was Fescue, farmer-general of Languedoc. By the most careful saving, he succeeded in amassing great wealth. On one occasion he was asked to advance a sum of money to the government, but rather than part with his ill-gotten gains he pleaded dire poverty.

Fearing that a search might reveal the falsity of his plea, he dug a deep cellar, into which he heaped his wealth. The only means of access to this cellar was a trap-door, which was reached by a ladder. The door was fitted with a spring-lock, so that when it was once shut it would fasten itself.

One day the miser disappeared. The house was searched, the woods were explored, the ponds dragged, but Fescue was not to be found. In the course of time the house in which he had lived was sold, and a body of workmen were employed to remodel it. They discovered the door of the secret treasure-chamber, broke into the passageway and descended to the cellar, with a candle.

The first object on which the flickering yellow light fell was the body of Fescue. Scattered about him were heavy bags of gold, and around the side of the narrow vault stood ponderous chests containing his wealth. The worshipper of Mammon had gone into his treasure-cave to worship at the golden shrine, and had himself become a sacrifice.

Another notorious miser was Colonel O'Dogherty, who, although owner of a large estate, lived in a windowless hut, which he entered by a ladder which he pulled up after him. His horse was a living shadow. O'Dogherty wore a nightcap for a wig, and his clothes were made up of patches. His whole appearance was that of extreme destitution.

Of much the same character was Daniel Dancer, the English miser. He lived amid the utmost squalor and filth, rather than spend enough money to procure himself clean garments, and for twenty years he wore the same hat. He died in 1794, at the age of eighty-five, still boasting that he lived on 860 a year.

A celebrated miser of the time of the Stuarts was Audley, a clerk in the establishment of a merchant. Although his salary was but a dollar and a half a week, he managed to save nearly half of it. The daily fare of Vandille, of Paris, consisted of bread and milk, with one glass of sour wine a week. At one time he was a magistrate at Boulogne, and while in that office partly maintained himself by constituting himself official milk taster at the market. He would munch his scrap of bread and wash it down with these gratuitous drafs.

Rather than buy firewood he stole a few logs from a poor woodman, and in the excitement of trying to carry them away unobserved, overheated his blood and brought on a fever. For the first time in his life, he sent for a surgeon.

"I wish to be bled," said he; "what is your charge?" Half a livre, was the reply. The demand was deemed extortionate, and the surgeon was dismissed. He then sent for an apothecary, but he was also considered too high; and at last he sent for a poor barber, who agreed to open the vein for threepence a time.

"But, friend," said the cautious miser, "how often will it be requisite to bleed me?"

"Three times," replied the barber.

"Three times? And, pray, what quantity of blood do you intend to take from me at each operation?"

"About eight ounces each time," was the answer. "Let me see," said the possessor of three-quarters of a million, "that will be nixpence. Too much; too much; take the whole twenty-four ounces at once, and that will save me sixpence."

The barber remonstrated, but the miser was firm, the blood was taken, and Vandille died from the effects.

A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Sir William Smyth, a wealthy inhabitant of Bedfordshire. At seventy years of age he became blind, and was very unhappy because he was unable to gloat over his hoarded heaps of gold. Finally, he was persuaded by a celebrated oculist to be treated for his trouble.

The treatment was successful, and Sir William's sight was fully recovered. But no sooner was he well than he began to regret that he had to pay the doctor. Accordingly he pretended that he was no better, and for several months went about wearing a bandage over his eyes to save a couple of hundred dollars. His fortune was believed to amount to several millions.

Many years ago, there lived in a large, cheerful, and dilapidated old house in St. Petersburg, a wretched miser. He confined himself to one room, and left the rest of the rambling edifice to mold into ruin; he cared for no comfort, and deprived himself even of those things which the poorest regard as the necessities of life; he seldom lit a fire to repel the dampness which hung on the walls of his solitary chamber, and a few worthless objects of furniture were all that the room contained. Yet, to this singular being the Empress Catherine the Second owed a million rubles.

His cellar, it was said, contained casks full of gold, and packages of silver were stowed away in the dismal corners of his ruinous mansion. He was one of the richest men in Russia. He relied for the safety of his boards upon

the exertions of a huge mastiff, which he had trained to bark and howl throughout the night to strike terror into the hearts of thieves. The miser outlived the dog; but he disliked to part with any portion of his treasure in the purchase of another cur, and he resolved to save his money by officiating as his own watch-dog. Every morning, and every evening, would that insane old man wander about his dismal habitation, barking and howling in imitation of his dead sentinel.

Father Aoby, who died at Berne, was one of the most remarkable misers of modern Europe. When twenty-two years old he inherited a large fortune, and from being a spendthrift became a notorious miser. He shunned society, and lived in a dilapidated house, on bread and water. He never bought new clothes, and he limited his personal expenses to three cents a day.

He died at the age of seventy, and his body was so emaciated that it resembled a mummy. A search of his house revealed one hundred thousand dollars in gold and silver under the floor of the bedroom, and other securities worth seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Ostervald, a Swiss peasant, when a young man went to Paris, where, by eight years' consistent hoarding of the corks and beer bottles which he saved every time he drank a bottle of beer, he raised a capital of twelve louis d'or. The immense fortune he eventually amassed took its birth from this insignificant sum. Yet this man died of starvation. His doctor prescribed hot soup for him when he was ill, but he could not eat the meat from which it was made, and rather than waste the meat he refused to have the soup brewed, and died of starvation in consequence.

Among such striking examples of niggardiness as those given above it would be quite out of the question to attempt to award a first prize for misers, unless, perhaps, entries were made by classes, as at a dog show. In such an event there should be blue ribbons for the one who had amassed the greatest fortune from the smallest beginning, for him who had made the largest gifts to charity, and for the man whose life betrayed the meanest traits.

For after all, whatever disposition the overthrift may make of his accumulations after death has claimed him, there is something repugnant in the way he has gained his wealth. "The unsunned heaps of miser's treasures" are not a pleasant matter for contemplation, and it is well if, when the miser is forced to relinquish his gold, his hoardings may be washed free from taint in charity's stream.—Godwin Huystedt in the Scrap Book.

## THE COUNTRY EDITOR'S DIARY

(By a Country Editor)

It was in September, 1902, that the writer, with others of the Watlington Press Association, was the guest of your beautiful city for a festive week's outing. The memories of the trip still linger as a delightful reminiscence, and in going about the city many incidents have been recalled to live over.

The people are deservedly noted as gracious and hospitable hosts, and we appreciated the sight-seeing trips, chief of which were the long trolley ride, when the sunset effect was at its best, and last, but not least, the ride up Victoria Arm to the Gorge. This park is in its natural state, and the walk through the trees was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Beacon Hill Park has been beautified a great deal since then, and in our opinion is a very handsome place. One addition that I might suggest is steps leading down to the cosy nooks on the beaches.

In a commercial way the city has grown a great deal in the last eight years. Indications are good for as great advancement in the next eight. The Causeway was just being built then and the foundation being laid for that handsome hotel, The Empress, and well it is named. Another noticeable improvement is the C. P. R. docks, something the city had needed for some time.

The long project which is now under way, is about the best investment the property owners could make. While it makes quite a little inconvenience to traffic on the street, being improved, it is money well spent. Putting in creosoted blocks instead of the ordinary blocks makes the work more lasting.

In the matter of business and public buildings, I note a great growth, and your new homes and residences are being built on modern lines.

One thing the Victorians have that they have just cause to be proud of: their fine museum. This is a drawing card for a great many tourists. Several come here for the sole purpose of paying this building a visit.

The new Y. M. C. A. building now being erected would be a creditable asset to any city many times as large as Victoria.

It should be well patronized by a people I know to be loyal to their city.

In the matter of sports, there is certainly a bunch of "live ones," and the beautiful part of it is they all go in for clean play.

In conclusion, I beg to express the wish of as great improvement in the future as I have noticed in the past.

If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason, seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee; but keeping thy divine part pure as if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately—if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.—Marcus Antoninus.

## The English Lace-makers

The visitor to England who has time to spend will find real pleasure in a trip to some of the quaint towns where lace-making by hand is still carried on. The Bedfordshire Lace Education Committee—an organization which is doing excellent work in encouraging the younger generation in keeping up the handicraft of their ancestors—has established schools in many of the old towns. In these towns on Saturday mornings the small figures of the children are seen wheeling their diversely shaped hand carts on which they carry their pillows to the schools.

Great care is taken by each little owner of her pillow, so carefully it is tucked into its cart and tied in with a strap or strong cord so that it shall not fall out, and if it rains far more care is taken that the umbrella shall be held over the precious lace pillow than over the little lace maker. The lace makers of Ampthill have always treasured the tradition that they owe their art to Queen Catherine of Arragon, who taught them during her sad stay in the castle at Ampthill Park. Only



Three Generations of Lace Makers

the fragments of the foundation of this historic building now remain beneath the grass, but standing majestically on the beautiful site is a fine cross, raised on three steps, on one of which are lines written by Horace Walpole to the memory of this queen. The bobbins are a source of keen interest. The children commence lace making with the new, cheap white wooden ones; then, by degrees, they add to their collection the prettier old bobbins, buying them sometimes with the pennies they have earned.

The beads, too, are attractive, and the chains made of these adorn the bobbins in a way which is intended for the purpose. These long-necked globes were filled with water, and when tightly corked were placed neck downwards in a receptacle—a primitive means of diffusing the light. The workers sat in rows.

The Bedfordshire Education Committee is doing good work in reviving the old industry of point lace making in this county. The chairman, Lady Owen Mackenzie, and each member of the Bedfordshire Lace Education Committee take a kind and active interest in the children's work and encourage them to aim at perfection.

cially the individuality of the worker can be noted. Fresh interest is always awakened by learning a new pattern.

The photograph shows three generations at their lace pillows, and the old lace maker's grandchild is one of the pupils in the Ampthill lace class.

Lace learnt in childhood is not forgotten in old age, and many a day is beguiled by the weaving of attractive designs. The face of the lace maker brightens at the sight of a good pattern, and swiftly the hours go by at the lace pillow. It is work that can be done at any moment. There, on the stand, or "horse," as it is called, is the pillow ever ready waiting for the active fingers, and only the true lace maker knows the joy and comfort of her work.

In Ampthill some twenty years ago it was a usual sight to see the old lace makers at their pillows, and their patterns were really beautiful; flowers and leaves, curves and flowing lines being worked into the designs.

To some of us as children it was always a delight to watch an old friend in the almshouses making lace, and as a treat we were allowed to make a stitch and "stick a pin." The ceremony ended in "childie" (as she used to call the little visitor) winding the old grandfather clock.

To the uninitiated it seems a marvel that such tossing about of the bobbins should weave the design; and the old lace makers did make the bobbins fly!

An octogenarian inhabitant in former days of the village of Millbrook has a vivid recollection of an old man who used to come over from the neighboring village of Lidington selling bobbins and beads once a week. He used to see her sitting in the garden at her lace pillow, when he would greet her with the following, old "tell":

As you sit out in the sunny day,  
Your lace pillow shines like a flower in May;  
Your fingers go lissom, your bobbins go small,  
So now I have told you the truth of it all.

There was a lace-making and straw-plaiting school at Millbrook where boys and girls were taught. In Bedfordshire there were many lace schools. The names of two lace makers at an Ampthill lace school sixty years ago were Mrs. Elizabeth Disher and Miss Ann Billington. One of their pupils recollects going to the school at the age of five, and when seated at her pillow her feet could not touch the ground.

As the evening drew on and the lace maker had to use artificial light, candles were lit, and placed behind globes on tall stools made for the purpose. These long-necked globes were filled with water, and when tightly corked were placed neck downwards in a receptacle—a primitive means of diffusing the light. The workers sat in rows.

The Bedfordshire Education Committee is doing good work in reviving the old industry of point lace making in this county. The chairman, Lady Owen Mackenzie, and each member of the Bedfordshire Lace Education Committee take a kind and active interest in the children's work and encourage them to aim at perfection.

## SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT THE MOON

Of all the curious traditions of antiquity none are stranger than those concerning the "man in the moon." Every nation, almost, has in its youth had quaint fancies about these spots on the surface of the queen of the night that scientists tell us are mountain-chains and the craters of volcanoes extinct thousands of years ago.

The Hindus assert that a hare is depicted on the moon, and have a superstition that this little animal is sacred to the moon. In a certain part of Germany there is a tale among the peasants to the effect that the man in the moon is a sheep-stealer with a bag of cabbages over his back to entice the sheep to follow him, and in Holland the story goes that he is a man who was caught stealing cabbages on Christmas Day.

Another old folklore legend confidently asserts that the man in the moon is no other than that ancient Hebrew word the Jews stoned to death for gathering sticks on the Sabbath Day, as reported in Number xv., 32-36.

There is also a tale which flatly contradicts this and declares that in the moon can be seen a man with a bundle of sticks followed by a dog, and that this man is Cain, and his bundle of sticks is emblematic of the thorns and briars of the fall of man, and the dog close following in his footsteps is the devil.

Among certain tribes of Eskimos is a tradition that the sun and moon were once human beings, the moon being an Eskimo boy and the sun his sister. The boy tormented his sister, and to get away from him she fled up into the sky and was turned into the sun, while the boy was doomed to continually pursue her without success. And whenever the moon is in its last quarter, they say that the brother leaves his abode and goes hunting for several days in a sledge drawn by four dogs.

Certain tribes of American Indians have a curious explanation for the different quarters of the moon. Every time a new moon appears, all the mice assemble in one spot and march steadily eastward, at last climbing up into the sky. But the trip is so long that when the moon reaches the moon she has had time to grow round and full, whereas they at once set to work and nibble at the moon until she gradually grows smaller and smaller; and when she has at last disappeared, they scamper back to earth again.

## Field

### THE UNSUCCESSFUL

Many of my happiest hours are spent in fishing, but few of them like the pirate flag of Hamlet. My hook has been a general rule. Nobody knows clean," as we say in Scotland, returned almost every day to the water, though they in a manner not lacking in a run of water about the heavy woods, and to float the fly down to him. I returned him to life and a number of small sea trout shrank in Glencoe. In the gloaming, and had I regret their temerity. It is in touch with a salmon, when the Awe with a small trout cast that had been used for brown trout. After my praiseworthy way he jump water; the cast broke, and I. Once the circumstance was appointed, but my heart did my cast; in fact, even in sport and not for victory. I raise a trout or salmon and like to have another day on the Mayfly when the large fly roll about like the "sea-shout" the poet.

As a very small boy I was the Yarrow with worm. The hook I lifted out of the small trout, which fell in a that I had some legal right not knowing how to exercise and consulted the game that there was no remedy with a grown-up man whose extreme innocence, "What a Somebody—an Irish novel circulated the story that he where in room which I had asked the lady if it were replied, "A beautiful fisher, anything?" "Oh, no, he ne thing."

I could only take her tribute to my personal charm was true enough. At that much as heard that there was dry-fly fishing, and was enabled to understand the rules have an unconquerable dislike of carrying a landing net; we in Tweed and Ail and Etrick boy. However, I had bought one of the sort that shuts up. I pushed the handle through hole of my coat and let the Having cast over a nice trout I tried to release the handle would not come out of the had to stoop over the stream the fish into the net, but in fled. Since then I have for nets, and if I do hook a trout that cannot or will not make it to capture him with my hat further use for him; he has and is very welcome to write same humane spirit, if I had fun is over then, with the thrill of the first resistance for me, anyone is welcome to one is in my company; but I am alone I do my best to be acquainted with dry land, in the or landing net.

On analyzing this particular I find that a desire, common to believed in our most improbable motive. If people do not fish they will not accept the hooked and lost him; they ob association of ideas. They are see me associated with a fish with fish, so they cannot believe with a fish whose ver pends on my unsupported to ghosts. They think of one s am concerned, as the natives have regarded the miraculo fishes.

With this incredulity I have total strangers ever since an elling home from a schoolboy Sound of Mull, my little brot pended to have sea trout flies caps. A native of Renfrews just and sober-minded Frank K in the railway carriage, and size trout, if any, we had tak they ran from 1lb. to 3½lb. solemnly preached me a sermo equity of bearing false witness, kind question that man, wome ask is, "What have you caug almost never caught anything, towers, know it and grin. A deal of disinterested malevolence heart of snobbishness."

Were I to explain my inno success" as an angler I might infirmities of Nature. A ve person cannot spot the trout a uring weeds and shadows of r There is no assistance in rema on the left hand of the long we tuit of grass," for the bank c



# Field Sports at Home and Abroad

## THE UNSUCCESSFUL ANGLER

Many of my happiest hours have been passed in fishing, but few of them in catching fish. Like the pirate flag of Huck Finn the Red-Handed, my hook has been unsouled by blood as a general rule. Nobody has so often "come home clean," as we say in Scotland. Last year I returned almost every victim of my skill or luck to the water, though I captured one of them in a manner not lacking in dexterity. He lay in a run of water about a foot wide, bordered by heavy woods, and it was necessary to float the fly down to him from above. But I returned him to life and liberty; also, later, a number of small sea trout in a summer-shrunken pool in Glencoe. They rose wildly in the gloaming, and had no great reason to regret their temerity. It is long since I was in touch with a salmon, which I hooked in the Ave with a small trout fly on a frayed old cast that had been used through the summer for brown trout. After running about in a praiseworthy way he jumped high out of water; the cast broke, and I saw him no more. Once the circumstance would have been disappointing, but my heart did not break with my cast; in fact, even in youth I fished for sport and not for victory. Still, I do like to raise a trout or salmon and again, and would like to have another day on the Kennet with the Mayfly when the large fish are greedy and roll about like the "sea-shouldering whale" of the poet.

As a very small boy I was taken to fish in the Yarrow with worm. The gardener baited the hook. I lifted out the line, and with it a small trout, which fell in again. Supposing that I had some legal right of recovery, but not knowing how to exercise, I walked up stream and consulted the gardener, but learned that there was no remedy. I have been with a grown-up man whose first salmon deserted him, and he, turning round, said with extreme innocence, "What am I to do now?"

Somebody—an Irish novelist, I think—once circulated the story that he had stayed somewhere in rooms which I had occupied, and had asked the landlady if I were a good fisher. She replied, "A beautiful fisher." "Does he catch anything?" "Oh, no, he never catches anything."

I could only take her first remark as a tribute to my personal charms, but her second was true enough. At that time I had only so much as heard that there was such a thing as dry-fly fishing, and was enamored of it, but did not understand the rules of the game. I have an unconquerable dislike to the trouble of carrying a landing net; we did not use them in Tweed and All and Ettrick when I was a boy. However, I had bought a landing net, one of the sort that shuts up with a joint, and I pushed the handle through the top button-hole of my coat and let the net hang down. Having cast over a nice trout and hooked him, I tried to release the handle of the net; but it would not come out of the buttonhole, and I had to stoop over the stream and try to ladle the fish into the net, but in this I was baffled. Since then I have foresworn landing nets, and if I do hook a trout or a sea trout that cannot or will not make his escape I have to capture him with my hands. I have no further use for him; he has played his part, and is very welcome to wriggle away. In the same humane spirit, if I hook a salmon the fun is over then, with the pleasant electric thrill of the first resistance on the line, and, for me, anyone is welcome to play him if anyone is in my company; but I admit that if I am alone I do my best to bring the fish acquainted with dry land, in the absence of gaff or landing net.

On analyzing this particular inconsistency I find that a desire, common to mankind, to be believed in our most improbable assertions is my motive. If people do not actually see the fish they will not accept the story that I hooked and lost him; they obey the law of association of ideas. They are accustomed to see me associated with a fishing rod, but not with fish, so they cannot believe in my connection with a fish whose very existence depends on my unsupported testimony, like a ghost's. They think of one salmon, where I am concerned, as the natives of Galilee may have regarded the miraculous draught of fishes.

With this incredulity I have inspired even total strangers ever since an early age. Coming home from a schoolboy holiday on the Sound of Mull, my little brother and I happened to have sea trout flies sticking in our caps. A native of Renfrewshire, obviously a just and sober-minded Free Kirk man, met us in the railway carriage, and asked us what size trout, if any, we had taken. I told him (they ran from 1lb. to 3 1/2 lb.), and he very solemnly preached me a sermon about the iniquity of bearing false witness. The most unkind question that man, woman, or child can ask is, "What have you caught?" One has almost never caught anything, and the questioners know it and grin. There is a great deal of disinterested malice in the human heart.

Were I to explain my inordinate lack of success as an angler I might begin by pleading infirmities of Nature. A very short-sighted person cannot spot the trout among the waving weeds and shadows of a chalk stream. There is no assistance in remarks like, "He is on the left hand of the long weed opposite the tuft of grass," for the bank consists of tufts

of grass, and the bed of the stream is variegated by many long weeds. If I see the trout rise and know where he is, then lack of practice and natural dexterity makes it hard for me to get the fly to him; moreover, I cannot see the fly as other people do, and have to wait for the ripple of the rise. What surprises me is that in the circumstances I so often succeed in getting a rise out of the trout; but then, my personal equation being of the slowest, I fail to touch him, or if I do it is with a vigor that turns him over in the water, and perhaps breaks the gut. Yet, with all these drawbacks, dry-fly fishing is more amusing than sea trout fishing in a loch with a breeze, for, though nobody can well avoid getting fish in these agreeable conditions, there is no skill in it, and a surprising amount of luck. Of two men using the same flies with equal skill in a boat on a Highland loch, one will get

Frazer found that the people are still of that opinion. They are very fine trout, and "are caught in nets or shot with dynamite bullets." Poetic Arcadians!—Andrew Lang in Field.

## THE ANGLER'S APOLOGY

Mr. F. G. Allaloe discourses thus delightfully and candidly in Baily's, seeking a justification for the "gentle sport," and finding what is undoubtedly the real one, not only in his own case, but in that of all of us who are honest with our consciences. Apology comes easier to some natures than to others. Politicians fight shy of it. Charles I., I think it was, counselled his ministers never to apologize before someone accused them; and more recently we have had a Prime Minister cite French to his purpose and refuse to explain lest he should "complicate" himself. When,

fishing, perhaps the finest form of sport with rod and line. In the second, he who fishes merely in order to provide his breakfast or dinner is wilfully extravagant, for he could buy better fish at a fraction of the cost of his day's outing. The last and most plausible apology for angling that one reads of is that it takes a man close to Nature. But he would be quite as close to Nature if he wandered beside the singing river with no rod in his hand. He would, indeed, have nothing else to distract his wandering attention, be still more free to watch the gleaming insects and listen to the songs of birds, to study the flight of the kingfisher, and mark the shy movements of the water-vole. No, the affinity-with-Nature plea of justification is a makeshift, though a fisherman may be perfectly sincere when he avows that the sights and sounds of a trout stream in June are no small part of his pleasure, and that he does not measure his enjoyment merely by the weight or number of his fish.

It would seem, then, that I have not yet found an angler's apology which commands my respect, and so much I confess. The contemplative man's recreation brings joy to one man and boredom to another. It is its own justification. Why do I fish? I know not, save that in fishing I find keen delight that no other form of work or sport brings me. There are people who are always striving, even unasked, to furnish some excuse for everything they do. These folks have no courage. They attach too much importance to what others will think or say. I am always reminded of the old man in the bar. He had been standing lost in thought before an empty glass, when two young fellows came in and asked successively for liquor. Said the first: "Give me a brandy and soda, Miss. I—I've just had bad news from home."

Whereon the second, not to be outdone, proffered his request: "And whisky neat for me, Miss. I've a bad pain in my heart."

This was too much for the veteran, who, rapping loudly on the counter, said in a voice that all could hear: "And give me another go of gin, Miss—because I like it!"

That is my answer when asked why I fish—because I like it.—F. G. Allaloe.

## SHOOTING CAPERCAILLIE IN PERTH-SHIRE

For many years I shot over a district in Perthshire where fir woods abounded, and where capercaillie bred in considerable numbers, yet these birds would rarely be seen except when the woods were driven with the guns posted ahead in likely positions. In walking in line through the woods the quick hearing of the birds soon detected our approach, and they broke out from the high tops of the spruce long before a shot was possible.

I have never seen a big bag of capercaillie obtained in a day's sport, ten or twelve being perhaps the most, but whether one bird was got or thirty, the knowledge that such birds existed, and that a chance shot was possible, added very greatly to the zest of a day's sport, and for this reason these birds should, in my opinion, be fostered and encouraged just as much as blackgame. Capercaillie are polygamous, so it is of first importance that the hens be spared if the species is to be increased. Unfortunately, the hens, as with pheasants and blackgame, offer the easiest chances, and do not seem to be so wary as the cocks.

A healthy succession of young fir woods is sure to draw capercaillie, and, although the forester may object to a certain amount of damage to the fir trees, in which the birds principally feed in winter, the damage is not serious enough to weigh against the advantage of possessing such a fine species of game on the estate. Personally, I have never come across any serious damage, though the woods known to me were in many cases strips and detached clumps, where such damage might have been more easily noticed.

There was one celebrated wood that comes strongly back to my memory, where capers were always to be found, and where a fair bag was a certainty, owing to rides and the general configuration. This wood was of Scotch and spruce firs, some seventy or eighty years old, with plantations of younger trees at either end. It extended for some three miles dividing the cultivated land from a grouse moor. Broad rides crossed the strip (which was, perhaps, 200 yards wide) every half mile or so.

The party of four or five guns, prepared for a rough wild shoot and a mixed bag, would walk up to this high wood, taking the small cultivated fields, the patches of turnips, and the rough hairy grass fields in a wide line, tacking from side to side as seemed advisable; to take in the most likely ground.

And what a fine variety we generally obtained on those bright, crisp, sunny days in November! A pheasant or two out of the patch of broom covering the gravelly knoll above the small ravine, with the highland stream of brown water rushing below; or a duck, a teal, and plenty of snipe in the long narrow patches of rushy marsh land lying here and there amongst the poor, thin, high-lying fields. Hares broke out of these marshes to right and left, and rabbits were, perhaps, too numerous (from a farmer's point of view) in the patches of whins grazed and rounded by the sheep. A brace of grouse or so would offer a shot as they skimmed up the hill, back to their native moorland, or a covey of part-



A GOOD DAY IN MUSKOKA, ONT. —Red and Gun. Members of the Blue Hawke Club carrying the results of a day's hunt to camp

plenty of large trout, the other will scarcely get a rise.

The dweller in town in summer can scarcely expect sport in the three or four days when he has a chance at a river. The wind is sure to be down stream; there is sure to be no rise of flies. The miller turns the water off; the neighbors above are cutting weeds. To get trout a man must live on the waterside and mark and seize the rare moments when the trout are "in a coming-on humor." The real pleasure, as a writer of about 1500 says, is in the waterside itself, the running stream, the flowers, the birds, the air, the quiet, the ancient cottages, and the great oaken beams of the foot bridges that were not new, perhaps, in Elizabeth's time. We step out of our own times into the old merry England, Shakespeare's England, the England of the Blessed Restoration. Remarks like these on the angler's pleasure in nature, even if his reel be empty, I read a few days ago in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." They seemed familiar, and, in fact, Burton cribbed them without acknowledgment from the book usually attributed to Dame Juliana Berners; and I rather think that Walton appropriated them in the same easy way.

There are still some pretty encounters on the waterside. I once, wearing waders, met two innocent little girls who could not cross a stream. I carried them over, and gave to one my solitary trout; to the other a small coin. When I came back later there were the little maids waiting with great nosegays of wild flowers for me. On the whole the unsuccessful angler is happiest when he is looking on, watching the skill or deriving a perverse consolation from the failures of some more accomplished friend.

May I suggest to some more successful angler the propriety of trying his art in the Katsana river (the ancient name is the Aracanos in Arcadia). Pausanias says that the trout of this river, or rather burn, sing, and in 1895 Mr.

however, a sportsman does endeavor to excuse himself, he cannot be said to do so without provocation, for that half of the community which finds no pleasure in sport is always bringing one charge or another against him, whether waste of time, cruelty, or what not. The angler has to put up with all these criticisms, and, in addition, he is usually called an idiot. Punch depicts him fishing outside a lunatic asylum, and withstanding the blandishments of an imbecile who invites him to step inside. Why? Are patience and perseverance the badges of mental disease? Is he, in short, a fool for fishing, or mere for failing to catch fish?

His apology, if he must of course, be worth while offering one, should, of course, be suited to meet the specific charge brought against him, but it is often ingenious, since it is only to be expected that a man who devotes so much thought to the luring of fish should be equal to a little casuistry.

Thus, if he is accused of cruelty, he pleads that his victims are cold-blooded and unable to feel pain. Incidentally, he knows perfectly well that they do feel pain, both the fish and the worm with which he catches it, but the argument serves. The charge of cruelty is sometimes most illogically brought, as well as that of foolishness, but the two are incompatible, since the fool who catches no fish cannot well be accused of cruelty to them. Not even the most rabid humanitarian could conscientiously blame those peaceful sportsmen who line the banks of the Thames on Sunday afternoons and gently watch their painted floats that never quiver for hours together. The sea-fisherman has a further excuse to offer, which cannot be shared by him who catches roach and bream, that he can at least eat the fish he catches. With a few exceptions, such as the wrasses and dogfish, they are wholesome and appetizing food. Yet I have never thought this plea of economy a very strong one. In the first place, it has no application to tarpon



"The First of the Season"

## Sportsman's Calendar

NOVEMBER

- Trout-fishing ends November 15.
- Cock Pheasant may be shot in Cowichan Electoral District only.
- Grouse (except willow grouse in Cowichan), Quail, Ducks, Deer, Geese and Snipe-shooting open.

ridges would whirr up out of the red bracken, and break high over the extended line to reach their habitat in the cultivated fields lying far below.

The guns were never idle and never bored on these rough upland shoots, more especially with the prospects of capercaillie ahead. The walking was firm and springy, the air on a bright sunny day seemed the finest in the world, a feeling of exhilaration was felt as one rose higher and higher, or from time to time gazed back at the panorama of richly wooded and cultivated country lying in a haze of purple and blues, with perhaps a pair of some steep snow-capped hills in the distance; and do not such days and such surroundings in the home of the capercaillie compare favorably with the days in 40-acre flat fields of prize turnips, or the stand on a muggy day opposite the drawing-room windows near a clump of hybrid rhododendrons or pampas grass for the first rise of the day?

High spruce firs, feathered to the bottom, rise up on either side of the ride, which may be about twenty yards wide. A strip of blue sky shows overhead in this grand lofty avenue. We advance upwards over the rough black cart tracks, and pick our way amongst the wet rushes and pools of water. A grey boulder protrudes here and there from the peaty soil and the rough grass. We pass a blow down and see into the heart of the wood, with the tangled mass of fallen trunks and branches, with innumerable bare boles of fir trees dimming out in the distance like pillars in a vast crypt. As we near our stand the moorland, covered with brown ling, rises up before us, stretching for miles and miles to north, east and west, in billowy hummocks to a high rounded ridge with steep blue hills in the distance.

A troop of roe deer break out from the wood and go bounding over the moor, followed by the steady, purpose-like flight of a brace of blackcock, the white on their bodies showing clear in the bright sun. A cry of "mark" is heard, which raises expectancy to the highest pitch. The gun is grasped tight, the eyes strain upwards to the streak of sky above the fir tops. A quiet but distinct swish is heard, but a good view has been taken; the muzzle follows quickly on the line, with a backward wrench ahead the trigger is pulled, and with a feeling of joyful consciousness one listens for the heavy crash of the first capercaillie cock that follows amongst the rotten branches in the thick of the wood behind.

Drive follows drive, but the shots are not always so sporting as the one above described. Birds are very apt to break out on the flanks and offer somewhat tame shots. On one occasion I got two cocks as I was hurrying forward to a stand ahead. Passing an open space, caused by a blow down, a capercaillie swooped down from a high tree, and before he could top the trees to the right he offered an easy shot. At the same instant another one rose, and was brought down with a broken wing.

This instance is not mentioned as a typical sporting shot or one that is recalled with pride for the purpose of stilling the painful consciousness of many bad shots, but merely to state what sometimes occurs, and also to describe the strange appearance of a wounded bird which impressed me. As I approached the winged cock, which was of unusual size, he faced round and made a hissing sound, whilst his wings were partly spread and lowered. His fathers on the back of the head and neck were raised. The great hooked beak was partly opened, and the eyes flashed and twinkled with an appearance of the utmost ferocity.

An attempt was made, to my knowledge, to rear capercaillie by hand, but met with no success. One lot hatched in an incubator died in a few days. Another lot hatched under a hen lived for a fortnight, and died of gaps. The birds were fed in a similar manner to pheasants. Fresh fir branches were always present, which the young birds pecked at.—W. M. S. in Field.

## Workers

the worker can be always awakened by

three generations at the old lace maker's pupils in the Amp-

ood is not forgotten by is beguiled by the gns. The face of the sight of a good go by at the lace can be done at any and, or "horse," as ever ready waiting only the true lace comfort of her work. ty years ago it was old lace makers at others, were really es, curves and flow- to the designs. ren it was always a friend in the aims- a treat we were al- "stick a pin." The e" (as she used to ding the old grand-

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T THE MOON

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a hare is depicted perstition that is the moon. In a ce- sa tale among the e man in the moon y of cabbages over to follow him, and that he is a man bbages on Christ-

nd confidently aso- is no other than the Jews stoned is on the Sabbath xv., 32-36. flatly contradicts moon can be seen cks followed by a in, and his bundle e thorns and briers og close following

Eskimos is a tra- were once human skimo boy and the mented his sister, he fled up into the sun, while the boy urse her without moon is in its last rother leaves "his several days in a

n Indians have a different quarters ew moon appears, spot and march ng up into the had time to grow y at once set to until she gradual- ; and when she scamper back to

See Our Jewellery and Engraving Department on the Main Floor

# DAVID SPENCER, LIMITED

See Our Jewellery and Engraving Department on the Main Floor



## Friday Record-Breaking Bargains

We have spent some time in preparing this sale for our customers, and Friday, we are placing a number of odd lines in Men's Overcoats of English and Canadian makes in heavy tweeds lined with all-wool linings, also cravenettes with two and three-way collars, in various shades and patterns, thoroughly waterproof. Values up to \$20.00 for **\$7.75**



### Men's Suits

Men's Suits, in fine finished tweeds and worsteds. All new patterns, mostly single-breasted styles. To clear Friday at \$12.50 to **\$6.75**

### Men's Hunting Coats

Men's Hunting Coats, made of heavy duck, with two large inside pockets, closed with snap and hooks. These coats are regularly sold at \$3.50 and \$3.75. To clear Friday **\$2.50**

### Boys' Suits

Boys' Suits, in double-breasted, tweeds and fancy worsteds, with bloomer or knickerbocker pants. Owing to the lateness of this shipment, we have decided to mark the goods at a very small margin for quick selling. Friday, \$4.50 to **\$3.50**

### Warm Gloves for Cold Days

- Women's Mocha Gloves, fleece lined, 2 clasp. Brown only **\$1.25**
- Women's Mocha Gloves, finished with strap and fleece lined **\$1.25**
- Women's Dogskin Gloves, heavy make, silk lined. Tan only **\$1.50**
- Women's Real Mocha Gloves, silk lined. In slate and black. Special **\$2.00**
- Women's Cashmere Gloves, fleece lined. Beavers, browns, slate, white, cream and black **25¢**
- Women's Cashmere Gloves, silk lined. Black only **35¢**
- Boys' Dogskin Gloves, fleece lined, Perrin's make. In tans and browns. \$1.00 and **75¢**

### \$3.50 Women's Waists, Friday Special, \$2

Women's Waists, made of a fine soft quality of pure linen. Strictly tailored, made with six half-inch pleats from collar to waist line, and broad shoulder pleat. Small patch handkerchief pocket. Open front, buttoning through the centre box pleat, with white pearl buttons. Long sleeves with stiff laundered cuffs. Detachable white linen collar. All sizes. Price **\$2.00**

Tailored Waist, of fine white Irish linen. Front has box pleat down centre, three one-inch tucks either side, with broad shoulder pleat, giving the desired fullness. Plain sleeves with laundered link cuffs. Back finished with Gibson pleat. Detachable white linen collar. Sizes 32 to 44. Price **\$2.00**

### 3 Friday Bargains in Men's Furnishings

- Men's Shirts, in fine cambric, with white tucked front, starched cuffs. **\$1.00**
- Men's Shirts, in print, neat stripes, soft fronts and starched attached cuffs. Special **\$1.00**
- Men's Shirts and Drawers, in heavy natural wool mixtures. Double-breasted, extra strong for hard wear. All sizes. Special, per garment **75¢**
- Men's Silkine Handkerchiefs, white ground with colored borders. This is a good line of handkerchiefs for fancy work. Special, 2 for **25¢**

See View Street Windows

### WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED OUR CHRISTMAS STOCK OF MEN'S FANCY NECKWEAR, MUFFLERS, Etc.

- Men's Four-in-Hand Silk Ties, all the latest shades and styles, plain and fancy stripes, wide flowing ends. Prices range from \$1.50 to **25¢**
- Men's Black and Colored Silk Mufflers, in the new long styles. Prices range from, each, \$2.00 to **75¢**
- A large assortment of Men's Fancy Armlets and Garters. Prices range from 75¢ to **25¢**

### Fancy Work Department

Our stock of Christmas Novelties, worked and to be worked, is becoming more complete every day.

- Cushion Covers, in natural colored linen crash, embroidered in colors. Finished with 3-inch frill. Special **65¢**
- New lot of Pin Cushion Forms, all shapes and sizes. Prices range from 35¢ to **10¢**
- Laundry Bags from \$1.00 to **35¢**
- Embroidered Emblems for children's dresses, 15¢, 10¢ and **5¢**
- New Designs in Stamped Linens for eyelet wallachian and Kensington embroidery.
- "Cotton Perle" Crocheting and Knitting Thread, for making slippers. All colors. Hank of 5 skeins. Special **50¢**
- Pom Poms for fancy work. All colors. Per dozen **20¢**
- D. M. C. Embroidery Cotton, in white and colors. Dozen skeins **30¢**
- Berlin Wool, in 4-fold and 8-fold in white. Per skein **7¢**
- Shetland Wool or Split Zephyr, 2-fold, in white. Per skein **7¢**

### 5 Big Snaps in the Staple Department for Friday

- 10 doz. Embroidered Linens, in squares and runners. Regular 75¢ Friday **50¢**
- 18 only Full Double Size Marcella Quilts. Regular \$3.50. Friday **\$2.25**
- 25 doz. Ready-to-use Pillow Slips. Regular \$2.40 dozen. Friday **\$2.00**
- 500 yards Stripe Flannellette, in assorted colors. Regular 10¢ and 12½¢ Friday **7½¢**
- 800 yards English Wrapperettes, assorted patterns, Paisley, plaid and floral designs. Regular 25¢. Friday **15¢**

**On Friday, we will place on sale what is left of the Driad Hotel Furniture at prices that will specially clear out all this stock.**

### Dress Goods Specials, Friday

Friday our Dress Goods Department offers exceptional bargains that will appeal to every woman.

- Crepons, Nun's Veiling, Panamas, Serges, Diagonals and Cheviots, in shades of brown, navy, myrtle, old rose, electric, moss, Persian blue, gold, peacock, reseda, cardinal, pale blue, pink, Nile and cream. Values up to 75¢. Friday **45¢**

### Stylish Boots for the Children

We have a full stock of this season's favorites

- High Top Button Boot, patent foxing and collar, kid top. Sizes 8 to 10½ **\$3.00**
- High Top Button Boot, patent foxing and collar, dull kid top. Sizes 11 to 2 **\$4.00**



**Made Like a Locomotive Boiler**

**IT LASTS A LIFETIME**

The Arcadian Malleable Non-Breakable Range is not made of cheap coke steel, but of the best Charcoal Iron Plates, and its castings are not made of common gray iron, but of the **Highest Quality of Malleable Iron.**

Malleable Iron is the ideal material for a practical, durable and economical range. Owing to its close, dense and compact texture, it is better fitted to resist the strains of heating and cooling. It possesses great strength.

Charcoal Iron, of which the best and largest steam boilers are made, in order that they may endure the greatest strain, is what is used for the body of the Arcadian Range. This charcoal iron has a density and fineness of grain which gives it great power of resistance against rust and crystallization, making it practically indestructible.

A pure asbestos mill-board is used to line the fires and other parts of the range. It is held between a sheet of charcoal iron and the charcoal iron body.

All joints of the Arcadian Range are riveted so closely and solidly and with such skill that they are as tight as a locomotive boiler and will never open from expansion or contraction.

**MEETS THE NEEDS OF THE HOME OF TODAY**

### A Corset Bulletin for Friday

We have Thompson's Glove-fitting, Crompton and D. & A. Corsets, in all the leading styles, made of the best quality batiste and jean. Long hip, high bust also short hip with girldrop top. Four elastic hose supporters attached. All sizes from 18 to 28. Special **\$1.50**

A shipment of Women's and Misses' Hygiene Waists, Shoulder Braces, Scott Pads, Corset Shields, Supporters, Corset Clasps in all styles, Corset Laces in silk, mercerized and cotton, in pink, blue and white.

### Reductions on Men's Winter Shoes

**\$6.00 AND \$7.00 VALUES. FRIDAY, \$4.85**

- Amongst these are a few lines of genuine English made Boots, regularly sold at \$7.00, which for hard wear and wet weather cannot be equalled.
  - Men's Genuine Horsekin Blucher, full bellows tongue, triple sole. Absolutely waterproof.
  - Men's Waterproof "Veve" Grain Bluchers, full bellows tongue, triple sole. English make.
  - Men's Tan Winter Calf Blucher, full double sole.
  - Men's Box Calf Blucher, leather lined, double sole.
  - Men's Patent Colt Blucher, leather lined, double sole.
- All the above on sale Friday at **\$4.85**

### Children's Bearskin Coats

- Child's Bearskin Coat, of cream bearskin, single-breasted, fastened with two double frogs, pocket on either side. Plain sleeves, military collar. **\$1.50**
  - Child's Coat, of curly bearskin, front fastened with pearl buttons, sack back, large cape collar **\$1.75**
  - Child's Coat, of good quality bearskin, deep yoke, back and front, large cape collar, silk ties, lined flannelette **\$2.00**
  - Child's Coat, of curly cream bearskin, double-breasted. Two pockets, cape collar, fastens with heavy silk frog. Lined throughout with flannelette. Price **\$2.25**
  - Child's Coat, of fine quality bearskin, single-breasted, sack back, front finished with frogs. Cape collar and cuffs, trimmed with silk braid **\$2.50**
  - Child's Coat of better quality bearskin, front finished with six silk medallions and clusters of silk-covered buttons, trimmed military collar **\$3.00**
  - Child's Coat, of superior quality bearskin, good full shape, single-breasted, fastened with silk frogs, cream skin belt, deep collar trimmed with silk ornaments **\$3.50**
  - Child's Coat of the best quality bearskin, double-breasted, fastened with fancy pearl buttons, deep collar with ribbon ties. Full length sleeves, with turn-back cuffs, well lined **\$5.00**
- We are also showing a special line of Bearskin Coats in red and Teddy bear brown, well made and trimmed, at \$3.00 and **\$2.50**

### Book and Stationery Department

- Boy's Own Annual, 1910 edition **\$1.75**
  - Girl's Own Annual, 1910 edition **\$1.75**
- GOOD BOOKS YOU MUST READ**
- Second Chance, by the author of Sowing Seeds in Dauny.
  - Mistress of Shenstone, by the author of The Rosary.
  - Burning Day Light, by Jack London.
  - Our Special Line of 1-lb. Packages of Stationery, about 4½ quires to the lb. Best of linen paper, nicely wrapped in a pink wrapper. Special price, lb. **25¢**
  - Three Packets of Envelopes to match **25¢**
  - Just Arrived—Latest Ladies' Home Journal **10¢**

### Sale of Enamelware, Friday, at 10 a.m.

We will clear our Enamelware stock on Friday at the lowest possible price. This includes Hand Bowls, Milk Pitchers, Pudding Basins, Pie Dishes, Sink Strainers, Coffee Pots, Funnels, etc. Values up to 50¢. Friday, 10 o'clock **10¢**

VOL. L. NO. 409.

### VAIN STRUGGLES TO ESCAPE FIRE

Holocaust in Large Factory Building in Newark, N. J. Twenty-Four Girls Burned or Killed on Pavement.

### ROLL OF DEAD MAY BE INCREASED

Swift Spread of Flames Prevents Flight of Many Workers—Fire Escapes Practically a Death Trap.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 28.—In 15 minutes 24 girls were burned and this morning or crushed to death on the pavement on leaping from the windows and fire escapes of the four-story factory building at Orange and High streets, occupied on the floor by an underwear manufacturing concern.

Here the death list was heavier. The lower floors were occupied by two paper box concerns and two electrical fixture factories.

The latest count tonight shows that 14 of the 24 bodies recovered have been identified and the six girls missing. They may be among the unidentified dead or yet in the rubble. The collapse of a wall tonight interrupted further search.

Fifty were taken to the hospital, whom two may die.

Among the injured is Joseph J. Sione, deputy fire chief, who was overtaken by the falling wall and buried in bricks and rubbish.

The rush of the flames was so swift and threw such terror into the girls on the top story, that the body of one was found attached to a chimney stack beside the machine which was of fire petrified with fright.

Horrible as the scene has been, what went on in the smoke of the crowded upper room, what befell outside in the bright sunlight was more horrible.

The building, constructed of inflammable material, and the first gust of flames had cut off all escape by the stairways. The workers, made on trip, but took down no passengers never came back. The only exit was by the fire escapes, the lower platform of which were 25 feet from the street.

Onto these overcrowded and steep lanes, scorched dancing hot fire jets from the lower windows, pressed forward a mob of women, blind with panic, driven by the fire and the others behind them.

A net had been spread beneath the windows and the girls began to jump. The rats out of a burning bin, was the way a fireman described the descent. They came out of the windows like a thick treacle, rolled up on the heads of the others and cascaded off the fire escape to the pavement, sixty feet below.

Some of them stood in the windows outlined in the flames, and jumped clear; others jumped from the landings, still others from the steps where they stood. The air was full of them and they fell everywhere into the net on the necks of fireman, and fifteen of them on the hard stone slabs.

When the awful rain ceased there were eight dead in the street and the gutters ran red. Seven more were badly crushed that they died in hospitals.

Fifty are still under surgical care. Clouds of smoke and showers of burning embers rained down on neighboring roofs. As the news flew panic spread to other factories, where many of the girls in peril had friends and relatives. For the day, firms had to shut down, and several thousands flocked to the fire and made the work of the firemen and police more difficult.

Italian silk workers knelt in the streets and prayed. Priests and firemen worked their way through the press to give the last consolations to those of their different faiths.

The property loss is estimated at \$150,000, but no statement from the owners and tenants is yet available.

The building was occupied on the two lower floors by the Newark Paper Box company and the A. A. Drake Paper Box company, on the third floor where the fire started, by the Anchor Lamp company and the Aetna Electric company; and on the top floor, where the death list ran heavy, by the Wolf Manufacturing company, makers of underwear.

Stadie Benson, an employee of the Aetna Electric company, was cleaning an electric light fixture, in a gasolene bath. The gasolene took fire. He does not know how—and trickled in a little spout of flame on to the floor. There stood a full can of gasolene.

The can exploded and the burning liquid flew far and wide. Lewis Cox, an employee of the box factory on the second floor, was standing in the hallway at the time of the explosion. The shock was strong enough, he said, to hurl him against the wall, but the operators at their whirling sewing machines heard nothing.