

Local News

Ask for Amherst solid leather foot wear.

(From Friday's daily.) Fine Fall Wheat... A batch of fall wheat grown on the high land in South Saanich...

Nanaimo Enterprise.—A number of Nanaimo business men are circulating a subscription list calling for money to raise a company to carry on general development, real estate, insurance and financial agency...

News of Murder.—A telegram was received yesterday morning by Superintendent P. S. Hussey of the provincial police from the government agent, Mr. Stevenson, at Queneau, telling of the murder of the Chinese cook of the Cariboo-Consolidated mining camp at Bulion. The despatch said that the murderer had taken to the woods and was being pursued.

Assault Case Dropped.—It is reported that the assault case preferred by C. S. Battle against E. Leverson, a counter charge of assault arising at a recent party in the office of a local business man when a dispute took place with regard to a timber deal, will be dropped. The case was remanded until this morning, but Battle was committed for trial some time ago upon a charge of aggravated assault preferred by Leverson.

Adopted as Text Book.—The first history and geography of the province of British Columbia to be usually written has been adopted by the department of education as a text book in the Provincial schools. The book is entitled a History and Geography of British Columbia and the historical section is written by Miss Maria Lawson, the geographical by Rosalind Watson Young, M. A.

Graft in Frisco.—The Klondike stores sent down from Vancouver to San Francisco started a man in business and not one ready to let people for whom they were intended. The supplies sent down on the Amur furnished three grocery stores, thus doing good in a way that was hardly contemplated by the Canadian donors for good many people in San Francisco owe their start in life to Canadian beneficence. So says Miss McLean, a Vancouver trained nurse who has returned to the Terminal City from San Francisco.

Kootenay Exams.—Principal J. W. Church, M. A., of Coeur College, returned yesterday from Seattle, in company with Inspector D. Wilson, M. A. The two gentlemen have been conducting the teachers' High school examinations in the Kootenay district. Principal Church remarked on the steady advancement in the Kootenay district. There are now four High schools and each presents candidates for the various grades. Nelson in particular is forging ahead and Mr. Church promises a very good future for the whole district.

Battle vs. Leverson.—The charge of common assault which was entered by C. S. Battle against E. Leverson, has been dropped and the case will not be proceeded with. The charge was preferred by Battle against Leverson which resulted in Mr. Leverson preferring a charge of assault occasioning bodily harm against Battle. The case was remanded in the police court yesterday, but will not be pressed, Battle deciding to drop it.

Eminent Islanders.—The Charlotte Islands, in the Gulf of Georgia, published in a recent issue, the result of its voting contest to determine who, in the opinion of its readers, are the most eminent Islanders, dead or alive. Sir Louis Davies received the majority of votes and heads the list. President O'Brien of Halifax, seventh. Sir William Macdonald of Montreal, is ninth. Hon. Frederick Borden of Victoria is seventeenth. Ex-Governor Laird, father of Mr. D. R. Laird, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, is fourth. Mr. Joseph Pope of Ottawa, and Mr. A. Lefrugo M. P., who are well known in British Columbia received a number of votes.

Pleased With Victoria.—W. D. Mann and daughter of Winnipeg, who have been spending the past month in this city for home last evening. During his stay in this city Mr. Mann had had his time well taken up, and in conversation with a Colonist representative yesterday he said: "I have enjoyed myself immensely. You have the prettiest little city that I have had the pleasure of visiting and I will endeavor to make another trip. Your climate is unsurpassed. Why, when it was 85 degrees in this city it was 102 in Seattle, and as I have already said your climate cannot be equalled. Besides this you take life so easy, but still you get there. But the best of all is the people. Since I have been here I have been royally entertained, and as far as I can find out every citizen of Victoria is a good fellow, always ready to make a stranger welcome, and certainly look forward to my next visit to Victoria. Mr. Mann is one of Winnipeg's most influential citizens, and has large interests in the Prairie capital.

As Others See Us.—E. H. Hess of Los Angeles left for home yesterday after a week's stay in the city. Being the manager of the Hotel Rosslyn, the largest hotel in Los Angeles and a close friend of Mr. Stephen Jones of the Dominion, he was during his stay here the personal guest of Mr. Jones, and asked as to his impressions of Victoria as compared with Los Angeles, from a tourists point of view, Mr. Hess stated that the one thing which draws the people to great numbers in its natural state, while in Los Angeles a great many of the beauty spots have been produced artificially by architects and gardeners. He also noticed the cleanliness of the main streets, as compared with other cities on the Coast. Mr. Hess complimented the city on the excellent results of its Tourist Association, and highly praises the new booklet "Impressions." Great interest is being taken in the South by tourists in the Northwest and Mr. Hess hopes to see this city and the largest of the resorts on the Pacific Coast. The Hotel Rosslyn contains 500 rooms.

Ver Island is pending and will be completed within the next twenty days, says the Nanaimo Herald. Through Messrs. F. G. Ames & Company some New York capitalists have obtained the option of purchasing the claims for \$100,000. The ore which has been assayed was taken from the surface and runs \$34 to the ton in copper. The expert who examined the mine for people who hold the option on the claims says they are the richest he has seen, and that the main body of ore will average 23 per cent. copper, but some will carry gold and silver in small proportions. If the New York men buy the claims, a smelter will be erected to treat the ore at the mine. This will be easy to do as the ore has been pronounced self-fluxing by the assayer.

(From Saturday's Daily.) The Hot Wave.—In the opinion of many Victorians, the hottest day of the present season was yesterday, the temperature during the afternoon being particularly oppressive, though the thermometer only registered a little over 80 degrees in the shade.

White Pass Dividend.—London, exchanging just to hand contains the information that the directors of the White Pass & Yukon Railway Company, Limited, have declared an interim dividend of 2 per cent (4 per share) on account of the year ended June 30.

TYEE SMELTER RETURNS.—A statement just issued by the TYEE COPPER COMPANY shows that their smelter ran 15 days in June and treated 2123 tons of TYEE ore, yielding a return on the deduction of freight and refining charges, of \$26,630.

Back From Hatcher.—Provincial Fishery Inspector J. F. Babcock returned from a visit to the hatchery at Seton lake, near Queneau. Everything was made ready for the coming season's hatching, the building and apparatus being in perfect order. The two men who remain constantly on duty have carried out their work successfully, and the inspector stated this morning that the hatchery will commence within four or five weeks.

Whales in Abundance.—It was reported from the Sechart whaling station yesterday morning that the weather has been fine for several days and the catch of whales has been very large. In all eleven were killed during the past week, nine being humpback, one sulphur and one blue. This is the record catch made since the whaling station started. Those operating at the station say that they hope to keep up the record for the next two months.

Icelandic Colony.—A large Icelandic colony will shortly be located on one of the islands at the mouth of the Skeena river. Hans Hansen will leave for the North on August 1st with a party to investigate the district and decide upon a suitable site for the colony. It is hoped to be able to secure the land in adjacent sections, but, if not, as many as possible will be located in one place. He estimates that the population of the colony will be about 500 when the first draft of settlers arrive, to be largely increased as soon as conditions warrant it.

Indians Excited.—A large number of Indians at Skeena have been roused to great excitement by the report that a Kootka or ghost of one of the drowned sailors is haunting the island north of the Skeena. A number of dollars have been offered to the person who captures the Kootka. Two parties left town with guns and ropes, and among them are relatives of the drowned sailors. They have been cautioned by the authorities not to shoot any one, but the gravest fear is felt as to the result of the expedition.

Park Features.—Chairman Shrewsbury, of the Seattle park commission, is in the city for the purpose of interesting the city in the proposed park. He is expected to be in the city for several days, and will be engaged in the exchange of some of the many different varieties including the wild stock of Woodland Park. While in the city, Commissioner Shrewsbury intends looking into the method of park management here thoroughly in order that any valuable ideas may be utilized in the further improvement of Woodland. He hopes also to take back with him one or two swans from Beacon Hill.

Confirms Chicago Exposures.—A former employee of the Chicago stock yards has arrived at Nanaimo from Chicago. He declares the exposures in "The Jungle" do not begin to tell of the horrible practices of the Chicago meat packers. He worked for two years in the stockyards and was forced to quit from sheer disgust of the methods employed. These were common occurrences to see diseased cattle driven into the yards, so far gone that they had only a few hours to live. These were killed and left for hours on the ground after which they were converted into the canned product. The sale of Chicago canned goods has fallen away to almost nothing.

Big Sawmill Planned.—Cumshequa Island, on the east coast of James Island, one of the Queen Charlotte group, is the latest point at which it is announced a large industrial enterprise will be instituted. A syndicate, headed by John Moore, of Seattle, a veteran mill owner of the Sound, will erect a sawmill with a capacity of at least 100,000 feet per day at the point mentioned as soon as actual railway construction commences near this coast. This company has already secured ample timber limits. Forty square miles, or 25,000 acres, have been secured by the syndicate and authorities, and the ample capital behind the men interested is a perfect assurance that the industry will be a large and permanent one.

Nanaimo Coal's Fame.—G. A. Keefe, Dominion government engineer, with headquarters in Vancouver, was in Nanaimo recently. Mr. Keefe has a very high appreciation of Nanaimo coal, from his position having every opportunity of witnessing its value. He stated that the coal which is now being supplied the government boats is far superior to any coal that the government has ever received from Nanaimo. If the mines become available to supply the class of coal that they are now doing throughout the province, the mines will create a very heavy demand for its product. Engineers of government vessels are always anxious to get Nanaimo coal, for they recognize it to be far superior to all other coal supplied them.

Mining Deal Pending.—A deal involving the Alpha, Beta, A-Bear and Blue Grouse copper claims on Vancouver Island is pending and will be completed within the next twenty days, says the Nanaimo Herald.

Teachers Wanted.—Application for positions on the teaching staff of the Municipality of Saanich will be received until Thursday, the 19th inst., by William Campbell, secretary, board of school trustees, Royal Oak P. O.

A Rich Strike.—Information received yesterday from a private source was to the effect that a very rich strike of gold quartz had been made on the Fraser river, famed in early days for its placer diggings.

Forestry Association.—The Provincial government has granted a sum of \$1,000 towards the cost of the reception and entertainment of the members of the Forestry association, and of the large number of prominent men from Eastern Canada, who are expected to visit British Columbia in September next in connection with the annual convention of the association that is to be held in Vancouver.

The Governor's Medals.—The competition for the medals given by his honor, Lieut. Governor Dunsuir in long distance swimming and rescue practice is now in full swing, and will continue till the close of the term. When Mr. St. Clair gave the order to cease swimming when the three-quarter mile mark was reached the following pupils were leading: E. Palmer, F. Palmer, G. Plumb, C. Rogers, B. Brown, M. Henderson, Z. Balcom and May Jennings. First to qualify for certificates, Jack Fletcher, R. Jones and F. Palmer.

Condensed Cream.—Condensed—Dr. Underhill, medical health officer for Vancouver, has just reported on the proposal to dump city garbage into the sea. He went out yesterday in the waterworks motor-boat and threw out over fifty cans of condensed cream, says the Advertiser of Saturday. Dr. Underhill was accompanied by City Comptroller Gibson. They dropped cans of condensed cream at different points outside the harbor, and marked some of them with numbers whether they would be washed back to shore by the tide. Dr. Underhill said he is convinced that all cans that get straight to the bottom and he will have all the remaining cans of the consignment treated in the same manner. Yesterday he carried out a program from Dr. Pagen, secretary of provincial board of health. "Have no hesitation in condemning samples of cream sent to me."

New Marine Insurance.—The first meeting of the provincial directors of the Pacific Marine Insurance company was held at Vancouver on Thursday at which Mr. A. C. Flumerfelt presided. It was announced that the Dominion Insurance company to commence operations had been passed by the Dominion parliament and the company's charter granted. The first issue of stock has been applied for by prominent business men of Vancouver and Victoria. The organization of the company will be immediately proceeded with. This company is capitalized at \$1,000,000 in 10,000 shares of \$100 each and it is the first marine insurance company in the world in British Columbia. The following gentlemen are the signatories for the application for the charter: Alfred C. Flumerfelt, W. H. Armstrong, Leslie H. Wright, Frederick Buscombe, H. C. Cannon, Ernest D. Leverson, W. L. Germaine, Arthur G. Ray.

Canadian Alpine Club.—At Field on Sunday fifty members of the Alpine Club of Canada arrived amongst them being Messrs. R. Herdman, H. G. Wheeler, J. D. Patterson of Woodstock, Ont.; H. S. Solomon, a leading mountaineer, of South Africa; Jap. Fuzo, of Surrey, England, a lady climber; Frank Yeigh, Toronto; Dr. A. O. Macrae, Western Canada College; Mrs. Parker, the Kicking Horse river and thence, partly around Mount Burgess up to Emerald Lake, a few miles from Field. Thence the trail rises rapidly to the summit and then goes down into the far-famed Yoho (Indian for delight) valley. Here the camp pitched.

Musical Examinations.—The intermediate practical examinations in connection with the Victoria College of Music London, (England) were concluded yesterday with the following results: Those obtaining 80 points out of a possible 100 in the past course were: Ethel, securing 80 points and upward the honors certificate in the various grades in which they are entered. The examinations were conducted under the supervision of Mr. G. Jennings, B. S. V. C. M., and the Local Honorary Secretary, Mr. A. Longfield, F. V. C. M. Primary grade (Ema Papke, 95 points; June Ventris, 95 points; Plano, junior grade, 95 points; Ethel, 97 points; Louise, 96 points; Intermediate grade, Bertha, A. Bailey, 83 points; Laura E. Cameron, 80 points; Kate Corke, 78 points; John A. Creed, 75 points; Ellen Jane Parr, 75 points; Elizabeth H. Papke, 80 points; Ethel, 78 points; Welr, 84 points; Piano Associates diploma, Beatrice Seecroft, 98 points; Violin Intermediate, Fred C. Carter, 73 points; David W. Davies, 81 points; Violin Senior, James Corke, 80 points.

Boys' Pimples

Red Rash, Eczema, in fact any skin disease, disfigures the complexion because the bowels are constipated—or because the kidneys do not rid the system of waste—or because the skin itself is unhealthy.

Ointments, salves and soaps are useless. Because the trouble is with the blood. Owing to defective action of bowels, kidneys, skin, the blood becomes laden with impurities. It is these impurities—deposited by the blood—that make boils, pimples, and painful, disfiguring skin diseases. It is because the trouble lies with the bowels, kidneys or skin, that FRUIT-A-TIVES cures these diseases.

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act directly on the eliminating organs—correct their irregularities—strengthen them—and thus clear the skin and make the complexion clear and soft. If you have skin troubles—or any form of constipation, liver troubles, biliousness, headaches, indigestion, rheumatism—cure yourself with Fruit-a-tives. They are made of fruit juices and tonics—and never fail to cure.

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Over Hope Trail.—Dr. McEwen and Mr. H. McHaffie, manager of the Bank of B. N. A. at Hedley, and both former Vancouver residents, arrived in town last evening at six o'clock, after a long and arduous trip over the Hope mountains and down the Fraser valley, says the Vancouver News-Advertiser. The two travelers left Hedley on Saturday last, and on Sunday they crossed the divide of the Hope mountains and camped at Cedar Flat. On Monday they arrived at Hope and proceeded to Olibliss the next day, and on Tuesday night they slept in the Aldergrove schoolhouse and reached New Westminster early yesterday afternoon, leaving for Vancouver at 5 p. m. Speaking of their trip they stated that it was a magnificent one, the scenery was grand, fishing was good and the outing altogether most enjoyable. The crew of men engaged on the Hope trail has got it into splendid shape on the east side to the summit, and road-houses, etc., are more frequent and accessible on that side than along the Fraser valley.

Peculiar Accident.—D. White of Ladysmith, who has returned from the north, says in an interview with the Ledger that on his way out of the Mount Asgard district he met the Cook party. Professor Cook, who will be remembered as the head of the party which left Seattle with the intention of climbing Mt. McKinley. It is possible, for scientific purposes, that the time he was met by Mr. White he was in very poor luck. He had lost four horses under most peculiar circumstances. This accident occurred on Squanta River, in the vicinity of Cook's Inlet. The horses, which were loaded with packs, suddenly disappeared from sight. It was afterwards ascertained that they had fallen through the earth into what is supposed to be a burning coal vein. The horses and packs were lost. Prof. Cook also lost four or five boxes of supplies, which left him only twelve out of the original twenty. Mr. White is of the opinion that the expedition will be a failure, as it is almost an impossibility to make the ascent.

THE WORST OF A COLD. It is how suddenly it comes. No time to hurry to the drug store, croup develops, the lungs are affected with pneumonia or tuberculosis, and it is too late. Keep Cough Remedy handy. It is something magical about the way it cures Catarrh and Bronchitis. Catarrh is the best remedy for colds because in nature's way, it heals, soothes and restores permanently. Carry a Catarrh Remedy with you at all times, and you'll never catch cold—that's worth remembering.

TO ENCOURAGE SAWMILLS. Full Text of Order-in-Council Passed by Federal Government.

Following is the full text of the order-in-council respecting timber permits: "Whereas it is desirable in the public interest to encourage the establishment of sawmills with a view to securing to settlers a cheap supply of lumber; therefore the governor-general in council is pleased to order that the regulations providing for the administration of the timber on Dominion lands in the provinces of British Columbia, Alberta and in the railway belt in the province of British Columbia, established by the council of July 1, 1905, and amended by subsequent orders, shall be, and the same are hereby, rescinded in so far as it relates to the granting of permits by public competition except as substituted therefore in the directions of the minister of the interior, permissive of the granting of permits in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to the first applicant therefor who is a sawmill owner; to cut over a definite prescribed tract and not exceeding one square mile in extent, on payment of crown dues at rates fixed by the order in council of July 1, 1905, and amended by subsequent orders; and that the same shall be subject to a fee at the rate of \$100 per square mile for each permit. Permits of this class shall be issued to the grantee, provided a second permit covering the same territory may be issued to the grantee, provided the grantee is willing to accept of renewal. The permittee must have a mill in actual operation satisfactory to the minister of the interior, within three months of the date of the permit, otherwise the permit shall be cancelled. In the event of the permittee not operating as a sawmill within the time specified in the permit during the continuance thereof, of which the minister of the interior shall be the sole and exclusive judge, the permit shall become null and void.

The governor-general in council is further pleased to order that the order in council of February 19, 1906, establishing regulations respecting timber permits without competition to millowners shall be, and the same is hereby, rescinded. Permits issued under the order in council subject to regulations to be made by the minister of the interior.

WHERE VICTORIANS ARE NOW ENGAMPED

Many Residents Under Canvas at the Pretty Shore Resorts.

(From Sunday's Daily.)

Many Victorians are now engamped at the numerous pretty beach resorts. Cordova Bay, which boasts of the best bathing beach in perhaps the most popular, especially second Cordova. This beach, the scene of a goodly number of summer bungalows and these are already occupied by their respective families. There are four parties under canvas, but they are composed mostly of young men from the city and are only of an ordinary nature. First Cordova, which is the nearest one to the city, having not been endowed with the same smooth, sandy beach as its neighbor, is not usually known as a camping resort, but this year three very nice camps are in position, amongst them being the family of Mr. A. Hendry, of Fernwood Road. They have arranged their tents in a very comfortable manner and will probably be "residents" on the beach for two or three months.

Perhaps one of the largest parties camping is now established at Cariboo Bay, which has always been one of the most popular picnicking bays. On this beach a party composed of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McCallum and family, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Barter and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Huxtable and family, are situated, and have got things in shipshape order. Mr. McCallum states that this year it is quite equal to the many summers which he has spent under canvas here. The children especially love the sands and warm water, and play around camp from morning till night.

Another camp on this beautiful beach is that of Mr. J. Renout and family, and Mrs. Redingham and family. A party of High school boys are also at Cariboo.

Bowler's beach, Oak Bay, has again got its annual residents. This spot is held in high esteem by people who have once stayed there and the camps are now in their largest. Mr. Weston and family, Mr. Crawford and family, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hall and Ernest Whittington and family are all camping on Bowler's beach.

Oak Bay has again been chosen as the site for the well known camp connected with the Himes and Johnson boys, but this year it is no longer a large party. They have just settled down this week and at Shoal Bay, composed of H. T. Knott and family, H. J. Knott and family, Percy Knott and family, Henry Jones and family, Aaron Patten and family, and A. T. Charlton and family. This party are forming one large camp and it will no doubt be very nicely arranged. "Woody" beach, in the site chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Agnew, and son Gordon, and the Misses Clara, Kate and Nellie Chapman.

Camping district which is now becoming very popular on account of the 10-to-date service of cars to and from town is the Gorge. Two large camping parties have been out now for nearly a week. Perhaps the best camp which is in the finest position is the camp of the Y. M. C. A. which is situated high up on the grassy slope, nearly opposite the "Woody" beach. This camp is not controlled by the Y. M. C. A. this year, but is managed by a number of young men, all members of the association. A large tent has been erected for use as a dining room and five smaller tents are used for sleeping purposes. The camp has been rendered extremely popular on account of the good swimming which is obtainable off the Gorge bank. The young men are now practicing with a ball prior to founding a water polo team.

The Ugo Igo camp is again on the bank of the Gorge this summer and is composed of ten young men banded together with a first-class Chinese chef. Their camp is in a very pretty situation. It is expected that the camping parties round the city will be largely increased during the next few weeks, the nights being considerably warmer than a fortnight ago.

THE MISSING MAN. The Search for the French Priest in the Northern Wilds.

Pere H. Got, the French cleric, who hails from the department of Tarn-et-Garonne, is in the city searching for some knowledge of the whereabouts of his brother the Cure Noel Got, says the Vancouver News-Advertiser. The priest last heard of in May, 1905. Pere Got carried with him a letter from his brother dated Vancouver, April 9th, 1905, and he thinks that after going north, he may possibly have returned here, but so far he has been able to find no trace of him.

The missing man was a Roman Catholic missionary, who after having carried on the work of his mission for seven years in China became broken down in health and decided to return to his home in France. He crossed Japan, took passage on a steamer from San Francisco, where he arrived on April 10th, 1905, and shortly after proceeded to Vancouver. From here he wrote to the head of his Order, stating that he was too ill to continue his work and that a long rest was imperative. It is believed that in those far-away countries he changed his ecclesiastic dress for that of a layman.

In writing to his friends at home he mentioned the fact that he intended going to a cold region, possessing a pure conscience, as he was sure it would be beneficial to his pulmonary state of health. He also expressed a desire to see gold miners, Indians, Eskimoes, and the land of the Eskimoes. Nothing has been heard of him since May, 1905. From his letters it is inferred that he traveled in the Canadian Northwest, and that he intended to descend the Porcupine river and the Yukon as far as St. Michael's bay. Researches in the Yukon have provided unaccountable. It is now suggested that he may have taken an easterly route. When last heard from he was in Skagway, from there it is thought that he may have gone in the direction of Denise lake, followed the Dease river to the Liard, and then down the Mackenzie. He may have lost himself—or in the attempt to return to his home he may have become the victim of an accident. The chances of finding him would appear to be greater in the Mackenzie district. It is possible that he may have been seen in the neighborhood of Fort Simpson, Good Hope and McPherson.

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TOWN LOTS, 50x100, FOR SALE. PRICE \$100.00 AND UP. This beautiful Townsite is situated at the mouth of Kitsilas Canyon, Skeena River, B. C. It is accessible by steamers from the Coast—all classes of goods and passengers. Splendid Hunting and Fishing grounds. For further information apply to J. W. PATERSON

HUDSON BAY LINE. President of the Canada Northern Says It Will Be a Money Saver. A Winnipeg exchange just to hand says: Just previous to his departure for England, Mr. William Mackenzie, president of the Canadian Northern railroad, stated that his company would lose no time in completing the branch to Hudson bay. Already 80 miles of this line have been contracted for, and as soon as the surveyors now in the field have their work completed, tenders will be called for the construction of the remaining 250 miles. The Canadian Northern has already secured a line of steamers willing to run between Fort Churchill, on the Hudson bay, and Liverpool. Many believe that within two or three years the bulk of the wheat crop will be shipped to Europe by this route. Soon after Christmas an ice-breaker arrived at Fort Churchill from Liverpool and reported she had no trouble in making the trip although she was not made for such heavy ice as it was expected would be encountered in the northern sea. By way of Fort Churchill, the rail haul to Europe is some 500 miles shorter, which would mean a saving of fully 20 cents a bushel to the farmer on all the wheat sent out by this route. Not only would wheat be shipped out through the Hudson bay, but cattle, lumber and other products of the Northwest, meaning a yearly saving of millions of dollars to the shippers. Although no announcement has yet been made, it is understood the Canadian Northern railway expects to be summing steamers from Fort Churchill to Liverpool during the summer of 1908.

NARROWLY ESCAPED COLLISION. Fireman's Prompt Action Saved Head, on Smash on Crow's Nest Line. A Cranbrook exchange says: Engineer Miller was coming west on a light engine on Friday night, having received orders to pass an eastbound freight at Sparwood. His engine was just out of the shops at Winnipeg, and was running hot. It is supposed that Miller, while passing over the bridge at Michel, was looking out of the cab toward the tender to see if possible the condition of the boxes on the tender when he was struck and knocked senseless by some portion of the bridge. His condition was not noticed by the fireman until, observing the headlight of the eastbound freight, he spoke to Miller, saying the freight was on the main track. Receiving no reply, he sprang to the engineer's aide of the cab and saw that Miller was unconscious and hanging partially out of the window.

Narrow Escape. The fireman climbed over the prostrate form of the engineer, set the brakes and reversed the engine, thus stopping her in time to avert a head-on collision with the eastbound freight. It was a narrow escape, for the engine with its unconscious engineer had passed Sparwood, and would have run into the freight at Olson's but for the promptness and presence of mind of the fireman. As soon as the engine was stopped Miller was taken from the cab and placed in the caboose, where he was attended to by a medical man who was traveling on the eastbound freight. Everything possible was done to lessen the sufferings of the injured man, who was taken to the hospital at Michel, and subsequently to the St. Eugene hospital at Cranbrook. The condition of Miller is serious.

or the leaden choice of yeast choice of chooses Old Flour gain with for-baking.—It is selected Man-contains more which makes der the most absolute purity quality which milling guar- other flour in so much is fact purity. Ogilvie's Royal makes light bread. CUSTOMERS Wednesday afternoon promptly shipped S & CO. Victoria, B. C. and Drink. R. 1318 A COLLEGE ALBERTA. Accommodation for 150 Boys. New Gymnasium. In the School, Senior Classes and Royal Military College. Life and in Writing and Drawing the College, classes conducted with Toronto University. W. R. E. J. Kirby, Rev. Dr. Herdman. The Spratt-Shaw BUSINESS UNIVERSITY VANCOUVER, B. C. 338 HASTINGS ST. W. a Choice of 2 to 4 Positions. graduates. Students always in Great Demand. Secretarial, Planning and Gregg Short-telegraphy, Typewriting (on the six makes of machines), and Language taught by competent specialists. FROST, B. A., Principal. CRIVEN, B. L., Vice-President. O'BERTS, Gregg Shorthand. KINNER, Pitman Shorthand. ULTRY AND LIVESTOCK. Work horse, 1400 lbs, true work horse; \$75. Horses, Straw-Nale. 1214. Oxen, one or two spans of working oxen; heavy, not too old, stalling full particulars and price. Agricola, P. O. Box 246. 1213. Team of horses; quiet to double or single, 10 years old, 1,200 lbs. L. Ogilvie Ford, Col. B. P. O. 1218. One black horse, five years, green hands high, very intelligent horse, six years, good driver, horse, six years, heavy set, and good worker. Also bugles, wagons and harness. Apply to her's Carriage Shop, Store St. 1210

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Mirrors Old and New and Their Care

FRENCH BATHING CAPS

m. No. 6—Commencing at stake on West side of East Bay, Atli Inlet, entrance; thence West 40 chains; thence South 100 chains; thence East 40 chains; thence North along shore to point of beginning.



LOST in the mists of the past is the name of the man—or was it a woman—who first enabled the delighted eye to see their fair selves reflected, otherwise than Narcissus like, by limpid stream or purling brook.

FRENCHWOMEN have taken American styles and colors for inspiration in the matter of designing bathing suits, containing themselves with their own wonderful, inimitable charm of cut and of trimming.

AS THE desire for country life grows in our country, more and more are we adopting the long established custom of our English cousins of giving "country parties."

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The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE

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XV.

My Lord Mayenne

I KNEW she was shutting the door by the click of the latch; in the next second I made the discovery that she was still on my side of it.

"What?" I was beginning, when she laid her hand over my mouth. A line of light showed through the crack. She had not quite closed the door on account of the noise of the latch. She tried again; again it rattled and she desisted. I heard her flattered breathing and I heard something else—a rapid, heavy tread in the corridor without. In to the council room came a man carrying a lighted taper. It was Mayenne.

Mademoiselle, with a whispered "God save us!" sank in a heap at my feet.

I bent over her to find if she had swooned, when she seized my hand in a sharp grip that told me plain as words to be quiet.

Mayenne was yawning; he had a rumpled and dishevelled look like one just roused from sleep. He crossed over to the table, lighted the three-branched candelstick standing there, and seated himself with his back to us, pulling about some papers. I hardly dared glance at him, for fear my eyes should draw his; the crack of our door seemed to call aloud to him to mark it; but the candle-light scarcely pierced the shadows of the low room.

More quick footsteps in the corridor. Mayenne hitched his chair about, sideways to the table and to us, facing the outer door. The duke's man in black entered, saluting the general from the threshold.

"So you have come back?" spoke the duke in his even tones. It was impossible to tell whether the words were a welcome or a sentence.

"Yes," answered the other in a voice non-committal as Mayenne's own. He shut the door after him and walked over to the table.

"And how goes it?"

"Badly,"

The newcomer threw his hat aside and sat down without waiting for an invitation.

"What! Badly, sirrah!" Mayenne exclaimed sharply. "You come to me with that report?"

"I do, monsieur," answered the other with cool insolence, leaning back in his chair. The light fell directly on his face and proved to me what I had guessed at his first word. The duke's night visitor was Lucas. "Yes," he repeated indifferently, "it has gone badly. In fact, your game is up."

Mayenne jumped to his feet, bringing his fist down on the table.

"You tell me this?"

Lucas regarded him with an easy smile.

"Unfortunately, monsieur, I do."

Mayenne turned on him, cursing. Lucas, with the quickness of a cat springing a yard aside, dived unheeded.

"Put up that knife!" shouted Mayenne.

"When you put up yours, monsieur."

"I have drawn none."

"I am your enemy, monsieur."

"I am not," cried Mayenne.

I know not who was lying, for I could not tell whether the blade that flashed now in the duke's hand came from his sleeve or his belt. But if he had not drawn before he had drawn now and rushed at Lucas. He dodged and they circled round each other, wary as two matchless fencers. Lucas was strictly on the defensive; Mayenne, the less agile, by reason of his weight, could make no chance to strike. He drew off presently.

"I'll have your neck wrung for this," he panted.

"For what, monsieur?" asked Lucas, imperturbably. "For defending myself?"

Mayenne let the charge go by default.

"For coming to me with the tale of your failures. Nom de dieu, do I employ you to fail?"

"We are none of us gods, monsieur. You yourself lost Iry."

Mayenne backed over to his chair and seated himself, laying his knife on the table in front of him. His face smoothed out to good humor—he meant tribute to his power of self-control. For the written words can convey no notion of the madman's insolence of Lucas bearing—an insolence so studied that it almost seemed unconscious and was thereby well-nigh impossible to witness.

"Sit down," bade the duke, "and tell me."

Lucas, standing at the foot of the table, observed:

"They turned you out of your bed, monsieur, to see me. It was unnecessary severity. My tale will keep till morning."

"By Heaven, it shall not!" Mayenne shouted. "Beware how much further you dare anger me, you Satan's cub!"

He was fingering the dagger again as if he longed to plunge it into Lucas's gullet, and I rather marvelled that he did not, or summon his guard to do it. For I could well understand how infuriating was Lucas. He carried himself with an air of easy equality inaccessible to the first noble in the land. Mayenne's chosen role was the unmoved, the inscrutable, but Lucas beat him at his own game and drove him out into the open of passion and violence. It was a miracle to me that the man lived—unless, indeed, he were a prince in disguise.

"Satan's cub!" Lucas repeated, laughing. "Our late king had called me that, pardieu! But I knew not you acknowledged Satan in the family."

"I ordered Andrey to wake me if you returned in the night," Mayenne went on gruffly. "When I heard you had been here I knew something was wrong—unless the thing were done."

"It is not done. The whole plot is ruined."

"Nom de dieu! If it is by your bungling."

"It was not by my bungling," Lucas answered with the first touch of heat he had shown. "It was fate—and that fool Grammont."

Lucas' hand moved instinctively to his belt; then he thought better of it and laid both hands empty on the table.

"Our plot has failed; but that does not mean that St. Quentin is immortal."

"You may be very sure of one thing, my friend," the duke observed. "I shall never give Lorraine de Montlouc to a white-livered flinch."

"The Duke of St. Quentin is not immortal," Lucas replied. "I have missed him once, but I shall get him in spite of all."

"I am not sure about Lorraine even then," said Mayenne, reflectively. "Francis de Brie is agitating himself about that young mistress. And he has not made any failures—has he?"

"I will bring you the price," Lucas sprang to his feet.

"You swore to me I should have her."

"Permit me to remind you again that you have not brought me the price."

"I'll bring you the price," Lucas sprang to his feet.

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Henry's camp to steal your secrets; and the moment my back was turned you are jealous of Mar. But at present we are discussing Lorraine de Montlouc."

"It is all one," Lucas answered quickly. "You know what is to be the reward of my success."

"I thought you told me you had failed."

"Lucas' hand moved instinctively to his belt; then he thought better of it and laid both hands empty on the table."

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the only fixed fact about her. If Lorraine loves Mar today, she will love some one else tomorrow, and some one else still the day after tomorrow. It is not worth while disturbing yourself about it."

"She will not love any one else," Lucas said hoarsely.

"You are very young, Paul."

"She shall not love any one else! By the throne of heaven, she shall not!"

Mayenne went on laughing. If Lucas had for the moment tamed him out of his equanimity, the duke had paid back the score a hundredfold. Lucas' face was scarred with his passions as with the torture iron; he clinched his hands together, breathing hard. On my side of the door I heard a sharp little sound in the darkness; mademoiselle had gritted her teeth.

"It is a little early to sweat over the matter," Mayenne said. "Since mademoiselle is not your wife nor ever likely to become so."

"You refuse her to me?" Lucas cried, livid. I thought he would leap over the table at one bound on Mayenne. It occurred to the duke to take up his dagger.

"I promise you to her when you kill me St. Quentin. And you have not killed St. Quentin, but instead come airily to tell me the scheme—my scheme—wrecked. Pardieu! it was never my scheme. I never advocated stolen pistols and espionage, witnesses and endangered nephews and deceived sons and

the rest of your cumbersome machinery. I would have had you stab him as he bent over his papers, and walk out of the house before they discovered him. But you had not the pink for that; you must needs plot and replot to make some one else do your work. Now, after months of intriguing and waiting, you come to me to tell me you have failed. Mordieu! is there any reason why I should not have you kicked into the gutter, as no true son of the valorous Le Balaise?"

Lucas' hand went to his belt again; he made one step as if to come round the table. Mayenne's angry eye was on him but he did not move; and Lucas made no more steps. Controlling himself with an effort, he said:

"It was not my fault, monsieur. No man could have labored harder or planned better than I. I have been diligent, I have been clever. I have made my worst enemy my willing tool. I have made Monsieur's own son my cat's-paw. I have left no end loose, no contingency unprovided for—and I am ruined by a freak of fate."

"I never knew a failure yet but what the fault was fate's," Mayenne returned.

"Call it accident, then; call it the devil, call it what you like," Lucas cried. "I still maintain it was not my fault. Listen, monsieur."

He sat down again, and began his story, striving, as he talked, to recapture something of his old coolness.

"The thing was ruined by the advent of this boy, Mar's lackey. I spoke of you. You said he had not been here?"

"You may go to Lorraine with that question," Mayenne answered. "I have something else to attend to than the intrigues of my wife's maids."

"He started, lithe as a cat, and thought it or only said it to annoy Lucas. At any rate it had its effect. Lucas' brows were knotted; he spoke with an effort, like a man under stress of physical pain.

"I know she loves him now, and she would love him dead, but she would not love him a paricide. Pardieu! you don't know women. The blacker the villain, the more they adore him."

"I know it is true, monsieur," Lucas said smoothly. "That you have had success."

"Mayenne started forward with half an oath, changing to a laugh.

"So it is not enough for you to possess the fair body of Lorraine; you must also have her love?"

"She will love me," Lucas answered unhesitatingly. "She must."

"It is not worth your fret," Mayenne declared. "If she did, how long would it last? Souvent femme varie—that is

he repeated musingly. He might have been saying over the motto of the house of Lorraine. For the Gunse's believed in no man's good faith, as no man believed in theirs.

"Souvent femme varie," Mayenne said again, as if in the words he recognized a bitter verity. And that is as true as King Francis' version. I suppose you will be the next, Paul."

"When I give up hope of Lorraine," Lucas said bluntly.

I caught myself suddenly pitying the two of them: Mayenne, because, for all his power and splendor and rank next to a king's, and ability second to none, he dared trust no man—not the son of his body; not his brother. He had made his own hell and dwelt in it, and there he needed no ally but himself.

And Lucas, perjured traitor, was farther from the goal of his desire than if he had slain him in the Rue Couquejarret.

"What next? It appears you escaped the rebuked Vigo," Mayenne went on in his every-day tone; and the vision faded, and I saw him once more as the greatest noble and greatest seconded by France, and feared and hated him, and Lucas too, as the betrayer of my dear Duke Etienne.

"Trust me for that."

"Then came you here?"

"Not at once. I tracked Mar and this Broux to Mar's old lodgings at the Three Lanterns. When I had dozed them to the door I came here and worked upon Lorraine to write Mar a letter commanding his presence. For I thought that the night was yet young and tomorrow he might be out of my reach. Well, it appears that he had not the courage to come but that the boy, I was not sorry. I thought I could settle him more quietly at the inn. The boy went back once and almost ran into me in the court, but he did not see me. I entered and asked for lodgings; but the fat old fool of a host put me through the catechism like an inquisitor, and finally declared the inn was full. I said I would take a garret; but it was no use. Out I must trudge. I did, and paid two men to get into a brawl in front of the house, that the inn people might run out to look. But instead they locked the gate and put us the shutters in the cabaret."

Mayenne burst out laughing.

"It was not your night, Paul."

"And what then? It did not take you till three o'clock to be put out of the inn."

"No," Lucas answered. "I spoke of you of the varlet Pontou with whom Grammont had quarrelled. He had shut him up in a closet of the house in the Rue Couquejarret. After the fight in the court was all over our ways, forgetting him. So I paid the house a visit; I was afraid some one else might find him and he might tell tales."

"No," said Lucas, "he will tell no tales."

"How about your spy in the Hotel St. Quentin?"

"Martin, the clerk? Oh, I warned him off before I left," Lucas said easily. "He will lie perchance, but he will not tell tales. There is no direct witness to the thing but the boy Broux."

"That's as good as to say there is none," Mayenne answered. "For I have the boy."

(To be Continued.)

The postcard hit in England now on sale in Victoria. The multiple postcard, fourteen drop views on one card, is a name now and then, Monsieur, M. Etienne's, Grammont's, but the hero of the tale was myself.

"You set me to the duke!" Mayenne cried presently.



LUCAS SAT DOWN THE TABLE BETWEEN THEM.

will be more than one dead duke in France."

Mayenne looked up at him as unmoved as if it were not in the power of mortal man to make him lose his temper. In stirring him to draw dagger, Lucas had achieved an extraordinary triumph. Yet I somehow thought that the man who had shown hot anger was the real man; the man who sat there quiet was the party leader.

He said now, evenly:

"That is a silly way to talk to me, Paul."

"It is the truth for once," Lucas made sudden answer.

So long as he could prick and irritate Mayenne he preserved an air of unshakable composure; but when Mayenne recovered patience and himself began to prick, Lucas' guard broke down. His voice rose a key, as it had done when I called him fool; and he burst out violently.

"Nom de dieu! monsieur, what love I do you dirty work for? For love of my affectionate uncle?"

"It might well be for that. I have been your affectionate uncle, as you say."

"My affectionate uncle, you say? My hired, my subordinate! I was a Protestant! I was bred up by the Huguenot masses when my father cast off my mother and me to starve. I had no love for the League or the Lorraines. I was fighting in Navarre's ranks when I was made prisoner at Iry."

"You were spying for Navarre. It was before the fight we caught you. You had been hanged and quartered in the gray dawn had I not recognized you, after twelve years, as my brother's son. I cut the rope from you and embraced you for your father's sake. You rode forth a cornet in my army, instead of dying like a felon on the gallows."

"You had your ends to serve," Lucas muttered.

"I took you into my household," Mayenne went on. "I let you wear the name of Lorraine. I did not deny you the hand of my cousin and ward, Lorraine de Montlouc."

"Deny me! No, you did not. Neither did you grant it me, but put me off with lying promises. You thought then you could win back the faltering house of St. Quentin by a marriage between your cousin and the Comte de Mar. Afterward, when my brother Charles dashed into Paris, and the people clamored for his marriage with the infant, you conceived the scheme of forcing Lorraine on him. But it would not do, and again you promised her to me. If I could get you certain information from the royalist army, returned in the guise of an escaped prisoner to

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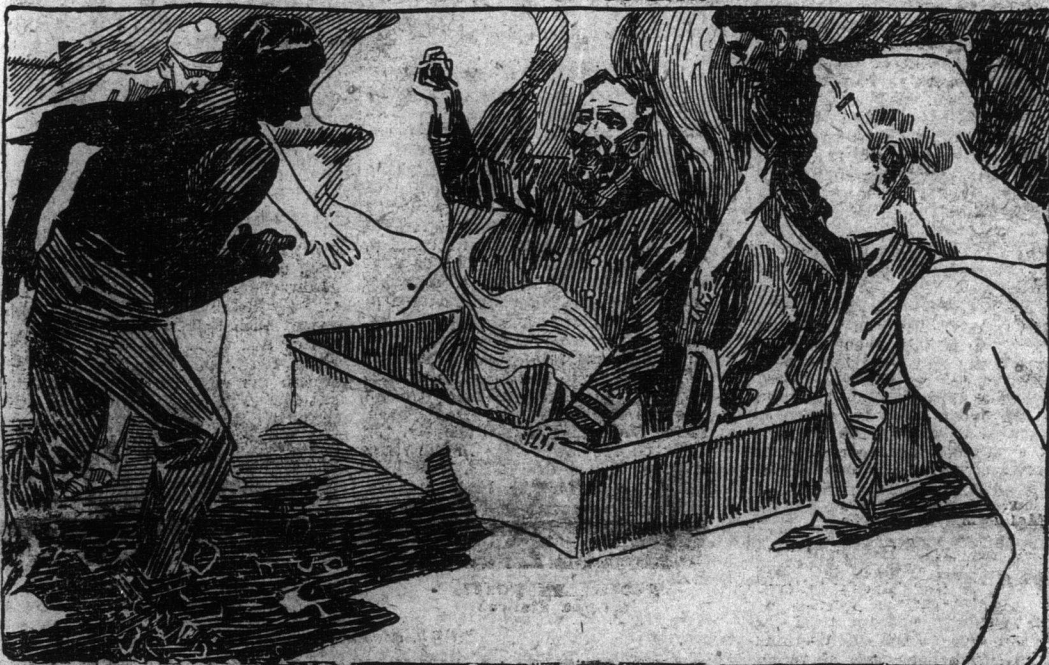
Capt. Apfeld Honored by Two Kings and a President



Captain G.C. Apfeld, Hero



In 28 Minutes He Rescued All from the Sinking Waesland



Led his Crew into the Floating Hold of the Noordland



Four Days on the Bridge without Sleep

Here at home on the rolling decks of the ship than on a velvet carpet, Captain Apfeld blushed and shifted nervously during his visit to the White House.

Old, broad-chested, bewhiskered, with round cheeks that would have shown red enough without the blushes, he was a curious contrast to the President and the young author who sat at luncheon with him.

In deference to Captain Apfeld's modesty, little was said on this occasion of his heroic deeds. Never, indeed, has he enjoyed talking of them.

Even after he had saved the 300 people on board his ship, the Waesland, when it sank after a collision off Holyhead four years ago, and he sacrificed his fortune of \$10,000 to Neptune rather than lose a passenger's life, he has refused to speak for himself, leaving the tale of his heroism to others.

On that ill-fated trip of the Waesland Captain Apfeld carried in a leather wallet his life's savings, with which he hoped to buy a home near New York for his invalid wife, whose hope of recovery was pinned to a change from the damp air of Antwerp.

Before he departed from home on the ill-fated trip his wife suggested that he forward the money to New York through the usual financial channels.

"No," he is said to have replied, "I will carry it with me. Banks frequently go to smash in a week; in my stateroom the gold will be perfectly safe." And so the grizzled mariner sailed, carrying with him the savings of a lifetime, to be invested in a home for the invalid wife in the new world.

The dramatic situation that ensued when the Waesland was struck by the liner Harmonides at night and began to sink needs no touch of fiction to complete its fearful realism.

One of the passengers on the doomed ship, speaking later, of his experiences, said: "When I arrived on deck, after the crash, the confusion was very great, but there was no panic, and women and children were being lowered rapidly into the boats. The officers were behaving very calmly and courageously, and much credit is to be given to them."

This passenger did not realize, however, the terrific strain upon the captain in an emergency like this. Those on board had only to obey orders, to get into the boats, as directed, and to interfere as little as possible with the officers and crew who were trying to save them.

It was the captain's duty to see that all were saved. According to marine ethics and regulations, he must always be the last to abandon the sinking vessel, making certain that every one else has been sent away ahead of him.

Almost as soon as the bow of the Harmonides had crashed into the side of the Waesland, Captain Apfeld was directing operations on deck.

A short distance away the colliding vessel lay, her screw even yet churning in its wild reverse to draw away, and its officers and crew hanging over the bows to ascertain the damage done to their own vessel.

Upon his ship, Captain Apfeld confronted a pandemonium of terror. Stateroom passengers were clamoring in fright, cabin passengers were dashing on deck in all stages of undress, rushing here and there in search of safety.

A glance over the side told the veteran captain that his ship was doomed. Another glance along the deck made known the fact that only the firmest discipline and the most expeditious work could save the lives entrusted to his care.

Quickly he ordered the boat crews into position; sent stewards and stewardesses among the panic-stricken passengers to calm them and marshal all in order to the boats.

It was time for desperate haste, as the Waesland was steadily, rapidly sinking, and yet a time for the coolness that marks the most deliberate purpose.

Like the emperor of a universe, Captain Apfeld stood on deck, thundering his orders, dispatching boats

load after boatload of passengers, soothing the terrified, restraining the frenzied by main force from leaping overboard or plunging headlong into already loaded boats.

Never once did this grizzled mariner's nerve leave him; never once did he relax the firm discipline that grasped every detail of the work of rescue and directed every movement.

Some distance away, in the enveloping folds of the fog, the Harmonides, as yet scarcely sure of her own safety. The eagle eye of the captain saw her, but few of the passengers did, and they fancied before them long hours of hardships in small boats, such as they had often read of in tales of shipwreck and marine disaster.

But the main duty at hand was to get the struggling mass of terrified human beings into the boats. In the mad rush a little girl was pushed overboard and drowned; this seemed to frenzy many of the remaining passengers, especially those of the steerage.

Another child, strangely calm, was attempting to adjust a life preserver. The strings seeming to be short, she asked a man—a great hulking creature—to assist her. Instead he snatched the preserver from the child and placed it upon himself.

In the midst of all this confusion and terror Captain Apfeld was al-

most supernaturally calm. By voice, example, and even physical force when necessary, he directed the filling of the lifeboats and hurried on the work of rescue.

One reader of Mr. Payne's story of the wreck, who was especially impressed, was a wealthy New York merchant. He was so concerned over the loss of the Captain's fortune that he stated that if the story were true he would be glad to give the hero the \$10,000, or to buy him a home in this country so that he could carry out his hopes.

Since then, however, Captain Apfeld's wife has died at Antwerp, and his hope of establishing for her a home on this side the Atlantic has dissolved.

Captain Apfeld's "broken flower," his Flora, did not hemoan the loss of their money, but remained the same patient, saintly wife that she had been before the loss of the Waesland on March 6, 1902.

The cold fact, developed by official inquiry, is that Captain Apfeld, restrained the frightened crowd, had all boats safely launched and saved all on board—excepting a man who jumped overboard and broke his head, and a child who was pushed from a boat in the rush. In the incredibly short time of twenty-eight minutes all on the Waesland were saved.

The deed was rewarded by King Leopold of Belgium with the knighthood of the Order of Leopold. Later, the Captain was awarded a gold medal by the Royal Life Saving Society of Belgium.

It was on April 14, 1905, that the American liner steamship Friesland, Captain Apfeld in command, caught fire a thousand miles from the Delaware Capes, in voyage from Liverpool with 114 cabin and 638 steerage passengers for Philadelphia.

With the cry, "Come on, men, there's work to be done!" he seized a hose and swung himself into the fiery furnace, fed by hales of cotton and barrels of resin, paraffine and wax. In an hour the fire was conquered.

Not a life was lost, although Captain Apfeld and the brave men who followed him had their faces and hands and limbs blistered, and the captain's luxuriant hair and beard were singed along.

Resolutions of thanks were signed by the passengers, and this perfunctory honor was followed by the diploma of the Royal Humane Society of England, awarded personally by King Edward.

Many men become heroes in the face of sudden emergency, and aflame with inspiration, do things from which, in cooler moments, perhaps, they would shrink.

Not such a hero is Apfeld, but one of the sustaining kind—a man of iron will, a constitution of steel, and a sense of duty nothing short of adamantine.

Such a type of heroism did he evince on the Friesland in November, 1903, when, with a big cargo, a crew of 148 men and 290 passengers, she was bound from Liverpool to Philadelphia.

Overwhelmed by a fog that defied the keenest eyes, Captain Apfeld stuck to the bridge of his big ship for 107 hours—five days and four nights—without a wink of sleep.

"I'll stay here till it's over," he said to the executive officer, mounting the bridge.

Two days passed, and still the fog. Sleep fought with duty. "It must lift soon," consoled the captain to himself. But it didn't. On Thursday the officers begged the captain to snatch a wink of sleep.

"These lives are in my care and I shall be responsible for them," was his stoical reply. When, that night, the desire to sleep grew almost irresistible, Apfeld cried, "Coffee, bring me coffee! I must stay awake."

It was late on the fifth afternoon when some one shouted, "The sun! The sun!" Relaxing his strong vigil, the Captain said, "It is good, and the next minute he had flung himself on his bunk.

Typical of the other side of his nature—the woman's side—is a little incident that is told of him. A gruffly berating his cabin boy on the first day of a he shrank out of the him fiercely, the gruff captain's heart softened, and he said:

"Wait, I tell you. How is your mudder, boy? She was pretty sick last voyage, you tells me."

However successfully disguised—and he tries his best to hide it—this softer side of Apfeld's nature is ever present.

When the Noordland, from Philadelphia to Paris, was making fast in order that her passengers might spend Christmas at home, a vessel in the distance was sighted seven miles to seaward. Forgotten about the Christmas day to come, Captain Apfeld commanded that a lifeboat should go to the ship in distress.

It proved to be the Unique, of Nova Scotia, and the crew were starving, having eaten nothing in four days during which time the vessel had been driven out of its course. Fuel and provisions were given by Captain Apfeld, and the Noordland went on her way almost a day later, but followed by the Christmas blessings of the grateful crew.

Captain Apfeld counts twenty-five years of service on the International Merchant Marine Company's line, which he entered in 1894. He was successively master of the Switzerland, Waesland, Noordland, Westerland, Friesland, and, finally, the Philadelphia.

HOW HE WON THE MARATHON RACE AND A FORTUNE



Sherring in the Triumphant Procession at Toronto.



Sherring Winning the Marathon Race.



W.P. Sherring

Two months before the great Olympic games I arrived in Greece," said Mr. Sherring, telling of his feat in mastering the world's greatest runners.

"I had no manager, no trainer, no assistant, but through myself, living during that time on good food and sleep."

"On most of the days the thermometer stood about 80 degrees, and on the day of the race it felt to me like 90. Steadily I kept at my training, following simple rules that appealed to my judgment and watching the other fellows enjoying the advantages of trainers, pacers and the like. The night before the race I slept on a floor."

"It was the toughest race I was ever in. Fifty-eight of us started, at the beginning eight broke away very fast, and went well into the lead. I felt it was too fast to keep up, so I did not stay with them."

"The roads were pretty even for the first few miles, but we ran in a scorching sun, with the dust six inches deep and a strong wind blowing in our faces."

"I jogged along, going easy and keeping my strength for the difficult hills I knew we would encounter toward the end. When we had covered ten miles, Blake, who seemed the most dangerous, was half a mile ahead of me. Then he showed signs of distress, and I knew I had him beaten."

"Daly, the Australian, was going behind him; Cormack, the Irishman, was third; Regnault was fourth, and I was fifth. I passed Blake finally after running twelve miles. Going by, I stopped, shook hands with him and said: 'Good-bye, old man, sorry to leave you.'"

"At fifteen miles I looked back the road for a mile and a half, and I could not see a soul. At eighteen miles out I was quite a bit ahead, and I thought there was no use in killing myself, so I stopped running and walked a quarter of a mile."

"I did not have to walk; I could have kept the pace up all day; in fact, I feel I could have run the race seven minutes faster if I had tried."

"Prince George of Greece ran with me at the end of the race."

FAITHFUL TRAINING WINS.

"What advice would you give as to young athletes who may desire to duplicate your achievement?" Sherring was asked.

"Those who hope to win must go to work with that determination that brings success in every walk of life," responded the champion runner.

"Faithful training is, of course, of first importance. The runner should go to bed early and abstain from all intoxicating liquors. If any young man has athletic ability and observes these very simple rules, success is assured in the end."

That Sherring followed the rules laid down by himself is attested by the various events in the Olympic games. He depended entirely upon his speed, stamina and judgment.

He was probably the smallest man in the race, standing only 5 feet 7 inches. Dressed for action, Sherring is seen to be lithe of limbs and as clean cut as a thoroughbred. He has long legs, and runs with an easy, graceful stride.

Sherring weighed 112 pounds when he showed his heels to the finest long-distance athletes the world produced. He has no affectations or mannerisms; is cool, not mock-mod-

est or unduly elated over his triumph, although he appreciates the importance of his victory.

Well-poised, alert and businesslike, Sherring impresses one as possessing sufficient self-reliance to win his way. Only once upon the entire trip was he dejected, and that, strangely enough, was upon nearing the shores of home, returning from his victory.

He had left Hamilton about the end of February, and had been at the scene of athletic battle ever since early March. Sherring's occupation was that of a railroad gateman and brakeman, and he was not well provided with money. It was by drawing his scanty savings and through the aid of friends that he got together sufficient to make the trip.

That he had none too much is shown by the fact that, although he had lived frugally, when he reached New York on his return he had only \$3 in his pocket and no ticket to his home in Canada.

This caused him, he said, to feel very much "down in the mouth." Memory of his triumph faded before the peremptory demands of the present.

Sherring is one of a coterie of long-distance runners who have made Hamilton noted throughout America, and he had now spread her fame throughout the world. He has been running since 1896, when he made his debut in a five-mile event at Bartonville county fair and finished fourth.

He ran in several short-distance events, but he did not become prominent until he participated in a road race, in 1897, when he finished third in a big field of starters. After that he began to be looked upon as a comer.

One of the greatest races in which he ever ran was one in 1899. That year Jack Caffery was a slight favorite over Sherring, but the latter won after a desperate struggle, beating Caffery by 1 minute 17 seconds. He was twice beaten by Caffery in 1900,

equal amount; the people of Toronto gave \$400, and the Toronto baseball club contributed \$1,270.

The Canadian Government declined to make any cash grant to the Sherring fund, but, instead, gave him a position in the Hamilton custom house, with an initial salary of \$60 a month.

This salary will increase with promotions, if Sherring proves as good a government official as he is a runner.

All this is great good fortune to the man who as a railroad brakeman and gateman earned a salary of \$38 to \$40 a month.

Money is still coming in to swell the testimonial fund. When the returns are all in, Sherring will look about for a suitable investment.

Sherring is unmarried and of sober habits; the extent of his "indulging" being a good cigar, preferring a large one. He is an only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Sherring, humble and rather poor people.

A more devoted son parents never had. The white-haired father greeted the son with great affection on his return.

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