

The Colonist.

The Colonist Printing & Publishing Company, Limited, 1211-1215 Broad Street, Victoria, B. C.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST

One Year \$1.00 To the United States 2.00 Payable in advance. Sent postpaid to Canada and the United Kingdom.

HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS

It is to be assumed that Mr. Templeman put forward the best case he could to lead the electors of Victoria to believe that the government is committed to such a plan of harbor improvement as was discussed in this paper yesterday. We may surely take it for granted that if he had any better evidence than that presented, he would have advanced it. The project is one of such importance that we have no desire to discuss anything bearing upon it in a flippant spirit, and for that reason we analyzed yesterday Mr. Templeman's announcement in detail, and showed very conclusively, we think, that it was of no value, and that it did not afford any reason whatever for believing that the least progress had been made towards the consummation of this work, for which so many Victorians have labored for so many years. We shall examine the leading article in Mr. Templeman's paper of yesterday in the same spirit, and hope we do him no injustice in stating that the case therein set out is his case. That indeed is the only reason for considering it at all. In that article it is said: "It would be idle to pretend—in the face of the demands of other cities—that he has not been compelled to be insistent in regard to the breakwater proposed to be built at the Broche Ledge." It adds: "Not even his defeat at the last election has estranged him from his set purpose to further this plan for the city of Victoria until its accomplishment could be confidently predicted."

To advance such a proposition in the face of Mr. Templeman's well known course in regard to this work and in the face of his telegram to Mr. Pugsley and Mr. Pugsley's reply implies a recklessness of statement that is astonishing. There are certain points upon which we do not believe Mr. Templeman will pretend he can produce any evidence. We shall enumerate some of them. He cannot show any reason, whatever why any one should believe:

(a) That he as much as spoke of the proposed breakwater to his colleagues in the ministry of any one of them during the time in which he was a representative of this city or during his previous senatorial term.

(b) That he has ever insisted upon the government undertaking this work.

(c) That it was ever regarded by any member of the government, not even including himself, as a project which was to be immediately taken in hand.

(d) That when he returned from Ottawa after the dissolution he had the least intention of presenting this project to the electors or had any idea of referring to it until it was represented to him by Mr. Kingham and others that he must do so to avoid humiliating defeat.

(e) That he has today any undertaking binding upon the government that the work will be favorably considered. Mr. Templeman's appeal to the electors on this question is based on false pretences. He has relied upon a telegram from Mr. Pugsley, which would be utterly meaningless if it is true that the work has been approved by the government as to its necessity and cost, as he states in his announcement.

Mr. Templeman must take one of two positions. Either the work has been approved of, in which event his election will make no difference, one way or another; or it has not been approved of, in which event he has misrepresented the case. There is another way of putting it. If the project has been approved of Mr. Pugsley's endorsement is of no value. If Mr. Pugsley's endorsement is the basis of Mr. Templeman's case, then the project has not been approved of.

Anxious as we are to assist in the promotion of everything calculated to advance the welfare of Victoria, we are unable to find the slightest reason for believing that Mr. Templeman has advanced the case for the breakwater by so much as a hair's breadth.

Mr. Templeman is asking the electors of Victoria to accept as satisfactory a telegram from Mr. Pugsley, which he himself did not consider satisfactory. Being unsatisfied with the telegram, he appears to have sent a second wire to Mr. Pugsley, and to that he received the following reply: "My wire was sent after I had seen Sir Wilfrid." Note: Mr. Pugsley did not say that he was authorized by Sir Wilfrid to make any pledge. Is it not reasonable to assume that if he could have given such an assurance that he would have done so? Is it not absolutely certain that if Mr. Pugsley could have said that he had seen Sir Wilfrid, who approved of Mr. Templeman's proposed announcement, he would have hastened to wire it to his colleague? As he did not send any such word, we are safe in assuming that he could not send it.

THE UNANSWERED ARGUMENT

We have a letter from an esteemed correspondent in which he draws our attention to what he thinks is an answer to what we have called "the unanswerable argument against reciprocity." As it may not be convenient to print the letter itself, we will state here what the purport of it is. Our correspondent contends that our argument is answered by the terms of the reciprocity agreement, which provides in language that admits of no misconstruction that either party to it is to be at liberty to alter it in any respect whatever so far as it can be altered by the action of one of them. That we may not be accused of misrepresenting this provision, we will add specific illustrations. Thus, Canada may, after the agreement has come into force, impose a duty on vegetables coming into the country from the United States, and in like manner the United States may impose a duty on lumber imported into that country. In such cases either party may or may not annul its part of the agreement. We have endeavored to make it clear whenever we spoke on this point that the agreement is open to variation by either party at any time. But this consideration does not touch our point in any way whatever. What we hold is that, notwithstanding all the ingenuity that may be possible in framing an agreement, there is no way at all whereby Canada can in point of fact regain her freedom of action once she has made a trade agreement with the United States.

A well known Victoria business man, who has hitherto always voted with the Liberal party, said yesterday: "I am not opposed to reciprocity in trade, but I am opposed to an agreement for reciprocity and therefore I will vote for Mr. Barnard." He went on to say that he did not fear the result of expanding trade between the two countries, but he did fear the result of an agreement between them looking towards mutual action, for he said: "They never yet did play the game honestly and they never will. The existence of an agreement will give the United States an excuse for interference in our purely domestic affairs." This was the answer of one Liberal to the argument of our correspondent, who holds that this interference can be safeguarded against by the inclusion of certain words in the agreement.

The letter deals wholly with the language of the agreement; but the argument, which has been unanswerable and is, we think, unanswerable, arises out of the character of the people of the United States, who are an aggressive people, and will interpret the agreement as Hosea Bigelow defined the promises of a representative to his constituents. "For this is a kind of agreement, you see. That is binding on you but not on me."

FULL WOOD

We have already pointed out the very probable effect of the provision in the reciprocity agreement as to pulp and pulp wood. Pulp may be imported from Canada into the United States from lands from which pulp wood may be exported into the United States. If there are any lands in British Columbia from which pulp wood may be exported, pulp manufactured in British Columbia from wood grown on those lands may be exported to the United States without paying any duty in that country. Pulp wood cannot be exported from Crown Lands in British Columbia, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. Hence wood pulp or paper made from wood cut on those lands cannot be sent into the United States without the payment of duty.

If the agreement goes into effect there will certainly be a steady pressure brought to bear upon the governments of the provinces mentioned to permit the export of pulp wood, and it by no means unlikely that this pressure will come to a large degree from Ottawa. We are not unmindful of the fact that the pulp schedule of the agreement is already in operation, but if the agreement is rejected that will be the end of it as far as the Canadian government is concerned; while with the agreement as a whole in force, the natural desire of those who took part in framing it will be to extend its operations, as widely as possible, and the result may be friction between the Dominion and the several provinces.

When Mr. Templeman's announcement about the proposed harbor improvements came out, a laugh went round the town "like the neighing of all Tattersals." It was like another case of Rip Van Winkle. People asked themselves where Mr. Templeman has been for the past ten years that he should think the residents of this city would look upon his proposal as a gift from the gods. There are young men who will vote against him at this election, who heard of this project when they were in pinafores. The Liberal candidate for this city seems to have been the one person in the constituency who had not talked it over and over long ago. Then people turned to Mr. Pugsley's telegram, and many of them felt sorry because the Minister of Public Works had let

Mr. Templeman down so badly. If Mr. Pugsley had been in earnest he would have telegraphed to Mr. Templeman to this effect: "I'm with you. Set the engineer to work."

THINGS UNEXPLAINED

Mr. Templeman is going to the polls and to defeat with many things unexplained.

He has not explained the position he is going to take on Chinese immigration, provided he is elected. He is on record as admitting that the present restrictions are insufficient; he has declared that he does not favor an increase in the head-tax; he has asserted that he would prefer an agreement with China similar to that with Japan, and the agreement with Japan places the control of Japanese immigration in the hands of Japan. Therefore as far as Mr. Templeman can be understood to occupy any position on the question of Chinese immigration, it is that he favors Chinese control of the entrance of Chinese into Canada. This point Mr. Templeman has never left unexplained.

He has not explained what position he intends to take upon the construction of vessels for the Canadian navy. Mr. Barnard has announced that, if elected, he will urge upon every possible occasion that some of these ships shall be built on this coast, and he has said that in his opinion the surplus of any moneys remaining after the sealers have been compensated ought to be devoted to meeting the increased cost, if any, of building warships here, and at any rate that the whole of the money derived from this source ought to be devoted to British Columbia interests. Mr. Templeman has not seen fit to say where he stands on this very important question. His whole position regarding the building of the ships and the disposition of the moneys to be derived by the government from the seals remains unexplained.

Mr. Templeman's position in regard to the maintenance of the defences and the garrison at Esquimalt is also wholly unexplained. The question has been brought to his notice several times, but he has seen fit to dismiss it with a few generalities.

Here are three questions of very grave importance, questions in which the citizens of this community are vitally interested, and yet Mr. Templeman, who is seeking for their suffrages at this election, declines to tell where he stands in regard to any one of them.

AN ILLUSTRATION

The despatches have told us that the Canadian Government will ask the British Government to denounce the treaty under which an attempt has been made to regulate the salmon fisheries in the waters reached by the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and the reason is that the United States Government either will not or cannot live up to its agreement.

There appears to be some constitutional difficulty in the way of the performance by the federal government of what it undertook to do by the treaty, and the reason is that the State of Washington will not take the steps necessary to make the treaty effective. We are not seeking to discover any parallel between this treaty and the reciprocity agreement. Our reference to the matter is only to illustrate the uncertain nature of the factors involved in any agreement with the United States. The treaty was a bona fide attempt between two governments to settle a local difficulty, but the State of Washington refuses to supplement what the federal authorities have done, and hence the treaty is of no value at all.

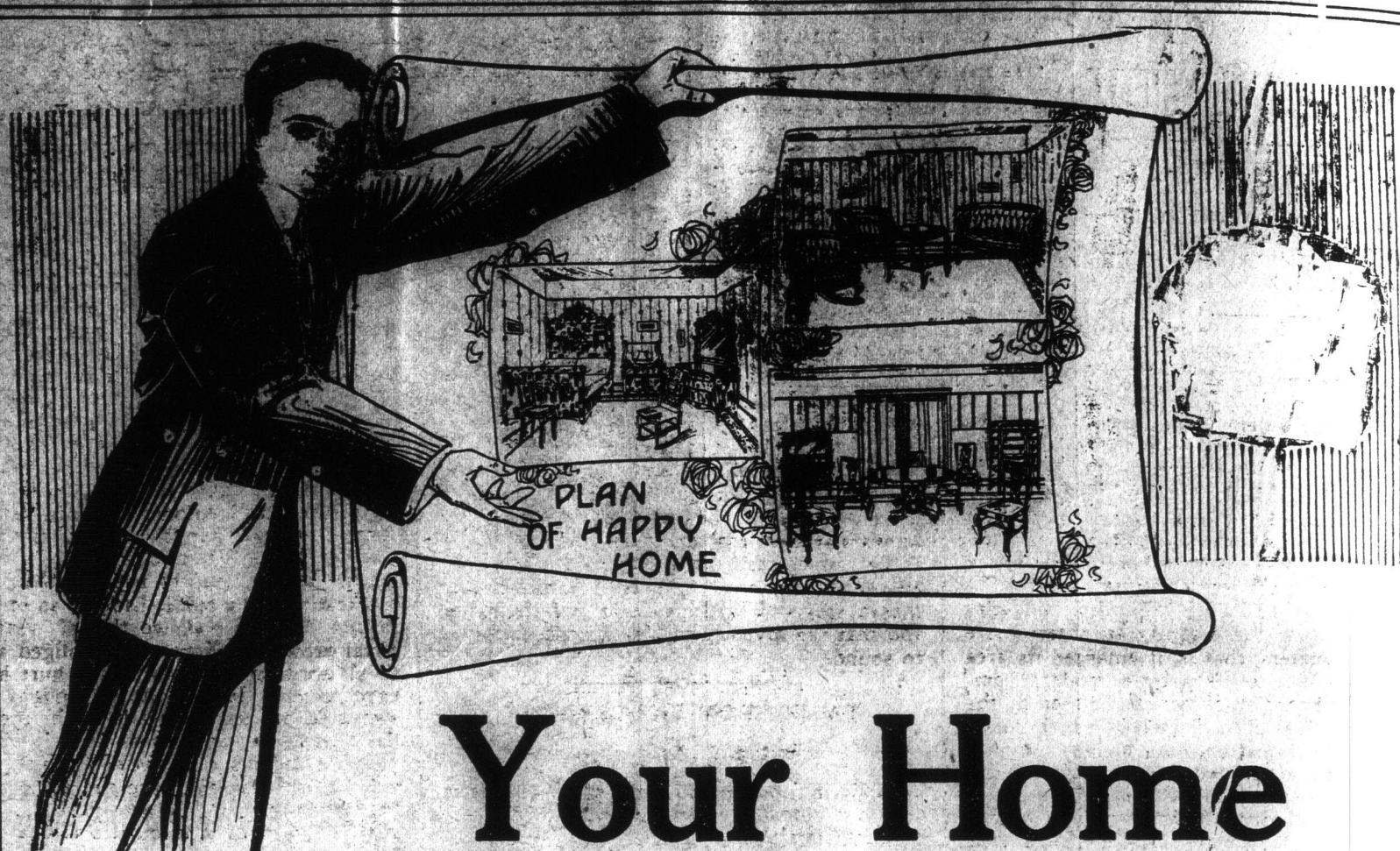
As long as this sort of thing is possible, it seems idle to call the United States a nation, and it is unsafe for any other country to try to come to any understanding with the Washington authorities. If Canadians will be warned by their past experience, they will have as little as possible to do with their neighbors as far as treaties or agreements are concerned. To whatever the Washington authorities do there is always a string attached. We may not be able to see the string in the reciprocity agreement, but if we swallow the bait, we will feel the pull and we will be mighty lucky if we do not also feel the hook.

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself said that he would not rest until every pound of Canadian trade would be carried through Canadian ports. That was the sole purpose of the constructing of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and yet he is now prepared to turn his back on all this, and allow the trade to go where it pleases."—Hon. Clifford Sifton.

"Is it going to result in annexation? I do not say that. I do say, however, that the adoption of this treaty would be to tie us to the United States that we would be to all intents and purposes a commercial dependency of the big republic—absolutely under their control."—Hon. Clifford Sifton.

To Succeed General Otter

OTTAWA, Sept. 15.—It is understood that General Otter, Inspector-General of Canadian Militia, who has completed the term of service necessary to entitle him to retire on full pension, will shortly vacate the position and will be succeeded by General Cotton, commanding the western Ontario division, with headquarters in Toronto.



Your Home

Your own home—it has been your thought, hasn't it, for some time? And now you want it, don't you? And you don't know just how to go about it to get it?

Well, just come down to Weiler Bros.' store. Come here, where there is to be found everything to furnish your home just as you want it—where prices are right and quality the best, and the largest assortments to select from. This store will make your own little home possible.

Magnificent New Arrivals, Wilton Oriental Rugs

These new arrivals are superb, never before have we seen anything to equal them, and when we say that we mean it, they are absolutely the most beautiful rugs that we have ever had the pleasure of showing. This is a very high grade, closely woven Wilton Rug, also correct copies of the finest product of the Orient—coupled with sterling qualities of British manufacture and workmanship. The colorings, such as Cream ground with a Rose Border—Persian effect and accurate copies of Shirvan Rugs in beautifully blended "half tone" Oriental shadings. We cannot properly describe these handsome rugs, but we will be pleased if you will allow them to speak for themselves. Here are a few of the prices:

Table with rug sizes and prices: 3 ft. x 6 ft. \$12.00, 9 ft. x 12 ft. \$60.00, 9 ft. x 9 ft. \$40.00, 9 ft. x 13 ft. 6 in. \$65.00, 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in. \$50.00, 11 ft. 3 in. x 13 ft. 6 in. \$85.00, 11 ft. 3 in. x 15 ft. \$95.00

Signs of the Times—M'Lintock's Down Quilts Just Arrived

The arrival of the first shipment of McLintock's Down Quilts remind us of the approach of colder weather. We have never had the pleasure of showing so many really beautiful down comforts. Many of our customers have been waiting for these goods and we take this means of announcing their arrival. A large range of colorings to suit the decorations of any bedroom. The colorings are in silk sateen and French art sateen in the daintiest designs. The filling is of the best down and their beauty baffles description.

Table with quilt types and prices: Satin Covered Quilts, Fine Sateen Covered Quilts, Silk Covered Quilts, Extra Fine Fancy Sateen Covered Quilts, Fancy Sateen Covered Quilts

6-Piece Early English Oak Dining Suite, \$144

SEE OUR WINDOWS.

Table with dining furniture items and prices: Early English Oak Buffet, Early English Oak Extension Dining-Table, Early English Oak Dinner Wagon, Early English Oak Arm Chair, Early English Oak Diners

THE STORE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY

Weiler Bros

THE... The standard physical capacity of the human eye is very small. The average human eye can only see about 1/1000th of the light that falls upon it. The microscope magnifies this tiny image so that it can be seen. The microscope is a very simple instrument, but it is one of the most important tools of science. It has allowed us to see things that we could never see before. It has shown us the structure of cells, the way in which they divide, and the way in which they grow. It has shown us the structure of the eye itself, and the way in which it works. It has shown us the structure of the brain, and the way in which it controls the body. It has shown us the structure of the earth, and the way in which it is made. It has shown us the structure of the universe, and the way in which it is made. The microscope is a very simple instrument, but it is one of the most important tools of science. It has allowed us to see things that we could never see before. It has shown us the structure of cells, the way in which they divide, and the way in which they grow. It has shown us the structure of the eye itself, and the way in which it works. It has shown us the structure of the brain, and the way in which it controls the body. It has shown us the structure of the earth, and the way in which it is made. It has shown us the structure of the universe, and the way in which it is made.

An Hour with the Editor

THE MINUTE WORLD

The standard of measurement is our own physical capacity. Things which we cannot lift are heavy; distances that we cannot readily cover are great; bodies greater than our own are large. Things are great or small by comparison. But there is an invisible world about us, that is, a world invisible to the unaided eye, which all will concede is composed of minute things. The microscope is a comparatively recent invention as far as we know. It was about the year 1600 that two Hollanders almost simultaneously discovered that by the use of double lenses it was possible to enlarge greatly the apparent size of objects; but it was only during the last century that very much progress was made in the improvement of this valuable instrument. The simple microscope in use a hundred and fifty years ago could not magnify an object more than 20 diameters, that is, it enlarged its area only 400 times; whereas by a modern compound microscope an object can be seen by the eye magnified to 4000 diameters, which is 16,000,000 times its natural area, and by the photographic lens magnified to 5000 diameters, or 25,000,000 times its natural area. This is the present limit of microscopic vision, but it does not follow that there are not organisms even smaller than those which such high-powered instruments are unable to discover. Professor Ryner Jones, speaking of the minuteness of animalcules, said: "Take any drop of water from the stagnant pools around us, from our rivers, from our lakes, or from the ocean itself, and place it under the microscope; you will find therein countless living beings moving in all directions with considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the active dance they keep up. Increase the power of your glasses, and you will soon perceive, inhabiting the same drop, other animals compared to which the former were elephantine in magnitude in their dimensions. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eyes to the utmost, until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life, and you will find that you have not exhausted Nature in the descending scale." When we reflect that there are objects so inconceivably small that they are only barely visible after they have been enlarged so as to appear 25,000,000 times bigger than they really are, we will form a vague idea of the infinite minuteness of some living organisms.

Let us try to form some idea of what an apparent increase of 25,000,000 times in area means. An ordinary house-fly magnified by 5000 diameters would be a creature whose wings extended a hundred feet, with eyes like the head-lights of a locomotive, only a thousand times more terrible, and with legs so long that it could walk across the city with strides that would over-top the highest buildings. Imagine a fly standing in Douglas street, its wings reaching from the buildings on one side to those on the other and its back higher than the Sayward Building, and compare this with a common fly, and possibly you may be able to form some idea of the incomprehensible littleness of an object that, after it has been magnified as much in size as our fly has been, only appears barely visible. As the head of a nail is to a great six-storey building so is the smallest living organism to its apparent size in a microscope of the most powerful type. An increase of apparent magnitude 25,000,000 times means an increase in bulk of 1,250,000,000 times. Now imagine that after you have exposed a photographic plate to the most powerful microscope you are able to detect a minute form of life that is barely visible, you know that the actual organism itself is 1,250,000,000 times less the size it appears to be on the photographic plate, and you are free to believe that if you could make a microscope yet more powerful you could detect yet smaller organisms.

The next point to bear in mind is that, as Professor Jones says in the above quotation, these exceedingly minute organisms are apparently gifted with sagacity. If a living thing that is free to move, gets out of the way of any object, it seems impossible to deny it the possession of a certain degree of sagacity, and sagacity is intelligence. When we enter upon this line of thought we find ourselves embarked upon a sea of speculation, the further shore of which is beyond the horizon of the most far-seeing intellect. We can only find one anchorage for our thoughts, namely, in the idea that nothing that is great or small except relatively, that the most minute living organism and the vast stellar Universe are alike in comparison with the Infinite Mind that created and sustains them.

One variety of these microscopic organisms are known as infusoria. These are found in water, not necessarily stagnant. Sometimes whole square miles of the ocean are covered with them. They are frequently found in great masses clinging to each other, and in a cubic inch of this mass there may be as many as 10,000,000 separate organisms. These creatures have a mouth by which they take their food, and there seems to be a sort of alimentary canal by which they digest it. They pass through several stages of being, but their life history is yet to be told. Some of these infusoria increase by subdivision, each part becoming at once a perfect organism and being ready in its own turn to be subdivided. One of these was placed under observation and kept well supplied with food. It subdivided itself in twenty-four hours and each of the subdivisions and each subsequent subdivision did the same. If this had been kept up for four weeks

the total progeny of this one organism would have amounted to 268,435,456. Other infusoria increase by a sort of budding. Small bud-like objects grow out of their bodies, which after a time drop off, and soon assume a perfect organism. Another extraordinary process of propagation consists in the animalcule closing its mouth and drawing itself into itself, when it becomes surrounded with a sort of haze, and this soon is converted into a number of new organisms. It is thought that some of the species deposit eggs, but this is not yet settled.

This brief and necessarily very imperfect reference to the minute world affords evidence of how little the wisest of mankind know of the real facts of the physical universe. It shows that there are influences working around and about us continually, the nature of which we cannot hope to comprehend. It shows that the mystery of intelligence is unfathomable, and that the mystery of life is too deep for us to sound.

TALES FROM THE CLASSICS

The Story of the Cid

Roderigo or Guy Diaz de Bivir, better known as the Cid, the Christian knight with the Moslem title, is the most interesting character in mediaeval Spanish history.

Now it was in the 11th Century, a little before the time that William the Conqueror set out from Normandy, that a Castilian knight, Ruy Diaz, began to win fame for himself through his skill and bravery in tournament and joust. So when Ferdinand the Great, King of Spain, died, and left his kingdom divided, giving to Sancho, the eldest son, only that portion known as Castile, umbrage was taken by Sancho, and Roderigo was quick to espouse his cause. Sancho made up his mind to reunite the kingdom, and in order to do so determined to make war upon his brother Alfonso, King of Leon, and to wrest his inheritance from him.

Sancho made Roderigo his standard-bearer, from which position he rose to second in command, and finally commander-in-chief to the king's army. It is always much pleasanter in writing of the heroes of history to state that they were brave and honorable, of high motives and noble deeds, but, in spite of the fact that Spanish romances draw us portraits of the Cid which might lead us to believe that he possessed only the highest qualities, Spanish history in its cold array of facts, prove that, though the Cid was brave enough and clever enough, those were about the only redeeming features he had. He was disloyal, grasping and unscrupulous, and cruel to a degree. "That man," wrote a Moorish contemporary, "the scourge of his time, was one of the miracles of the Lord, in his love of glory, the prudent firmness of his character, and his heroic courage. Victory always followed the banner of Roderigo—may God curse him!" It was just because he had been such an implacable enemy to the Moors, that the people lauded him so highly and proclaimed him the "Cid," which is a Moorish title signifying "my lord." But though he fought valiantly enough against the Mohammedans, it was solely for his own selfish ends; even Valencia, the kingdom which he won for himself, reverted to the Moors after his death.

But in the beginning of his career, when he was making a name for himself as the bravest Spanish knight that ever drew sword, no one suspected him of disloyalty.

For seven years he commanded Sancho's army in the wars against Alfonso of Leon, and for seven years the result was in the balance. Then the two brothers, growing weary of the cruel, useless war, determined that one final encounter should end the fighting forever, and proclaim the victor king of United Spain.

In spite of the Cid's brave assistance, it was Alfonso who won the day, and Alfonso who should have been proclaimed king, and an end made to the bloody war. But Roderigo, which name we use as being much more euphonious than the Cid, whatever the latter's significance, had no intention whatever of giving up so easily, and relinquishing all of his master's rights to Alfonso. The very fact that Alfonso trusted him suited his plans all the better, and very cunning and dishonorable plans they were. He mobilized his troops secretly on the day following what was to have been the decisive battle, and made a fierce and sudden attack on Alfonso's unsuspecting army, completely routing it.

Whatever Sancho may have thought of this piece of treachery he was very quick in following up his advantage. He haughtily summoned the outraged Alfonso to him, commanded him instantly to renounce all claim to the throne, and then, when to save his life he had consented, hoping at least to gain his liberty by such a promise, he was made a prisoner, and on pain of death made to swear that he would give up all worldly ambitions, and enter a monastery without delay. In the light of time the whole thing has rather a humorous aspect. We can imagine Alfonso, burning with rage, and determined upon revenge, promising that he would become a monk, and that cold-blooded Roderigo standing by, smiling to himself at the success of his huge practical joke. But it must have been grim tragedy for Alfonso, though he would probably have behaved in a similar manner given the same opportunities. At all events he did not keep any of those vows he had been forced to swear, and no one could blame him very much. Instead he made his escape as soon as he could and went to Toledo, where he was warmly welcomed by the Moslem ruler

of the city, given all the homage due to royalty and entertained lavishly.

Sancho, with the aid of his champion, Roderigo, was very successful in the wars he made against his brother Garcia, and his sister Elvira, and for a time it looked as if he might be crowned king of the whole of Spain, with no one to dispute his title. It was at the siege of the famous border city of Zamora that he met his lasting reverse, and the ruler of this city was Urraco, the younger sister. The wonderful old fortress stood the long siege staunchly, and one fine day one of the queen's knights, venturing outside the walls, slew Sancho, the king, and thus ended the war.

So the exiled Alfonso was recalled to take upon himself the kingship. And now we find Roderigo, the Cid, once more in the foreground as the head of the Castilian nobility, and instituting a public inquiry as to whether or not Alfonso was worthy of wearing the royal crown. Alfonso was obliged to swear to all sorts of demands which hurt his pride very much. He probably thought he had sworn far too much already at the ordering of the haughty young knight.

He bided his time, however, and kept his real feeling concealed, pretending to trust the wily Roderigo, until he was firmly established upon his throne. He even went so far as to grant the Castilian lord the hand of his cousin Zimena in marriage, and to entrust him with the command of an expedition into Andalusia. But, by and bye, the Spanish king thought the time had come to redress his wrongs, and he recalled Roderigo peremptorily and banished him from the Christian dominions.

THE ROMAN EMPERORS

Alexander Severus, who was emperor of Rome from 222 to 235, is considered by some historians to have been the greatest of all the Caesars. There being no standard of comparison, for each ruler is to be taken in connection with the age in which he lived, the question of relative greatness can never be satisfactorily determined. The Rome over which Alexander ruled was very different from that over which Augustus reigned; but however the grandson of Severus may have compared in natural ability with the nephew of the great Julius, he so greatly excelled in kingly qualities the majority of his predecessors that his reign stands out conspicuous in the annals of the Empire.

Alexander was a prince whose character inclined to gentleness. He was opposed to cruelty in every form. He was studious and a liberal patron of literature. While not accepting Christianity as a faith, he was very tolerant of it, and adopted some of its precepts. The saying, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you" occurs not infrequently in his writings. He was tall, active and robust and among the greatest athletes of his day. He lived moderately but well, taking every possible care to be able to bring to bear upon the discharge of his grave duties a mind animated by noble purposes and a body fit for the strain of his responsibilities.

One of his first steps was to reduce the taxes of the provinces, and the next was to lower the price of food. By setting the example of a reasonable standard of living he encouraged frugality among the people, and by stimulating agriculture he augmented the available stores of grain. He restored the Senate to its former authority and placed the administration of justice upon a high plane. These things greatly commended him to the civilians, and he was loved as none of his predecessors had ever been. In dealing with the military, he pursued a course intended, and indeed well designed, to be favorable to the soldiers, and if he failed of his purpose it was not because he lacked wisdom and courage. It was only because the evils that had grown up in more than a century were too deeply implanted to be eradicated in the lifetime of any monarch, no matter how wise and courageous he might be.

The luxury of the Praetorian Guards had long been a scandal and a menace to the safety of the state. Alexander endeavored to divert their attention from mere sensual pleasures to pride in things pertaining to military service. He encouraged the men to provide themselves with fine horses; he purchased for them beautiful armor; he encouraged them to skill in military exercises. In order to relieve the men as much as possible of the discomforts inseparable from campaigns, he instituted a commissariat which removed from them the old-time burden of carrying each sufficient provisions for seventeen days when on the march. Great trains of mules and elephants carried stores whenever the army marched into a hostile country. Alexander himself fared exactly as the humblest soldier, shirking no danger to which his men were exposed and asking no better accommodation than they enjoyed. He endeavored to make the personal acquaintance of every man, visited the sick and wounded and acted as a father to those who served under him. The Praetorians, who, as we have seen, were recruited from the barbarous tribes living on the frontiers, interpreted this kindness as evidence of fear, and they chafed under the discipline that discouraged licentiousness. A trifling incident caused them to break out into rebellion, which culminated in the assassination of the Prefect Ulpian, one of the wisest men in Rome, in the Imperial Palace, and actually at the feet of the Emperor, who interposed his own robes between the assassins and their victim in the vain hope that they would not violate the imperial purple. Alexander did not feel strong enough to punish this infamous crime as it deserved. Shortly

afterwards mutiny broke out among the Pannonian Legion, who resented the stern discipline imposed upon them by their commander, Dion Cassius. The amiable weakness of Alexander in dealing with this body of men greatly augmented the discontent of the troops generally. From this time until his death his career was a constant struggle against mutinies, even when he was leading his men against enemies. And yet at times he showed a courage and strength of purpose that deserved success. An incident occurred at Antioch which showed him in a fine light. Some of the soldiers had entered the baths reserved for the women, and when Alexander ordered them to be punished they rose in mutiny. His conduct was equal to the occasion. He summoned his army around him and addressed them with words of bitter condemnation, ending by depriving them of their military privileges. He commanded them to lay down their arms and disperse, and for thirty days kept them in doubt as to their fate. Then he restored them in part to the place which they had lost. It is on record that these men were afterwards his most devoted friends, and when he was slain a few years later hastened to avenge his death. Had he always exhibited the same firmness, the history of Rome might have been different. But the Eastern blood in his veins inclined him to softness and unfitted him for prolonged determination. Moreover, he was greatly under the influence of his mother, who as her years advanced showed a disposition to accomplish by intrigue what she had when younger gained by wisdom. The campaign against Persia having failed, the reputation of Alexander as a soldier suffered, and discontent became general throughout the army.

Alexander was slain by his soldiers. The act cannot be very easily accounted for. Historians seem unable to explain satisfactorily why there should have been an uprising against him at this particular time. It is known that the troops were greatly enamored with the soldierly qualities of a young Goth named Maximin, and had determined to have him as emperor, but this seems also to have been in Alexander's mind, for he extended to him many favors and advanced him in military commands. Accounts differ as to the manner in which Alexander met his death. Some writers say that he was assassinated by his own guards while he sat at dinner, and for no better reason than that they had grown tired of a sovereign who preferred to rule by kindness; another account says that the soldiers proclaimed Maximin emperor, and that for a time there was a contention between Alexander and the supporters of Maximin, in which the emperor seemed likely to be successful; but that at the psychological moment Maximin himself appeared on the scene and was at once acclaimed ruler. Alexander then retired to his tent and calmly awaited the executioners, who did not long delay their coming. This seems to be the more probable story of the two, and it is more in keeping with the character of the man and the esteem in which his own guards held him. Mamaea, mother of the emperor, perished with him, and many of his closest friends shared the same fate. Thus Maximin, the Goth, a barbarian of barbarians, became emperor of Imperial Rome, the centre of all that was advanced in civilization and progress in the Western world.

VESTURES OF DECAY

We speak of our bodies, just as we speak of our boots or our money. They are something that belong to us. They are not us. We are not now speaking philosophically or scientifically, but simply colloquially. Not infrequently the custom of humanity is better than all the speculations of the people, who think they are wise. Shakespeare wrote of the "muddy vesture of decay" that "doth closely hem us round," and it does not make the least difference what we may profess to believe about it, down in the bottom of our hearts we know we are a great deal more than so many pounds of bone and tissue, with some fat and a little hair. We all know a hundred or more people who have lost their vermiform appendix, but we also know that they did not thereby lose part of their individuality. Individuality is a long word, and so for the purposes of this article we will substitute Ego, which is the Latin for I. If the body is the Ego, then, if a person loses part of it, his Ego is less than before he lost that part. The Ego of a bald man is less than it was when his hair was luxuriant; if one unfortunately must submit to an amputation, his Ego is so much the less. We all know that such a suggestion is perfect nonsense, and that while the Ego finds physical expression by means of the body, it is not the body but something quite different. It is not necessary to go to any book on science or theology to learn this. You know it yourself, and what we know ourselves requires no proof.

There would be no object in laying down this self-evident proposition, if it were not that it is intended as a base for something which is not quite as self-evident, or at least is not recognized by very many people as self-evident. That something is the fact that the body is subject to the Ego, that is under normal conditions. The contrary is quite possible. We all know how an appetite for intoxicants can so completely overcome a man that he cannot resist it. The Ego can so indulge bodily appetite as to be unable to resist them. Nearly every one knows the effect of the mind in cases of illness. If we choose to recognize the supremacy of the body we can have almost anything the matter with us.

There is a story of a condemned murderer, who was given to physicians in order that they might experiment with him. He was told that he would be exposed to an infectious disease, and if he took it and survived he would be given his freedom. He accepted the chance; was told that he was to sleep in a bed just vacated by a man who had died of the disease; he slept accordingly; took the disease and, in spite of all the physicians could do, he died. As a matter of fact he had never been exposed to the danger of contagion. It is a good many years since this case was published, but the claim was made at the time that it was authentic. It is well known that it is by telling in vivid language what the symptoms of diseases are that the proprietors of many quack medicines persuade people, who have nothing at all the matter with them, that they are threatened with the disease which the medicine is said to cure. A well known exponent of "mesmerism," speaking in the Colonist office, said that the sorting-out tests which are always gone through with by performers was simply to see which of the proposed subjects was possessed of such a vivid imagination and could so concentrate his mind upon what he was told as to be easily influenced. He said that all the passes and motions he went through were for no other purpose than to get the subject's mind concentrated upon the fact that he was going to be mesmerized. His first test, as most people remember, was to tell his subjects to close their eyes. Then after making a few passes he would place his hand on the head of each one, press the thumb on the forehead, direct the subject to elevate his eyebrows and by so doing to open his eyes. He would keep on saying steadily, "You cannot do it; open your eyes, raise your eyebrows, you cannot open them," and so on. Just try the trick with yourself. Shut your eyes and try to open them simply by raising your eyebrows. You will find that the harder you try the closer your eyes seem to be shut, but that you can really open your eyes whenever you choose. Such subjects as would not yield to these test were promptly dismissed. The others were put through other simple tests, such as locking the fingers together and squeezing them tightly, and trying at the same time to pull them apart. Try this for yourself, and you will see that the harder you pull the tighter the fingers will be clasped, but you can unclasp them whenever you choose. The next test was to have the subject place his hand upon the demonstrator's hand and press it down as hard as he could and at the same time to attempt to draw it away. This you will also see, if you try it by placing your hand upon the table, is impossible for the simple reason that you cannot press in one direction and pull in the opposite direction at the same time. As long as you press you cannot pull. After these tests, if the subject had been able to concentrate his mind sufficiently upon what the demonstrator was telling him, he became mesmerized; that is, he really was under the influence of the mind of the demonstrator. The fact that a person may be mesmerized by another is by no means an evidence of mental weakness, but only evidence of extraordinary power of mental concentration so as to be able to permit the mind of the mesmerizer to overcome for the time being the subject's mind. So much for our professor of mesmerism.

People who think themselves wise laugh at the professors of Christian Science, who say that there is no such thing as pain. If you could only recall all the incidents of your very young childhood, you would not have to ask for proof that pain is only imaginary in some cases at least; but perhaps you may be fortunate enough to have observed the same sort of proof in your own children. "Kissing the spot to make it well" is the infallible remedy for all the minor bumps and bruises that infancy encounters. Said the mother of children: "I love the old sentiment"; but it is more than a sentiment. It is a great and sublime fact, and we older folk would be saved from many a pain and many an hour of anguish if there was some one whom we believed could "kiss the spot and make us well."

The end of the story is: Try to make your Ego master of your body and not to permit your "muddy vesture of decay" to drag you into pain and suffering. Some may shrug their shoulders and say that this is Faith Cure. Perhaps it is, for perhaps Faith Cure is only common sense; for that is all what has been said above is. This article is not intended to teach that you should never call in a physician or take medicine, or anything so nonsensical as that. It is simply intended to impress upon the minds of some people who are so harassed by bodily ills, that are nine-tenths imaginary, that they can rise superior to their vesture of decay and by so doing save themselves much suffering. If you do not believe, try it and see.

TOURING EUROPE.

The roads were fine along the Rhine,
Our car was new,
We oiled the gear, abandoned fear,
And fairly flew.

We couldn't glance at passing France,
That land unique!
And Italy appeared to be
A flying streak.

Our trip, I guess, was a success,
We lucky were,
And every land, you understand,
Was but a blur.

—Pittsburg Post.

Field Sports at Home and Abroad

WOODS AND WATER EXPLOITS.
(By Ernest McGaffey)
Author of "Poems of Gun and Rod," Etc.

The Trolley Rabbit.

There's more than a dozen ways of shooting rabbits, but the boys generally wait until there's snow on the ground. Of course, a man runs across rabbits when he's quail shooting, hunting for ruffed grouse and prairie chickens, but the real time to shoot them is along about from November until, say, the middle of December. Then they are foraging around among the corn shocks and fattening up on different stuff and the fat just lays in wads all up and down their backs and their kidneys are simply smothered in tallo. Fact! You take a corn-fed rabbit in the middle of November and he's as fat as a seal, and tender as a chicken.

But that isn't what I started to tell about. The Nimrod Gun and Rod Club was composed of about as crafty a bunch of jokers as ever sat up nights trying to "put it over" some unsuspecting devotee of the rod and gun. It was about an even bet that they would rather fool some fellow into doing something ridiculous than to make the record "bag" for ducks along the lakes. "Big Jack" Mullaphy was willing at any time to spend \$50 for something that could take in a veteran "sport." And every winter, after the shooting had closed and the boys had lots of idle time on their hands, "Big Jack" was always working on some racket that was calculated to cover some hunter with confusion and cause him to set up quantities of cigars, or buy a supper for the members of the club.

And so this particular winter Jack had fixed up the slickest scheme you ever heard of. The club's headquarters were at a farmhouse about a quarter of a mile from the lake, and we used to go out there as soon as there was a good snow on the ground and take some beagles along and shake the country up for rabbits. Back of the sitting room of the farmhouse was the kitchen, and it was built high up from the ground and boarded underneath. Back of the kitchen was the orchard, and it was on a side hill, with the trees pretty low to the ground; an old orchard pretty well gone to seed.

"Big Jack," who was a clever mechanic, and an electrician besides, went out there and built a little trolley track in the orchard that ran up and down hill and around among the trees and that worked as slick as one of these little tracks that they use to send cash back and forth on in the big stores. Well, sir, he next shot a rabbit and got it mounted, all stretched out, and then he fixes the rabbit on the track and gets the wires and pulleys arranged so that he could keep the rabbit on a steady swing around this track, up and down, in and out, by sitting under the kitchen and working the dingus from down there.

Well, say, now! Didn't that tame some of the real "wise" boys? I guess yes! Every Saturday night when we'd go out to the lake we'd take some hunter along, and after the boys would get to playing "cinch" in the sitting room, some fellow would come in sort of excited and say, "Where's my gun?" and commence to fumble around the gun rack. The fellows who were in the deal would say: "What do you want with your gun?"

Then the Nimrod would say: "There's a rabbit out in the orchard."

By a little smooth work we could generally get the new arrival to dig out into the night with the fell intent of destroying the rabbit; and if he was a real hunter, even he would usually take a couple of shots at the trolley rabbit before he would "catch on" to the joke. But if he was a green hand he would stand there and bang away for a dozen shots. The boys always went along and fed shells to him and encouraged him to shoot, and after he had finally "tumbled" to the hoax, it was worth a supper next week in town.

"Big Jack" always disappeared at the psychological moment, and manipulated the trolleys and when he came back the boys would blindly tell him all about it and imitate the actions of the shooter and "Big Jack" would nearly perish with laughter.

One time we got word from "Jack" that he had a fresh victim in tow who would be on hand the next Saturday night at the depot, and for us all to be sure to come down and meet Wilbur. This Wilbur was simply sagging in his side-pockets with money and it was figured that he would do the handsome thing by the boys when we gave him an interview with our rabbit. So a full attendance was there at the depot and we had our four beagles along to give the meet the appearance of the genuine thing. Wilbur was there all right, and he seemed to be the most promising thing in the way of a "tenderfoot" that had been sprung in a long time.

He was just breaking into the shooting game, and "Big Jack" was helping him out and lending him books and going out shooting clay pigeons with him, and had put up his name for membership, and we all gave him the "glad hand" and prepared to hand it to him plenty when we got out to the lake.

All the way out we sat in the "smoker," and this Wilbur won about a dollar and eighty cents playing "cinch" with three of us. He was green enough hunting, but he seemed to know how to play "cinch" all right. We talked a lot about the rabbit shooting around the lake but we didn't tip off our game by any remarks about rabbits in the orchard. Then "Big Jack" says: "We'll make a purse of five

dollars for the fellow that gets the first rabbit," and everyone agreed to it and chipped in 50 cents apiece.

When we got to the station Old Man Carmody met us, and when we asked him about rabbits the old man says: "Slathers of 'em. I see 'em playin' round the yards on moonlight nights, and they're gnawin' at the old cabbages left in the garden, an' chasin' each other in the orchard. You'll have fine sport tomorrow; there hasn't been a gun fired at 'em yet."

Well of course, this was a grand "steer" for Wilbur, and gave him an idea that there were rabbits by the million in the country, and he wanted to get his gun out of the case and stick in a couple of shells in case we saw any rabbits on the way over. But Old Man Carmody put a stopper on that by declaring that the team wouldn't stand for shooting from the wagon, and so we coaxed Wilbur to keep his artillery under cover until later.

We arrived at the house and Wilbur was introduced all around and we had an elegant supper waiting for us. We showed our prospective member the gun-racks, the mounted ducks, jack-snipe, woodcock, ruffed grouse, prairie chickens, and other specimens in the front room which was our "show room," and then we got together in the sitting-room for another session of "cinch." Well, sir, this here Wilbur was a lucky devil at "cinch." Seems as if he got the cards, and he knew how to play 'em. He kept winning steadily, and by and by after he was about three dollars ahead "Buck" Swearingen went out doors and after padding around in the light snow that lay on the ground, he comes in kind of sly and says: "Where'd I put my gun?"

This Wilbur fellow he'd just won a game, and "Big Jack" was shuffling the cards, and "Jack" speaks up and says: "What's up; is that old owl out there, 'Buck'?"

"No," says "Buck," but I saw a rabbit running around the orchard, and I thought I'd run in and nail him. I win the five if I get him, don't I?"

"Oh, no!" says "Big Jack," "that's for a fair start in the morning, every fellow in the timber and the dogs loose. Go ahead and get him, though. Hold on, though," says Jack, "as a thought seemed to strike him, 'what's the matter with our new member taking first crack at him?'"

"All right," says "Buck," "we'll both go." So "Buck" and this Wilbur boy they shakes their breech-loaders out of the cases and out they put for the rabbit. "Big Jack" ducks out of the side door and in under the kitchen and away goes the rabbit.

"There he goes," whispers "Buck," as the rabbit sails away as slick as a cash basket, and goes down the hill. "Give it to him, soak him!"

So this Wilbur fellow ups with his gun and aims for the rabbit, and then he drops his gun and takes a peek, and then he raises his gun, and still he doesn't shoot.

"Shoot, shoot," says "Buck;" "he'll get clear away if you don't hurry. What ye waitin' for?" says "Buck."

"I'm waitin' for some one to turn the power off," says this here Wilbur fellow. "I ain't shooting any mechanical rabbits unless I get a crack at 'em settin'."

And "Big Jack" paid for that supper.—Ernest McGaffey.

REMINISCENCES OF SPORT IN IRELAND.

Certainly the attractions of the Emerald Isle—especially to those who own no land there—are many, yet, in spite of what certain self-seeking politicians, often ill-acquainted with "the distressful country," tell us, most calm students of Irish character and history will probably agree in thinking that, with some brilliant exceptions, the Irish are ill-fitted to govern themselves.

How strangely does one see in Ireland, courage, kindness and hospitality, mingled with cold-blooded and even cowardly cruelty; and shrewd common-sense with desperate superstition.

The very thought of old Ireland makes one see again the quiet peace of evening on the bogland, and smell the fragrant odor of peat smoke, wafted from low white cottage of Kerry or Tipperary with its queerly rounded roof thatched with mats neatly braided at regular intervals with plaited straw, whilst sounds of girlish laughter float across the yellow gorse from where Molly and her sister sit between the peat stack and potato patch busy at their spinning wheels till America claims them, as she does all the pick of Erin's sons and daughters. On nearing such a cottage, a few years ago, with a friend who owned a mansion hard by, we noticed that a red-haired lad, whose sad, Irish-grey eyes lit up tenderly and almost cheerfully when they met Molly's blue ones, was beguiling her labors with words too low for us to hear.

We had been tramping from bog to bog ever since wakened out of a sound sleep not very long after daybreak, and a nice mixed bag of some eighteen ducks and teal had rewarded our efforts, to which we might have added snipe, had we not decided to spare them on account of their being thin so early in the season, and not yet worth shooting. Certainly Nature looked her softest that evening of late summer, for the rays of the setting sun painted the patches of bracken golden, and glorified the distant heather-clad hills beyond the green and yellow bogland; but as they lit up Molly's red-brown hair and we fell to envying Pat the loving glances which his colleen coyly cast at him, he rose and greeted us. "Bedad, it's great

sport yer honners have been getting, for it was myself heard the guns popping," he remarked as we approached, "and shure it's your pockets, gentlemen, I see just bulging wid the birds; but it's not shooting yer honner will be after soon, but hunting, and I have just the young horse that will carry you. He's clean bred, and for leppin is just the grandest little baste that ever you threw the leg across." Having promised to look at the wonderful animal some day, we wended our way homeward, my host beguiling the time with stories of boy-cott and ruthless doings carried out by these soft-tongued peasants on the smallest and finest provocation. One man—whose son I met—was boycotted for having dared to take a small field which marched with his land, in spite of the edict which, in a free country, had gone out against it, from the miscreants who fed their stock there without paying rent, but pluck and a good cause, aided by a fairly long purse, eventually triumphed. Greatly to their credit, the servants of the brave man stuck to him throughout, for he was a good master and paid them well, but he and his family would have been better off in Darkest Africa than in Ireland whilst the boycott lasted.

One night the poor man was held up in a bohrren by a masked scoundrel, when driving back from market, where, needless to say, not a single bid had been made for his cattle. His blood was up and he was armed, and the result of the encounter was that the biter was bit, for he was actually convicted, and got several week's imprisonment, my friend informed me. By the time the story was finished we had reached home, and after an early supper, my host took the "constate" from me at the rocky pools of the beautiful trout stream, which nearly encircled the mansion for when we assembled at dark he had some good fish to show against my one or two small ones. Not long afterwards, when otter-hunting with a friend in County Clare, we were told by a pretty, kindly-looking girl in a little village shop that they had nothing to do with the people at the mansion, but her reason was assigned, and I gathered that at heart our informant felt kindly disposed towards the family; but apparently the mysterious edict had gone forth, and must be obeyed.

To show this poor Irish peasant girl's high standard of honor, I must mention that when we asked to buy some apples, she said, "We don't sell them, but have some for our own use, so I hope, gentlemen, you will accept these," and she handed us a couple, for which she absolutely refused payment insisting that as they were not for sale, she could not take it.

On breakfasting a day or two later with a resident magistrate, we heard particulars of a ghastly murder, committed not far away. The victim was under police protection, but the murderers bided their time patiently, and the murder was carried out so craftily that only a few neighbors of the victim knew anything about it, and their fellow-feeling for the criminals was so wondrous kind that the murderers got off scot free.

We had a poor week's sport here, but two things amused us a good deal at the time. One was when, following a blank day, we had spent the morning in trying to keep off the ground of a "cross" farmer, and were at last really hunting an otter, a keen but unlightened sportsman suddenly informed the master, in a hoarse whisper which all the field could hear, that he was sure our quarry was no otter, but a badger. This was too much for the master's over-wrought feelings, for he really did know his job, and his anger blazed forth.

A few hours after the badger affair, when we were about to lunch on an old, hunched, grey stone bridge, spanning a brackish, forbidding-looking river, which one had to look at several times before deciding if it flowed any way at all, the other episode occurred. We were sitting sadly contrasting the part of the country where we then found ourselves with that which borders the bright little chattering stream of Cork, often arched right over with wild roses, where sport was of the best, when the master's stern-faced chauffeur arrived with the car and lunch. On being asked if he had seen the Lord Lieutenant—who was expected thereabouts that day—he replied, "No, sir, but I was saluted for him all along the road." This was quite true, for the chauffeur was an ex-groom, and still stuck to his bowler hat, which apparently was looked upon in those parts as a badge of rank.

I must confess that to my mind the paddy fields of India, or the moors of South Wales, are more enjoyable places to shoot snipe in than some of the Irish bogs which I have had to negotiate, whose bottomless nature has been such as to spoil not only the tobacco in one's pocket, but one's aim as well. When shooting one day with a friend on the worst and most watery bog I have ever risked a muddy grave in, the keeper—whose master was away from home—was our guide, and told us of how his late employer took a pride in enticing elaborately hosed and equipped "English gentlemen" into the worst patches of slime; and it struck me that the fellow was all for selecting good ground for himself, whilst perfectly indifferent about our fate, and I was soon to learn that I was right. Snipe were wild that day, and though we had seen a good many, we had only killed a few, and a teal, for such birds as rose within reasonable range always uttered their shrill, disconcerting cry when we were in difficulties, or even in danger of disappearing altogether; I missed mine, in my anxiety to save myself from a slimy bath, but my companion killed his like a man, though only to escape drowning by a narrow margin. "The gentleman is in," cried the keeper exult-

ingly; and as I turned as hastily as my situation would allow, I saw my unhappy friend with an angry gleam in his eye, throw himself forward on his gun across a patch of rushes, which proved his salvation. When he at last emerged from the green slime, he presented a fearful spectacle, and when his glance fell upon the keeper, even that thick-skinned fellow was asphyxiated by it, and the smile died away upon his lips.—"Homeless," in Baily's Magazine.

HUNTING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

While in Kansas City in August, 1909, I happened to hear from a mutual friend of Jack Graves and the Three Bar Ranch, situated at Wapiti, in Wyoming. After spending three months in Texas and Oklahoma on cattle ranches, the prospect of a cooler climate induced me to leave the south, which is intensely hot at that time of the year. The Three Bar Ranch is located about thirty miles from Cody, on the wagon road to the Yellowstone Park, at an altitude of 6,000ft. The scenery all along the valley on the banks of the Shoshone river is very fine, the mountains on either side rising to a height of 10,000ft, and being crested with snow. On arriving, I was glad to hear from my host that there was a good prospect of elk and deer hunting in the autumn, and in the meantime some excellent trout fishing might be obtained in the river.

The season for big game shooting opens on September 25, and arrangements as to guides and outfit having been completed, we started with ten pack-horses for a distant spot in the mountains, where we intended to fix a camp to hunt from. Our party consisted of Graves, a friend from a neighboring ranch, myself, and a guide. The latter, Bill Borron by name, was a typical hunter, with extraordinary keen eyes and nose for game, and a wonderful bump of locality, a most necessary thing in this country. He had also, like most Westerners, an expressive vocabulary, to which he gave vent on our journey up the trail and considered absolutely necessary when driving a team of pack-horses. It certainly was a rough trail, through timber, over creeks, mounting gradually higher and higher. We reached our destination at sunset about thirty miles from the ranch, the journey occupying nine hours.

Jack Graves was early afoot the next morning, and returned before breakfast, having "tasted blood." He had run on to a bull elk and two or three cows about a mile up the creek, and had secured the bull with a single shot before he had got wind of him. This was a good start, having meat in camp on the first day, and a somewhat unusual occurrence. The first few days were spent by Bill Borron and myself in what he called "scouting around," so as to get some sort of idea of the game there was in the locality, and, having made that part of the country good, we decided to go farther afield, and made an early start one morning for a bit of country on the other side of the "divide." Leaving our saddle ponies tethered on a bank about halfway up, we advanced slowly through the timber until, as we neared the summit, tracks of a bunch of elk, quite recently made, were to be seen. As we came out of the timber on the ridge, Bill, who had an eye like a hawk, beckoned to me and pointed down into a deep gulch or basin, where I could see a bull elk feeding in the brush. He was not alone, for, after a careful scrutiny through the glasses, several cows were to be seen similarly engaged.

The problem now was, how to get within range, the sides sloping down into the basin being covered with loose rocks, which were easily dislodged unless great care was taken to avoid them. Slowly we worked our way down, creeping from boulder to boulder until we were within 200 yards of the game. The elk by this time were evidently getting uneasy; probably they had winded us, as we could hear the bulls "whistling" or "bugling," as it is called, up and down the "draw." There were two, if not more, bulls in the herd, though they were concealed by the brush. Suddenly one of them conceived the idea that it was about time to quit, and, coming out of the brush, he moved slowly down the slope. I fired twice, both shots going too high, but with the third got well home, and he turned sharply to the right, disappearing behind some rocks. He was hard hit, and scrambling and falling down the hillside, we went in pursuit. Through some timber we tracked him, up the opposite slope, and there in a pocket in the rocks we found him laid out, a fine young bull with a good spread of antlers—48in. I afterwards measured them. We carried out the head and as much meat as we could pack to where we left our ponies, and arrived back in camp about sunset.

Elk are not difficult animals to hunt if you have a good guide and do not mind plenty of hard climbing. They generally get away into pockets on the sides of the mountains during the day or under the rim rock, coming down to the creeks to water at night. I think that in many ways the smaller deer are more difficult to hunt than elk. The blacktail deer of the Rocky Mountains, for instance, is a most wary animal. He will lie in the timber all day, and unless you have snow under foot it is most difficult to get on to him.

Towards the end of November we began to get very short of meat at the ranch, having for some days been reduced to bacon; so, accompanied by Bill Borron, I went out into the mountains to look for deer. Taking five pack-horses, we went up one of the creeks that run



Sportsman's Calendar

SEPTEMBER

Trout-fishing at its best this month. Bass in certain lakes.

Spring Salmon and Cohoes all over the Coast.

September 1st, shooting season opens on the Mainland for grouse, duck, snipe and deer.

September 15th, shooting season opens on Vancouver Island for grouse, duck, snipe and deer, except for grouse in North and South Saanich Municipalities.

Wild Pigeons plentiful and in season in many localities.

down into the valley, and found a good camping ground about a three hours' ride from the ranch, in a likely country for deer. The weather at this time was atrocious; sheets of fog kept continually rolling down from the mountains, with intermittent storms of snow. For the first two days it was practically impossible to hunt; indeed, on the first day we very nearly got lost, and at one time it looked as if we should have to lie out all night; but the fog luckily lifted, and we found the trail back to camp. After this the weather improved, and, taking our saddle-ponies, we went back into another country. There were several creeks and draws running down into the valley, so, leaving our ponies on a bank, we descended into the timber. There was about a foot of snow, and plenty of signs of deer, more or less fresh, so we advanced with great caution. Suddenly we heard a movement in the brush ahead of us, and there, with his antlers just showing, was a good buck. Taking a fine sight, I fired. He bounded in the air, and came down with his neck broken—a lucky shot, as the timber was so thick that it would have been almost impossible to have got in a second barrel. The question then was, how to get him out. However, we set to work, cut off his head and scalp, and cleaned and cut up the carcass. This finished, we made a bee line for where our ponies were tethered, blazing the trail as we went. To cut a long story short, we went back with the ponies, packed them with the head and carcass, and started afoot for camp, which we reached about an hour after sunset, dog tired, wet to the skin, and famished. But we did not mind this, as we had got what we wanted.

I left Three Bar Ranch early in December, after a stay of four months, and drove thirty miles to Cody, with the temperature to deg. below zero. This is by far the best country that I visited, from every point of view—a fine summer climate, splendid scenery, good fishing, and the best big game shooting in the States; and anyone who could care for the same experience as myself could not do better than pay a visit to Three Bar Ranch.—Ellis Chinmery.

THE KING'S SHOOT

The King had a most enjoyable day's sport recently on the extensive moors of Castle Grant, by invitation of Caroline Countess of Seafield. His Majesty was accompanied by Mr. Sassoon, Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest, Captain Godfrey-Faussett, and Lord Derby. The party, leaving Tulchan Lodge at half-past nine o'clock, motored to the moors about fourteen miles distant, where they were joined by a party from Castle Grant.

Shooting was commenced shortly after ten o'clock, and continued vigorously the whole day, the only interval being when the sportsmen had luncheon on the moor. The beat shot over was on either side of the Highland railway near Dava station, and round Lochindorb, a beautiful lake with the ruins of the castle in the centre. The castle was used as a residence by Edward I. and Edward III, when they raided the Highlands five hundred years ago. The bag was 204 brace of grouse and a number of hares.

A STRIKE OF WORM GATHERERS

A curious item in the deluge of strike news is the intelligence that there has recently been a strike among worm gatherers at Nottingham, which is the chief source of supply of lobworms. The long spell of hot weather, which has possibly exacerbated other labor troubles, seems to have been directly responsible for this one. The difficulty of getting worms during the drought caused the men to raise their prices to the buyers who retail to the public. It is reported that the dispute has been settled, but it is very difficult to buy any lobworms in London at present.

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OTVRIA, S.C.
DARDING Col-
to 16 years.
appointed Gen-
BY BEACON
limited. Out-
for Business
or University
clusive and
D. Phone Vic-
mon. Sept. 1st.
TRUCK, No. 4

Monday's Attractions--The Latest in Popular Dress Trimmings at Very Moderate Prices and Underclothing for Men and Women at Remarkably Low Prices

Women's and Children's Underclothing--The Best Brands Made at Easy Prices

Women's Vests, in cream and natural color, having high neck, long or short sleeves. Drawers to match, in knee or ankle length. Price **90¢**
 Women's Vests and Drawers--Vests have low neck, short sleeves and open fronts. Drawers to match. Per garment **50¢**
 Women's Vests and Drawers, in natural wool, very warm and comfortable, will not irritate the skin. Per garment **\$1.25**
 Turnbull's Vests and Drawers, made of natural wool, soft finish, full fashioned. Per garment, \$1.50, **\$1.25**

WOMEN'S COMBINATIONS

Combinations, with long sleeves, ankle length. Per garment, \$2.25 and **90¢**
 Natural Wool Combinations, ankle length, a splendid quality. Per garment **\$2.50**
 Turnbull's Combinations, made in natural wool. A very reliable garment. Price \$2.75 and **\$2.50**

CHILDREN'S ZENITH UNDERWEAR

Vests and Drawers, in cream and natural. The vests have long sleeves and are buttoned down the front. Price, per garment, 85¢ down to **45¢**

Eiderdown Comforters Worth One-Third More

We have just unpacked a large consignment of English-made Comforters, and on Monday we will place them on sale at prices that will please you. They are made in high-grade satin finished covers, in many dainty designs and colors. Size 5 x 6, representing splendid value at \$5.75 and **\$5.25** each.

Linen Department

Linen Squares, plain hemstitched. Size 36 x 36in **\$1.00**
 Size 45 x 45in. Price **\$1.50**
 Linen Runners--Size 18 x 54 **\$1.25**
 Size 18 x 72. Price **\$1.50**
 Huckaback Toweling, made of pure Irish linen, 26in. wide, per yard, \$1.00 and **75¢**
 18in. wide, per yard **50¢**
 Huckaback Toweling, with design, made of pure Irish linen and 25in. wide, per yard **25¢**
 Linen Guest Towels, made of pure Irish linen. Size 15 x 24in. Prices 50¢, 45¢ and **40¢**
 Huckaback Towels, pure linen, have fancy embroidered ends, \$1.75 and **\$1.25**
 Embroidery Linens, 36in. wide, per yard, \$1.00, 75¢, 65¢ and **50¢**
 Circular Pillow Linen, 44in., per yard, \$1.85 and **\$1.75**
 Linen Sheeting, 72in. wide, per yard, \$1.50 and **\$1.40**

White and Colored Garments for Women--Prices Below the Average

Women's Aprons, made of blue and white dotted prints (after Mother Hubbard Style). Price, each **50¢**
 Nurses' Aprons, made of good white linen in a variety of styles, at prices ranging from \$1.50 down to **65¢**
 Corset Covers, made of good quality cambric and trimmed with two rows of Torchon lace across the front, neck and sleeves, neatly finished with frill of lace. All sizes from 32 to 44in. Special per garment **35¢**
 Dainty Corset Covers, neatly trimmed with French and German Valenciennes lace, or made of fine all-over Swiss embroidery in a variety of dainty styles. Price per garment ranging from \$4.75 down to **\$1.25**
 Women's Drawers, made of good strong cotton with deep flounce tucked and hemstitched. Price **25¢**
 Women's Night Gowns, made of fine nainsook, the slip-over style, with dainty yoke of embroidery trimmed with beading and ribbons. Price, per garment **\$1.15**
 Women's Drawers, made of good strong cambric and finished with tucked frill and torchon lace **35¢**

WOMEN'S COLORED APRONS

Colored Aprons, made of ginghams and prints, in a variety of designs. Price each **25¢**
 Aprons, made of extra good quality prints, in light and dark colors. Price each **35¢**
 Aprons, with or without bibs, made of good prints, in dark and light colors. Price **50¢**
 Aprons, made of heavy English prints, with or without bibs, and extra large sizes. Price **65¢**
 Linen Aprons, a good heavy quality, in dark blue. **75¢**
 Holland Aprons, with or without bibs, at prices ranging from 75¢ down to **25¢**
 Overall Aprons, made of a good heavy quality of chambrays, ginghams and prints, at prices ranging from \$1.50 down to **50¢**

BOYS WANTED FOR THE DELIVERY DEPARTMENT



A Choice Selection of Women's Costumes at \$16.50, \$18, \$20 and \$25

Not only a complete range of sizes for misses and women, but your choice of three of this season's most stylish materials--Tweeds, Serges and Venetian Cloths--every yard of each material being of pure wool, and the workmanship is a great credit to the manufacturer--in fact we have never seen such good values crammed into a suit at a popular price.

The new Shawl Collars are greatly in evidence, and deserve the intense interest that is being shown in this smart new style.

Your choice from a large collection at the following prices: **\$16.75, \$18.50, \$20.00 and \$25.00.**

Fashion's Latest Word in Elegant Dress Trimmings

In the View Street Windows we are now showing a large variety of the very newest of Dress and Mantle Trimmings, marked at prices that are much below their real value, and should be of great interest to the professional or home dressmaker. Below we quote a few prices, but you must see the goods before you can realize their values or beauty.

- Black Braided Frogs, with two medallions and button. Price each **\$1.25**
 - Braided Frogs, with single or double medallions, neat designs. Each **35¢**
 - Heavily Corded Black Frogs, in very handsome designs. Large size **\$2.25**
 - Black Corded Frogs, in neat designs. A very special value **\$1.00**
 - Black Corded Buttons, in large size. A rich appearance. Price **35¢**
 - Black Tassels, 6in. long. Each **25¢**
 - Metallic Tassels, in gold and steel, beautiful design, about 6in. long. Price **\$1.00**
 - Beaded Guimps, in many handsome colors, beautiful styles, and a wide range of widths. Per yard, from \$1.00 to **35¢**
 - Metallic Tassels, in gilt and steel. A very good quality. Price each **75¢**
 - Black Corded Braids, in many rich designs and a variety of widths. Per yard, from **35¢**
 - Persian Trimmings, in richly beaded designs and many widths, ranging in price, per yard, \$7.50 down to **35¢**
 - Guimps, in gold, silver and pearl, suitable for trimming evening gowns, in a variety of widths and styles. Per yard, \$2.00, \$1.00, 50¢ and **25¢**
 - Fall Fringes, in white, black, gold and steel, the very newest styles. Per yard, \$2.00, \$1.00, 50¢ and **35¢**
 - Wide Pearl Bandings, in a variety of patterns and widths. Per yard from \$1.50 to **\$1.50**
- A choice selection of Lace Insertions and Embroidered Laces to choose from at prices that will please you.

The Men's Clothing Section Offers Some Remarkable Values in Boys' Clothing and Men's Raincoats

RAINFOOD COATS FOR MEN AND BOYS--PRICES WORTH INVESTIGATING

To meet the requirements of the great mass of men who demand a coat that is waterproof and will afford ample protection from severe weather and at the same time to be reasonable in price, we have made a large purchase of coats that we have every reason to believe will creditably fill that demand.

These coats come in greys and fawns, are smart in cut and well tailored, and will prove to be wonderfully durable.

Take special notice of the prices--\$15.00, \$10.00 and **\$7.50.**

Youths' Coats, made of high-grade waterproof material, just as well made as our men's coats, and the highest possible value for the money. Prices \$6.75 and **\$5.75**

Currie's Raincoats--These famous coats are made up in as smart a style as a raincoat can possibly be consistent with the idea of service. They are made in all sizes, in a neat fawn color. At each, \$16.50 and **\$10.00**

AND BOYS' PANTS, AT PRICES THAT MEAN A BIG SAVING

English Reefer Coats--These are made from extra heavy knapp cloth, double-breasted style, trimmed with metal buttons. An exceptionally warm garment. Extra good linings and well tailored throughout. Made in sizes to fit boys from 3 years to 14 years old. Prices as follows, \$4.75, \$3.50, \$2.75 and **\$1.25**

Boys' Sailor Blouse Suits--These are made of regulation blue serge and closely resemble the British sailor's uniform. Most boys are delighted with them. They are neat, very durable and one of the most popular styles of boys' clothing. Prices per suit, \$5.00, \$4.00. **\$1.75**

Boys' Pants--Boys will be boys, and in their mischievous moments all respect for clothing disappears. Consequently the pants suffer many an indignity. To supply the demand for boys' pants that have almost metallic wearing qualities, we have made a careful selection and are able to offer you really wonderful values in strong tweed, serge and worsted pants, in all colors, at prices that will please you. In fact, they start as low as, per pair **75¢**

Men's Winter Underclothing With Makes and Values Like These

You'll Easily Choose

Shirts and Drawers, made of natural wool mixture, in all sizes. The shirts are double-breasted and are a convenient weight for fall and winter wear. Price, per garment **50¢**

Elastic Ribbed Shirts and Drawers, made in a medium weight and in all sizes. Colors natural and tan. These garments are well adapted for the present season's wear, and are remarkably low priced. Per garment **75¢**

Penman's Heavy Natural Ribbed Wool Mixture Shirts and Drawers--These are good heavy garments, the shirts are double-breasted and are made in all sizes. At, per garment **\$1.00**

Penman's Medium Weight Natural Wool Elastic Ribbed Shirts and Drawers--Shirts double-breasted, full fashioned and strongly made. All sizes may be had. At, per garment **\$1.25**

"The Sovereign Brand" Men's Underwear, made in medium weight natural wool. All sizes. Special value today, per garment **\$1.00**

Shirts and Drawers, made of a heavy wool mixture, plain natural color or stripe, in all sizes. These are a fine line for Fall and Winter wear. Price, per garment **75¢**

Imported Natural Wool Underwear--This is the famous Robin Hood brand of men's shirts and drawers, made of natural wool, in all sizes, and in a very useful medium weight. For hard wearing qualities this brand is hard to beat, and for comfort and moderate price they are unsurpassed. Per garment **\$1.25**

High Topped Boots Suitable for Hunters, Surveyors and Outside Workers

Grain Leather Hunting Boots, with 12in. top, in black or tan. At the price these boots will be hard to beat. They are strong and reliable. Price, per pair **\$3.75**

Chrome Leather Bluchers, with 12in. tops and viscolized soles. These boots are as watertight as leather footwear can possibly be made, and may be had in black or tan at, per pair **\$5.00**

16in. Bluchers, made of high-grade grain leather, tan color, full bellows tongue. A very strong and comfortable boot. Price **\$6.00**

We carry a full range of Leckie's Loggers' and Surveyors' Boots, made of very tough leathers, at prices that will show a substantial saving to you.

Queen Quality Tan Boots for Women

Tan is the most popular color and the Queen Quality is the brand. We offer you these famous shoes--just new in from the factory--in buttoned models of the very newest and most comfortable shapes. At per pair **\$5.50**

Queen Quality, buttoned boots in patent leather with dust calf tops in a wide range of models that will please you no matter how exacting you may be, at per pair \$5.50 and **\$6.00**

The Boston Favorite--a very popular and reliable brand. The latest to hand are some exceptionally smart lasts in tan color, button or lace styles with medium weight soles for street wear. At the price these shoes are unexcelled for quality and comfort. Per pair \$4.50, \$4 and **\$3.50**

Black Suede Boots in dainty buttoned styles, smart in appearance, comfortable to a degree and very durable while the price should please you. Per pair **\$6.00**

Five Books of Special Interest

- The Harvester, by Stratton Porter, the author of Freckles and the Girl of the Lincherlost. Price **\$1.50**
- Glory of Clementina by Locke, author of Septimus. Simon the Jester, and others. Price **\$1.25**
- Winning of Barbara Worth by Harold Bell Wright, author of Shepherd of the Hill. Price **\$1.25**
- John Sherwood Ironmaster, by S. Weir Mitchell, author of Hugh Wynn. Price **\$1.25**
- Bawbee Jock, by Annie McLaren, a delightful story as charming as the Rosary. Price **\$1.25**

Sea Grass Suit Cases Worth \$3 for \$2.25

About 50 dozen of these fine strong Suit Cases are now on sale, and at these prices they should be of great interest to all who travel for business or pleasure. They are strong, light and neat, are fitted with strong lock, keys, side straps, and the corners are reinforced with strong leather. The insides are neatly finished with a lining of linen, giving to these cases a very superior appearance that is not usually found in goods that are sold at less than \$5. Special prices for this lot while they last. Size 22in. at **\$2.25**

BOYS WANTED FOR THE DELIVERY DEPARTMENT

David Spencer, Limited

VOL. L. 494

ALGERINE IN FROM

Reaches Esquimalet pleting Sealing P ing Sea--Spok Sealers

NO VICTORIA VES SPOKEN B

Two United States alaska Engage Hunting--One Pelts

H. M. S. Algerine is ing Sea after making t cruise which was unio one respect. No V schooners were spok two Japanese schoom by officers of the Alge catches ranging from skins. Two United St Everett G. Hays and s halling from Ounaska there after completing voyage, which resu et G. Hays taking nin the other vessel did no The report brought b San Francisco some d schooner Thomas F. B had taken nine sea of derstood to have been ett G. Hays being co Victoria vessel. In v ference by the U. S. B toria schooner, Jessie Bayard, two seasons arms were peremptori spite protests by the Captain Bertholf, on sea after hunting at the second cruise that the Japanese sealers vessels engaged in hu interesting. Claims w the United States gov the action of the Bea the yet been obtaine States government.

Two Cru

H. M. S. Algerine is cruises about the isla occupying a week. Fo valled on the first cru island was not made the second cruise that the Japanese sealers Their papers and eve regular. The Japanese 60-mile limit, but as under white Victoria, only appears as remain from the rookeries di them they were not No raiding had been fact that wireless te have been provided on less and quickening of islands, in addition to maintained by a nu States revenue vessel difficult, and the Jap have kept outside the One vessel found clo early in the season w where the crew was

The Japanese schoo over thirty sealers fr entered the Bering Sea for the first time in the Naniwa, went into season. The Naniwa having left the sea be arrived.

The Algerine left and encountered rou bound north, being ho of days. Foggy wea tered in northern wa left Ounaska on A was intended to proce bor, Graham Island, w was thick and dirty Jones decided to proce The warship will leav Comox to engage in practice.

Local Vessels

The schooners Jes Fescawa and Thom fleet from Victoria, v by the Algerine. It is intended to hunt sea Alaskan coast until e and then proceed int were probably in the s ship made her seco around the islands, bu This is the last will make as the tr pelagic sealing is to fifteen years will com after their return.

COAL MINER

A "Large Caught by Mine at Cumberland to be M

NANAIMO, Sept. 13-- which occurred on Sund Mine at Cumberland, and crushed to death. Mine Inspector Newton to make enquiries into Petroleum has be Oshagan Landing ar crude oil sent to th analysis.

Magistrate Shaw o announced that anyo after of carrying o they will be given in out the option of a ti