

# THE LADYSMITH CHRONICLE

Issued Every Wednesday and Saturday.

VOL. I.

Ladysmith, B. C., Saturday, July 24, 1909.

No. 95.

## The Day They Played Baseball

It is generally conceded that the base ball match between the Professionals and Merchants last Thursday evening was one of the most entertaining matches ever played on the sports grounds. There wasn't a dull moment from start to finish, and the earnest way in which the players handled the ball, demonstrated the determination of the men on either side to win. To describe the interesting features of the match would take up a vast amount of space, and a correspondent in another column has kindly narrated some of the after effects of the great ball game. The result was 16 to 15 in favor of the Professionals, but that by no means conveys any impression of the many remarkable plays made on Thursday evening. The Merchants account for their defeat by charging that the Professionals played three or four senior men, and furthermore that they had outsiders crowding on the field to interfere with a runner, blocking the ball, etc. As a consequence, the Merchants claim that they did not lose the game on its merits, and they have issued a challenge for a return match, to be played probably next Thursday. It is not exaggerating the situation in the least to say that excitement is now at white heat, and the next game will be witnessed by every person who can possibly attend. It may be that a special train service will be arranged to accommodate outsiders, for already the excitement over the contest has spread to the neighboring towns. The Chronicle does not desire to enter into any particulars of the game, but it cannot refrain from special reference to the home run made by Charlie Mains. Mr. Mains was not in the published lineup, and the Professionals suspect it was a case of "ringing in" at the last moment, when there was no chance to enter a protest. Rev. G. M. Ambrose adopted bowling methods and was batted out of the box. Dr. Dier took his place, and as a result the Merchants were held back. Jack Ryan says he would have done all right if Billy Moore had not thrown the ball over the fence. Rev. R. Wilkinson made several attempts to smash out a home-run, but the nearest he got to the ball was when Jack Ryan hit him in the leg. Dr. Williams played a star game on the bench. Harry Ward, evidently confused baseball with football, with the result that Billy Moore feels worse than if he had taken part in the match. Dr. Frost played for all he was worth, and he manifested speed on the bases. George Clark performed very gracefully around sack No. 1. Arthur Morrison wilted when he saw Jack Ryan in the box and provided a substitute at the bat. Jim Fisher caught a ball occasionally and was very obliging in the way of indicating the balls which the batters on the opposite side should strike at—and they missed. George Cavin was there all the time, and did a little good work on his own account. Harry Hughes wanted them to change the game to football after the second innings, but he could not get any backers. Hugh Thornley played so hard that he has been under the doctor's care ever since. J. A. Knight played a good game although Billy Moore registered another kick. John McKay caught for the Merchants, and never missed a ball. Dave Johnson was conspicuous in his suit, and Jack Gillman had hard luck. Barton played his usual game.

As a result of the match the hospital fund was enriched the sum of \$34.00, and Mr. Eugene Lowe asks the Chronicle to convey to the players the sincere thanks and appreciation of the hospital board.

The following was the line-ups—

**PROFESSIONALS.**  
Catcher—J. Fisher.  
Pitcher—Dr. Dier.  
1st base—G. W. Clarke.  
2nd base—Rev. A. M. Ambrose.  
3rd base—Harry Ward.  
Shortstop—Dr. Frost.  
Left field—Rev. R. Wilkinson.  
Right field—W. Barton.  
Centre field—N. A. Morrison.  
**MERCHANTS.**  
Catcher—John McKay.  
Pitcher—J. Ryan.

Shortstop—C. Mains.  
3rd base—H. Thornley.  
1st base—G. Cavin.  
2nd base—J. A. Knight.  
Left field—D. Johnson.  
Centre field—H. Hughes.  
Right field—J. Gillman.

The Bees A Bees challenge the pick of both teams of last Thursday's game of baseball to a match, the proceeds to go toward the hospital fund. Captain Moore's team lines up as follows:

Catcher—J. Dunbur.  
Pitcher—R. Barclay.  
1st base—G. Hepple.  
2nd base—Gerard.  
3rd base—Jenny.  
Shortstop—Gerard.  
Right field—W. Stackhouse.  
Centre field—W. Moore.  
Left field—C. S. McTavish.  
Reserves—W. McGuire, W. Jones.

**AFTER THE BALL**  
**GAME WAS OVER**

With solemn face and slow tread the writer went his customary rounds on Friday morning. It wasn't much wonder as the news was whispered from one to another that so many brave, big, and noble lives had been practically sacrificed for the Ladysmith hospital. Further sorrow was added to his load of grief when he learned there was not half enough crepe in Ladysmith to manifest the heartfelt sympathy and it could not be procured from Victoria in time. However, someone said, about noon hour when the atmosphere was laden with the odor of friend onions and beefsteak, that Cavin was not quite dead yet, that he had moved about the twelfth hour. Those who were watching Charlie also reported visible signs of life, and then Harry came slowly limping along and reported having seen the Methodist minister looking out of the upstairs window, dressed in white. Then the vigilance committees held a confab and expressed themselves as being highly pleased with the prospects of life among the old married stiffs who had so many family duties to attend to. The young men, being young, would rally quicker, but it was a great game, and now everyone is happy again.

**COM.**

**WHY THE WRIGHTS**  
**NEVER FLY TOGETHER**

Washington, D. C., July 23.—While the Wright brothers were preparing today for further flights in the governmental tests of their aeroplane, Orville Wright disclosed the reason why he and his brother Wilbur never made an ascension there.

"We don't think it wise for us both to fly at the same time," said Orville Wright.

The brothers fear that should an accident happen both might be killed and the secrets of their successful aerial navigation might be lost to the world.

Early today the Wrights awaited a more favorable wind than yesterday to carry them over the circular course.

The names of several army officers were mentioned, and from the list one will be selected to accompany Orville Wright on the flight.

Everyone has heard of the hardship that has befallen certain officials and officers in the new South African colonies owing to recent changes in the administration. Most of these men find themselves without work, with scant prospect of getting any. Yet nearly all of them have held responsible administrative positions and are, as General Baden-Powell put it, able to work "with their hands as well as their heads." A proposal has been made to found a large settlement in British Columbia, partly on Vancouver Island and partly on the mainland, where these men might start new careers on the land. The scheme is one that cannot fail to appeal to one's sympathy. It seems to us that here is a case where the benefit will be mutual. British Columbia will get some excellent settlers and the unfortunate South African officials will have a chance of a new career.—Canada.

## Origin of the Solar Plexus Blow

A New York fight expert who reported the Fitzsimmons-Corbett bout for one of the leading dailies of the country declares that Fitzsimmons did not knock out Corbett with the so-called "solar plexus" and that the freckled one never knew how he put Corbett away, says the expert.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you how he knocked out Jim Corbett, would you?"

"Jim dropped in a heap that day during the wildest excitement you ever saw. No one at the ringside had the dope right, and after the fight we got to comparing notes and there was a terrible mix-up.

"One writer declared that he saw Fitzsimmons clip Corbett on the chin with his left; another swore that a right-hander under the heart did it; still another was certain that an upper-cut ended the fight. To settle the affair we went into Fitz's dressing room to find out for sure just what did win the fight.

"Fitz was up in the air the same as the rest. He said that some time during the round he hit Corbett in the stomach with a left, but was positive that a right-hander on the positive that a right-hander on the chin settled the fight. We all whether Fitz was 'kidding' or not. He was steadfast, however, and to settle the whole thing and make it right we decided to say that a left in the stomach was the punch.

"The solar plexus punch, we called it, and everyone had the same thing. Right now every sport in the world knows of that famous punch, but really it never landed. No one knew just what punch did do the trick, so by popular vote we decided it ourselves, and the solar plexus became famous."

**IS A BRAVE MOTHER.**

Mrs. Gill, who resides in the Big Sheep valley, and her sons, Walter, aged seven, and Portland, aged nine, had an exciting adventure with bears one evening last week. While picking huckleberries a short distance from home at the time, Walter looked up from a bush on which he had found many ripe berries, and, much to his astonishment, he saw, only three or four feet away, a large brown bear standing up and glaring at him in a threatening manner. The little fellow, displaying much bravery, and a total lack of caution, threw his tin bucket in the bear's face, scattering the berries all over her, and at the same time shouting, "Come quick mother! Here's a big bear." Mrs. Gill ran to Walter's assistance and pulled him behind her. Portland, the other lad, was also placed behind his mother, who picked up a rock and faced the bear, who had two cub hidden in the bushes only a few feet away.

The mother bear stood in a threatening attitude, waving her paws and growling and showing her teeth, as if working herself up into a passion as a preliminary to attacking Mrs. Gill and her two sons.

Thus, the human mother and the animal mother stood momentarily gazing at each other ready and willing to give their lives, if necessary, in defence of their progeny.

The tense and perilous situation was broken when the boys began to cry in alarm at the savage attitude of the animal. This, in turn, caused the cubs to whine and howl for their mother. The mother bruin, thinking that her cubs were being menaced, got down on all fours and hurried towards them. Mrs. Gill and her children took advantage of this diversion in their favor and made for their home as fast as their legs could carry them.

"For a moment," said Mrs. Gill, when afterwards recounting the adventure, "the situation was a terrifying one, as a she bear with cubs is a very dangerous animal to encounter, especially when there's nothing better on hand than a rock to defend one's self with."—Rossland Miner.

A son of Martin Dunsmuir had his foot badly cut with a piece of glass yesterday. While the wound is painful the boy will be around in a few days.

## The Liberal Caucus at Vancouver

At a Liberal caucus held at Vancouver last week there were present: Hon. William Templeman, Dominion minister of mines; Dennis Murphy, of Cariboo; Stuart Henderson, of Ashcroft, and J. A. Macdonald, of Rossland. One question that was discussed was who will succeed Mr. Macdonald as leader of the party when he is elevated to the chief justiceship of the new courts of appeals. It is reasonably certain that he will be appointed to that position. Stuart Henderson, it is thought, will take his place of leader, although John Oliver, has a considerable following, who will favor him as leader of the opposition. A good many are busy making slates for the new court. Besides Mr. Macdonald for chief justice, it is considered likely that Justices Martin and Clement will be advanced from the supreme court and Harry Senkler and D. G. Macdonnell are spoken of for other positions. Should, as is expected, strict party lines not be followed in appointments, it is understood that the Conservatives will press for the appointment of Charles Wilson, K. C., in place of Martin or Clement on the supreme court bench. The names of Col. Gregory, of Victoria, and W. A. Gallier, ex-M. P. for Kootenay, are also mentioned.

Mrs. T. R. Sullivan is visiting in Victoria.

The following is the result of the 13th medal shoot of the Tyce Gun Club:

Geo. Hepple	15
W. Keserich	21
T. White	19
J. Wargo	19
H. Hayden	19
M. McKinley	19
J. Rumsby	10
J. McDonald	18

Mr. C. S. Yuill, who will have charge of the pole line, and a gang of men have arrived, and will begin work Monday morning. There will not be any delay until the work is completed, as the first shipment of poles will be here Monday.

The weight of the large cake of White Swan soap, which has been on exhibition at the Ladysmith Hardware Co.'s store, is 854 lbs. The names of the lucky contestants whose answers came nearest will be announced in the next issue of this paper, and the parties notified by letter from the British Columbia Soap Works, Victoria.

Mr. George Baker, a rancher living near Wilson's crossing, South Oyster district, had a narrow escape from being gored by a bull on Wednesday last. While he was working around the barn his short-horn bull cornered him in the fence, getting him down and mauling and bruising him considerably. The clothing was torn off his body, but fortunately some men who were close at hand prevented further injury. The bull was shot shortly afterwards.

Vessels coaling during the week: Restless, Czar and scow, Princess May, Henriette, Kildonan, Trader, Selkirk, Canadian, Otter, Oscar, Burrard, Cascade, Princess Royal, Queen R. Dunsmuir, Owen and scow, Nanocse, Squid, Robt. Kerr, St. Dennis, Queen City, Pilot, Celtic, Nidge, Delhi, Aldge, Clayburn, Achates, Bermuda, Surprise, Jessie Mac and Edith and scow.

Vancouver, July 20.—John Alfred Graham Anderson, the twenty-three-year-old clerk who left the employ of the Toronto branch of the Bank of Montreal last March, and who by means of an "accepted" stamp, has it is charged, been cashing cheques innumerable both in America and Europe, was captured here this morning at the instance of Manager Derouville, of Vancouver hotel.

Anderson arrived in this city last Wednesday and registered at the C. P. R. hotel under the name of John Anderson. He attempted to cash a cheque at the hotel last night, but was refused. He admitted his identity to Detectives O'Grady and Thompson upon his capture.

## Local and Provincial News Notes

The Second Division Challenge Cup, B. C., which was put up by T. Mahoney, of New Westminster, arrived last evening, and is now on exhibition in Blair & Adam's store.

The Sunday School children of South Oyster and their friends held a picnic Thursday at the ranch of Mr. Frank Reid. There was boating, bathing and games, after which refreshments were provided by the parents.

Rev. Father Nicolay leaves for Victoria Monday to take part in a Retreat of the Clergy. He will return the following Saturday in company of Rev. Father Caine, who will open the mission at St. Mary's Church.

A Vancouver company has purchased five thousand acres of land in the Nicola Valley at a price of \$50 per acre. It is intended to provide an adequate irrigation system and subdivide the property for fruit growing.

"The Bridge of Sighs," suggested by the celebrated poem with that title is the best picture in the weekend programme at the Novelty theatre. There are several other good pictures, and altogether the programme is an attractive one.

The city council of Victoria will appeal to the railway commissioners to settle the dispute between the city and the B. & N. railway company with regard to the company closing the bridge across the inner harbor to public foot and vehicular traffic.

Pete Morrison came in yesterday from Nanaimo. He is now manager for Bruce Ashman, the lightweight, and he is trying to get a match with Rod Standen. If not successful Morrison will go to Tacoma and arrange a wrestling match with Venables, champion of the Pacific Coast.

The Methodist missionary boat Udal, returning to Prince Rupert from Portland Canal, struck a rock and foundered. Captain Oliver and Rev. Mr. Webber had a close call and escaped in a row-boat. The Udal sank in 100 feet of water. Efforts will be made to raise her. The vessel was insured and valued at \$5,000.

The train was crowded this morning with Knights of Pythias and Pythian Sisters, who were going to Duncan to participate in the re-union of the order being held there today. There were a large number of Knights and Sisters from Nanaimo and at Ladysmith they were joined by as many more. The event is noteworthy in the history of the order on the island.

On Thursday last Mr. Campbell and his daughter were travelling along the trail from Extension to Mrs. Laird's dairy. All at once they came across a bear and two cubs, and they ran as quickly as they could to Mrs. Laird's house, and informed R. Laird, Jr., and George Walker. The latter two started out in pursuit and were not long in finding them. They shot the three, and now they will probably receive the bounty usually paid for shooting bears.

The Balagno family of this city are rapidly acquiring fame as musicians. Their names are Charlie, Willie and Frank. Charlie plays the piano, Willie first violin and Frank second violin. Any one who has listened to the music of these three young men will at once concede that they have a bright future ahead of them. They intend giving concerts this autumn, and their first one will be at Cumberland on the evening of the 30th, and the people of that place can rest assured that they will be provided with a rare musical treat. Someone has suggested to the Chronicle that the hospital committee should secure the Balagno brothers for a concert in aid of the hospital. They certainly would attract a large audience.

Mr. Percy K. Winch has just returned from a business trip to Cumberland and Comox. Mr. Winch disposed of a large number of cigars at both places, and reports a general revival in business every place he visited. At Courtenay there has been a lot of work done this year by the Fraser River Lumber company. This company has put in its own railway and employs a large staff to carry on the work.

The annual Conservative picnic will be held at Sidney on Saturday, August 7. The premier and members of the cabinet have arranged to attend as well as several of the Ottawa M. P.'s and a number of the local members. Those who remember the splendid success of last year's outing feel confident of an even larger attendance. All the committees in charge are working hard for the success of the picnic which has now established itself as an annual affair.

Mr. Ralph Smith, M. P., has notified Mayor Nicholson that the banquet to the Dominion cabinet ministers at Nanaimo on Tuesday will be a non-political affair, and he suggests that Ladysmith send a delegation to make known their wants. Mr. Smith tried to get the ministers to remain over at Ladysmith, but the train service will not permit it. Here is an opportunity for the Citizens League and Board of Trade to accomplish something for the benefit of the city.

Messrs. Walkem and Ward have had numerous inquiries regarding their lots in the sub-division of the acreage recently purchased, and during the week have disposed of three to local buyers who intend following the example of their neighbor, Mr. T. R. Jackson whose dwelling when completed will be one of the prettiest in the vicinity. The remainder of the lots are to be disposed of dwellings only. These, when built upon, will add greatly to the charms of Ladysmith, commanding as they do a view of the finest harbor in B. C.

In an address before the Canadian Club of Nelson Prof. Adam Shortt said that personally, he thought, there was too much hurry to settle Canada. This was due largely to selfish desire for material advantage. There were those who wanted to sell land, farm implements, provisions, clothes, etc., and who were anxious to see settlers coming in to provide markets for these. This was not the correct way to build up the country. People should look to the future as well as to immediate results. Fewer settlers and of a better class would better serve Canada's interests in the long run.

The Bijou Comedy Company struck Duncan unheralded on Tuesday morning and billed the town for a show in the Opera House on Wednesday night. The show was never witnessed by the residents of the town, however, as the company packed their trunks and departed on their journey southward by Wednesday morning's train, the manager of the company, promising to blacklist Duncan with all the high class travelling companies on the road. The reason given for not filling the date was that all the photographs and advertising had been torn from the bill boards by the tough element of the town. "Vengeance is Mine" seems to have been the motto of the manager of the Bijou Comedy Co., for the show was called off, and now the town-folk may never see the "Modern Hercules," the "Human Ostrich" and all the other celebrities comprising the Bijou Company in action. In the hurry and hustle of departure several little matters were overlooked. As the manager was buying his ticket for Victoria he was reminded of a little printing bill, which was paid with profuse apologies for having overlooked it. Word being sent to the caretaker of the Opera House of the company's departure, that gentleman appeared upon the scene and collected his account in the train, after taking up a collection amongst the members of the party.—Cowichan Leader.

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" \$30 " " " \$50	15 "

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LADYSMITH BRANCH L. M. de Gex, Manager

### THE LADYSMITH CHRONICLE

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#### Editorial Comment.

The provincial department of education has divided the coast inspectorate into two divisions. This was formed necessary on account of the great increase in schools on the coast.

It is understood that Mr. J. A. Macdonald, leader of the Opposition in the British Columbia Legislature, will be appointed chief justice of the new appellate court. Mr. Macdonald will probably make a better judge than a political leader, in which case the Bench will be the gainer.

It is announced that the E. & N. company will proceed at once with the work on the extension of their line to Alberni. It is quite apparent that there will be little delay in the construction of the line from Wellington to Alberni, by which one of the richest territories in Vancouver Island will be opened up.

The success which is attending the efforts of the hospital promoters must be gratifying indeed. The ladies particularly are to be congratulated on having secured such a large amount for the maternity ward. They can rest assured that they have earned the sincere gratitude of very many of their sisters in Ladysmith.

Dr. Osler has put it down as an indisputable proposition that the great cause of dyspepsia is decayed teeth. When the teeth become defective, the proper mastication of food becomes impossible, and dyspepsia is the result. Yet it is strange how many people pay little attention to the preservation of their teeth until it is too late.

It has been discovered that the Victoria city by-law regulating wiring

to be wired over again. With the comprehensive by-law adopted by the Ladysmith city council there should be little danger of any trouble arising from this cause here. The city council has started right, and are not likely to overlook any infractions of the by-law.

Hon. William Pugsley and Hon. William Templeman will visit Nanaimo next Tuesday, and a committee has been appointed to arrange a reception for the distinguished visitors. A banquet will be tendered the ministers, and incidentally the Nanaimo people will impress upon them the great possibilities of that important industrial centre. If Messrs. Pugsley and Templeman would stop off at Ladysmith for a few moments and tell us when the new Government building will be opened, the citizens would regard the information in the light of a special favor.

Speaking at Vancouver, Mr. Templeman said: "We believe that the Transcontinental in the north will do even more for British Columbia than the C.P.R. has done. We will complete the Transcontinental, and just as sure as fate, when we have that done, we will build a road to Hudson Bay." We find nothing in this to which to raise the slightest objection, and we hope not to be astray when we say that Mr. Templeman and his colleagues may be expected to approach other railway projects in which British Columbia is interested in the same spirit of optimistic resolution. Since he has been in public life, Mr. Templeman has never said anything that had a better ring about it than the sentence just quoted. —Victoria Colonist.

This is the "Fattest West", the ultimate abiding-place of the democracy, yet even here "James Yellow-plush" is to be found, if possible more obnoxious and offensive than in his natural environment. Of a highly respected and honored pastor in a prominent religious denomination whose retirement from active pastoral duties has just been announced, James says "his birth and training prevented him from being a man of the people and placed him to some extent out of touch with democratic ideas." This is said of one who is supposed to be a representative on earth of the Carpenter of Galilee, the Man who upon occasion "knew not where to lay his head." It is said of a religious teacher and disciple who received his holy orders and authority direct from a company of mere fishermen and from one whose trade was that of a tent-maker. If the founder of Christianity and the men He selected to perpetuate the faith and to preach the gospel to all the world had been by birth and training out of sympathy with the "common people" and out of touch with democratic ideas, the message delivered to the fathers would hardly have become a message to all the

tent it has been. Is it any wonder after reading such sycophantic rot that the inclination of the great body of the people is to hold in derision the "parson" and the cause he is supposed to represent? Is it a matter to be marvelled at that the tendency amongst the masses of the people who are not in society or out of it is to shun the services of the churches? Need one be surprised if the question is asked, what will the disembodied spirits who are not of the people do when they reach the land where everything is of the people, where they are neither masses nor classes? They will surely never condescend to associate with, not to say take second place to, mere carpenters, tent-makers and fishermen. Will they prefer the select circles of the other place?—Victoria Times.

### Big Jewel Theft in London Cafe

London, July 23.—A daring and successful jewel robbery was reported to the metropolitan police yesterday, a well-known Parisian jewel merchant having stolen from him a bag which contained pearls and other precious articles to the value of nearly \$500,000.

The victim was Fritz Isaac Goldschmidt, whose place of business is in Paris. Mr. Goldschmidt has many business connections with England, and is often in this country. About nine days ago he arrived in London, accompanied by his nephew. They stayed at De Keyser's Hotel, on the Thames Embankment, where Mr. Goldschmidt is a regular guest.

He had with him a number of very fine loose pearls, together with sapphires, and other articles of value. These he carried in a square bag, about 18 inches long. It is needless to say that Mr. Goldschmidt did not let this bag go far out of his sight.

But the exigencies of his business compelled him to carry it with him as he made his calls on business houses. The news of his arrival and of the fact that he had very valuable property with him, seems to have become known to what are known in criminal circles as the "high mob," who go for big stakes when they commit a crime, for it seems quite certain that Mr. Goldschmidt has been followed since he has been in London.

Only on Thursday he and his nephew were followed by two men in a hansom cab. They pulled up to let the cab pass and the occupants immediately held newspapers in front of their faces. But they appeared to be well dressed and of such a mien as would enable them to pass anywhere without remark.

Yesterday Mr. Goldschmidt and his nephew left the hotel in the morning to make calls, and went into the Cafe Monico for luncheon. Both went down into the lavatory, Mr. Goldschmidt placing the bag containing the valuables on the marble slab in front of the wash-basins, while he washed his hands. His nephew had occasion to leave the lavatory for a minute. The attendant was present.

While Mr. Goldschmidt was there two well-dressed men entered, one fair and the other dark. Seizing an opportunity, the dark man hustled up against Mr. Goldschmidt, while the fair one made a grab at the bag, as the owner of it turned to see who was pushing him. Mr. Goldschmidt shouted to the attendant, who turned only to see the man with the bag rush out into the narrow passage into Shaftesbury avenue. He ran after him, but was tripped up by the other man, who made his escape in the same way.

The whole affair was only a matter of seconds, and it was over almost before Mr. Goldschmidt realized what had happened. It was planned with a cool audacity and daring almost unmatched in the an-

estimate of his loss is between \$400,000 and \$500,000, although the only complete list of the jewels was in the bag.

### Tenders Called for E. & N. Extension

That no time is to be lost by the C.P.R. in bringing the new seaport of Alberni in direct touch with all the world by means of railway connection, the Wellington-Alberni section of the pioneer transcontinental line being rushed to completion as quickly as possible, is evidenced by the announcement today that, under instruction from Vice-President Richard Marpole, tenders are now invited for all the grading and bridging on the final section required to complete the line, this being twenty-seven miles from Cameron Lake to Alberni, which involves the heaviest work on the entire line, where the crossings are made on the mountain backbone of the Island.

It is improbable that certain portions of the work in the hills, on this particular section, can be done for less than \$60,000 a mile, and there is enough of this costly work to be done to tempt some of the largest railway builders to enter the lists of tenderers.

Grading is now so well under way that it may be said to be virtually completed on the first section, from Wellington to French Creek, which stretch of roadbed is now ready for the metals.

For the next eight miles, from French Creek to Cameron Lake—which is destined to be one of the most popular and delightful resorts in Western America, backed as it is by Mount Arrowsmith—the grading and bridging contract has just been let to Messrs. Moore & Dixon.

And now Superintendent Beasley is inviting bids for the third and last section, which will couple up the Alberni line as the westernmost section of the national highway across the continent. The distance is twenty-seven miles approximately, and much heavy rockwork, cutting and bridging is involved. The specifications are on view at the chief engineer's office at Vancouver, and at the district engineer's office in Victoria, particulars being obtainable by intending tenderers at either place. Bids are receivable from the 7th proximo until the 6th September, and it is confidently expected that the work in contemplation will be completed and the entire Alberni extension ready for traffic before the coming of autumn in 1910.

D. J. Jenkins successor to A. E. Hilbert, Hilbert Undertaking Parlor, 1, 3 and 5, Bastion St., Nanaimo Phone 124 P. O. Box 1

#### TRANSFER OF LICENSE.

Notice is hereby given that it is my intention to make application to the Board of Commissioners of the City of Ladysmith at their next regular meeting for a transfer of the retail liquor license now held by me in respect to the premises known as the Pilot Hotel, situate on Lot 9, Block 126, in the City of Ladysmith from myself to Alexander Thomas. J. R. THOMAS. Ladysmith, 25th May, 1909.

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House and Lot on Roberts St. and 6th Ave. \$525.

Store on Roberts St., near 4th Avenue. \$400

## McKELVIE BROS.,

Real Estate

First Avenue, Ladysmith

## Novelty Theatre

Masonic Building, Ladysmith

New Programme

Monday and

Thursday

PERFORMANCES AT 7:30 AND 8:45 P. M.

Admission: 10c and 15c

Matinee Prices 5c and 10c

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WOMEN AT TABLE.

I have recently amused myself by studying the way women eat their food in the various smart restaurants, writes "Rita" in a London paper. The facial expression and varied actions which enlivened the process quite reconciled me to the opinion of the poet who wished the women he loved would always dine alone.

Some of the prettiest women look ugly while eating, as, per contra, come of the ugliest look quite charming. Now as all sensible (and a few silly) women desire to look charming on all occasions, it would be as well if they remembered that in public resorts they themselves attract quite as much notice as their gowns and jewels.

Yet there are women who lean their elbows on the table and talk across it to an opposite neighbor, taking sips of wine, or stuffing bread into their mouths at intervals. There are others who absolutely throw fragments of their dinner rolls into their mouths as if they were enjoying a game of cup and ball! There is the woman who does not eat her roll at all, but has an irritating knack of crumbling it up into a heap of fragments making an untidy and most unpicturesque litter beside her plate. Possibly not one of the women thinks of the effect of her methods on an onlooker. Not one imagines she is an object offensive and offending against a standard of good manners.

There are various methods of taking soup, though the wise woman is the one who does not take it at all. It is a very bad foundation for a series of courses. And not only calculated to render digestion more difficult, but to afford quite unbecoming importance to a certain feature of the face.

I have seen delicate cheeks flush to rustic ruddiness; noses—Grecian, tipped, or otherwise admirable in shape or contour—absolutely swell and redden beneath the influence of consomme asperges or potage tortue. The difficulty of eating (or sipping) soup becomingly is drawback sufficient without the risk of unbecoming consequences. Some women take it in tiny sips, some gulp it; some ladle it into their mouths; some seem bent on "taking in" the spoon as well as the contents, others make the process audible. Some gurgle it down in conversational interludes, accompanied by the cup and ball trick I have already mentioned. But rarely have I seen one sip, drink or partake of it in a graceful manner.

The way women ply knife and fork in also an interesting study. I have seen them cut up what is on their plate into a little heap, lay down the knife, and proceed to convey the food to its natural receptacle by the fork! I have seen others throw in huge mouthfuls at a time and spoil the contour of the cheek, the expression of the mouth, and even the delicacy of the throat by emulating the methods of the boa-constrictor.

There is likewise the "snapper" of food, the slow masticator, and the "bolter." The first opens her mouth a sort of trap. It opens and shuts like a thing on springs. Hey, presto! The trick is done. The slow process is as annoying one to watch, though doubtless, beneficial to the digestion

of the exponent. Let her, however, rehearse the process before a looking-glass at home ere she treats the public to a facial pantomime.

The "bolter," in contradistinction to the other varieties, is an object of some terror as well as of absorbing interest. In goes the morsel, a gulp, and then another follows, and yet another. This specimen of food consumer is generally a great talker. Therefore "gobbling" and conversation runs a close race. I wish her no worse thing than to behold herself as other behold her!

Given a pretty mouth and pretty teeth a woman might surely learn to eat prettily and daintily—at least in public—to regulate the speed with which she empties her plate, to take moderate mouthfuls, and, above all, to follow the old-time maxim of childhood, "never to speak with a mouth full." This, however, is a very common offence. Probably because women have so much to say nowadays and so little time to say it!

The handling of knife and fork might be made an action of grace. But it rather resembles the seizure of some offending obstacle. They are taken up, used, and laid down with a business-like force and clatter from which all grace is absent. Following on the "laying down," comes that planting of elbows on the table, that loud chatter, and incessant laughter to which I have before alluded.

A FATAL DUEL.

News from Berlin gives particulars of a recent duel between two young officers at Blenkenburg showing the support which this form of manslaughter receives at the hands of the authorities.

Lieut. Zwitzer, of the 165th Infantry regiment, celebrated his promotion by a supper party, among the company being the fiancé of a brother officer named Granier. Zwitzer saw the lady home, and although a married man he so far forgot himself as to endeavor to kiss her. The lady repulsed her overrated cavalier, but at parting forgave him, promising to tell nobody of the indiscretion.

Four months later, however, she told her fiancé, who immediately challenged his brother officer. The duel took place with the full concurrence of the so-called Court of Honour, under conditions which were bound to prove fatal—pistols at ten yards' distance, thirty seconds being allowed for aiming, and alternate shots till either combatant was disabled. Two doctors were in attendance, and the ground was surrounded by soldiers. An engine with an ambulance coach was in waiting at a neighboring station to convey the wounded to Halberstadt hospital.

Lieut. Granier, as the injured party was allowed first shot. He aimed slowly and deliberately at his opponent's head, but the bullet whizzed past his ear. Then it was Lieut. Zwitzer's turn. His pistol missed fire but the shot counted. New pistols were brought, and every nerve was strained to the utmost. Granier again shot, this time aiming lower, and the bullet penetrated Zwitzer's lungs.

The wounded lieutenant was conveyed in a dying condition to the hospital where he expired during the night. He leaves a young and dis-

consolate widow whose accouchment is imminent, and a child of two. Granier, who displayed no regret, will probably receive a few months' comfortable detention in a fortress, whereas a peasant for a similar deed would be executed.

LIQUOR CASES AT PRINCE RUPERT.

Stipendiary Magistrate J. T. Williams, of Port Essington, imposed a stiff fine on a couple of Knoxville men last Wednesday. One, Mr. W. J. Tiega, was fined \$200 and costs, and the other, Mr. John Rupe, had to produce to the tune of \$150 and costs. Both were charged with selling intoxicating liquor, and both pleaded guilty. The former admitted having offered Chief Constable Vickers \$50 to have the difficulty smoothed over, and this brought a sharp comment from the court.

Chief Constable Vickers told of hearing the clinking of glasses in Tieg's place on Tuesday afternoon. As he went in to investigate, the proprietor put his head around a door behind the counter, or tried to put something in the back room out of sight. The witness made his way to the room and found glasses and whiskey. "He offered me \$50 if the trouble could be settled without his appearing in court," said the witness.

Mr. W. E. Fisher, for the crown, spoke briefly.

Constable Leek's evidence was heard, and then Magistrate Williams lectured the man before him. "You admit having been warned by the police," he said, "but yet you went right on doing what you knew was illegal. And now you admit having offered the chief constable fifty dollars. This is a criminal offence. It is an offence not only illegal, but dastardly. You deliberately put temptation in another man's way. I fine you \$200 and costs."

John Rupe's case being called, Constables Conway and Leek told of searching his premises on Tuesday evening. There was nothing but soft drinks in the bar, but in the rear room they found two valises, each packed with intoxicating liquors, which they confiscated. Intoxicated men had been seen around, and coming from this saloon.

Magistrate Williams now gave advice to Rupe, and fined him \$150 and costs. "It's about time," he remarked, "that this business was stopped. It is through men like you that Prince Rupert may get a bad name. If I lived here, I would do all that I could to put it down." Court then adjourned.—Prince Rupert Empire.

The following story is credited to a New Orleans lawyer, who was asked to address the boys of a business school. He commenced:—"My young friends, as I approached the entrance to this room I noticed on this kind. It expresses the one thing most useful to the average man when he steps into the arena of life. It was—" "Pull," shouted the boys, in a roar of laughter, and the lawyer felt that he had taken his text from the wrong side of the door.

FIGHTING M. P.'S IN OLD TIMES.

The duel is dead in England—dead and buried. The law has declared against it, and public opinion is equally as condemnatory. So the gentleman who challenges another to combat is quite safe in so doing.

Even a duel in the "good old Lancashire style," to which the challenger affectionately inclines is unlawful. Lancashire style includes the use of steel-girt clogs, most potent weapons on the feet of the native who knows how to use them.

But there are still men in Parliament who remember when to challenge a rival member to the settlement of controversy by pistols or swords was the polite and proper thing to do.

Worldly-wise and cautious as he was, Disraeli was goaded into fury by the cruel tongue of Daniel O'Connell, who compared him with the impudent thief who died upon the cross. Disraeli replied: "Although you have long placed yourself out of the pale of civilization, still I am one who will not be insulted even by a yahoo without chastising it," and challenged, not O'Connell, but his son to fight.

The reason for this was curious. Some time earlier the Irish Tribune had fought and killed a man named D'Esterre, and experienced agonies of remorse. He offered his victim's widow half his own income, and fought and won for her, free of cost, a great cause in the law courts. Daily he said prayers for the dead man's soul; and when receiving the Sacrament, always wore a black glove upon his right hand. "That hand," he said, "once took a fellow-creature's life, and I shall never again bare it in the presence of my Redeemer."

It would seem strange to hear of Mr. Balfour issuing or receiving a challenge nowadays to anything more deadly than a golf match; yet, as we have seen, Disraeli did not disdain recourse to arms. Nor did Peel. Five days he travelled secretly to evade arrest in order that he might fight a duel at Calais with Lidwell.

Men like the Earl of Wemyss, the Earl of Leicester, and Lord Gwydr distinctly remember the Duke of Wellington, when Prime Minister, fighting the Earl of Winchelsea. The quarrel arose nominally over the Duke's patronage of King's College on the Strand, but actually out of the Catholic Emancipation Bill.

Again, Pitt, when prime minister, angered at Tierney's opposition to a bill for the more effectual manning of the navy, challenged him, and they fought on Wimbledon Common at twelve paces, without doing any damage. Macaulay would have been in a similar position over his essay on Mackintosh's History of the Revolution had not Lord Stafford, to whom the matter was referred, poured oil on the troubled waters.

During the closing days of the Irish Parliament there existed a duelling club in Dublin, each member of which was pledged to call out any Opposition member who attacked Lord Castlereagh. With the Parliament dissolved, dissolution ended the club also: and it fell out, therefore, that Castlereagh, offended by Canning, had himself to fight his rival. The meeting took place on Putney Heath, and Canning received a dose of lead in the thigh.

Duelling was not more prevalent in England than on the continent. Bismarck himself confessed to having acted as principal on no fewer than sixty occasions. But he was cowed in the end, and that not by a man of war.

He admired and revered Victor-ho as a scientist, but hated his politics, and one day, annoyed past endurance, dared him to fight.

"Certainly," replied the great scientist. "I, as the challenged party, have the right to choose the weapons." He held up two sausages of exactly similar appearance.

"One of these," he continued, "is filled with trichinae; it is deadly. The other is perfectly wholesome. Externally they cannot be told apart. Let His Excellency choose which he pleases, and eat it; I will eat the other."

There was no duel.

LOST THE CASE.

"Sometimes," said a prominent lawyer, who was giving some reminiscences of his professional career, "a case is won or lost for you right in the court-room without your lifting your finger—or rather, your voice."

"I was once counsel for the plaintiff in a suit for infringement of trade-mark. My client made a brand of chewing gum put up in a blue wrapper. This wrapper had been widely advertised, and was a good thing to catch the eye in a candy counter. The defendant had got up

ance it looked the same, although the words were different, and nothing was copied except the general appearance, which is, for advertising purposes, half the value of a distinctive label.

"The opposing counsel made out a pretty good case, showing that in wording, the shape of the letters, and other points, his client's wrapper was different from the plaintiff's: "Why," he said, picking up one wrapper and showing it to the jury, "would anyone mistake this wrapper for that of the plaintiff? See," he continued, reaching down for the other, "they are entirely different."

"I told him to hold the two just as he had them. He paused at my interruption, wondering what I was up to. His wonder changed to confusion when he found that he had mistaken them himself, and picked up my client's wrapper first. It took two words from men to win the case."

ANECDOTAL.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, is an admirer of Charles Lamb, and has had access to many private papers that illuminate Lamb's character well. "In one of his unpublished letters," Dr. Wilson said the other day, "Lamb speaks of getting his publisher drunk: 'This was a case,' he says, 'of putting my wine cellar in my bookseller's.'"

It is related that once, when "Punch" printed a cartoon representing an imaginary conversation between James McNeil Whistler and Oscar Wilde, Wilde wired Whistler: "Ridiculous when you and I are to gether we never talk about anything except ourselves." "You forget," replied Whistler in a return telegram, "when you and I are together we never talk about anything except me."

Of Miss "Bee" Drew, John Drew's daughter, it is said that one day in her childhood she asked her father how often a certain paper, "The Daily —," appeared. "The paper is called the 'Daily,' isn't it?" Mr. Drew asked. "Yes," said the young girl. "Then mustn't it of necessity appear every day?" "I don't quite see that," said Miss Drew. "It is plain enough. Why don't you see it?" her father asked. "Because," she answered, "if 'The Daily —' must appear every day, then 'The Century' must appear every century."

Dickens, who never liked Thackeray, told a friend that he could see nothing to admire in one of the latter's novels, then being serially produced; and the friend, who knew both the great authors, with friendship's traditional "good naturedness" reported the opinion to Thackeray. It must have rankled deeply, but all the comment Thackeray made was: "I am afraid I cannot return the compliment, for there is not a page that Dickens has written which I have not read with delight and admiration."

Franklin Pierce, at the time of his nomination for the Presidency of the United States, in 1852, was scarcely known to the public at large. When the news of his nomination reached Boston a well-known orator was addressing a Democratic meeting. The chairman whispered the name of the candidate to him "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I have the honor to announce to you the nomination for President of that great statesman, that illustrious citizen, that noble man whose name is known wherever the flag floats—whose name is a household word—whose name—(turning to the chairman) 'what the dickens did you say his name was?'"

Out of the five million self-supporting women in the United States (those in domestic service not counted), few comparatively have become journalists. Of those the majority gain their training by the "prentice" fashion of an older day. Many fall out of the ranks early, some never go beyond the "prentice" stage, some advance and attain all the honors in the gift of the profession. That newspaper work claims the greater number is due to the fact that newspapers pay better than any other journals. But whether in the stress and excitement of work on a morning paper, or following the quieter routine of a weekly, or the more literary duties of a monthly, in no other calling are there such possibilities: not so much for fortune or for ambitious advancement, as for gaining an ever-deeper knowledge of humanity; for giving and winning sympathy; for keeping in touch with growing and widening movements in

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**When the Red Gods Call**

Civilization, which means, after all, merely the organization of society, is not infrequently unsuccessful as regards one class of individuals. The tramp printer could never be reformed, but he left along his trail many material suggestions that were of value to the country press of a quarter of a century ago. He revolted at the calm monotony of prolonged life in one country town. He went to another—and to another, until he located finally in the Valley of the Shadow.

It might have been, if it were not for the defeat of the Armada, that Francis Drake would not only have gone down to posterity unknights, but classed with Morgan, the pirate. If it were not for the army and navy, the Western prairies of America, the free life of Rhodesia, the sheep-runs of Australia, and the gold-fields of the Klondyke, how many thousands of the British race would now be living in passive, if not active, antagonism to the existing order of things which we call modern civilization?

Conventional society stands aloof from them except under extraordinary conditions, as when Drake was called by Howard of Feversham to defend the English coast against the Spanish invader, or when a severance of the Empire is threatened, as in the Boer War. A great many scientific instruments would not have been perfected if there had not been men "rolling down the Ratcliffe road, drunk and raising Cain," willing to enlist on Polar expeditions. The lighthouses of northwestern settlement, the Hudson Bay Company's trading posts, would long have remained unlighted if it were not for the rebellion in the hearts of the adventurous young Scottish Highlanders against the quietness of the life in Highland clachans. And so there have been more members of the complex British race who have been pioneers, discoverers, soldiers of fortune and adventurers than any other. It may also be said that the majority of tramps in the world claim English as their native tongue! There may be an ocean of difference in degree between the spirit that animates a John Franklin who leaves

a home of luxury and refinement to brave the vicissitudes of the Arctic regions, and that of the man who turns his back on comfortable respectability and lives a precarious life as a sailor on the North Atlantic, a waiter in Chicago, a cowboy in Montana, and a dock laborer in San Francisco; but after all it may be that both in their own way and according to their own standard and an inherited nature, are answering the call of the Red Gods that Kipling sings about.

But nature knows no waste, and the wanderers, the Bohemians who are frequently the discoverers and pioneers of new fields of industry and the providers of new sources of enjoyment, are factors in the great scheme of things, unrewarded as they may be from the standpoint of materialism. Knight-errantry was not the worst outcome of the feudal chivalry of the middle ages.

I knew a man once, a grave, middle-aged, seemingly gentleman, married and blessed with a decorous family, in whom the latent Bohemianism which is said to exist in every son of Adam would burst forth whenever a fire occurred in the little Ontario town where he lived. It was a marvel for years how an otherwise self respecting and respected citizen should, through the excitement of a local fire, go on a prolonged debauch. At last the explanation was given. The great-grandfather of the respectable, but occasionally erratic citizen had been one of the sailor-fremen on the organization of the London Fire Brigade when modern fire-fighting was systematized and when the most reckless sailors were recruited. It was a case of reversion to type or ancestry when the fire-gong sounded. How very easily a white man of little strength of character can assimilate with the Indian, and how difficult it is to civilize the red man. It is a case of reversion. Civilization as we understand it is, after all, modern, and it is not surprising that scattered amongst us are men to whom the conventionalities and restraints of civilization are irksome bonds.

Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar, and touch a particular chord in any man's nature and he

is as much the natural man as his savage forefathers.

If I may become distinctly personal for a moment, I will confess that never can a Highland regiment swing past in the garb of old Gaul to a stirring march skirled from the war-ripen, without my heart beating tumultuously and the tears streaming down my cheeks. I may laugh and scoff at it and feel ridiculous, but I have little doubt that it is all due to a bare-legged ancestor who followed with battle-axe and bull-hide shield of his clan down from the Highland hills behind Bonnie Prince Charlie to fight for the lost cause of the kingly Stuarts. This feeling, lying latent in the breasts of all men, explains the leniency with which the sins of the Bohemian are treated. It is merely a fellow feeling making us wondrous kind.

Defiance of social laws has not caused any loss of interest in the works of Byron and Burns. The story of the most loved sailor of British history would be incomplete without Lady Hamilton. It adds much to the human interest of the life story of the greatest of British admirals. Lord Charles Beresford, the idolized "Lord Charlie" of Britain's present naval establishment, is not loved less on account of the wild episodes of his unsettled youth.

The stories that men love to tell of Daniel O'Connell, John A. Macdonald, D'Arcy McGee and other much loved men cannot all be told in a drawing-room.

And when the Red Gods call in the conventional habitations of men for volunteers for the trekless places of the earth, they are always answered by many who desire to solve for themselves the problems of life, refusing to remain where the great question of human happiness is confined within defined bounds which they are compelled to accept, or starve. They are not to be blamed, for according to the best authorities they inherit qualities from generation after generation extending back to the common ancestor of all. Adam, who, the best authorities also agree, had himself a quality which many of us possess—the habit of being tempted by our wives and Old Nick.—Toronto Saturday Night.

**APPEARANCES OF GUILT.**

"One of the most terrible frights I ever had in my life," were the words with which Lord Russell of Killowen, the late Lord Chief Justice, used to introduce an experience of his younger days, says the London Answers. He was unknown and almost friendless in London, and had gone one night to the theatre, to forget in the amusement of a comic piece how badly things were faring with him. The present and the future seemed alike dark to him; but the play was amusing, and young Russell became oblivious of all his troubles as he looked and laughed from his seat in the gallery. As he and those about him were about to leave at the end of the performance, a person close by discovered that he had been robbed of his gold watch, raised an alarm, and the police were called in.

"The robbed person had been sitting close to me," said Russell, "and my heart stood still as it suddenly flashed across me that the thief, in terror lest he should be caught with the stolen watch upon him, might have put it in my pocket. If suspicion lighted on me, and the watch were there, what would become of me? The thought filled me with such terror that I felt a cold perspiration break out on me. Such a thing would mean absolute and irretrievable ruin. But the police did not light on me, and I passed out as calmly as I could. As soon as I had got a little distance away I carefully went through all my pockets. The watch was not there. I gave a sigh of relief as if I had escaped from some awful peril."

Russell's terror was by no means unfounded. Thieves have often resorted to the trick of "planting" property they have feared to carry in the pockets of perfectly innocent people. One of the most famous instances is that of a Bishop who, a few years back, on returning from a fashionable society function, was amazed to find a valuable gold watch in one of the pockets of his episcopal coat.

He, of course, took it to Scotland Yard with explanations, and they being already in communication with the owner of the missing valuable, handed it to him. The thief was never discovered. It seems impossible for the human mind to associate the stealing of gold watches with a Bish-

cuting their search lighted upon an unfortunate and equally innocent party of less dignity and character with the watch in his pocket, he would have found himself in a terrible dilemma.

A week or two back a lady appeared in the courts to claim the contents of a purse of which she became the possessor in a most remarkable manner, and under circumstances might have proved most embarrassing. With a little girl she was entering an omnibus in the West end of London, when a passenger who had just alighted discovered that she had lost her purse. Inquiry was made among all the passengers in the vehicle without result. The robbed lady went her way, and the new passenger took her place in the omnibus with her little companion.

When she arrived home she, to her amazement, found the missing purse at the bottom of a small bucket that she had bought for the child with her, and which she had been carrying in her hand. Having at once communicated the fact to Scotland Yard, every step was taken to discover the owner of the purse and its contents—something like £10. The owner was never found, however, and the question arose as to whether the purse and its contents should be handed the lady or to the omnibus company. The court decided in favor of the lady.

A man suspected of burglary at Cardiff found himself placed in dire peril through a woman's dress discovered in his box. A girl's dress had been stolen by the burglars and had been minutely described by the girl to whom it belonged. She identified the dress found in the prisoner's box without the slightest hesitation, and it agreed in every respect with the particulars she had supplied the authorities. One of the jurymen, however, was in spite of all not quite satisfied, and he suggested that the girl should retire with the dress and put it on. For a long time the court waited, and then the woman in attendance on her came back to say that the prosecutrix could not get the dress on. It had been made for some one much more slender and smaller. The prisoner was acquitted, but it had been a "close shave" for him.

A witness in a Glasgow murder case narrated how he had saved himself from a most unexpected and terrible

street one night he had suddenly come upon the body of a woman lying upon the pavement. She had been stabbed to death and horror rooted him to the spot beside her. While he was standing there other people came up, and he awoke at last to the fact that there was a crowd of angry and threatening persons around him who regarded him as the murderer.

He was in terrible danger, when a means of escape flashed across his mind. He bade the people stand back from the body, bent over it and proceeded to describe the poor woman's wounds in the best medical language he could command. The people were thunderstruck. He was not the murderer, then, but a doctor who had been examining the poor victim to do his best for her. He maintained the roll till the police rescued him.

**SALARIES PAID TO SOME GREAT ARTISTS**

[At the head of all singers—in point of fees—stands the marvelous Patti, with her douceur of \$5,500 an evening, which works out at about \$200 per minute. There is, of course, a great difference between such a phenomenal fee as this and the high fees of other performers. Caruso comes next with \$2,500 each time he sings. Melba's fee is commonly \$1,750 an evening, which is closely approached by the new star, Tetrassini.

Amongst musicians Paderewski easily takes the lead. Compare his fee of \$2,500 to the modest \$2 which easily tempted Mozart! Kubelik received \$900 for playing a couple of tunes on his violin.

But it is in the domain of vaudeville—of the music hall—that prizes and prizes have advanced so enormously. Grimaldi was the most successful droll of his day—a century ago—and he would have been quite content to have received a tithe of that paid to the successful London comedian of 1909.

It seems almost incredible that any manager could venture to pay any single performer \$4,000 a week and not go into bankruptcy. Yet such is the princely salary of Mr. Harry Lauder. It is more than twice what the late Dan Leno ever earned and his salary was accounted

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This is an entirely new idea, and will especially interest people who reside in natural gas districts. The gas ring takes the place of the lower Sunshine fire-pot, thus making it possible to burn gas in your furnace without inconvenience. Such is not possible in a furnace where the ordinary gas-log is inserted; for, should the gas give out, a coal or wood fire could not be started until the gas pipes were disconnected.

**The Gas Ring**



To provide against sweating in the summer time, Sunshine Furnace is equipped with a nickelled steel radiator and dome. All bolts and rivets are nickelled, all rods copper-plated. This special treatment, besides meaning quicker and greater radiation from the radiator and dome than cold chill iron could possibly give, acts as protection for the bolts, rivets and rods from inroads of gas. When cast iron comes in contact with our nickelled steel it is coated with our special Anti-Rust treatment, which prevents the slightest possibility of rust commencing anywhere in Sunshine Furnace.

**McClary's**

For Sale By Ladysmith Hardware Co., Ltd., Ladysmith

**English Blue Enamelware Given Away**

In order to introduce the

**ART BAKING POWDER**

We are giving with each and every pound of Art Baking Powder at 75c., a pound, Enamelware worth \$1.00 absolutely free.

Art Baking Powder is a new baking powder and claims to be the best and purest on the market. To be had at

**GEAR'S IDEAL GROCERY**

Scott's Building, First Avenue.

SEE OUR WINDOWS.

**ESQUIMALT AND NANAIMO RAILWAY**

**Double Train Service**

	1	2	4
10.00	9.00	VICTORIA	12.05 18.55
18.45	11.57	LADYSMITH	9.00 15.58
19.25	12.35	NANAIMO	9.15 15.15

L. D. CHETHAM,  
Dist. Pass. Agt.  
Victoria, B. C.

**Ladysmith Bakery Company**

Cakes of every description, fancy and plain. Candies of all kinds. Fruit of all kinds. Fresh bread every day.  
Reasonable prices. Come and see our lines and leave your orders. We give careful attention.

**Hop Lee, Prop.**  
Esplanade street, Ladysmith.

**Pure Ice Cream Constantly On Hand**

Tobaccos, Cigars, Etc.

Best quality of Confectionery

**Miss Bardoza**

hardt, Coquelin and Irving. Bernhardt was paid \$1,000 a night, which seems to have struck the Parisians dumb with astonishment. It is difficult to apportion Sir Henry Irving's receipts apart from Miss Ter-

## Shoes Shoes Shoes

Men's Canvas Shoes and Oxfords, reg. \$2.25 and \$2.50 for \$1.40.  
 Women's Canvas, reg. \$1.25 and \$1.85 for \$1.00. Children's from 70c up.  
 Men's Dongola and Box Calf, reg. \$5.00 for \$3.50.  
 Men's Patent Leather, reg. \$5.00 for \$3.85.  
 Men's Dark and Light Tan, reg. \$5.00 for \$3.75.  
 Women's and Children's Tan Shoes at a big reduction.  
 Women's 1 strap Slippers, reg. \$1.75 for \$1.35.  
 Children's Slippers, reg. \$1.40 for \$1.00, all Shoe Slippers are guaranteed, also for Boys and Girls in Box Calf and in Grain, at a reduction.  
 A few more Pairs left in Men's Pat Shoes at \$2.50.

**J. J. Thomas**  
 HIGH STREET

Box 173 Phone 43

## For Meats

OF ALL KINDS, SAUSAGE A SPECIALTY, LEAVE ORDERS AT

**Geo. Roberts'**  
**Meat Market**

Cor. First Ave. and Roberts Street. LADYSMITH.

## Miss Uren's

for

## Whitewear

## LIVERY STABLE

B. B. WELLS, Proprietor

Hack, Express, Livery and Feed Stable  
 DRAY WORK AND FURNITURE  
 MOVING. WOOD FOR SALE

Phone 62

First Avenue Ladysmith, B. C.

## Fresh Vegetables Grown by White Labor

Green Onions, Spinach,  
 Lettuce, Rhubarb.

**E. Pannell**

## Ladysmith Waterworks

### NOTICE

On and after this date water consumers must not sprinkle streets or roads.

The following rules will govern gardens and lawns:  
 Below 3rd Avenue—In the morning from 7 to 10 o'clock.  
 Above 3rd Avenue—In the evening from 5 to 8 o'clock.  
 Dated June 9th 1909.

J. J. Bland,

Superintendent of Waterworks

**COOKED PRESSED**

## Corn Beef

Chicken and Veal at all times

**J. A. Ryan**

# The Funny Man in Business

Give a man a reputation of being funny and ruin him is a paraphrase of the old adage which recently was used by a prosperous friend of mine. He is something of a wag and wit himself, in a droll way—and he declares that, in earlier life, his unwellcome reputation as a funny man came near ruining his life's prospects.

"I fled from reputation and my home town," he says, "and I had \$25,000 in the bank and an established business before I dared crack a joke again. In that period anyone who laughed at anything I said was my enemy."

He may have exaggerated the facts a bit, but it is a notorious fact that the "funny man" of the office, the shop, factory, is usually the worst failure. It pays to be funny only in books or on the stage.

I have known scores of cases of funny men who have failed, men of bright minds, quick wits, clever tongues. They acquired reputations as wits and were lost. Everybody laughed at them, nobody took them seriously or wanted to employ them in any capacity. One, I remember, made a grand success, after many failures, by getting a job as a travelling salesman for a liquor house. He was a good entertainer, a wit, and a brilliant story teller, and, in that line, they helped him dispose of goods until he got funny with his employer and was discharged.

He suddenly realized what was happening. He saw himself as others saw him and the laugh palled on him. He quit making puns. He settled down to business. He ceased to amuse street corner crowds of boys and worthless fellows. He is president of a bank in one of the largest cities in the country.

The reputation of being funny is a curse to most men. The moment they become imbued with the idea that they are wags and wits they begin to cultivate that turn of mind to the exclusion of everything else—especially their business duties.

There was a man in a certain town who, when about twenty-one years of age, suddenly became known as a remarkable punster. At that time he was employed in a bank at a fair salary. He cultivated that habit of punning until it was really remarkable. He could turn a pun on anything or everything, and he became

the village pest. Inside of three months he was discharged from the bank as worthless and was looked upon with a species of contempt all over town. He was the horse block comedian. His wit was of the livery stable style.

Probably it is the sweetness of the applause of those around them that spoils the funny men. Their friends roar over their witticisms and tell them they ought to be on the stage, forgetting that the man who is funny in the club or in the bar room is seldom funny in the theatre, and that the funniest men on the stage usually are staid, sober men of the boards.

Also, it is an odd fact that the men who laugh loudest at the bright sayings and quick repartee of the "funny man", are the ones who turn them down when they seek work.

"I'd like to do something for him," said a friend of mine to whom I appealed in behalf of another friend. "But I can't use him in this business. He is too funny. He would waste time being funny for the benefit of the other employees, and it is probable that he couldn't resist trying to be funny at the expense of the customers."

He didn't get the job—although, hating his wit, he was the best man available for the position.

It is related that Bill Nye often spoke, late in his life, of his gift of rare humor as a curse. His fun palled upon him while his readers were still raring. He saw himself as a buffoon, a clown, amusing the rabble—and the idea was not sweet to him.

Indeed he tried to do serious things and the crowd laughed, because it was funnier to see Nye trying to be serious than to see him trying to be funny.

Frank Moynihan, the actor, illustrates the idea well in a story. He was call boy in an old Chicago theatre when Joe Jefferson was playing Rip there. In one scene he was astonished to see Jefferson deliberately turn his back to the audience. The act puzzled him and later he approached the great actor and enquired about it.

"I am glad you asked me that question," said Jefferson. "It is this way. I have been making the audience laugh for an hour. Every move I make is funny, whether it is

funny or not. This is Gretchen's scene—her one chance to shine in the play. I want her to have the benefit of that scene. If I turn my face and even move a hand or an eyelash the audience will laugh and spoil her scene. The only way to keep them from laughing is to turn my back."

The "funny man," the "village cut up," the "wag" works under the heaviest handicap of any of the world's workers. To call a man a wit in the business way is tantamount to branding him as a failure.

### ANECDOTAL.

It is said that Mark Twain was standing in a crowded street car, hanging to a strap, the other day. As the car swung around a corner the strap broke, dumping him into the lap of a well-dressed woman. The humorist arose and bowed. "Madam," he said, "this is the first time the street car company ever conferred a favor on me."

A missionary in China was endeavoring to convert one of the natives. "Suppose me Christian, me go to heaven?" remarked Ah Sin. "Yes," replied the missionary. "All life," retorted the heathen, "but what for you no let Chinaman into America when you let him into heaven?" "Ah," said the missionary with fervor, "there's no labor party in heaven."

The teacher of a country school asked his pupils one day if any of them could tell him who Joan of Arc was. The question was followed by profound silence. Some of the pupils stared at the teacher, and some turned and stared at one another, as if seeking information in the faces around them. Finally a boy burst out with: "Oh, yes, I know; she was Noah's wife."

Once, when they were talking literature, Mrs. Isabel Strong said to Robert Louis Stevenson: "At least you have no mannerisms." Whereupon Stevenson took a copy of his own "Merry Men," which she was reading, out of her hands, and read, "It was a wonderful clear night of stars." "Oh," he said, "how many many times I have written 'a wonderful clear night of stars.'"

In 1885 an Englishman and his wife were being driven about Ireland by a rather melancholy jarvey, who could see no silver lining to the cloud overshadowing his country and his own particular trade. "Never mind, Pat" said the Englishman, "you'll have a grand time when they give you Home Rule." "Bedad, yer banner, and we will—for a week." "Why for a week?" "Drivin' all the ginty to the boat," answered Pat.

A somewhat apocryphal anecdote of Sir Wilfrid Laurier is going the rounds of the United States press. During a general election, it is related, a Quebec Liberal, whose acquaintance with Sir Wilfrid was only political, sent this telegram to his leader, who was in Ontario on a speech-making tour: "Report in circulation in this county that your children have not been baptized. Telegraphic denial." To which despatch the Premier sent this reply: "Sorry to say report is correct. I have no children."

Dr. MacNamara, in his collection of child stories, tells one concerning that wonderful dream of Jacob's and the angels going up the ladder to heaven. "Please, sir" asked one of the boys in the class to which the story was being rehearsed, "why did the angels want to go up the ladder when they had wings?" This nonplussed the teacher, who took a strategic movement to the rear by saying "Ah, yes! Why? Perhaps one of the boys can answer that." And one did. "Please, sir," said he, "because they was a-molting."

Thomas A. Edison is deaf, but, like many whose hearing is defective, he sometimes understands what is said

visitors one day at his laboratory, to whom, as usual, he was polite, although busy, and he patiently answered many questions unnecessarily shouted at him! Finally, one of the visitors, the humorist of the party, said to another: "I bet he'd hear if we ask him to have a drink." "Yes," said Edison, looking directly at the man and smiling, "I would; but no, thank, not today."

Joaquin Miller, "the Poet of the Sierras," recently visited a friend in Boston. This friend, whose literary tastes run largely to Emerson, Browning and Maeterlinck, found the venerable poet in the library one afternoon deeply absorbed in a book.

"What are you reading?" asked the Bostonian. "A novel by Bret Harte," replied the poet. The Hubbit sniffed. "I cannot see," said he, "how an immortal being can waste his time with such stuff." "Are you quite sure," asked Miller, "that I am an immortal being?" "Why, of course you are," was the unwary reply. "In that case," replied the Californian, grimly, "I don't see why I should be so very economical of my time."

The trip of the Dominion Minister of Lands and Works and the Secretary of State to this province has called forth a chorus of approval from the Liberal press. It is pointed out that the Government has adopted a wise course in obtaining knowledge regarding the wants and wishes of the country by way of first hand information thus obtained by the responsible heads of departments. With such sentiments we, of course, have no fault to find. The benefit that may naturally be expected to arise from such a course are so plain as to need no arguments to support such a view. It is rather strange however, that when Premier Mc Bride and his colleagues in the provincial government make such a tour for exactly similar purposes, some of these very same Liberal papers can find nothing at all praiseworthy in their conduct. Sneers and jibes are then the order of the day, and no motives are too mean to impute to the provincial minister. Funny, isn't it!—Vernon News.

### PUBLIC NOTICE.

This is to notify the public that I, James Rowe, will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, on and after this date, without my written permission. Any accounts against me should be sent in at once.

JAMES ROWE,  
 Ladysmith, June 16, 1909.

### DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between Robert Barclay and John Conlin, hotel proprietors, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All bills due the late firm must be paid to Robert Barclay, who will also pay all bills against the said firm.

J. CONLIN,  
 ROBERT BARCLAY.  
 Dated July 2, 1909.

### TRANSFER OF LICENSE.

Notice is hereby given that we intend to apply to the License Commissioners of the City of Ladysmith at the next regular meeting, for a transfer of the retail liquor license now held by us in respect of the Portland hotel, Ladysmith, B. C., from ourselves to Arthur Leslie Collingwood.

JOHN CONLIN,  
 JOHN BARCLAY.  
 Dated at Ladysmith, B. C.  
 July 7th, 1909.

### "LAND REGISTRY ACT."

Lot 4, Block 29 (Map 703 A)  
 In the matter of an application for a Duplicate Certificate of Title to Town of Ladysmith.

Notice is hereby given that it is my intention at the expiration of one month from the date of the first publication hereof to issue a Duplicate Certificate of Title to said land issued to William Beveridge and Henry Reifel on the 3rd day of November, 1902, and numbered 8208 C. S. Y. WOOTTON,  
 Registrar-General of Titles,  
 Ladysmith, Orange Free State.

## 1c CLASSIFIED ADS 1c PER WORD

Advertisements under this head one cent per word per issue, payable in advance.

### NURSES.

NURSE BROWN is prepared for Maternity or general engagements. Apply at Mr. E. Wilson's Second Avenue, between Roberts and Gatacre.

### FOUND.

FOUND—A watch. Owner can have by proving same. Apply Grand Hotel.

FOUND—A Red Collie Dog. Owner can have same by applying to Frank Forest, Gatacre street, and paying for this advertisement.

### LOST.

LOST—On road between Ladysmith and Chemainus on Monday 22nd, small pocket book, name inside. Return to owner L. N. Solly, Victoria, or J. J. Bland, Ladysmith. Reward given.

LOST—Between Roberts street, Third Avenue and High Street, book, entitled "Fun Doctor." Please return to Mrs. Ewart, High Street. \$1.00 Reward.

### FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Boathouse and gasoline launch. Will sell cheap. Apply H. Blair.

FOR SALE—White Leghorn eggs for setting. Buff Leghorns and Black Minorcas. \$2.50 a setting. Apply Mrs. Laird.

FOR SALE—Express wagon in perfect order and harness. Apply Arthur Howe, Chemainus.

PIANO FOR SALE.—Upright Grand Dominion Piano in first class condition. In use only a short time. Apply Mrs. Bernard, Union Brewery, Ladysmith.

FOR SALE—Piano at a snap, also one piano drape and two stools. Apply H. Thornley.

FOR SALE—Wallpaper and Painting Business Stock. Cheap for Cash. Property, etc. Apply J. E. Smith, Roberts street.

FOR SALE—My South African Veteran Bounty Land Certificate issued by the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; good for 320 acres of any Dominion Land open for entry in Alberta, Saskatchewan, or Manitoba. Any person over the age of 18 years, Man or Woman, can acquire this land with this certificate. Write or wire, L. E. Telford, 131 Shuter Street, Toronto, Ontario.

### WANTED.

WANTED—A girl to assist in light housework. Apply Mrs. Mulholland, First Avenue, Ladysmith.

WANTED—Home for boy of eleven on farm or ranch, where he can help in return for board. Also position as housekeeper to working man by Englishwoman. Letters, Mrs. "C," Ladysmith.

### CREDITORS TRUST DEEDS ACT, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that Arthur Howe of Chemainus in the Province of British Columbia, butcher, did on the 19th day of June, A. D., 1909, make an assignment unto Arthur Charles Smith of Chemainus aforesaid, machinist, of all his personal property, real estate, credits and effects which may be seized and sold under execution, for the purpose of paying and satisfying all his creditors ratably and proportionately and without preference or priority. And further take notice that a meeting of the creditors of the said Arthur Howe will be held at the Horseshoe Bay Hotel, Chemainus, aforesaid, on the 10th day of July, 1909, at two o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of giving directions with reference to the disposal of the estate; and further take notice that all persons having claims against the said Arthur Howe are required to forward particulars of the same, duly verified, and the nature of the securities if any held by them, to the said Arthur Charles Smith at Chemainus, B. C., on or before the 23rd day of August, after which date the assignee will proceed to distribute the proceeds of the estate among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of those of which he shall then have had notice, and all persons indebted to the said Arthur Howe are required to pay the amount of their indebtedness to Arthur Charles Smith forthwith. Dated at Chemainus, B. C., the 22nd day of June, 1909.

# GREAT Slaughter Sale

In order to reduce my stock before moving I will offer for the remainder of this month all my stock, consisting of Wall Paper, Frames, Enamels, Etc., at One-Half the Regular Prices. A few quotations will convince you I mean business.

Wall Paper .14, Now .07	Picture Frames .75, Now .35
" " .20, " .10	" " 1.40, " .70
" " .25, " .12 1/2	" " 1.75, " .85
" " .40, " .20	" " 2.00, " 1.00
" " .50, " .25	" " 3.00, " 1.50
" " .70, " .35	

## BARGAINS IN ALL LINES Call and See for Yourself.

We also have a quantity of Household Furniture for Sale, including Piano and Sewing Machine.

**HADDY KAY**

We offer you a golden opportunity to buy SHOES at your own price.

We intend clearing all our Summer Shoes in the next few days and suggest an early visit to Our Store.

THE QUESTION IS

# ARE YOU PREPARED

—TO BUY—

Children's Canvas Shoes at 50c a pair.  
Girls' Canvas Shoes at 85c a pair.  
Boys' Canvas Shoes at \$1.15 a pair.  
Ladies' Canvas Shoes at \$1.00 and \$1.25 a pair.  
Men's Canvas Shoes at 1.25 a pair.

## VERY SPECIAL

For Men—A fine well made Shoe at 1.90 a pair.  
For Women—A nice fine lace up Shoe at 1.50 pair.  
For Children—Regular 1.50 Slippers for 90c pair.

# BLAIR & ADAM

## - Big Special -

IN

## English Tunic - - Shirts - -

Well made with extra large bodies.

Guaranteed to wash and wear, to the satisfaction of everyone.

In Plain, Blue or Fancy striped.

Regular \$1.50 and \$1.75 for \$1.00 each

## Straw Hats

Selling them out regardless of cost, prices from 50c up

## W. E. Morrison

## The Vancouver Island Cigar Company

Formerly Gold & Johnston, of Victoria, are introducing a new brand of Cigars to be known as the "V. I." Try Them.

## Local and General News Notes

### REVIVAL.

On the 1st of August the Rev. Father Clement Gaine, of Victoria, B. C., will open an eight-day mission at St. Mary's R. C. Church. Everyone welcome.

Mr. Thos. McIntyre went over to Vancouver on Thursday evening.

Mrs. M. Matheson has returned from a week's visit to her daughter, Mrs. Judges, at Tacoma.

Mr. Hugh Macdonald, the sewer contractor, went down to Victoria this afternoon, and will return on Monday.

To meet your friends and be right at home, while in Victoria, stay at the Rainier Hotel, George Jurgis proprietor.

Mr. Geo. Pryde has left on a holiday trip to the Nicola Valley

The Methodist Church Sunday School are now making arrangements for their annual picnic.

Mr. J. J. Bland yesterday disposed of a lot on Buller street. The purchaser will erect a house on his property at once.

The heating apparatus for the new government building is now being installed, and the furniture for the same building is expected shortly.

Frank Reynolds came down from Nanaimo last evening. Ladysmith is growing so rapidly that Frank can scarcely find his way round the city.

Mr. Horace King, Vancouver, superintendent of the Metropolitan Insurance company, was a visitor to Ladysmith this week, and met many old friends here.

Miss Zelma Bragg, accompanied by Miss Geraldine Hirst, left for Vancouver last evening. From there they will go to Seattle on a visit to the A. Y. P. exposition.

About thirty members of the Tye Gun Club will attend the Gabriola Island shoot next Sunday. All those who are going will meet at the Grand Hotel at 6.30 a. m.

The sewer contractor has run short of pipes, but it is expected this difficulty will be overcome in a few days, and that there will not be another shortage for some time.

Mr. William Blair, of Collingwood, Ont., is visiting his son, Mr. John Blair of Ladysmith. Mr. Blair is delighted with the British Columbia climate, and will remain here a month or so.

This is the season when bush fires are most prevalent. It would be well for those who go out to the woods for an outing to remember that great care should be taken with regard to fires.

The C.P.R. photographers visited Ladysmith last Wednesday, and took views of the recently cleared E. & N. railway company's land. They also took views of the miners' train and scenery in and around the city.

## SUBSCRIBE

TO THE

Seattle Daily Times 70c a month

—AT—

Knight's Book Store

# Simon Leiser & Co., Ltd.

Ladies' open work LACE HOSE. All sizes, to clear at 25c a pair.

Ladies' BLK COTTON HOSE full fashioned, very special at 20c a pair.

Men's Sox, BLACK CASHMERE SOX, all sizes 25c a pair.

Infants' and Children's Sox, in BLACK only, regular 15c and 20c a pair, to clear at 5c a pair.

Ladies' BLACK LLAMA HOSE, the best value in Town at 50c a pair.

## Church Services.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.  
8.30 a. m.— Holy Communion.  
11 a. m.— Matins.  
2.30 p. m.— Sunday School.  
7 p. m.— Evensong.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.  
Sunday Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Bible Class and Sunday School at 2 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.  
Sunday services: At 8 a. m., low mass. At 10.30 a. m., high mass. At 2 p. m., Sunday school. At 7 p. m., evening service and Benediction.

METHODIST CHURCH.  
Epworth League meets at the close of the Sunday evening service. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.  
Sabbath Services: Morning, 11 a. m.; evening, 7 p. m.; Sabbath school and Bible class, 2.30 p. m.  
R. WILKINSON, Pastor

### CONFECTIONERY STORE.

I have purchased the stock of William Hooper on Gatacre street, and am now ready to supply the public with all lines of good confectionary, ice cream, sodas and soft drinks. I respectfully solicit your custom.  
JOSEPH LOWDON.

To meet your friends and be right at home, while in Victoria, stay at the Rainier Hotel, George Jurgis proprietor.

## Special for This Week

The remainder of our stock of MEN'S OX-BLOOD and TAN OXFORD SHOES. Regular \$4.50 and \$4.75 value, to clear at \$3.75 a pair

Also a line of MEN'S BLUE BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR. Regular Price 50c a garment. To clear at 40c a Garment or 75c a Suit.

## C. E. Jeffs

The Men's Wear Store

# ELECTRIC LIGHT FIXTURES

We beg to announce that we have one of the most up-to-date stocks of Electric Fixtures, Globes, Fittings, now on order. Direct importation from one of the largest manufacturers on the continent.

These goods will arrive in ample time for installation as soon as our electric plant, now in course of construction, is completed. Estimates will be given and special fixtures orders taken for import. Catalogues for inspection at your convenience.

## The Ladysmith Hardware Co., Ltd.

N. B.—We will employ a competent electrician to install all fixtures.

## Call and Inspect Our SILVER WARE

We have Tea Sets, Sugar and Cream Sets, Fruit Sets, Cake Baskets Butter Dishes, Cake Plates, Bread Plates, Childs' Mugs Napkin Rings, Etc., Etc. Prices range from one dollar upwards. A full Stock of Rogers 1847 Plate Knives, Forks and Spoons in stock. Before purchasing a watch, call and see our Swiss Precision Movement, a high grade time piece, guaranteed. Special discount of 10 per cent for this Month.

## P. G. NOOT

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER

## Houses Wired for Electric Light

A full line of ELECTRIC FIXTURES to arrive in a few days.

See me for prices before you sign any contracts or make any promises.

See some of my work in this city.

## W. B. Compton Practical Electrician

OFFICE: Peterson's Furniture Store.

Mr. J. Eno left for Seattle yesterday to attend the meeting of the Pacific Coast League, which will be held there tomorrow.

Excavation work for the new parochial school has commenced. There will be five large class rooms, and the sisters will reside at the rectory.

## Ladysmith Plumbing, Heating and Electric Co.

Estimates given on Plumbing,

Heating, Electric Wiring, Mo-

tors, Flat Irons and Electric

Fixtures.

A. Leslie Collingwood, Mgr.

C. S. McTavish

T. E. Sullivan

Office and Shop: 1st Ave., Phone 76.



SUMMER SUITS \$5.00 TO \$7.50. WALTERS & AKENHEAD