

Hams for Christmas

You wouldn't think the joyous festival complete without the rice, luscious, tasty Ham, Prime Hams await your selection here.

- CHRISTMAS TURKEYS, per Pound, 25c
- Sugar Cured Ham, per lb. 22c
- Picnic Ham, per lb. 15c
- Christie's Plum Pudding, 1-lb. tin 25c
- French Grape Wine, non-alcoholic, per bottle 75c

W. O. WALLACE
CORNER YATES AND DOUGLAS STREETS.
Phone 312 The Family Cash Grocery Phone 312

WILSON'S

Easily Solve the Question of "What to Give a Man"

- Wearing apparel is generally appreciated for the plain reason that a good dresser cannot have too much of it. Here are a few suggestions with prices:
- NECKWEAR—All the latest Cravat styles, new shades, from 50c
 - FLOWING END SCARFS—A handsome range, from 75c to \$2.00
 - PIM'S IRISH POPLIN TIES, a specialty.
 - DRESS SCARFS—Rich black silk, lined with all shades, from \$1.50 to \$2.75
 - MUFFLERS—Excellent quality cashmere, at 50c and 75c
 - SLK MUFFLERS, from \$1.00 to \$3.50
 - HANDKERCHIEFS—Fine quality linen, hemstitched at 25c, 35c and 50c.
 - IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS—Grand quality with embroidered initial, each 50c
 - SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, with embroidered initial. Regular price 75c. Special, each 50c
 - GLOVES—Lined and unlined, Dent's, Perrin's and other famous makes. Special, from per pair \$1.00
 - BOY'S GLOVES—All sizes, per pair, special 60c and 75c
 - SUSPENDERS—In handsome boxes—famous "Knothe" Weave brand, from 75c to \$2.50
 - FANCY HOSE—For dress wear, from \$2.50 to \$1.00
 - FANCY WEBS—Knitted and others, combining greatest comfort and most exclusive style, from \$2.50 to \$5.50
 - HOUSE AND SMOKING COATS—In green, red, blue, brown, gray, etc., very newest styles and trimmings, from \$5.00 to \$12.00
 - DRESSING GOWNS—In all the popular shades and styles, oriental and other designs, from \$8.00 to \$20.00
 - BATH ROBES—A wide choice, all the newest ideas, from \$5.00
 - LADIES' MOTOR SCARFS—Nice, high class gifts, pure heavy silk, all shades, champagne, etc. in boxes, each \$4.50
 - LADIES' SILK UMBRELLAS, very smart handles, from \$1.00 to \$2.00
 - MEN'S UMBRELLAS, all exceptionally nobby handles \$1.00 to \$10.00
 - CLUB BAGS, \$4.00 to \$20.00—Excellent Bags for \$4.00 and exceptionally handsome Bags at higher figures; genuine black walrus Bags lined with high quality leather, from \$2.50 to \$5.00
 - FITTED CLUB BAGS—Real Alligator, finished in the most up-to-date style; nickel mounted articles. Price \$32.50
 - SUIT CASES—All stylish and serviceable. A-1 values. \$4.00 to \$22.50
 - FITTED SUIT CASES—Splendidly equipped with every needed article; best nickel fitting. Price \$25.00
 - MOTOR AND TRAVELLING RUGS—Anyone of which would make a fine Xmas Present. \$5.00 to \$10.00

MERCHANDISE AND GLOVE CERTIFICATES

WILSON'S MEN'S FURNISHERS

MAY PUT FOG-ALARM ON KELLETT-BLUFF

U. S. Government May Establish Aid Capt. J. W. Troup Recommends Its Establishment

The United States lighthouse board may establish a fog alarm station on Kellett bluff at the southeast of Henry Island, near San Juan, where the steamer Indro, of T. B. Royden & Co., now being repaired by the British Columbia Marine Railway company, struck during fog in November, when inbound from Moji for Vancouver, and where, seventeen years ago H.M.S. Amphion struck and "made a historic trip back to Esquimalt."

Capt. J. W. Troup, superintendent of the C.P.R. coast steamship service, whose steamers pass Kellett bluff daily, who is also a member of the Dominion lighthouse board, has been urging the establishment of a fog alarm station at the bluff for some time. Other communications have also been received by the United States lighthouse board at Washington and the matter is now being considered. In case the lighthouse board reports favorably upon the project it will be recommended to congress and a bill will then be introduced by the district representatives authorizing an appropriation for the work.

Kellett bluff is the nearest land to the boundary line in the Gulf of Georgia and steamers pass within a short distance of it. When the steamer Indro was bound to Vancouver she collided with the face of the bluff which rises clear out of the water, but which, owing to fog, could not be seen from the steamer's bridge, even when the vessel was pressed close against it. On the occasion of the Amphion's accident she was carrying Lord and Lady Stanley to Vancouver. The well known Esquimalt hotelman, John Day, was steward of the cruiser. It seems an altercation had arisen as to which of the stewards, the Stanley household should take precedence in the ward-room, and the Amphion's captain had been called from the bridge to settle the dispute when the vessel struck against Kellett bluff. Collision marks were put over and after some figuring it was decided to hurry back to Esquimalt. The vessel, whose iron hull was crumpled up like a closed concertina—a piece of it now being in the provincial museum, reached the dock just in time to prevent foundering.

That a fog alarm at Kellett bluff would be extremely useful local mariners are unanimous. It is to the bluff

UNITED STATES CROPS

Enormous Value of Grain Harvested By the Farmers in the Season Just Past

Washington, D. C., Dec. 20.—The Department of Agriculture today issued a report giving final estimates of acreage, production and value of farm crops, showing the winter wheat acreage to be 23,322,000; production, 409,442,000 bushels; value per bushel, 88.2 cents. Spring wheat acreage, 17,079,000; production, 224,648,000; value, 88 cents. Corn acreage, 99,810,000; production, 2,592,320,000; value, 51.7 cents. Oats acreage, 31,870,000; production, 754,443,000; value, 44.2 cents. The average weight per bushel is shown by the reports received by the department to be 56.9 pounds for spring wheat, 58.9 pounds for winter wheat. It was announced that the value of the farm products of 1907 covered in today's report was \$484,000,000, an increase of \$428,000,000 over 1906. The farm value on December 1 of the four crops already mentioned follows: Corn, \$134,446,000; winter wheat, \$361,217,000; spring wheat, \$193,220,000; oats, \$284,988,000.

A Question of Names

On one occasion a bishop who prided himself on never forgetting either the name or face of any clergyman in his diocese, happened to be traveling somewhere by rail, when, at a certain station, a clergyman got into the same carriage in which the bishop was. The bishop recognized the man's face, but could not remember his name, and not wishing to acknowledge a forgetfulness, leaned forward, and with a charming smile, said: "Excuse me for forgetting, but how do you spell your name?"

"L-u-n-e-s, my lord," was the reply—Illustrated Bits.

Story With a Moral

A recent number of "Simplisimus" tells this story with a moral: The Union Bank of St. Petersburg has its own police service. One night the watchman, who was a police officer, was trustworthy. He concluded to make a trial. He disguised himself and rushed, pistol in hand, into the bank vault. The police were good for nothing. They looked on. The director of the bank pocketed 2,000,000 rubles and carried them away. Since then no one has seen the director.

GOOD OPENING FOR TRADE WITH MEXICO

General Manager of British Coast Steamship Co. Tells of Trip

Joseph K. Smith, general manager of the British Coast Steamship company, arrived in Victoria yesterday after a trip to Mexico on the company's chartered steamer the Transit, which is now at Tacoma loading a full cargo of railway ties for the return voyage to Mexico. Mr. Smith succeeded in making several important freight contracts while in the south and looks to see a large trade built up between the southern republic and British Columbia and Puget sound ports. He found the financial condition in Mexico unaffected by the stringency which is at present so severely felt in the United States.

The Transit brought north a full cargo of hard salt from the famous Mexican island and Mexican oranges. These oranges, Mr. Smith says, are superior to California oranges, which at this time of the year are scarce. Mr. Smith made a contract with Mexican orange growers to bring north 20,000 cases of this fruit, equally 1,000 tons in weight, for transshipment at Vancouver for eastern Canadian points. Mexican oranges have quite a market in eastern Canada, but heretofore they have been shipped by rail through the United States to Toronto. This has naturally proved very costly, the freight charges, due to the goods having to pass over so many zones, almost prohibiting trade. The cost by the water route will be much less and will mean an increased profit for the producer and at the same time reduced prices for the consumer.

While in Mexico, Mr. Smith leased for a term of years a salt island off Mazatlan, which is said to contain as much salt as the famous Salinas on Carmen Island. The company has arranged to bring north 10,000 tons of salt to Puget sound and British Columbia ports for the spring trade. A large portion of this has already been sold to Puget sound merchants with the Transit. Puget sound merchants say, according to Mr. Smith, that it was the best ever delivered to them.

During his trip Mr. Smith also made a number of lumber contracts for the British Coast Steamship company, and also secured orders for several cargoes of coal. The Transit is now loading a full cargo of Tacoma ties for the Canea-Yagu railway which connects with the interior Mexican lines and on her return will be bringing a full cargo, consisting of salt, from the island which Mr. Smith leased during his trip, and a large consignment of oranges.

In addition he made arrangements with the Mexican Coastwise Steamship company for the transit of goods from Victoria, Vancouver and Puget sound ports to Salina Cruz and Panama. This, Mr. Smith says, is a most important contingency, which will furnish the British Coast company with large shipments of goods for other tropical products, for northbound cargo of the latter's vessel.

Mr. Smith is very well pleased with the showing of his business during his recent trip. He is, he says, admirably fitted for the fruit trade, her speed being an important factor in this connection. She made the trip north from Guaymas to the sound, a distance of 2,500 miles, in 9 days and 6 hours, which is considered remarkably good time.

In regard to Mexican trade possibilities, Mr. Smith said that no one who had never visited Mexico could realize the opportunities that that field offered. There was a large and increasing demand for goods such as Canada could supply. Mexico consumed every conceivable kind of modern staples and supplies, including canned goods of every description and furniture and hardware, such as is general use in this country. At present almost all goods of this kind shipped into Mexico through her Pacific ports are bought in San Francisco. Canadian merchants are desirous of curtailing their San Francisco orders and transferring their trade to British Columbia and Puget sound centres.

In regard to financial conditions in Mexico, Mr. Smith said that business men there were at a loss to understand why Mexican dollars should be worth only 48 cents in the United States under existing financial conditions in the latter country. They say that San Francisco merchants are trying to do a case in advance business with them at present, asking as a concession that money be remitted to them before goods leave their warehouses. This, Mr. Smith says, no financial depression or stringency in Mexico so far as the domestic monetary situation was concerned.

PLANS READY FOR FISHERIES CRUISER

R. L. Newman Completes Designs for Proposed Government Steamer

Plans for the new fishery protection cruiser to be built for the fisheries protection service of the Dominion government, have been completed by R. L. Newman, the local designer and engineer, who returned a few days ago from England and Scotland, where he went on a mission for the government with regard to the construction of a steamer for the lighthouse service of the marine department, and to overlook the construction of a steam yacht for the lieutenant-governor.

The appropriation for the proposed patrol cruiser intended for use in protecting the northern halibut grounds, was made a year ago when \$250,000 was voted for this purpose. Efforts are being made to have the invitation for tenders for the construction of the vessel confined to Canada, which is in service on the Atlantic coast.

Attempted Suicide

St. John, N. B., Dec. 20.—Andrew Johansen, a Swede, attempted suicide by plunging a knife into his throat Tuesday night, during a storm by cutting his throat. He will likely recover. He was on his way to visit a son in Winnipeg.

FEARS OUTBREAK OF STRIKING MINERS

The Governor of Nevada Gives Reasons for His Call for Troops

Reno, Nev., Dec. 21.—From his bed today, Governor Sparks, who is very sick, made a statement explaining his action in asking President Roosevelt to send troops to Goldfield. "Throughout this whole controversy I have acted according to my best judgment. I believed from advices received from confidential agents and Goldfield that trouble was imminent in the mining camps. I knew that the picketing of mines and preventing men from working was damaging property. I was also advised that the sheriff and other civil authorities were unable to cope with the situation. And this is why I asked for troops. I believed that so long as there were no soldiers on the ground there would be no outbreak, but I feared, and had reason to fear, that unless such action was taken immediately there would be riot and bloodshed."

While I was in Goldfield I investigated personally the conditions that prevailed. I found that the business men were afraid of violence and that the women were in terror. Dozens of women have left the camp because they feared trouble. I found that there was organized a band of "High-Graders" and that the sheriff is absolutely unable to secure a conviction of any ore thieves. I learned that there are over thousands of rifles in the possession of the miners, and that the spirit of many of the men is such as to warrant me in believing that those rifles would be used on small protest, if provoked. I found that the business men were afraid of violence and that the women were in terror. Dozens of women have left the camp because they feared trouble. I found that there was organized a band of "High-Graders" and that the sheriff is absolutely unable to secure a conviction of any ore thieves. 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The Colonist

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

THE SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST

One year \$1.00 Six months .50 Three months .25 Sent postpaid to Canada and the United Kingdom.

OUR CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

The Colonist presents to its readers this morning Christmas greetings from Lord Strathcona, Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the Conservative party of Canada and Mr. Richard McBride Premier of British Columbia...

Lord Strathcona has compressed a great deal into a few lines of his message. He tells us of the pleasure it gives him to send a message to this people of British Columbia...

Mr. Borden's message is very inspiring in its language and sentiment. His appreciation of the greatness of our country has been undoubtedly strengthened by the opportunities for observation...

Mr. McBride speaks in much the same tone as Mr. Borden. He is full of pride in what British Columbia has accomplished in the past, and of confidence in the future which he holds forth...

A TERCENTENARY.

In 1608 Champlain founded Quebec, and it is proposed that the tercentenary of that date shall be fittingly observed. The credit of the suggestion is due to Lord Grey, the Governor-General...

LITERARY TASTE

It is pleasing to learn on unquestioned authority that the demand for immoral fiction is growing less year by year, so much so that it is said that thousands of novels of wholesome life are sold where only hundreds of the other class find purchasers...

There came about a marked revolution in these things about fifteen years ago, when a new lot of romantic novels were written. They were always tolerably ridiculous in their absurd exaggerations. The hero was a melodramatic chap, whose stout sword was more than a match for the weapons of a score of ignoble varlets...

heavy novel "with a purpose," with which readers had been surprised. The same healthy change is noticeable on the stage. Plays which depend for their point upon indecently witty veiled, if covered at all, have become unpopular. Audiences demand wholesomeness, and, of course, what they ask they get.

IMPORTANT BUT UNSATISFACTORY

The Dominion government referred a certain case to the Supreme Court of Canada for a decision as to the right of companies holding provincial charters to do business outside their province in which the charters are granted. The important character of the question will be at once apparent...

PROVINCIALISM

Burns has told us that it is a good thing sometimes to see ourselves as we are, and that he has been reading in an English paper that Canadians are inclined to be provincial in their way of looking at things...

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

The Vancouver World favors us with a lengthy criticism of an article on responsible government, which appeared in the Colonist of the 15th inst. We had not intended to pursue the question any further at the present time, but so courteous a criticism as that of the World can hardly be passed over without some observations.

That must be a dainty piece of litigation now proceeding in Berlin, for the public ear they manage such things better in Russia. There if an editor has the hardihood to reflect upon the Emperor, he is liable to be sent where his creditors cannot trouble him.

Some Socialists addressed a public meeting in Seattle. They were arrested, sentenced to a term of imprisonment and ordered to work in the mines. They refused. Then they were put in a place called the "black hole," and had to live in a room with no water. What a lovely thing it must be to live in a country where "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

line of section 97; and of "five hundred" place in the hundred in the second line of section 98. It is also proposed to amend subsection 1 of section 97, to read as follows: "The part of Englishmen that Canadians are provincial and less on the part of Englishmen."

President Roosevelt does not want the people of the United States to call Admiral "Evans" fleet "a great armada." He says what happens to the other great armada is altogether too suggestive.

Ripe raspberries, from ten to twenty on each branch and all well-formed, large and luscious in Victoria's terminal to the character of the Winter Solstice. These berries were picked yesterday, that is on the shortest day of the year, in Mr. James Mallet's garden, 630 Superior street, this city.

The debate on the Oriental question in the House of Commons has been adjourned over the Christmas holidays. It may be mentioned that it will become general, so far only some of the British Columbia members have been invited to attend.

Apologies of the suggestion that the Dominion government should establish and maintain a small squadron on the Pacific coast, it may be mentioned that the government of Australia proposes to purchase three submarines and two destroyers to select age ships in three years. These vessels will be independent of the Royal Navy. It is also proposed that all youths in Australia should be obliged to do military training for sixteen days each year for three years.

Senator Ellis thinks that the way to settle the matter is to let the voters elect by the people; Senator McMullen agrees with him. We have generally suspected that with the gentlemen present, that they would be elected. Senator Perley says he thinks that the Governor-General should be obliged to do military training for sixteen days each year for three years.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS

During the past five years the government of Canada has spent over a hundred and eighty-three million dollars. The proper course to be followed is to let the people's savings entrusted to it, and to let the government pay for the banks the liability to refund those savings if they were called for.

THE SHIPPING LAW

An amendment is proposed to the Canadian Shipping act, which reads as follows: "Paragraph (f) of section 72 of the Canada Shipping act is repealed and the following paragraph is substituted therefor: "(f) 'coasting voyage' means a voyage between Canada and Newfoundland or between Canada and any port or place on the eastern coast of the United States of America, or Mexico or Central America, or in the West Indies or the Caribbean Sea, or in the South America, not further south than Rio de Janeiro; and also means a voyage between any port or place on the western coast of Canada and any other port or place on such coast or on the western coast of the United States of America, not further south than the harbor of Portland in the State of Oregon, and not further north than Cape Spencer in the Territory of Alaska, or any inlet or bay having its entrance on the eastern side of the said cape."

We print this for the information of shipping men in Victoria, who doubtless have some interest in the matter. The Bill is not a government measure and if there is anything in this or the other proposed amendments, which call for consideration, the proper course would be to advise Mr. Templeman respecting them. The other proposed changes are the substitution of the words "three hundred" in place of "one hundred" in the first line of section 96; of "three hundred" in place of "two hundred" in the first



Hemstitched Table Linen LINEN DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, 2 yds. x 2 yds. \$5.00 and... \$4.00 LINEN DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, 2 yds. x 2 yds. \$5.00 and... \$4.00 TABLE NAPKINS, to match, at per dozen, \$3.00 and... \$2.00 MEXICAN DRAWN WORK on Grass Linen Scarfs, Centre Pieces and Tray Cloths, at each \$5.50 and... \$1.75

"THE FINALS"

TOMORROW morning starts the "finals" of the 1917 Christmas season—a season most kind to us. Business beyond our fondest expectations has rewarded us. The efforts of months of careful planning have been appreciated by Victorians in no unmistakable degree. "Quality" merchandise at honest prices—there is the secret. Read page 27!



For Young People: This store is filled with an abundance of pretty things bought especially for the younger generation. There are gift suggestions in great numbers here that will bring delight to many a young heart. Serviceable things all. All Floors

A Special Exhibit of Handsome Tapestry Panels

We are making a special show of Tapestry Panels on the First and Second Floors. These are excellent new pieces and worthy of your inspection. We should be pleased to show you these and others, equally interesting, which we are prevented from displaying through lack of display space. These are low in price and make excellent gifts.

Fine Pottery

In our show rooms you will find a comprehensive collection of typical pieces from the world's leading potteries. Almost every country is a specialist in some line and it is our aim to gather the best pieces from the best makers. Wedgwood, Royal Worcester, Royal Doulton, Royal Copenhagen, Royal Vienna, Aynsley, China, Marmorzellan, Royal Dux, Brethly Ware, Devon Ware, Dutch Delph, Ioga Art Ware, Japanese Cloisonne and Satsuma.

First Floor



For Tiny Tots: Lots of pretty gift things for the "tiniest" little tots here. Dainty things in silver, in china, in furniture. Why not get baby one of those new BABY PLATES, at each... 50c

Some Furniture Gifts

TABOURETTES OR JARDINIERE STANDS—Golden Oak, Weathered Oak, Mahogany, decorated or Wicker, \$3.00, \$5.00, \$5.00, \$4.00, \$3.00, \$2.50, \$2.00... \$1.50 FOOT RESTS—in weathered oak, upholstered in leather... \$3.75 BOOK AND MAGAZINE RACKS—in Early English and Weathered Oak, mission styles, \$15.00, \$12.00, \$10.00, \$7.50, \$3.75, \$2.50 and \$1.00 HANDSOME RED CHAIRS—Big assortment new styles, in Red Chairs, Reception Chairs, Comfort Arm Chairs, Misses' Arm Chairs and Rockers, \$2.75, \$2.00 and... \$1.50, \$1.50, \$1.50 and... \$2.50 NURSES' ROCKERS—in Mahogany or Oak, \$4.75, \$3.75, \$2.00 and... \$1.75 COBBLER SEAT ROCKERS—Hardwood and any finish, \$5.00, \$3.25 and... \$2.50 TEA AND CARD TABLES—Fine assortment in latest designs, \$15.00, \$10.00, \$5.00, \$4.00, \$2.50 and... \$3.00 FOLDING CARD TABLES, in Mahogany finish, plain and fancy designs, \$25.00, \$15.00, \$10.00, \$4.50, \$3.50 and... \$2.50 GOLDEN OAK OR WEATHERED OAK... \$3.00

Happy China Efforts

Among the bewildering array of dainty China bits it is hard to pick the winners. Stunning pieces from the world's foremost potteries are here in plenty. Painted china done by hand, and by mediocre artists either artistic little bits beautifully decorated with figure subjects, fine and elegant lines of popular priced pieces make a variety so great the bewildered shopper finds it difficult to decide which is the most attractive among so many beautiful styles and decorations. TEA CUPS AND SAUCERS, BREAKFAST CUPS, AFTER DINNER COFFEES AND AFTERNOON TEAS, at each, \$5.00, \$1.50, \$1.25, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 35c and... 25c BREAD AND BUTTER PLATES, at per dozen, \$2.00 down to... \$2.00 CAKE PLATES, at each, \$3.00, 75c, 50c and... 25c MOUSTACHE CUPS AND SAUCERS, up from... \$1.00 SUGARS AND CREAMS, per pair \$2.00... 75c BERRY OR SALAD BOWLS, at each, \$3.50, \$5.00, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.00 and... \$1.00 BISCUIT JARS, from each, \$4.00, down to \$1.75 CABARETS, 1, 2 or 3 divisions, from each, \$1.50 CHINESE STANDS, from each, \$2.00 to... \$1.00 CHOCOLATE POTS, from each, \$2.50, \$1.00, \$1.00 and... \$1.00 CREAM AND MILK JUGS, from each, \$2.00 down to... \$1.00

Send a Carpet Sweeper

Why not send the busy housewife a labor saving carpet sweeper? We have 3 styles of Bissell's Sweepers, at each, \$5.00, \$3.75 and... \$3.75

Why Not Cut Glass?

We are sole agents in Victoria for this exquisite ware. It glitters here in all its purity of color and cutting, thorough workmanship and exclusive style. Come in and see it sparkle in the finest cut glass room in Canada. CANDLE STICKS, each \$7.50 and... \$6.00 OIL BOTTLES, each \$8.00 and... \$5.00 JUGS, each \$20.00, \$15.00, \$10.00 down to... \$10.00 WATER BOTTLES, each \$12.00, \$10.00, \$9.00, \$7.50 and... \$5.00 HAIR RECEIVERS, each \$9.00 OLIVE BURN BOND AND PRESERVE DISHES, each \$7.50, \$7.00, \$6.00, \$5.00, \$4.00, \$3.50, and... \$3.00 COLOGNE BOTTLES, each \$7.00, \$6.00, \$5.00 and... \$4.50 FLOWER VASES, 6 to 12 in., each, \$30.00, \$12.00, \$3.50, and... \$3.00 SUGARS AND CREAMS, pair, \$12.00, \$10.00 and... \$6.00 BOWLS, shallow or deep, 10 in., each... \$6.00



Bookcases for Gifts: We stock a very large assortment of handsome Book Cases, suitable for gift giving. Prices are most reasonable and offer great choice. Have a look over the offering. Pleased to show you through.

UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE TO YOUR ORDER

Parlor and other furniture to harmonize perfectly with your carpets, your paper, or made to your own particular ideas is what we offer you in Upholstered Furniture. We have a very wide range of Upholstery Fabrics from which you can choose materials and color combinations to suit most any "scheme." We have the frames or can make them. Expert Upholsters are prepared to turn out work that isn't outclassed anywhere. Give us your upholstery work.



ORDER BY MAIL—WE GUARANTEE PERFECT SATISFACTION

Your Health

Should have your careful attention at all times. Our store is known for the purity and freshness of our drugs.

We also supply all requisites for the toilet table except the water.



CYRUS H. BOWES, Chemist, Government St., near Yates

MOANA ARRIVES FROM SOUTH SEAS

Canadian-Australian Liner Reached Port Yesterday From the Antipodes

ROUGH WEATHER OFF CAPE

Bumped Quarantine Steamer Notable Travelers Among Passengers

(From Friday's Daily)

After encountering heavy weather... The steamer had a fair freight, including large shipments of raw sugar from Java for the British Columbia Sugar Refinery at Vancouver.

HANDLING DAMAGES FREIGHT IN TRANSIT

F. A. Pauline Says Reversion To Old System Would Be Injurious to Victoria

The announcement of the possibility that the Canadian Pacific railway may be bringing freight to Vancouver and by transporting the cars bodily on barges and revert to the old system of handling goods by steamer, has caused a great deal of concern among shippers.

PRINCESS MAY BACK FROM LYNN CANAL

Brought Eighty Passengers From Skagway and Way Ports—Rough Trip Across Sound

(From Saturday's Daily)

The steamer Princess May, Capt. Hughes, reached port yesterday morning from Skagway, via ports, bringing passengers from the Yukon. Rough weather was experienced when crossing the Lynn Canal.

OBJECTION TAKEN TO IMMIGRATION

Vancouver Trades and Labor Council and the Salvation Army

Vancouver, Dec. 20.—The most important matter discussed by the Trades and Labor Council at its regular meeting last night was that of the objection taken to the Immigration Act.

EMPEROR WILLIAM SENDS REPORTER

Details Officer to Get Correct Version of Evidence At Harden Trial

Berlin, Dec. 20.—Emperor William, who is following the evidence taken in the Harden-Von Moltke trial with the utmost attention, today sent to the court house Lieut. Proemel von Der Hoelle, of the Fusiliers, as a special representative in order to secure a full and impartial report of the proceedings.

ATLANTIC PASSAGE

Empresses Make Good Time on Voyages Between Halifax and Liverpool

Montreal, Dec. 20.—Remarkably fast and equal trips characterize the voyage of the Empress of France and the Empress of Britain this week.

NEW PASTOR FOR METROPOLITAN CHURCH

Rev. T. E. Holling of Winnipeg To Exchange Pulpits With Rev. G. K. B. Adams

Rev. T. E. Holling will be the next pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist church. An invitation has been extended to Mr. Holling who is at present stationed in Young church, Winnipeg, by the board of trustees of the latter church.

WAGES DISPUTES IN MINING COUNTRY

St. Eugene Conciliation Board—Boundary Miners Take Vote

Nelson, Dec. 20.—The arbitration and conciliation board, consisting of S. S. Taylor, E. C. of the district, P. E. Wilson, Cranbrook, and J. A. Harvey, Cranbrook, appointed to settle the differences between the consolidated Mining and Smelting company and its employees at the St. Eugene mine and mill at Moyie, East Kootenay, completed their work yesterday and reserved their decision.

GEN. KUROPATKIN UNDER CORRECTION

Count Witte Shows Faults In His Evidence at Stoesel Trial

St. Petersburg, Dec. 20.—Irritated at the testimony given at the trial of Gen. Stoesel by Gen. Kuropatkin yesterday afternoon, Count Witte today said that he begged an opportunity to appear on the witness stand.

WORLD'S CREDIT CENTRE

Secretary Haldane Refers to Remarkable Position of the Bank of England

Edinburgh, Dec. 20.—In a speech tonight Richard Burton Haldane, secretary of state for war, compared the British and American credit systems, having reference to the proposals of a few years back that with a reasonable time the centre of the money market and the source of credit would migrate to the United States.

INDIAN RESERVES

Kamloops Has Turned Question—Wishes to Relocate Neighbors Transplanted

Vancouver, Dec. 20.—J. T. Robinson, of Kamloops, was in Vancouver last night to discuss with the Indian Affairs department the removal of the Indians occupying the reserve just outside of Kamloops to the Tchu-chu-qualk reserve on the North Thompson river.

ENRAGED NEARBY MUST BE DEAD

Little Hope That Any Miners Are Still Alive In Darr Colliery

Darrmine of the Pittsburg Coal company, where a terrific explosion yesterday imprisoned and almost beyond doubt, killed every one of the 200 or more men who had entered the mine for the day, only six bodies had been recovered. The rescue work is blocked.

GOOD PROGRESS IN CLEARING THE WAY

Over three hundred men are at present at work clearing the right-of-way of the projected extension of the E. & N. from Wellington to Alberni.

ARBITRATION CASE

Award Made in Case of Brown, Surrey Farmer, Against V. V. & E. Railway

New Westminster, Dec. 20.—The award in the arbitration case of Brown v. V. V. & E. railway has been taken up by the railway officials. It shows that Brown, who is a farmer in Surrey, has been awarded \$16,910.63.

CITY COUNCIL AGGRIEVED

Will Demand Retraction From Monetary Times on Pain of Libel Suit

Vancouver, Dec. 20.—The city council instructed its city solicitor to demand a retraction or proceed with an action for damages for libel against the Monetary Times in respect of an article published last week criticising the sale of Vancouver debentures.

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Former Occupants of the Editorial Chair

Men Who Have Played a Large Part in Moulding the Public Sentiments of the People of British Columbia During the Last Forty Years

In the course of a life of nearly half a century a newspaper necessarily enlists the co-operation of many people in making it what it is. So interwoven are the several departments, the editorial, the news, the mechanical and the business branches of a paper, that it is difficult to define the limits within which the efforts of either of them have been chiefly effective. Therefore a page devoted to the individuals who have written the editorials or have been instrumental in determining the general policy of the paper, would not be fully representative of the makers of The Colonist. Yet it seemed fitting to give our readers portraits and brief sketches of the careers of the three gentlemen who were in the past most closely identified with the paper in the public mind, and also of two who, for short periods, occupied the editorial chair.

Concerning the founder of the paper, the late Amor de Cosmos, more might be said than the space available at this time permits. He was a typical pioneer, a Nova Scotian trained in the political school of which Joseph Howe was the leader, a man of resource, fearless in the expression of his views, far-seeing and full of energy. Of Mr. D. W. Higgins, who is still with us, and who at any time may "bob up serenely" in public life or a journalistic career, it would be superfluous to say anything more than is contained in the short biographical sketch which appears below, and the same is true of Messrs. Bogle and Gosnell. They are yet in the prime of life, and in the natural order of things may be expected to give a good account of themselves. Of the late Henry Lawson little need be said in addition to the appreciative editorial which is reproduced from The Colonist of the day following his death, except that as the years roll round his memory remains ever fragrant in the memory of all who knew him.

It was in Windsor, Hants county, Nova Scotia, that Mr. De Cosmos was born, on the 20th August, 1825, and it was there that he received his education. At fifteen his school days terminated, and on the removal of his family to Halifax he commenced the battle of life as a clerk in the wholesale grocery firm of Chas. Whiteman & Co. At the same time, his ambition to secure an education such as would enable him to make his mark in the world induced him to take the fullest advantage of the facilities afforded by an excellent night school over which Mr. John S. Thomson, father of the late Canadian premier, presided, and it is a certain fact that the wholesome advice and intelligent counsel of his instructor in these impressionable days of boyhood materially affected his subsequent useful and distinguished career. The opinion that a newer and broader country offered to him greater opportunities for advancement than did his native Nova Scotia, induced him in 1851 to join in the exodus to California, where the gold discoveries of a few years before were leading an indomitable and energetic army of workers from all parts of the East. There were no railways in those days bringing Atlantic and Pacific into close companionship, and so, the steamer having landed the adventurous young Canadian in New York city, he started thence on the tiresome and apparently interminable tramp across the continent. His journeying to St. Jo., then the rallying point for the west-bound caravans of white-hooded wagons, was devoid of special incident or importance. At this breathing space on the border of the unknown he fell in with a number of equally ambitious emigrants, and with them he made the passage to the golden land of promise, the laborious crossing of the prairies being made anything but monotonous by several skirmishes with predatory bands of Indians and one pitched battle with the redskins, in which two men and one of the women of the little party lost their lives.

On two other occasions the company were obliged to give up a great portion of their slender stock of provisions to conciliate the none-too-friendly reds, and thus it was that their original plans were sadly disturbed, and when the green fields of Utah were reached a halt was called perforce, and not until the following spring was it possible to take up the

march California-ward. The golden state was reached some eight months later, further uninvited and undesired meetings with the natives of the West having greatly increased both the length and hazard of the trip to the Coast. At Sacramento the party, that had been as one big family on the dreary passage of the plains, disbanded, and while some went to the agricultural lands of the Santa Clara valley, the young Nova Scotian, with the de-

cosmos—during his residence in the California gold diggings embarked in business as a general trader, at the same time engaging from time to time in various speculations in which he displayed a sagacity that was alternately designated as luck, intuition or common sense, according to the tastes and dispositions of his critics and fellow citizens.

All were, however, compelled to admit that his fortunes steadily prospered, and that De

can guess. His residence in the land of the Argonauts was too quickly terminated for this to be determined, and with a long cherished desire to be once again under the old flag, he was one of the first to turn his eyes to Vancouver Island when the stream of gold-seekers began to flow in this direction.

It was in '58 that Mr. De Cosmos landed in Victoria, then a city of tents and transient fortune-seekers on the outskirts of an inhospitable forest.

He at once cast himself with that restless energy that was his most marked characteristic into the making of history for the new town and colony, carrying out the project that even before he left California had been taking practical form in his busy brain, and presenting to the public shortly afterwards, a pioneer newspaper of the Canadian far west—the British Colonist.

It was vigorous and direct—a newspaper symbolic of the times and people, and consequently it grew in popularity and in influence. Popular government was not then in the hands of the people of this section, and it offered a theme which the editor of the British Colonist was ever ready to discuss. Naturally he spoke to an appreciative audience, and when in April of 1859 Governor Douglas took a step in the direction of restricting the liberty of the press, or rather with the object of crushing out of existence the local representative of the world of publications, it was found that Victorians as a unit were with the editor.

A Victorian and a Canadian first, last, and all the time, Mr. De Cosmos was one of the first to espouse the cause of Confederation, and government by the people, and although the unity of the provinces was ultimately accomplished upon a basis other than that he had originally championed, he was one of the most sincere in the rejoicing at the accomplishment of the natural destiny of the British North America possessions. Fearless and outspoken in his discussion of public questions, both with pen and voice, it was natural that he should have been selected, less than five years after his arrival in the colony—in 1863—as a member of the colonial legislature, or that he should have continued as a representative in that body, of the people whose interests he had so much at heart until the amalgamation of the island with British Columbia, as the mainland was then termed, under Governor Strong. New Westminster was at this time the capital, but Mr. De Cosmos concluded that Victoria by reason of its greater population and important commerce was the more suitable place from which to direct provincial affairs. He therefore entered with zeal into a campaign for the transfer of the capital, in which he was ultimately successful. Victorians have, therefore, to thank the pioneer statesman whose demise brings his career into prominence, for the position which their city occupies today as the executive centre of Canada's most western province.

In 1866 his persistent demand for popular government led to the summoning of the Yale convention, which formulated a bill of rights and called for the extension of self-government to the people of British Columbia. Success was not immediately achieved, but the convention was nevertheless not without its practical and important bearing in the accomplishment of its desired aim.

In 1866 Mr. De Cosmos paid an important visit to the Eastern provinces, his mission being nothing less than to advocate the confederation of the provinces from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and returning to his home in the West he bent his every energy to the tremendous scheme of building up a united nation. In 1870 his formulated project was laid before the local legislature, the government scheme for the accomplishment of the same great object under other conditions being at the same time considered. The government plan prevailed, and in July, 1871, the province became a part of the Dominion.

Three years after this Mr. De Cosmos was chosen premier of the province and president (without salary) of the executive council, this being upon the resignation of the government, led by the Premier (now Justice) McCreight. At the same time he was representative of Victoria in the Canadian House of Commons, his capacity for work appearing to have no bounds, and his attention to the needs and opportunities of his constituents being generally admitted as unassailable. Upon the abolition of dual representation, Mr. De Cosmos chose to represent his constituency in the Dominion house, and accordingly resigned the premiership and threw himself with augmented enthusiasm into national affairs. During his representation at Ottawa of the city whose interests he made his own, he persistently urged the desirability and necessity of providing a first-class graving dock at Esquimalt, and upon his efforts in this direction being rewarded by the vote of \$250,000 by the Dominion government, in lieu of the guarantee stipulated in the terms of union, he promptly followed up the advantage gained by visiting London and prevailing upon the Imperial authorities to contribute a similar amount towards the accomplishment of the important public work in question. Before

(Continued On Page 61.)



termination to learn for himself the full value of the gold mines that had tempted him westward, passed on to the diggings, in which he spent four years of varying fortune, crowded with adventure and profitable experience.

Realizing that profits were to be made from miners as well as from mines, Mr. De Cosmos—or Smith, for that was the name of his parents, although to gratify his craving for a less commonplace patronymic a convenient legislature enacted that it should be De

Cosmos' views on public affairs were as sound as the basis upon which he built his business success. Politics, whether national or bounded merely by the necessities and actions of a mining camp, he entered into naturally and with enthusiasm, so that even those who disliked the man—for he was too strongly opinionated to invite universal friendship—were compelled to admit his power as a leader of men. To what place in the making of California history he might have aspired no one

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THREE NEW BOOKS OF POEMS



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866 his persistent demand lar government led to the ing of the Yale conven- which formulated a bill of and called for the exten- self-government to the of British Columbia. Suc- is not immediately achiev- the convention was never- nort without its practical portant hearing in the ach- ment of its desired aim. 866 Mr. De Cosmos paid trant visit to the Eastern ss, his mission being no- ss than to advocate the ration of the provinces e Atlantic to the Pacific, urning to his home in the e bent his every energy to endous scheme of build- a united nation. In 1870 tulated project was laid the local legislature, the ment scheme for the ach- ment of the same great nder other conditions be- the same time considered, nment plan prevailed, July, 1871, the province a part of the Dominion. ee years after this Mr. De was chosen premier of vince and president (with- lary) of the executive this being upon the resig- of the government, led by mier (now Justice) Me-

At the same time he representative of Victoria in adian House of Commons, cian for work appearing to bounds, and his attention needs and opportunities of stitents being generally as unassailable. Upon dition of dual representa- r. De Cosmos chose to nt his constituency in the on house, and accordingly l the premiership and himself with augmented asm into national affairs. his representation at Ot- the city whose interests e his own, he persistently e desirability and neces- first-class gravng dock at his efforts in this direc- by the vote of \$250,000 nment, in lieu of the in the terms of union- l up the advantage gained and prevailing upon the to contribute a similar accomplishment of the rk in question. Before l On Page 61.)



HE London Times thus reviews three new books and poems, the authors being, respectively, Stephen Phillips, Herbert Trench, and Margaret L. Woods:— Each of these three volumes contains a good deal of unrhymed verse. English poetry possesses, of course, in its "blank verse" a vehicle for narration, for emotional philosophy, for anything that requires sustained effects, which has never been surpassed. Mr. Stephen Phillips is perfectly right to tell his stories of "Eudymion" and "The Quest of Edith," and his little tragedy of Iole in blank verse. And, setting blank verse aside, the irregular, rhymeless form adopted by Mrs. Woods for her "Nocturne in Westminster Abbey" called "The Builders" does undoubtedly help to convey the effect she desires—a sense of spacious mystery, a sense not so much of vagueness as of things rather imagined than seen in a darkness where natural and supernatural may meet. Under the "grey ascending arches":—

Far in their hollow night the glimmer of London
Is woven with texture of dreams, phantoms are there,
Vaguely drifting, as pale-winged wandering moths
Drift on the summer dark out of the abyss.

Who has beheld them, the feeling tenuous hands,
About the stone clinging, the carven crumbling
Work that they wrought ere they lay in forgotten
graveyards?

Poor blind hands!
As wan sea-birds cling on untrodden ledges
And pinnacles of a lone precipitous isle
Or giant cliff, where under them all is mist
And the sullen booming of an unpeaced sea,
So do the phantoms cling on thy wind-worn ledges
And airy heights, thou grey isle of God.

Wail no more, blind ghosts, be comforted,
Ye who performed your work and silent withdrew
To your grand oblivion; ye who greatly builded,
Beyond the hand's achievement, the soul's passage.

There is justification for the form in the impression it conveys. In "The Passing Bell," again, the same mystery is gained by the same means; and the regularly recurring phrase from the psalm which denotes the beat of the bell strikes with all the more force for its surroundings. But we should be sorry to see a fashion for the unrhymed lyric (a fashion due, possibly, to Matthew Arnold, but owing more, we cannot help suspecting, to Walt Whitman) growing into general use. Rhyme, it need hardly be said, is more than an ornament. It is no precious stone mounted in the gold, but a part of the very shape, and identity of the jewel. The unrhymed lyric is like a piece of soft metal; it becomes a jewel only when it has been worked upon, and the finishing touch, the final expression of its individuality, is rhyme. Except, in fact, in a very few definite instances, like the two poems by Mrs. Woods, an unrhymed lyric is an unfinished lyric. In excepting "The Builders" and "The Passing Bell," we ought, perhaps, to except Mr. Phillips's "Midnight—31st of December, 1900," though here the poet has no actual dark place, like the inside of the Abbey, of which he wishes to convey the effect. But why should "William Ewart Gladstone" be unrhymed? and why "A Gleam"? and why "Thoughts in a Meadow"? The last two are lyrics, cries from the heart; and, good as they are, they lose much by being, in this manner, unfinished. When Mr. Trench gives us a set of six-line "Stanzas on Poetry" of which the first three lines rhyme together, and the last three rhyme with nothing, we cannot accuse him of want of finish. He has tried an experiment, and it has proved not only unsuccessful but tiresome.

Sing Valour, from the cradle to the pyre!
Sing thine own country's glories, grief and ire;
Hear thou the voice of every greenling brier;
And in thy song let all her woods be temples,
Her rude heights and calm headlands clothed in foam
Nerve thee, and be within thee fortitudes!
Sing Love, and all that counteth not the cost;
And may a beautiful and unborn ghost
(Even as the ever-widening starry host
Steals from the luminous blue gulfs of evening)
Softly shall join your ring of auditors
Outside the sitters round the Tavern-fire!

Does not the ear crave for rhyme? And, cheated of it, does it not resent such experiments? If—we scarcely venture the suggestion seriously—Mr. Trench intended by this means to symbolize what his muse tells him later in the poem—

Thy song shall be imperfect, never fair,
Seeing but the half, the half of it is here—

the reply must be that it is not the poet's vision, but his attention that is to blame.

Of the three Mr. Phillips is, perhaps, the one who gains the least from unrhymed poetry, because Mr. Phillips is the most certain and most accomplished poetic artist of the three—and not the most courageous thinker. The general level of both Mr. Phillips and Mr. Trench is high on the slopes; neither of them rises to the summit where it can be said that execution and intention are inseparable; and it is possible to draw a distinction between their methods of approach. The best of Mr. Phillips is not his thought nor his emotion, nor the interaction of both; it is his expression. He is content, as a rule, to take a good story or a respectable idea, and tell it with all the resources at his command. Those resources are an honest interest, clear, if limited, vision, a choice, though not very wide, vocabulary, and a mastery over his words and the sounds of his words which is remarkable, and only fails him when he tries to be absolutely simple. Giotto could draw a perfect circle without mechanical aid. When Mr. Phillips tries to do likewise he produces such lines as:

At times indeed it seems to me that I
or:—
And aid me, when I cease to soar, to stand;

or:
And I shall strive for thy white purity
For fear of everlasting losing thee;

lines which their context does nothing to enable. On the other hand, when his Iole is to die, like Iphigenia, for the host, he can put into her mouth a master line like—

Now suddenly to leave the purple light
And go a ghost into a birdless grove.

And when Launcelot and Guinevere part he can dare an image like this—a challenge to the sense of incongruity which shrinks abashed before the challenge—

for he
Swooned in his burning armour to her face
And both cried out as the touch of spears:
And as two trees at midnight, when the breeze
Comes over them, now to each other bend,
And now withdraw; so mournfully these two
Still drooped together and still drew apart.

That Mr. Phillips can tell a story well no one needs to be reminded. The new book, as a whole, gives the impression that the poet has come to a pause in his development. The old

qualities are here, with a finer feeling than before for the point where enough has been said. He has mastered his materials; he can do almost what he pleases with words (for at the opposite extreme from the unrhymed lyric we find the old rhymed couplet used with not a trace of the prim finality which used to attend it); he is waiting now for some intellectual and emotional development that will complete his mastery over his materials and set him to work to adapt them to new purposes.

In Mr. Trench's new book (for it must be admitted that the evidence of "Deirdre Wedded" was all the other way) we seem to see that such a development has taken place. Mr. Trench is struggling to make his materials do more than he has been used to attempt with them, because his preoccupation is with more ardent and daring thought than before.

Apollo through the woods came down
Purred like a merchant fine,
And sate with a sailor at an Inn
Sharing a jug of wine.

But he would not stay nor tarry there
On the blithe edge of the down,
To the sea-coast his errand was
And the smoke-hanging town.

FORMER OCCUPANTS OF THE EDITORIAL CHAIR

(Continued from Page Eight.)

his retirement from federal affairs in 1882, when he was defeated on his return to his constituency, he had the satisfaction of seeing that his work on behalf of the dock had been successful.

The advocacy of the railway ferry project to Westminster was in reality the last question upon which the old "war-horse" came before the people of Victoria, and the failure of the public to accept this scheme as he saw it occasioned him no little annoyance and disappointment. It was in the hope of carrying through this pet project of his declining years that he offered himself as a candidate for the Dominion House, but his brief candidature on that occasion only demonstrated emphatically that his day was over. Subsequently his decline in strength was rapid, and with the failure of mental powers and the necessary appointment of guardians as a result, came the close of his brilliant, remarkable and unquestionably useful career.

Of the part he played in the making of British Columbia's history much might be said. He was not always right, nor was he at all times ready to concede that those who differed from him in opinion were actuated by the same honest motives which, to his credit, undoubtedly actuated him. He was a strong positive writer, and an equally emphatic speaker, making up for what he lacked in oratorical power, in precision of statement and fertility of argument—and these, with his immense fund of information on every public question, constituted him a powerful opponent in any debate. Conscientious, persistent, industrious, he was a man whose individuality would have forced him to the fore in any community. That he was a power for great good to British Columbia none will for a moment question or deny.

Mr. D. W. Higgins, who assisted very materially in moulding the destinies of The Colonist, is the fourth son of the late Wm. B. Higgins, a native of Manchester, England, who emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1814, and removed in 1836 to Brooklyn, New York. Educated in Brooklyn, Mr. Higgins went to California in 1856, where he soon afterwards founded the Morning Call newspaper. This he continued to publish up to his removal to this province in 1858. In October, 1862, he founded in Victoria the Morning Chronicle, a journal which was subsequently amalgamated with The British Colonist; the new paper taking the name of The Colonist and Chronicle, but reverting afterwards to the older title simply. He remained the owner and editor of The Colonist up to October, 1886, when he disposed of his interest therein and retired from journalism, after an almost unbroken editorial career of 31 years. In addition to his newspaper work, he served the public interest in other directions. He was for some years a member of the Victoria city council, a member of the school board, chairman of the board of education, president of the Victoria fire department, the president of the National Electric Tramway company, of the latter of which he was the chief promoter. Returned to the provincial legislature in 1886 for Esquimalt, he continued to sit therein until some four or five years ago. He was elected Speaker of the Assembly in 1890, again in 1891 and a third time in 1895. At present his time is fully occupied in looking after his private interests.

The late Mr. Henry Lawson, who was for eight years editor of The Colonist, died at his residence, Cook street, at 3 o'clock on the morning of January 10, 1897, after an illness of three weeks. The deceased was born in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, 67 years ago. His father, John Lawson, Q.C., was a well known legal practitioner in Charlottetown, originally from Halifax. His mother was Miss Fowle, an English lady. He re-

Far off he saw its harbours shine
And black sea-bastions thronged
With masts of the sea-travellers
For whom his spirit longed.

Far off he heard the windlass heaved
And the creaking of the cranes,
Gay barges halled and poled along,
And the rattling fall of chains,

Till by the windows of that Inn
He sate and took his ease
Where the bowsprits of the swarthy ships
Came thrusting to the quays.

Mr. Trench can do that, so to speak, with his left hand. A page or two further on we are deep in theology, philosophy, the life-force, and what not; and the materials are the same. We are still reading a ballad about a ship that went down, or, rather, a ship of which Apollo had

smote the great hull to a ghost
And the mighty masts to air;

and at the same time we are learning that personal immortality is an exploded idea, that Heaven and Hell (the masts and the hold of the ship) are abolished and that man has new sailing orders, new duty, new futurity. "The Ancient Mariner" and Coleridge's "fun" blended? To a certain extent. And the struggle to make means meet ends is not wholly successful; how should it be? The allegory,

pose, qualities which not only earned for him the esteem and admiration of his friends, but entered into and dominated his professional duties. He was a man who possessed a wide range of exact information and wrote plainly and forcibly. His reasoning was clear and his conclusions sound. By long association with public men and experience in public affairs he had an intimate knowledge and a comprehensive grasp of Canadian politics in all its phases, and his judgment was rarely at fault in dealing with various and complex issues they arose. In his relations with those in whose service he wrought he was characterized by strict fidelity and unflinching devotion to their interests, and much of the success of The Colonist during his connection with its editorial management is due to his efforts. He maintained a high standard of journalistic ethics, and never descended to personalities or acrimonious and recriminatory discussion. His death will be generally regretted, and where his personality was not known his loss will be felt as that of one whose services to journalism were valuable. His constituency of readers was a wide and appreciative one.

After the death of Mr. Lawson the present editor of The Colonist was in charge for several years, and upon his retirement, David B. Bogle, a man of British birth, occupied the editorial chair for some time. Mr. Bogle, upon his retirement from The Colonist, left the province, and he is now engaged in an editorial capacity on the Winnipeg Telegram, where his trenchant pen contributes much that is of value to the interests of Manitoba and Canada generally. Mr. Bogle was succeeded by R. E. Gosnell, a native of Ontario, who withdrew in the autumn of 1906. Mr. Gosnell was for several years in the employ of the government, and the British Columbia Year Book is a monument to his industry, his knowledge of the province and his mastery of details. It is generally understood that he had much to do with the preparation of the case for the province in regard to Better Terms. He is the author of an excellent history of British Columbia, and has contributed to other publications. Mr. Gosnell is at present a resident of Victoria, and his many friends look forward to further products of his pen.

THE SCARCITY OF BULL MOOSE

Of more than passing interest is the question raised by one of our contributors in relation to New Brunswick moose, and often brought up in years past about Wyoming elk. The laws of New Brunswick prohibit the killing of cow moose, and the effect of their close observance, our correspondent tells us, is an apparent scarcity of bulls and a corresponding increase in the number of cows.

The acquiring of reliable information on this subject should not be neglected by sportsmen and game protectors, for it is through them that the actual effect of protecting female deer, elk, caribou and moose must be ascertained. There is, however, no occasion for letting the matter go so far as to actually endanger the big game supply, and this does not seem likely to be brought about, for if in any season sportsmen fail to obtain antlered game, they will call loudly for permission to shoot females the following year.

This would not prove a satisfactory remedy. A far better one would be a closed season for a limited period, which would insure the safety of males, whereas an open season for both sexes would result in sweeping out of existence vast numbers of half-tame females and the further depletion of the supply of males.

In regions where deer are abundant it is not unusual to see very many more does than bucks in a day's hunt, and this leads the stranger to believe bucks scarcer than they really are. This is often apparent in states which permit the shooting of deer of both sexes, as well as in those that protect does, but in the latter the does are seen often, and are tamer than if hunted in the open season.—Forest and Stream.

like most allegories, is harassed by the rival claims of the symbol and the thing symbolized. Yet, when Mr. Trench has been the round of the old and the new eschatology and has brought us back to a purely earthly and human little scene at the close, we feel that it has been a noble struggle, and so nearly successful that we may look with confidence for much greater work from the author in the future. He has a high courage; courage to think, and courage (though sometimes, indeed, it becomes the vis consili expers, which suffers its proverbial fate) to stretch his materials to breaking point in the effort to express himself. Let us take a passage from his "Ode to Beauty." Through a half-open door the poet has caught sight of a beautiful arm, with the hand holding a light.

Some eddy of the infinite
Force on its way
Had caught that arm and moulded it
In mood of play;
That curve was of the primal Will
Whose gesture hied
Waved forth the choir of planets, still
In ecstasy;
And the rhythm of its dreamed lines
Shall still flood on
Through souls beyond today's confines
When we are gone,
Shall bear to the unborn without name
The burned light
Secret as life, signal as flame,
And in that flight—
Vaster than Moon's o'er Apennine's
Spectral doors
When from the breathless gap of pines
Golden she soars—
To the tranced rock, dark-sunken, dumb,
Shall murmur, shall smile,
"Glorious the dance of passions! Come
To life awhile!
I, Beauty, travelling heaven on the hoar
Paint-phosphur'd wave
Of Being, charge ye to explore
And dare the grave!"

That is "grandiose," as a painter would say, without being turgid; it certainly is not pedantic, yet it gives, in its place, a pretty exact idea of Mr. Trench's philosophy of beauty, which is his philosophy of life. Take him, on the other hand, in one of his "Stanzas to Tolstoi," and we find violent dissonance, unexpected and annoying assonance, turgidity, uncertainty, ruggedness, "jumpiness"—all the faults that arise when the struggle becomes too hard—

The Man upraised on the Judacean crag
Captains for us the war with death no more,
His Kingdom hangs as hangs the tattered flag
Over the tomb of a great knight of yore;
Nor shall one law to unity restore
Races or souls—no staff of thine can urge
I, Beauty, club-compey them to converge,
Nor any backward summit lead them up,
The world-spring wherein hides

Formless the God that forms us, bursts its cup—
Is seen a Fountain—breaking like a flower
High into light—that at its height divides
Changelessly scattering forth—in blaze and
shower—
In drops of a trembling diaphanety—
Dreams the God-breathings momentarily up-buoy
To melt a myriad ways. Those dreams are we,
Chanted from some unfathomable joy.

From this it is a delight to turn to "Killary," or "In summer time when Mary bathes," or "Almond, wild Almond"—to any of the lyrics that betray Mr. Trench's country of origin and show him at peace with himself; interesting as they are, not solely for their own beauty, but for the width of range and of sympathy which the very contrast shows the poet to possess.

Mrs. Woods find at her best when she is stirred deeply in mind, as in the two poems we have mentioned above. Her "Apollo," pretty and gay as it is, cannot compare with Mr. Phillips's "After Rain." The mood is the same neither poem aims at more than expressing the joy of the "spring-feeling"; but in such things Mr. Phillips's mastery gives him all the advantage. There is no single phrase, again, in Mrs. Woods's book that can compare with Mr. Phillips's "birdless grove"; nothing that can match his trees at midnight, or Mr. Trench's simile of a cathedral and a ship in "Apollo and the Seaman." But there are passages in "The Builders," unequal as it is, which strike home, and all of it is informed with a largeness of conception and a firm hope which give it greatness. "The May Morning and the Old Man" is a pure delight; "Rest" is exquisite. Yet, after all, we turn back inevitably to a poem which almost persuades us to renounce our plea for rhyme, so perfectly does its rhythmless express the yearning that gave it birth, in spite of the vividness of the pictures it goes on to paint.

O that I were lying under the olives,
Lying alone among the anemones!
Shell-colored blossoms they bloom there and scarlet,
Far under stretches of silver woodland,
Frame in the delicate shade of the olives

O that I were lying under the olives!
Grey grows the thyme on the shadowless headland,
The long low headland, where white in the sunshine
The rocks run seaward. It seems suspended
Lone in an infinite gulf of azure.

Though we end with these unpatriotic thoughts, it is worth noting, and noting with joy, that all three of our poets are poets not of regret, but of courage. They face the present with all its conditions of heritage, nationality, waste, and trouble; they face the future, and they hope for it. Mrs. Woods may long for the olives, Mr. Trench may fly to his "dreamy, gloomy, friendly trees," each seeking awhile a locus refrigerii, lucis et pacis. But there is no shrinking aside, no renunciation of endeavor. The appeal to beauty is the appeal for life at its highest and fullest, not for an "aesthetic" refuge from the shocks of life. So much the better for these poets, and their readers, and the poets and readers to come.

To the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, Victoria, B.C.: Sir—

I hereby give notice that I intend to apply for the lease of the coroborach, situated on the southeast of the coroborach island, about westerly one-half mile, for mining purposes.

Yours truly,
NORMAN HARDIE
Victoria, B.C., 2nd November, 1907.

FOR SALE

Estate of Whitefield Chase, Deceased

Scaled tenders for the purchase of the above estate, addressed to the Executors of the Estate of Whitefield Chase, Messrs. J. J. Fulton, Barrister, Kamloops, B.C., will be received until the first of January, 1908.

The Estate consists of 1238 acres more or less situated as described as follows:—500 acres—less the C.P.R. right of way at Shuswap, B.C., and 100 acres of the same land in a high state of cultivation, with ample water privileges, and is of fine soil and high productivity. There are two sawmills in course of erection on the adjacent 320 acres pasture land, fenced, at Skimish, back of Shuswap, and 438 acres pasture land, fenced, at a long river frontage on the west side of the South Thompson River. There are 500 head of cattle, about 30 range horses, five teams of heavy horses, harness, farm implements, machinery, etc. At present the estate is under lease, which expires on the first of April, 1908, when possession can be given.

For any further particulars apply to P. G. Macpherson, or Mrs. James Ross, Shuswap, or to the Hon. Attorney General, Department, Victoria, B.C., Executors.

The highest of any tender not necessarily accepted.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert Whitehead, of the City of Vancouver, B. C., hereinafter referred to as the licensor, do hereby license over the following described lands situated in Rentlaw District:

1. Commencing at a post placed two miles west from the northwest corner of T. L. 12448, marked "R. W. N.W. Corner," thence south 40 chains, east 160 chains, north 40 chains, west 160 chains, to point of commencement, and containing 640 acres, more or less.

2. Commencing at a post placed 120 chains west from the southwest corner of T. L. 12488, marked "R. W. N.W. Corner," thence west 40 chains, north 40 chains, east 80 chains, north 40 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

3. Commencing at a post placed 106 chains west from the southwest corner of T. L. 12516, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 60 chains, east 106 chains, south 60 chains, west 106 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

4. Commencing at a post placed 106 chains west from the southwest corner of T. L. 12516, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 60 chains, east 106 chains, south 60 chains, west 106 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

5. Commencing at a post placed 106 chains west from the southwest corner of T. L. 12516, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 60 chains, east 106 chains, south 60 chains, west 106 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

6. Commencing at a post placed at the northeast corner of T. L. 12517, marked "R. W. S.E. Corner," thence north 80 chains, south 80 chains, east 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

7. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12517, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

8. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12517, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

9. Commencing at a post placed two miles north from the northwest corner of T. L. 12519, marked "R. W. N.W. Corner," thence east 80 chains, north 80 chains, west 80 chains, south 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

10. Commencing at a post placed two miles north from the northwest corner of T. L. 12519, marked "R. W. N.W. Corner," thence east 80 chains, north 80 chains, west 80 chains, south 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

11. Commencing at a post placed two miles north from the northwest corner of T. L. 12519, marked "R. W. N.W. Corner," thence east 80 chains, north 80 chains, west 80 chains, south 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

12. Commencing at a post placed two miles north from the northwest corner of T. L. 12519, marked "R. W. N.W. Corner," thence east 80 chains, north 80 chains, west 80 chains, south 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

13. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12522, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

14. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12522, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

15. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12522, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

16. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12522, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

17. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12522, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

18. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12522, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

19. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12522, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

20. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12522, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

21. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12522, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

22. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12522, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

23. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12522, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

24. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12522, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

25. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12522, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

26. Commencing at a post placed at the northwest corner of T. L. 12522, marked "R. W. S.W. Corner," thence north 80 chains, east 80 chains, south 80 chains, west 80 chains, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

Bowels Irregular?

Every night take two

Fruit-a-lives

OR FRUIT LIVER TABLETS

—keep it up for a

month—and see how

glad you will be that

you tried them.

Made of fruit juices

and tonics. 50c a box

—at druggists.

GAS EXPLOSION

TAKES 250 LIVES

Third Great Disaster of Bituminous Belt in Present Month

SCENE IS NEAR PITTSBURG

Many Miners Saved Through Their Attendance at Church Festival

Jacobs Creek, Pa., Dec. 19.—An explosion of gas in the Darr mine of the Pittsburgh coal company, located here, today, killed 250 miners, and there is scarcely a ray of hope that a single one of them will be saved.

The partially wrecked buildings in the vicinity of the mine, and the condition of the mine, were used to indicate that an explosion of terrific force had occurred, and it is not believed that any one could live in it. In all 10 bodies had been taken out up to 9 o'clock and all were brought to the surface.

This is the third mine disaster since the first of the month in the veins of bituminous coal in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, for the two mines at Monongah, W. Va., are located on the same belt.

This swells the number of deaths due to mine gas to between 500 and 600.

That today's disaster does not surpass in loss of life the West Virginia disaster, is due to the devotion of a considerable number of miners in observance of church festivals. Four hundred or more of the men employed at the mine did not go to work this morning. Those who escaped through this reason are members of the Greek Catholic church, and they suspended work to celebrate St. Nicholas day, and Wednesday.

It was just 11:30 o'clock when the tenth trip of loaded cars had been brought to the surface, and a powerful rumbling sound, followed immediately by a loud report and a concussion that shook nearby buildings, and was felt for miles around, was heard. At the same time, there came from the mouth of the mine a dense cloud of black smoke, and dust that floated across the Younghogheny river, intuitively every one in the vicinity knew what had happened, and all started for the place, the mouth of the mine. Only a portion of those who started for the scene were able to get to the mine, and those who looked across the water, the smoke and dust pouring from the mine, and the sound of the explosion, flames back in the workings, and from this source came reports that were regarded as true by the general public. At the same time, there came from the mouth of the mine a dense cloud of black smoke, and dust that floated across the Younghogheny river, intuitively every one in the vicinity knew what had happened, and all started for the place, the mouth of the mine. Only a portion of those who started for the scene were able to get to the mine, and those who looked across the water, the smoke and dust pouring from the mine, and the sound of the explosion, flames back in the workings, and from this source came reports that were regarded as true by the general public.

The ventilating fans were kept in operation almost without interruption, however, the department was ordered to stop the fans, and the mine was sealed up to this time the rescuers have found no fire in the mine.

As far as known, only one man, who went to work this morning escaped. Joseph Mappleton emerged from one of the side entries, and he had not the explosion. He had left the part of the mine where the men were working, and was on his way to the engine room for the day.

"I was near entry 21," said he, "when I heard an awful rumbling. I started toward the surface, but had not instant I was blinded and fell. Little time I did not know anything. Then I got to the side entry and worked my way out to the surface."

Wm. Kelvington, superintendent of the mine, was not in it when the explosion occurred, and he quickly organized rescuing parties, with relief at short intervals. While the officials of the mine were not the faintest hopes that any of the men are living, all work is being carried on on the theory that some may have been saved.

The rescuers have not yet found any bodies, but it is believed that most of the men will be found nearby. For this and other points of the workings will be explored at the earliest possible moment.

Long Way to Go.

About 1000 feet from the mouth of the mine a heavy fall of rock was countered by the rescuers. It is believed that most of the men will be found nearby. For this and other points of the workings will be explored at the earliest possible moment.

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PAGE FOUR THE YOUNG FOLKS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

All the days in the year there is not one brings so much pleasure to the children as Christmas Day. It is looked forward to with delight, and its memories are full of happiness. Even the baby shares in its joy, and no one in the family is too old to feel its spell. Our rooms are gay with holly and evergreens, and our tables loaded with good things. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles, grandparents, and friends send presents, while Santa Claus fills the stockings from top to toe.

For weeks before everybody is busy making presents. Little girls steal into out-of-the-way corners, hiding their presents when the one it is intended for comes near. Mother works away quietly and no one suspects that anything unusual is going on as she turns the stockings into the trousers or stiches away at the little dresses.

Boys, who never thought of saving a cent all the year, grow economical all at once in its last weeks, or form plans of earning money to buy some of the Christmas Boxes with which the shop windows are filled.

Christmas morning every one will be surprised and delighted. Each present, though it may be only a trifle, shows that the giver has taken pains to find out what would most please the loved one for whom it was chosen.

Long after the children have grown up and are, perhaps, living lonely lives far away, their hearts will grow warm as they think of the Christmas time when home was filled with the merry laughter and the sound of the happy voices of the children who were yet enclosed by the protecting arms of their father and mother. For Christmas is the children's festival and it is right that they should celebrate the day with joy and gladness.

Nearly two thousand years ago a Child was born who has made the world a happier place. He came to save the world from sin and from the sorrow that is born of sin. In all His teaching He said no word which could check innocent mirth. In His great work He was never too busy to notice the little ones and the praises He loved best were sung by children's voices. We cannot honor His birthday better than by trying to do just what He told us when He said "Love one another." This is the surest way to be happy, as well as to make others so.

To all our child readers, then, we wish with all our hearts A Merry, Merry Christmas.

with them innocent women and children, they will put a stop to oppression. The czar and his advisers punish alike the man or woman who throws a bomb to a peaceful crowd and those who ask for reforms.

A great many people in the new province of Saskatchewan have joined together to try in all possible ways to keep the people there from drinking and doing other wicked things. If the people of this fine prairie province keep out of drink, they will be not only richer, but happier and better than those of any province of Canada.

Here we will bring our little news article to a close with the hope that most of the boys and girls who have been waiting on the examination for entrance to the High school for the last week will be successful in gaining certificates, and that those who fail will find out just what they are weak and will succeed at midnight.

HOW WE SPENT CHRISTMAS

We didn't have much of a Christmas. My papa and Rosie and me, for I am the eldest, went to the train up the poor "Papa's" train; and Ethel, my big grown-up sister, went down at the "yummy" day.

To help at the great turkey dinner, and teach games for the orphans to play. She belongs to a club of young ladies, and she goes home every week to help at the "yummy" day.

And Auntie— you don't know my Auntie? She's my own papa's half-sister Kate; she was "blessed" to be round at the chapel.

With a "beautiful" child for a sister, for she pities the poor "yummy" day. His burdens, she says, are so great; so she ranges the flowers and the music, and he goes home every week to help at the "yummy" day.

My pap had bought a big turkey. But there wasn't a soul there to cook it. You see Bridget had threatened to leave if she couldn't go off with her cousin.

And she had to go with her cousin. She says she belongs to a "union," and the union won't let her submit.

So we ate bread and milk for our dinner. And some raisins and candy, and then Rosie and me went down-stairs to the parlor to look at the turkey again.

Papa said he would take us out riding. Then he thought that he didn't quite dare. For Rosie's got cold and kept coughing. There was dampness and chills in the air.

Oh, the day was so long and so lonesome! And our papa was lonesome as well. And the parlor was drawn-up with water, and all the sweet roses—the tea.

And the red ones, and ferns, and carnations. That had made our boy window so bright. Mamma'd picked for the men at the prison, to make their bad hearts pure and white.

And we all sat close to the window. Rosie and me on our papa's two knees. And we counted the dear little birds.

Where the sunbeams and gold are; and where the sunbeams and gold are; and where the sunbeams and gold are; and where the sunbeams and gold are.

That night I put into my prayers: "Dear God, we've been lonesome today. For Mamma, Aunt, Ethel, and Bridget. Every one of them all went away. What you please, make a whole society. 'Tis our time for next Christmas to be. To take care of philanthropists' families. Like Papa, and Rosie, and me?"

—Julia Walcott.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TOYS

Toys, toys everywhere! Even this great big Christmas paper could not contain a description of them all. What important persons the children of these days are, and how happy they should be! Thousands upon thousands of people have worked all the year to please and delight them. Artists have been busy designing the lovely covers of their books, and the beautiful and amusing pictures in them. Clever and witty, good men and good women have spent time and thought in writing stories and poetry to amuse and teach them. In these days more pains are taken with books for children than with those that are made for the grownups. Then there is the long procession of engravers and printers, not to mention the paper-makers. Fine, delicate people, don't let your lovely books make you conceited and pert, but very happy and grateful. Then to think of the toys! Do you know that away in Germany there is a strange old town with tall spires and great castles, where most of the people are at work making soldiers and trains, and all sorts of things that boys love to play with. These little animals for Noah's ark are made by hand at home, by men and women like the people you read about in your "Grimm's Fairy Tales." They live among the pines of the Thuringian Forest. Hansel and Gretel live there, too, and run about helping their fathers. These dolls made here and there, they say that the children, when they get a new one, say this funny little rhyme to it, and then she is no longer wooden, but alive:

"Mittelback, Mittelback!
Joy and peace!
Stop being a doll and be
My Little Girl!"

Little girls dress these dolls, and it is a pretty sight to see the little figures bending over their pretty work. In this country the children learn to make toys at school!

In Paris, the most beautiful dolls are made with their dainty dresses, and here men are paid very high salaries to invent new toys. It is they who design the wonderful automobiles and electrical and other mechanical toys. The babies' rubber playthings come from Hungary, and, as you may plainly see, many odd, pretty and curious playthings come from Japan. Isn't it wonderful to think that children have always had toys, and that some of the most ingenious were invented thousands of years ago. As long as there are children in the world they will play at the wonderful game of "Make Believe." That is how they come to be wise men and wise women. That Santa Claus in his magical way will bring each of the children the very toy he or she likes best, and that this will be true, there can be no mas you ever spent, is the editor's wish for every one.

WHERE KING'S TOYS ARE KEPT

At Buckingham Palace there is a room devoted to the storage of various toys which are kept at one time played with. They may be seen in this interesting collection of playthings a wooden rocking horse given to King Edward by the Prince Consort when His Majesty was five years old. On the neck of this horse, which was known once in the royal nursery as "Edward," by the Prince Consort, carved by the little boy who was born to be King of the British Isles.

A bright gun-metal cannon, eighteen inches long,

mounted on a steel carriage, stands next to the horse. It was King Majesty's favorite toy, and was presented to him by the Duke of Cambridge. It is a working model of one of the early types of breech-loading guns, now, of course, quite out of date; it was capable of discharging a small bullet through an inch board at a distance of one hundred yards, and was given to the King when he was seven, but His Majesty was not permitted to use it until he was ten.

The moon stood over the pine-tops, The pine tops sang soft and low, But underneath them was silence, Silence and night and snow.

The children cooked pop-corn and chestnuts, And chattered of Christmas Day— And which is the place it comes first to, And if it were on the way.

Said the twelve-year-old man of science: "Of course, it is perfectly clear, Christmas comes in where the day comes, A little way west from here.

"On meridian a hundred and eighty, There's nobody there to see, From the North Pole down to the South Pole There's nothing but endless sea.

But a ship sails on the meridian At midnight, when eight bells go, And the off watch says "Merry Christmas," To the watch coming up from below.

"No," said the two-year-old baby, "Tismas turns first to me, For saltfish don't hang up no 'toekings, 'Till rare in 28 gate cold sea."

But the ten-year-old sportsman said softly, "Where the very first Christmas of all came, A great many years ago, 'Til Bethlehem in Judea, And then it flies fast and far, Right over by Grannie's in England And home, where we children are."

The pine trees waved in the moonlight, The Northern Lights flashed higher— "Glory to God in the Heavens," We sang by the log-house fire.

—H. Watts-Jones.

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY

In Italy it is not a Santa Claus, with his sleigh and reindeer who brings the children their gifts—no, it is an old woman and we are not told just how she travels. The story runs thus: While the wise men of the East (and how truly wise they were, for they knew the Star would not waver) it must be followed at once) were on their journey following the beautiful star, they came to the house of an old woman who asked them where they were going. "We seek the Christ Child," they said, "Will you not come with us?" and they showed the gifts they brought. She looked at the Star and she wanted very much to go but then she thought of her house, for she was a very careful, particular housekeeper. Little children sometimes felt uncomfortable when they visited her, for fear of disarranging her room or getting a little dirt on the floor. So she said, "No, I must finish cleaning my house; won't you wait for me?"

"We can not wait," So they went on. The woman wept and scrubbed and dusted and put her house in perfect order and then she was very tired but she went to the door to look at the Star and it had disappeared. She could not see it, no matter how she strained her eyes. Then she hastily put on her wraps and gathered together some beautiful gifts for the Christ Child and started out. She traveled long and long, and grew more and more tired, but she did not stop. The Star and she did not find the Christ Child. So she gave her gifts to other little children and now year after year she still tries to find the Child and when she fails for love of Him she makes other little children very happy by presenting her gifts to them and I am sure the Christ Child smiles very happily to see the joy of all these little children on the day of His birth.—Kindergarten Magazine.

CHRISTMAS TREASURES

I count my treasures o'er with care— The little toy my darling knew, A little sock of golden hair.

Long years ago this holy time My little one—my all to me— Sat robed in white upon my knee And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden-head, If Santa Claus should come tonight, What shall he bring my baby bright— What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named this little toy, While in his round and mournful eyes, They came a look of sweet surprise, That spoke his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he leaped his evening prayer, He asked the boon with childish grace, Then, toddling to the chimney-place, He hung his little stocking there.

That night, while lengthening shadows crept I saw the white-winged angels come, For in the moon's bright shining light And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his little prayer, For in the moon's bright shining light, He toddled to the chimney-place, And found this little treasure there.

They came again on Christmas-tide, That angel host, so fair and white; And singing as that glorious night They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy, My little one, my all repair, The Christmas music on the air, A-watching for my baby boy!

But if again that angel train And golden-head come back for me, To bear me to Eternity, My watching will not be in vain!

—Tennyson

CHRISTMAS HYMN

Sing, Christmas Bells!
Say to the earth this is the morn
Where our Saviour King was born:
Sing to all men—the bond, the free,
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
The little child that sports in glee,
The aged folk that tottering go—
Proclaim the morn
That Christ is born.

Sing, Angel Host!
Above the manger in the east,
Sing of the glories of the night,
The virgin's sweet humility,
The Babe with kingly robes bedight,
Sing to all men wherever they be
This Christmas morn,
For Christ is born,
That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, Sons of Earth!
O, ransomed seed of Adam, sing!
God liveth, and we have a King!
The curse is gone, the bond are free—
By Bethlehem's star that brightly beamed,
By all the heavenly signs that be,
We know that Israel is redeemed,
That on this morn
The Christ is born
That saveth you and saveth me!

Sing, O my Heart!
Sing thou in rapture this dear morn
When the blessed Prince is born!
And as thy song shall be of love,
So let my deeds be charity—
By Him that led upon the tree,
By His fair morn
Whereon is born
The Christ that saveth all—and me!

—Rugene Field.

"ON VANCOUVER ISLAND"

The Northern Lights were flashing, The moon rose high and higher, One Christmas Eve as the children All lay by the log-house fire.

The moon stood over the pine-tops, The pine tops sang soft and low, But underneath them was silence, Silence and night and snow.

The children cooked pop-corn and chestnuts, And chattered of Christmas Day— And which is the place it comes first to, And if it were on the way.

Said the twelve-year-old man of science: "Of course, it is perfectly clear, Christmas comes in where the day comes, A little way west from here.

"On meridian a hundred and eighty, There's nobody there to see, From the North Pole down to the South Pole There's nothing but endless sea.

But a ship sails on the meridian At midnight, when eight bells go, And the off watch says "Merry Christmas," To the watch coming up from below.

"No," said the two-year-old baby, "Tismas turns first to me, For saltfish don't hang up no 'toekings, 'Till rare in 28 gate cold sea."

But the ten-year-old sportsman said softly, "Where the very first Christmas of all came, A great many years ago, 'Til Bethlehem in Judea, And then it flies fast and far, Right over by Grannie's in England And home, where we children are."

The pine trees waved in the moonlight, The Northern Lights flashed higher— "Glory to God in the Heavens," We sang by the log-house fire.

—H. Watts-Jones.

THE PERFECT MAN.

One of the aims of this page was to introduce its readers to some of the world's great men. This week all the Christian world and many people in heathen lands are keeping a day in honor of the greatest Man who ever lived on earth.

In a very little town in a little country which, indeed, at that time—more than nineteen hundred years ago—was not a country at all but a very small part of the great empire of Rome, a Child was born. His mother was one of the poorest of this conquered nation. Her husband had come from their home in Galilee to pay his taxes in Bethlehem of Judea by the order of the Roman government. These poor people could find no room in the crowded village and took shelter in a stable. The Babe who came in the night was laid in a manger. In the city of Jerusalem, near by, there were thousands of homes of the rich, the learned and the great and there must have been many babies born that night but it was the Child in the manger who was to be the Saviour of the world.

As the city slept, a few shepherds were pasturing their flocks. To them was given from Heaven the message that a Saviour had come and it was they who learned the first Christmas hymn: Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men.

The same message was given to some wise men in distant countries, who, guided by a star many weeks after reached the home of Joseph and Mary and knelt by the cradle, and adored the Babe who lay there. The rulers heard a rumor of the coming of these men and tried to kill the Babe but his father and mother took him out of the country.

Soon all these wonderful things were forgotten by all but the humble folk and the wise men, for many as the years went on even to them the memory of the glory and the vision grew faint for we do not hear of them again.

Twelve years after the Babe, who was called Jesus, now grown to a tall boy, came, according to the custom of the time, with His mother and father to the one great place of worship of His people, the Temple at Jerusalem. There, we hear that He wanted to learn what the wisest of the old men could tell Him about the things of God. Already the Child knew that He was sent on earth to serve His Father.

But for that one glimpse of Him we hear no more till He was a Man thirty years of age. Then with thousands of others, He came to hear the preaching of a man who was going about calling upon men everywhere to forsake their sins and to lead better lives. This preacher, earnest as he was, felt that to unshackle His shoes. It was here that the message came from Heaven which declared the young Teacher to be the Son of God.

From that time, for three short years, Jesus went up and down the country teaching and healing. He wrote no book and all that we know of Him and His teaching is written in four short accounts which are called the Gospels.

He taught men by word and deed to love God and to love one another. No one ever was so sinful that he did not pity and forgive. On earth He showed forth the love of the Father whose Son He was and who had sent Him into the world.

On the hillside, beside the lake, in the fields, the people came to Him and listened to His words, for He spoke as never man spoke. His followers were poor men and He Himself was homeless. The only angry words that He ever said were to those who hated and wronged their brother men while they pretended to be serving His Father. To all others He brought healing and help. He loved the little child, He loved the poor man, He loved His mother and His earthly friends. He came to show the love of a strong, brave man. But He alone of all men who have lived

on earth loved God with all His soul. He and His Father were One. He said over and over again: "The Father who dwells in me, He and I are one." At last His countrymen became afraid that the new Teacher would destroy the old religion, and they put Him to a cruel death. But His life and His words lived on and though even those who put Him to death do not obey Him the world through His teaching and His power has been growing better ever since.

That is why on Christmas morning your boys are filled with love as on no other day in the year. For the love which Jesus taught, if it filled our hearts and soul would make this life a heaven and heaven and burn away all that is evil and cruel.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

"What is going on today, Little Cat?" asked Little Dog. "Every one seems so happy and merry. I had chicken bones for breakfast, with ever so much meat on them!"

"I had creamed fish," said Little Cat; "and it was real cream. Look! Little Girl tied a red ribbon on her hair, and said I was a beauty. Am I, Little Dog?"

"Yes, for a cat!" said Little Dog. "Am I?" "Yes, for a dog!" said Little Cat.

"I have a new collar you see," said Little Dog. "And your girl has on a new blue dress and a new cross word all day; I heard them tell their mother so."

"I was in the nursery this morning," said Little Cat. "The children's stockings were full of toys and sugar-plums, and they kissed each other and said, 'Merry—something! What can it all mean?' They know almost what Great Old Dog. The Great Old Dog was asleep, but he can surely tell us their story patiently. 'It was 'Merry Christmas' that the children said," he told them. "This is Christmas Day."

"What does it mean?" asked Little Cat. "I don't understand all about it," said Great Old Dog; "but it is the best day in the whole year, for everybody is happy and kind, and tries to do pleasant things for everybody else. It think some one was born who brought kindness into the world from his mother's womb."

"Well," said Little Dog, "if everybody is going to be good, we must be good, too. Little Cat, I will not growl at you one today, even if they put our dinner on the same plate!"

"Nor I at you," said Little Cat, "even if there is only one onion in the fridge." "Nice Little Cat," said Little Dog. "Nice Little Dog," said Little Cat.

Just then in came Little Girl in her blue dress and they cried: "Little Cat and Little Dog, and dear, good Great Old Dog!"

"We wish you Merry Christmas, A pocket full of money, 'Merry Christmas!'" said Little Dog (but it sounded like "Yagi yagi!"); "Merry Christmas!" said Little Cat (but it sounded like "Purr-purr-purr!"); "Merry Christmas!" said Great Old Dog, deep down in his great old throat (but it sounded like "Wuff! Wuff! Wuff!")—L. E. R.

THE TURNING OF THE GLASS

It has come once more to the turning of the glass. The year is all but spent, and the days of the old year are as clear as the days of the new year. The grey light in the western shaft, at the head of the table, of the rich, within the great places of exchange, and even through the narrow streets of the high seas, men will give pause. For it is the time of reckoning, and sober thought must go to the balance against the side of the year. The year is not towards resolution. May the trend of worship be not towards the god of gold. May men not overlean towards the side of "materialism." May there be reverence for the old man near the valley. May the milk of human kindness and the good hand of common sympathy go forth to the star of the year.

New Year dawn bright, and people the world over could repeat with the poet:

"Turn again the wasted glass,
Kingly crown and warrior's crest,
Are not worth the bias of great
God fashions for the swallow's nest."
—Newton MacTavish.

DAISY'S LETTER

Christmas Day, just after dinner, eighteen hundred seventy nine.

Dear Old Santa: Papa says that maybe if I drop a line to you down in Santa Claus-Land, you will get it safe and sound, and perhaps you'd bring an answer when you fetch the presents round.

We are perfectly discouraged—Little Paul and Prink and me. Where's just as poor! What we shall do for New Year's, I don't know. Where we used to have whole dollars we have hard work coaxing dimes; it's hard times, Papa tells us. Now, Santa, what's Hard Times?

One day when we were asking what he hoped old Santa'd bring, he kissed us three times round, and then he sighed like anything; (Little Prink was on his shoulder, where she always climbs.) "Christmas won't bring much to Papa, I'm afraid, except Hard Times."

Now we want a lot of money because—why just because! The shops are beautiful—you've no idea, Santa Claus! We've spoken and spoken about it, just as sweet as peppermint. But it ain't a bit of use; they don't know how to take a hint.

So, Santa, when we're sleeping, and you're creeping all about, remember: put Pa's presents in, but leave the Hard Times out. Please to excuse this letter (our first with pen and ink, and keep a lot and lots of love from me and Paul and Prink,

From DAISY.

The same expectant hush that lay On Bethlehem so long ago— "Where evening shadows longer grow— Shuts in this dim December day.

The old-time spell is on the land— On oyster fields and woods of brown— Sweet mystery on every hand, And so the Christmas Eve comes down.

The child-mind does not readily grasp at first what cheating in school work means. Edith went home from recitations one noon very angry. She could hardly wait to tell her mother what was the trouble. Drawing up her seven years of dignity, she exclaimed:

"I shall never speak to Blanche Ware again! She is too mean for anything!" "Why not?" asked the mother, knowing the two had been intimate friends. "Because," was the startling reply, "I copied all her examples in arithmetic today, and every one was wrong!"

N Holl... water canal and these poor live...

these row waterways pattern over it. All the water they move on, stopping to take a little to another place, and in the places mid...

In the cold motionless for aught amid the return of...

Toward the very long ago, and in the whole year, for everybody is happy and kind, and tries to do pleasant things for everybody else. It think some one was born who brought kindness into the world from his mother's womb.

When Jan... and left her... with Joost. He looked at the "Remember of mother and brave and good think of you who takes Joost's Katinka's horse out of this. That winter known for many years ago, and the necessities of the far away. Just as the year, and as she spoke with its stir and put the wheels a basket, and he would pick up self the task of a heavy basket more as heavy to be in a large basket her way, which held on the O. These were the first race words, "Conte This was to be an Utrecht Waspik, was...

"Oh," thou skating is. He skater of Friplee if Joost, he would be a little wooden penick. Why do I peevish, you in bed, and P Katinka p... Trudchen's Here was a Katinka dress match with a Later, when medicine had night Katink object with a the inner cabin which contain Sunday suit. work it, so fa They suce back until all Stopping to Katinka drew cut off the one by one, she brother. Standing o hair, she call "Ready!"

"Oh, Kath hands, you s it was not J mother say?" "Mother's to hide it fr in the chest, night's rest, of the next village-fro merrily along sports. Katin far as to giv rings to keep (unconscious), ladder and pa It was a vanishing for. True, Katinka a pair of ear- she would st nval asked the mother, knowing the two had been intimate friends.

"Because," was the startling reply, "I copied all her examples in arithmetic today, and every one was wrong!"

But now a child's breast in the keen a Katinka fo it stirred her

BOOKS

all His soul. He and His
said over and over.
from became afraid that this
roy the old religion, and they
th. But His life and His
high even those who pray to
the world through His teach-
being forward better ever since
hundred years ago.
Christmas morning your hearts
on no other day in the year.
was taught, if it filled every
nake, this world of ours a
all that is evil and cruel.

CHRISTMAS

day, Little Cat?" asked Little
said, "I had fast, with ever so much meat
said Little Cat, "and it was
said I was a beauty. Am I,
Little Dog, "Am I?"
Little Cat, "you see," said Little Dog,
you blue dress, and my boy
say are not going to say one
heard them tell their mother
this morning," said Little
kings were full of toys and
kissed each other and said,
but can it all mean?"
dog," said Little Dog, "He
he, and he can surely tell us
asleep, but he woke up and
it was his little Christmas
said," he told them, "this
asked Little Cat,
all about it," said Great Old
day in the whole year, for
kind, and tries to do pleas-
else. I think some one was
ness into the world."
ing, "If everybody is going
to Little Cat, I will not
even if they put our dinner
Little Cat, "even if there is
said Little Dog,
said Little Cat,
the girl in her blue dress and
jacket, "Merry Christmas!"
and Little Dog, and dear,
Merry Christmas,
by New Year;
of money,
full of cheer!"
said Little Dog (but it sounded
said Great Old Dog, deep
throat (but it sounded like
—L. E. R.

OF THE GLASS

to the turning of the glass,
nt, and the days of the
wake of the wind. By the
the shack, at the heaped tables
rest places of easiness, and
go out upon the high seas,
it is the time of recon-
that go to the balance against
It is the supreme hour of
of worship be not towards
the fay there be reverence for
fung babe in the cradle and
valley. May the milk of
good hand of mother's sym-
antel feast. Then might the
and people the world over

LETTER

er dinner, eighteen hundred
says that maybe if I drop a
Claus-Land, you will get it
an answer when you fetch
aged—little Paul and Prink
That we shall do for New
whole dollars we have hard
sals us. Now, Santa, what's
he asking what he hoped old
s round, and then he sighed
a shoulder, where she always
much to Papa, I'm afraid,
f money because—why just
you've no idea, Santa Claus!
asked about it, just as sweet
they don't know how to
sleeping, and you're creeping
sents in, but leave the Hard
tter (our first with pen and
of love from me and Paul
From DAISY.

FROM DAISY

hush that lay
to long ago—
hadows longer grow—
December day.
on the land—
and woods of brown—
very hand,
Christmas Eve comes down.
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work means. Edith came
a noon very angry. She could
not what was the trouble,
ears of dignity, she ex-
to Blanche Ware again! She
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startling reply, "I copied all
the today, and every one was

A Gallant Girl

By Julia Magruder and Frances Leeds

N Holland, where the roadways are so often
water instead of land, the "trekschuit," or
canal boat, takes the place of our wagons
and electric cars. In many cases, also,
these boats constitute the only homes of the
poorer people, who are born and bred and
live and die in these traveling houses.
It is an unusually pretty sight to watch
these "trekschuiten" gliding along the nar-
row waterways which run like some intricate lace-
pattern over this land.

All the work of a simple household is done as
they move on, laden with the burden of traffic, or
stopping to take up passengers going from one vil-
lage to another. Little gardens are often made to
sprout with beauty on the poop, a bed of tulips
gleaning their brilliant cups in the moist air, let-
tuce-heads and other vegetables making squares of
greenery in the broad boxes filled with earth, which
are placed midway of the flat decks.

In the cold season these "trekschuiten" remain
motionless for months, looking like monster birds
slighted amid snow and ice to wait in patience for
the return of spring.

Toward the latter part of a November, not so
very long ago, a "trekschuit" from Friesland ven-
tured to the lower country with a cargo of peat for
Dordrecht. Good Jan, the owner of the boat and
father of the family living there, had hoped to re-
turn to his northern country before the winter set-
in; but just as they were nearing their destination,
with Jeffrey Downka, his wife, Joost, and Kat-
inka, the twins of twelve years, Trudchen, the girl
of nine, and little Flulin, aged four, found himself
held fast by a mass of ice. With a sinking heart the
father, who knew the signs, saw that the winter
that months must pass before the boat would be
freed from its bondage.

What must be done? Jan himself could do
work in Friesland, where he was known, and so could
Joost, the boy; but it was hard indeed for them to
leave the mother and the little ones. 'Twas the only
thing of any help, however, and he decided that they
should go, taking with them the old gray mare, Jetchen,
that had towed them with such patience along the
weary miles.

When Jan had given his parting kiss to his wife
and left her sobbing, with Flulin in her arms, he
turned to take leave of Katinka, who stood outside
with Joost. Putting his hands upon her shoulders,
he looked at her earnestly and said:

"Remember I look to you, Katinka, to take care
of mother and the little ones. You are strong and
brave and good, and when I am far away I shall not
forget you as a helpless girl, but as my little man,
who takes Joost's place."

Katinka's heart swelled with pride. No compar-
ison could be so dear, no incentive so strong to her.
That winter was the hardest that Holland had
known for many years. Jan found it very difficult
to send a sufficient sum of money for the actual ne-
cessities of the dear ones in the ice-locked boat so
far away. Jeffrey Downka fell ill, so that more
than the usual amount was needed.

Every day Katinka would skate down to Dor-
drecht for medicines and food. Her skating was
in her own land, almost unparalleled for swift-
ness. She had practised with Joost from their ear-
liest years, and had often beaten him in a race.

As she sped along, her basket on her arm, her
cap with its like a hand of hoar-frost
under the tight-fitting hood, she darted like a
bird past the sleepy old windmills, which turned
their wheels as if to ward off the fierce November
winds, and her eyes were fixed upon the distant
wind along the icy path. Over and over again she
would pick out some skater far ahead and set her-
self to follow him. The spectators, very different
she did with an ease that made her feel exultant.

One day, returning from one of these expeditions,
a heavy basket on her arm, and her little heart al-
most as heavy as the hoar-frost seemed to be
to increasing every day, Katinka became aware of
large, highly colored advertisements posted all along
her way, which announced a skating match to be
held on the Oude Maas the next day.

There was to be a prize of fifty florins for the
first race, and after the announcement were the
words, "Contestants from ten to thirteen years."
This was to be followed by races between the seyden
and Utrecht students. His Highness, the Count of
Wasplik, was to award the prizes.

"Oh," thought Katinka, "if Joost were only here!
He would show these boys and schoolboys what real
skating is. How our Mynheer Caef, the champion
skater of Friesland, would have chuckled over his
pipe if Joost were here and won this prize—as win
he would! How much praise he took to teach Joost
and me, and how he used to laugh and clap when
I would beat Joost!"

Katinka's brain reeled with a sudden thought.
"Oh, to win that fifty florins for the dear ones at
home, in such sore need! Why should she not enter
the race disguised as Joost? The posters did not
say that the race was only open to boys, but she
knew that was understood.

Her brain worked quickly. Had not her father
called her his little man? As a little man she be-
lieved that she could win this prize, and she
When Katinka reached home Trudchen was wait-
ing for her at the foot of the ladder which formed
the entrance to the narrow boat. The child was ap-
parently trying to kick a hole in the ice with her
little wooden shoe, as she munched a piece of pun-
pernickel.

"Why do I never go to Dort, Katinka?" she asked,
peevishly. "It is very dull here, with mother always
in bed, and Flulin asleep."
The next day was cold and clear. All the morn-
ing village-folk from the neighboring towns passed
merrily along the ice to Dordrecht to witness the
race. Katinka, assisted by Trudchen (who went so
far as to give little Flulin the small brass
rings to keep her quiet, as she sat upon the floor all
inconspicuously), escaped notice as she ran down the
ladder and passed the young Count rose and offered his hat.
Katinka saw it and her pulses beat with rapture.
She felt the keen intoxication of success. Her yellow
hair stood out like a halo about the childish face.
Shouts of "Hurrah for the green!" heard on every
side, filled her with ecstasy. All alone, the others
vainly following, she reached the turning point, round
which she swooped with such a graceful curve that
the applause rose to a whirlwind of sound. She
veered past the blue flag which marked the half-
distance of the race, and came back toward the
Count's sleigh with a movement easy and swift.

The Count himself had not received a more en-
thusiastic greeting than was given to her as she
came skipping along, the very incarnation of a
swift spirit of the ice.
As she drew near the Count's sleigh, stationed at
the goal, she turned her face upward to receive the
smile she had coveted.

The Count not only smiled; he beckoned to her
with his hand, and while the crowd yelled itself
hoarse, Katinka passed the goal and won the race.
Then, with a gentle turn and with no sign of breath-
lessness or fatigue, she floated quietly on to where
the Count awaited her.

But just before she reached the sleigh there was
a sudden movement in front of the horses, and a
little, toddling girl ran unsteadily across the ice to-
ward her, while a startlingly familiar voice cried out:
"Katinka! Katinka! Sister Ka! Ie kneved you."
Trudchen said you was a boy, but me saw you put-
ting on Joost's clothes."
Katinka's brain went round. There were two
guardians of the feet standing beside the Count's
sleigh.

"Achi!" exclaimed one of the men, "the child is a
girl!" Flulin's babbling chatter, as she sung about
her sister's waist, left no room for mistake as to this
fact. Katinka, completely averted by the situation,
said nothing; she held Flulin by the hand and al-
lowed the two guardians to draw them nearer to the
Count, who signed them to approach.

"Your Highness," said one of the guardians, "we
have discovered that this racer is a girl."
"A girl!" ejaculated the Count. "Then, by St.
Christopher, she should teach the lads! How is
this?" he added, turning to Katinka.
Katinka's only answer was a timid lifting of her
lids.

The crowd, seeing her in colloquy with the Count,
and not knowing what had happened, began again
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of wind-tossed locks, beneath the edge of the light
boy's cap of red cloth that she wore. She missed
the snug, warm hood and her comfortable little muff.
She felt strange and shy in the short knee-breeches
and double-breasted coat. But she whistled to her-
self and murmured softly now and then: "Little man,
I am that now, indeed—my father's little man!"
On she darted, curving in and out among the crowd
which was making toward the huge flag-decked space
upon the "Oude Maas."

Men with noisy horns, the managers of the cere-
monies, were moving officiously about, hustling the
crowd, who responded to their directions with laugh-
ing amiability. To one of these guardians of the feet
Katinka whispered her desire to enter the race. To
her immense relief, he showed no consciousness of
anything strange, as he directed her to a table on
the quay where some men were sitting tying num-
bers on brilliant knots of ribbon. Katinka drew near,
her heart fluttering with suppressed alarm. Would
they make her give her name?

Just at this instant there was a blowing of horns
on all sides and a wild huzza went up. It was a wel-
come to the Count of Wasplik, whose sleigh was
coming slowly along the ice, its occupant bowing to
right and left with gracious smiles.

One of the men at the table rose hurriedly and
asked Katinka if she wished to join in the race, and
scarcely waiting for her confused assent, he tossed
her a brilliant
s p e e k e r s
b e r e n
o n
w h i c h
a
d i s k
o f
i v o r y
m a r k e d
w i t h
t h e
n u m b e r
9.
K a t i n k a,
w i t h
a
s i g n
o f
r e l i e f,
t h r e w
t h e
g r e e n
l o o p
o v e r
h e r
h e a d
a n d
l e t
t h e
i v o r y
p e n d a n t
d r o p
a b o v e
h e r
b e a t i n g
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T h e n,
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a
s u d d e n
f e e l i n g
o f
c o u r a g e,
n o w
t h a t
t h e
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o r d e r s.

Katinka's self-consciousness was a
complete self-
abnegation in this mo-
ment, as she turned
her eyes to the
sleigh where the
prince was stand-
ing in a bare-headed,
smiling on the
crowd. The child's
face lighted with
the fire of loyal de-
votion as she lifted
the little ivory
number to her lips,
as if consecrating
herself to some
high cause, and
whispered to her-
self:

"I will win the
race. I swear it!
And I will win
also a smile from
the Count when
he hands me the
prize."

There was no
further delay. The
Count of Wasplik
was drawn twice
along the line of
spectators, so that
all might see his
sumptuous sleigh,
plied with costly
furs, and hear the
jingling of the sil-
ver bells on the
red harness of the
four black horses.

The Count's
sleigh now took po-
sition near the flag
which was the goal
of the race, and a
trumpeter in fan-
tastic costume,
s t e p p e d
f o r w a r d
a n d
s e n t
a
n o t e
o f
c l a r i o n
c l e a r n e s s
o u t
i n t o
t h e
i c y
a i r.
T h i s
w a s
t h e
s i g n a l
f o r
t h e
b e g i n n i n g
o f
t h e
r a c e.
T h e
g u a r d i a n s,
a s
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w e r e
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t h e
l i t t l e
l a d e s
i n
a
l i n e.
T h e r e
w e r e
e l e v e n
o f
t h e m.
K a t i n k a,
b e i n g
n u m b e r
9,
w a s
t h i r d
f r o m
t h e
e n d.
T h e
s p e c t a t o r s,
r e c e n t l y
s o
n o i s y,
w e r e
a s
s i l e n t
a s
i f
s o m e
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f a n
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f a l l e n
u p o n
t h e m,
t h e i r
b r o a d
f a c e s
g r a v e
a n d
w a t c h f u l.

The trumpeter lifted his bright horn again and
blew three rapid notes, and like a flock of doves
started from their cote, the eleven little fingers shot
out from under the fluttering blue banner and the
race fairly began.

On, on they sped, the line scarcely broken for a
space. To Katinka there was not an atom of fear.
A feeling of perfect confidence and security swelled
her little heart with joy. Under the excitement of
this, she did not notice when one had fallen down, his
skate turning under him, nor had she perceived the
quick advance of a third boy who wore a ribbon of
pink until she heard the crowd yelling out cries of
"The pink! The pink!" and then she saw that the
pink had passed her.

Katinka laughed and bent her body forward,
Some one cried out "Green is going to fall!" and she
laughed again. She thought of the instructions of
old Mynheer Caef. She was not falling, but following
his rules.

One instant she flung apart her arms as if sum-
moning the assistance of the wind. Then, folding
those strong little arms across her breast, she settled
to the long, swooping flight which a swallow darts
when it glides in perfect grace across the sky.

There was a shout of admiration from the crowd.
As she shot past the pink, leaving the other colors
far behind, the young Count rose and offered his hat.
Katinka saw it and her pulses beat with rapture.
She felt the keen intoxication of success. Her yellow
hair stood out like a halo about the childish face.
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t h e
n u m b e r
9.
K a t i n k a,
w i t h
a
s i g n
o f
r e l i e f,
t h r e w
t h e
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i v o r y
p e n d a n t
d r o p
a b o v e
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b e a t i n g
h e a r t.
T h e n,
w i t h
a
s u d d e n
f e e l i n g
o f
c o u r a g e,
n o w
t h a t
t h e
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s h e
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d e a d e d
w a s
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r o v e d
s w i f t l y
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f l a g
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r a c e,
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s a w
a
n u m b e r
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o t h e r
r i b b o n e d
r a c e r s
a w a i t i n g
t h e i r
o r d e r s.

Katinka's self-consciousness was a
complete self-
abnegation in this mo-
ment, as she turned
her eyes to the
sleigh where the
prince was stand-
ing in a bare-headed,
smiling on the
crowd. The child's
face lighted with
the fire of loyal de-
votion as she lifted
the little ivory
number to her lips,
as if consecrating
herself to some
high cause, and
whispered to her-
self:

"I will win the
race. I swear it!
And I will win
also a smile from
the Count when
he hands me the
prize."

There was no
further delay. The
Count of Wasplik
was drawn twice
along the line of
spectators, so that
all might see his
sumptuous sleigh,
plied with costly
furs, and hear the
jingling of the sil-
ver bells on the
red harness of the
four black horses.

The Count's
sleigh now took po-
sition near the flag
which was the goal
of the race, and a
trumpeter in fan-
tastic costume,
s t e p p e d
f o r w a r d
a n d
s e n t
a
n o t e
o f
c l a r i o n
c l e a r n e s s
o u t
i n t o
t h e
i c y
a i r.
T h i s
w a s
t h e
s i g n a l
f o r
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b e g i n n i n g
o f
t h e
r a c e.
T h e
g u a r d i a n s,
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w e r e
c a l l e d,
p l a c e d
t h e
l i t t l e
l a d e s
i n
a
l i n e.
T h e r e
w e r e
e l e v e n
o f
t h e m.
K a t i n k a,
b e i n g
n u m b e r
9,
w a s
t h i r d
f r o m
t h e
e n d.
T h e
s p e c t a t o r s,
r e c e n t l y
s o
n o i s y,
w e r e
a s
s i l e n t
a s
i f
s o m e
s p e e c h l e s s
f a n
h a d
f a l l e n
u p o n
t h e m,
t h e i r
b r o a d
f a c e s
g r a v e
a n d
w a t c h f u l.

The trumpeter lifted his bright horn again and
blew three rapid notes, and like a flock of doves
started from their cote, the eleven little fingers shot
out from under the fluttering blue banner and the
race fairly began.

On, on they sped, the line scarcely broken for a
space. To Katinka there was not an atom of fear.
A feeling of perfect confidence and security swelled
her little heart with joy. Under the excitement of
this, she did not notice when one had fallen down, his
skate turning under him, nor had she perceived the
quick advance of a third boy who wore a ribbon of
pink until she heard the crowd yelling out cries of
"The pink! The pink!" and then she saw that the
pink had passed her.

Katinka laughed and bent her body forward,
Some one cried out "Green is going to fall!" and she
laughed again. She thought of the instructions of
old Mynheer Caef. She was not falling, but following
his rules.

One instant she flung apart her arms as if sum-
moning the assistance of the wind. Then, folding
those strong little arms across her breast, she settled
to the long, swooping flight which a swallow darts
when it glides in perfect grace across the sky.

There was a shout of admiration from the crowd.
As she shot past the pink, leaving the other colors
far behind, the young Count rose and offered his hat.
Katinka saw it and her pulses beat with rapture.
She felt the keen intoxication of success. Her yellow
hair stood out like a halo about the childish face.
Shouts of "Hurrah for the green!" heard on every
side, filled her with ecstasy. All alone, the others
vainly following, she reached the turning point, round
which she swooped with such a graceful curve that
the applause rose to a whirlwind of sound. She
veered past the blue flag which marked the half-
distance of the race, and came back toward the
Count's sleigh with a movement easy and swift.

The Count himself had not received a more en-
thusiastic greeting than was given to her as she
came skipping along, the very incarnation of a
swift spirit of the ice.
As she drew near the Count's sleigh, stationed at
the goal, she turned her face upward to receive the
smile she had coveted.

The Count not only smiled; he beckoned to her
with his hand, and while the crowd yelled itself
hoarse, Katinka passed the goal and won the race.
Then, with a gentle turn and with no sign of breath-
lessness or fatigue, she floated quietly on to where
the Count awaited her.

But just before she reached the sleigh there was
a sudden movement in front of the horses, and a
little, toddling girl ran unsteadily across the ice to-
ward her, while a startlingly familiar voice cried out:
"Katinka! Katinka! Sister Ka! Ie kneved you."
Trudchen said you was a boy, but me saw you put-
ting on Joost's clothes."
Katinka's brain went round. There were two
guardians of the feet standing beside the Count's
sleigh.

"Achi!" exclaimed one of the men, "the child is a
girl!" Flulin's babbling chatter, as she sung about
her sister's waist, left no room for mistake as to this
fact. Katinka, completely averted by the situation,
said nothing; she held Flulin by the hand and al-
lowed the two guardians to draw them nearer to the
Count, who signed them to approach.

"Your Highness," said one of the guardians, "we
have discovered that this racer is a girl."
"A girl!" ejaculated the Count. "Then, by St.
Christopher, she should teach the lads! How is
this?" he added, turning to Katinka.
Katinka's only answer was a timid lifting of her
lids.

ALL PERPLEXITY BANISHED BY A VISIT TO VICTORIA'S CHRISTMAS STORE

Only Two More Shopping Days Remain

The now important question as to what to give is what is running through the minds of everyone, and as the hours pass by, so does this question in the minds of some people become more difficult to solve, and in a great many instances results in confusion, discomfort and disappointment through not knowing just where to go. By visiting this store and going through the many departments this perplexing question is easily solved. In every department of this store the Christmas spirit reigns and suggestions are shown and displayed in such a manner as to make your Christmas Shopping a pleasure instead of a tiresome drudge. Then, too, our prices are the most important factor to be considered in your Christmas Shopping and you will find that your purse will last longer and go further than in any other store for goods of similar nature.



Monday Ushers in Splendid Bargains in Ladies' High-Grade Costumes

Regular Prices \$40.00 and \$50.00. Monday, \$25.00

This is interesting news for women of taste, as this sale includes the leading and most stunning styles of the season in Women's Ready-to-Wear Apparel. The material used in the construction of these fine garments, Navy Cheviots, Chiffon finished broadcloths, Black and Navy French Wool Venetians, also in shades of Brown and in Tweed effects, all very smartly tailored. The Jackets are both semi-fitting and tight fitting, 26 and 27 inches long and in 3-4 lengths with Roll Collars edged with braid, others with shaped back with straps over shoulder and Collarless, giving the much favored "Gibson" effect. Skirts are nine, eleven and fifteen, gored and pleated and for thoroughness of workmanship could not be excelled. Reg. prices were \$40.00 and \$50.00. Monday, per suit

\$25



This Store the Headquarters for Toys of all Descriptions

You cannot go far astray when coming to this Store for your Children's Toy Presents. Our Toy Department on the third floor is just brimful of pleasing gifts. Then, too, they are to be had at the lowest price that can be found in the city. A visit to this section is convincing. Take elevator to third floor.

Beautiful Fans Make Pleasing Gifts

A fan is an article that forms a most appreciable gift. Every lady loves a nice fan, and here you will find everything that is neat, novel and attractive. They are to be had at all prices, ranging from \$35.00 down to **25c**

Christmas Furs the Ideal Gift

What is better than a gift of furs? Pleasing, practical, lasting, a fur piece is the finishing touch which makes the well-gowned woman. The society bud, the wife, the mother, one and all appreciate a gift of furs. The stock of fine furs which are to be seen here, have the quality, style and finish which are necessary in a Christmas gift.

FURS at prices from **\$25.00**
MUFFS, at prices from **\$12.50**

Handbags, Purses and Satchels in Abundance Here

Our showing of Ladies' Handbags, satchels, Purses, is complete in every detail. Everything within the limits of good taste is to be had here, made of all the most favored materials and at all prices.

The Home of Good Literature is Spencer's

The Book Department of this store contains everything which will go towards making the spare moments of both young and old happy. What is better, more interesting, when sitting before a cheery fireplace than a good book. Nothing wastes away the time so pleasantly, and HERE you will find all kinds and at all prices.

When in Need of Refreshments

When feeling fatigued after a hard day's shopping, take elevator to third floor and visit our Oriental Tea Room. A good cup of Mem Sabe Tea is sure to refresh you.

The Greatest Values in Men's High-Grade Clothing We Have Offered This Season

Regular Prices \$27.50 to \$30.00. Monday, per Suit **\$9.75**

Monday we are offering some remarkable Bargains in Men's Fit-Rite Suits. These splendid wearables are made up of the best West of England all-wool material that can be procured in exclusive patterns, weaves and textures, and are distinctively stylish without being extreme in design, in single and double-breasted styles. If you stop to think of this High Grade Clothing we are offering you at these prices you will readily see what it means to your pocketbook. The saving being from \$7.75 to \$20.00, and will not waste a moment in being on hand early Monday morning. The regular prices were \$27.50 up to \$30.00. But for Monday they are marked at **\$9.75**



Men's Overcoats Marked Reasonably

Our showing of Men's Overcoats embody all the leading style features of the season in best quality English Priestly Cloths and Cravenettes, also a splendid line of English Black Cheviots, in plain and with Silk Facings. Prices range from \$25.00 to **\$12.50**

Going Home for Christmas



If so, you want a Suit Case, Valise, or Travelling Bag. You will want one for your clothes. If not, what about your presents? Some place to carry them is a necessity. A Suit case is an ideal article. We have them at all prices.

SUIT CASES from \$2.00 to **\$45.00**
FITTED SUIT CASES from **\$35.00**
FITTED BAGS from **\$25.00**

A Complete Stock of Men's Handkerchiefs at Popular Prices

Our Men's Furnishing Department, like all others, is brimful of useful and sensible gifts. Men's Ties, in all the very latest effects and styles, Men's Neck Scarfs, and Handkerchiefs of all kinds, all reasonably priced.



Our Showing of Men's Head-Dress Cannot Be Excelled

Everything that's nobby and stylish is included in this vast assortment. Every face can be suited from this superb stock, which includes stiff and soft styles, direct from the world's foremost manufacturers, such as the Stetson, King Borsalino, Nox-all, and numerous other reliable makes, and it will be greatly to your advantage to favor us with a visit before purchasing elsewhere. Prices range from \$1.00 up to **\$7.50**



DAVID SPENCER, LTD

Select a Gift of Handsome Hand Painted China

A piece of fine china always makes a pleasing gift, and you cannot do better than inspect the many lovely pieces which are on display in the china department, including berry bowls, sets, nappies, trays, card receivers, rail plates, etc., and all at prices which you will say are right.

As day followed bitter cold, weakened, as he was able to pick up him scarcely given up hope of alive when the from Van Ande hugging the shore from a southerly Climbing a coast, waved his coat, little remaining mt. His sign man at the w sent to pick his

What became panion is a m picked up or r undoubtedly ha party after Mr that he was dr

Christmas Cards and Calendars

With local views, just the rage, at prices ranging from 10c to **\$5.00**

Something for the Little Tots

COATS RANGING IN PRICE FROM **\$1.50**
A sensible, serviceable gift for the little one is a nice coat, and we have them here in all styles, shapes and sizes, in velvets, eider-down, white cloth, all nicely finished, and made of good quality material, at prices ranging from, each **\$1.50**

Special Sale of Parlor Suites and Occasional Chairs Monday

These are splendid bargains, and are well worth your while investigating.
THREE-PIECE PARLOR SUITE, comprising One Settee, One Arm Chair and One Reception Chair, spring edge seats, upholstered backs, in best quality English tapestry, heavy frames of solid birch in mahogany finish, regular value \$55.00. Monday **\$37.00**
THREE-PIECE PARLOR SUITE, comprising Settee, Armchair and One Side Chair, spring seats, upholstered in French brocade, strong frame of solid birch in mahogany finish. Reg. \$42.00. Monday **\$25.00**
ARM CHAIRS, in birch, mahogany finish, spring seats, covered in English tapestry.
Regular \$20.00. Monday **\$13.75**
Regular \$14.50. Monday **\$9.75**
Regular \$13.50. Monday **\$9.00**
Regular \$12.50. Monday **\$8.50**

VOL. L., NO.

SUFFERS H ON T

Timber Cruis cape From panion

Vancouver, De nights in the w habited southea and, without fo knife and towa even matches to McGrath, a timb dead from hung rescued last Th Chahook. A com mate man, wh Malaspina Strait but one ear, h and it no fear drowned or mar spot on the coo starve to death. McGrath was ed that he fell descending to th small boat whic to take him off that the privatl man had passel tainly have left had he not been eight hours. Another night probably have k weather on Thu and snow was matches were a he been in good it not thought b long. Just prior Grath had been Rock Bay hospit seriously ill with Vancouver on S

Five days befo ed up, he and an in the shores McGrath landed some timber. T have rowed a sh shore to a point picked McGrath pushing the do of a strong oar broke, and boat against the maining car, he Malaspina strait ada island from McGrath realiz terrible plight as gradually worki of it was lost in he had no fo only a few mat made the best more anxiety for for himself, as b

Tugs and ste down through plain sight of th none came clos see his desperat giving up all ho any passing ve through the an western side of that he might re or a stray settl Away at the nor lay Van Ande and a mining c the western sh forest interv there was not s it impossible fo making his way

As day follow of bitter cold, weakened, as he able to pick up him scarcely given up hope of alive when the from Van Ande hugging the shore from a southerly Climbing a coast, waved his coat, little remaining mt. His sign man at the w sent to pick his

SEEKING S

The Son of De Thought to sas

Kansas City, being made in state of Sir My loved to be the state of Sir My an English bar According to prominent Kan once retained by himself to be C is still believed last heard from when he was b become a cowbo Gentle Cave to the story t was born in L 1869. He did a parents, who d he began a ser carried him thr He arrived in ago. Here he eral Cave, and walk buildi. he retained At him in renewi parents. These started for Kan to become a lawyer in Kan and then left his destination Today Atter had just heard Myles Cave-by set about to lo and heir.

Expedi Vancouver, D from Ottawa de for Government a large expediti north to make o of the Arctic B Bernier.