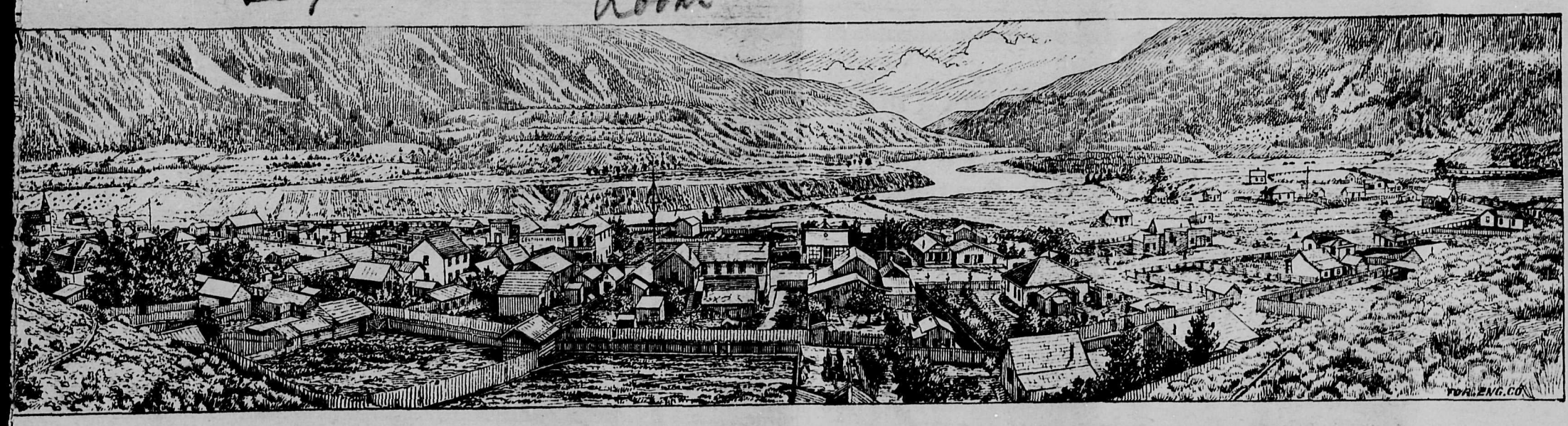
~~Mining Record~~ Legislature Reading Room



THE PROSPECTOR.

Vol. 6 No. 19 LILLOOET, B.C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1903. $1.00 a year.

BRITISH COLONIES.

Remarkable Increase of the White Population Within Their Borders.

The population of the principal British colonies is just now a matter of special interest. The figures given with regard to it by writers and speakers differ widely. This is not surprising, as most of the statements are based upon official returns published from two to twelve years ago. Perhaps a cautious estimate of the numbers of the white population at the present moment may be of a little service. I have been at some pains to make one, and I believe that the figures given below will be found pretty close to the mark. In the case of Africa, south of Zambesi, it is impossible to hope for exactness, and I have therefore given a figure slightly below what seems to me probably correct. The total—11,075,000—will doubtless appear low to many colonists, but I must remind these that to arrive at my result not only aborigines but Asiatics resident in the colonies have been deducted.

White population in July, 1903:

Canada	5,525,000
Australia	3,860,000
South Africa	875,000
New Zealand	815,000
Total	11,075,000

An eminent American has lately stated in a London newspaper, "Your colonies do not grow." It may interest any one who may have been impressed by this broad assertion to be told that for some time past the average increase of whites in our colonies has been at the rate of about twenty thousand per month.—W. F. Reeves, in London Times.

Conan Doyle as a Detective.

A friend of Sir Conan Doyle once asked the great author of so many detective stories why he did not establish a detective agency and employ Sherlock Holmes' methods in solving his clients' mysteries and conducting his business.

"Well," said Sir Conan, "I have a very good reason. You see that all the knots of the Sherlock Holmes type were of my own tying, and, naturally, for me to untie them was simple. If I undertook to unravel the entanglements of other people I believe I should fail. On one occasion, however, I solved what might have been a puzzle to some. I was in a tailor's shop while a rather unattractive man was selecting a pair of trousers. He flatly objected to striped material, and I got the idea that he was an ex-convict. To satisfy myself I visited a number of prisons, and sure enough I found that man's picture in the rogues' gallery. Doubtless he had had enough of striped wearing apparel."

Cost of London Smoke.

It takes seven million tons of air a day to carry away the London smoke, compared with one million tons of water to carry away the sewage. This poisoned atmosphere has already proved fatal to many of the fine old trees for which the neighborhood of London, was once famous, and the destruction of the Kew arboretum "is only a question of time." Moreover, a bad fog may cost $25,000 a day for lighting alone, and Mr. J. C. Hawkshaw, an authority on the subject, thinks that $25,000,000 a year is not an excessive estimate for the total expense of smoke pollution to London.

As It Is To-Day.

Famous Patient—Doctor, please give me my medicine now.

Doctor—Pardon me. I'm simply the doctor in charge of issuing bulletins; the other doctor will be here presently.

Lord Coleridge on the Bench.

Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England from 1880 until 1894, has been described as England's greatest criminal judge. A writer in the Pall Mall Magazine says that in appearance he has the very embodiment of judicial dignity. He was ever courteous and considerate, and never tried to win cheap applause at the expense of an inexperienced barrister or overwrought witness.

He had a curious habit, on the bench, of leaning back in his chair and closing his eyes, and this sometimes led the unwary to conclude that he was asleep.

On one occasion, during the trial of a prisoner for setting fire to a dwelling-house, the counsel for the defence was much upset through his ignorance of the chief's habit. Throughout the day he had been trying to get before the jury the fact that a man other than the prisoner had openly threatened to burn down the particular house.

Each attempt to introduce testimony which the rules of evidence would not admit, was checked by a prompt objection, sustained by the court. But when the speech for the defence was begun Lord Coleridge went off into his usual doze, and the counsel saw his opportunity.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "let me come to another and more serious point. We have heard from the witnesses that a certain Bill Smith had, prior to the fire, been dismissed by the prosecutor from his service. Now, gentlemen, I can tell you something—"

"But not about Mr. William Smith. I'm afraid," came from the bench, in gentle tones which conveyed no sense of irritation or annoyance.

Death Roll of the Plague.

Over a million and a half people in India have died of plague since the disease first made its appearance in Bombay in 1895. In 1896 there were 1,700 deaths. The Mortality increased to 56,000 in 1897, to 118,000 in 1898, and to 135,000 in 1899. The following year there was a big drop the number of deaths going down to 93,000, but the hope that the end was in sight was quickly dashed to the ground, the year 1901 seeing no less than 274,000 deaths, while the total rose in 1902 to the terrific figure of 577,000. Since then matters have grown even worse, the first three months of the current year adding roughly another 300,000 to the list of those who have perished from the disease.

Minnows in Ice.

A well-known Grand Rapids milkman was recently made the victim of a cruel joke by a fisherman friend who happened to be passing the milkman's wagon just as that worthy man was dodging around the corner of a house with a bottle of lacteal fluid, The fisherman had a pint or so of minnows in an oyster can. Quickly he dumped the little fish into the milk tank and fled. Patrons that morning were dazed to find the finny little fellows in the seasoning of their coffee provided by their faithful purveyor, and nearly mobbed him before the truth came out.

Forth Dollars for a Hotel.

A medical man in Nova Scotia is in a fair way to make a good thing out of a recent hotel investment. He bought a vacant hotel building and shipped it to Sydney, where he is now having it erected. This building cost $3,000. The doctor bought it for $40 and is making improvements and enlarging it to such an extent that it will be worth, when complete in Sydney, about $6,000

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Abbott, of the Bend 'Or mines, is in town.

Mr. Gethmann, of Iowa, who has been spending the summer in Lillooet, left town with his family this week for Southern California.

Miss Hedley, who has been visiting her brother in town, left for the East last Wednesday.

A public meeting was held in Martini's hall last Monday eve, when the citizens of Lillooet discussed the needs of the district. A report of the proceedings is unavoidably held over until next issue.

The store of C.A. Phair was entered by burglars last Saturday evening, and about $500 in gold and silver was taken. So far the thieves have escaped,

Special meetings will be held in the Methodist Church next week, commencing on Tuesday night at half past seven. The Rev. W. Winslow, of Ashcroft will assist at the meetings.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the undermentioned persons have applied to the Board of Licence Commissioners for the Lillooet Licensing District for the renewal of their hotel licenses, under the provisions of the "Liquor License Act, 1900" and that the said applications will be considered by the Board at the Court House, Lillooet, B.C., at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 15th day of December, 1903.

Mark R. Eagleson, of the Victoria Hotel, Lillooet, B.C., for the renewal of his hotel licence.

Thomas P. Reed, of the Pioneer Hotel, Lillooet, B.C., for the renewal of his licence.

Duncan Fraser and Matilda Williame, Executrix of Estate of John Miller, deceased, of the Excelsior Hotel, Lillooet, B.C., for the renewal of their hotel licence.

ARTHUR S. CARTER,
Chief Licence Inspector,
Lillooet Licensing District.

Lillooet, B.C. November 21st, 1903.

WANTED—SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARacter and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise old-established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary $21,00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash direct each Wednesday from head offices Horse and carriage furnished when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed envelope Colonial, 332, Dearborn St. Chicago.

AT KILLARNEY, IRELAND.

Viscountess Castlerosse's Pleasant Surprise in the Killarney Furniture Industry.

On crossing the threshold of either the "Killarney Furniture Industry," or the Castlerosse School, as it is called, the feeling is one of exhilarating surprise and pleasure. Here are neither pigs, nor Paddies, nor bog-oak horrors. The first-named institution—once the Killarney School of Arts and Crafts—has been put up on a thoroughly business footing, and furnished with the best models in craftsmanship from England, France and Italy. A great deal of the work executed was disposed of at the London sale of the Home Arts and Industries' Association, some little time ago, and since then the manager has in hand orders to the amount of $250, which implies admirable management, as the industry was started only about five years ago with a little class of boys taking carving lessons at Killarney House. Now it has developed into a thriving business, including ecclesiastical work, school furniture, electric fittings, and every branch of wood carving and gilding. The airily inclined visitor will hanker after the stained green card-boxes, gilt with appropriate wording, "The Bridge of Sighs," the literary will appropriate book-cases and slides, with the motto, "un livre est un ami qui ne trompe jamais," while the artistic will hardly know which most to admire, the whitewood bedstead, which bears the diploma of the Glasgow Exhibition, the colored bas-relief of poppies blowing before the wind, the true lovers' knots for electric light fittings in Kauri pine, or the dark wood carvings copied from Roman churches. Further on one passes through a modest doorway into a little school of industry quite unique in Ireland, and which would have delighted the soul of Ruskin. The latticed casements open on green pacts, the white walls have a tulip frieze, and over the mantel are the lines:

There are three things, fair maiden,
With which I'd see you laden;
Your book wherein to pray,
Your purse wherewith to pay,
Your needle and your thimble,
To keep your fingers nimble.

In the various departments the girls learn sewing and various housewifely arts, such as cooking, so neglected as to be almost unheard of in the cottages, and laundry work, which is highly successful. From 25 to 30 girls can be received as boarders for a nominal sum a week. These are the industries which, owing to circumstances too long to chronicle and too melancholy to recall, were disappointed of receiving a substantial grant. It is difficult for people, although of the highest ideals and entire singleness, of heart, to continue to support with undiminished faith and enthusiasm, even a beautiful and philanthropic institution at heavy personal loss. The tourist season being now in good swing, it is hoped all those who are intelligent enough to know that to leave Ireland without seeing Killarney is to remain ignorant of her supreme beauty, will not drive past these sources of interest unheeding, but will, by orders to the furniture industry and donations to Lady Castlerosse's school, second this rare and most gallant effort of a patrician Irishwoman to help her country people to help themselves. One of the very greatest pleasures when at Killarney is to stroll along the road where Lady Castlerosse's workers have their interesting emporium, and watch them through the open doorway, laboring industriously and singing cheerily over their work.

"COCK O' THE WOODS."

Another Attempt Being Made to Introduce the Capercailzie.

An effort is being made to stock Ontario forests with capercailzies, the famous game bird of northern Europe. Under the direction of Mr. Thomas Gibson, Director of Provincial Parks, 30 birds have been imported from Norway and were recently released in Algonquin Park. The greatest care was taken with the shipment, and the birds were in good shape when released.

They cost $8 each in Sweden, and the cost of transportation was no small amount. A special commissioner was sent to New York to meet them, and take them to their new home.

The capercailzie is a large, glossy, black grouse, and as it thrives in all the pine forests of Northern Europe, it is thought that it should get along in Ontario. It became extinct in Scotland and Ireland during the eighteenth century, and has been reintroduced to the Highlands by methods similar to those now adopted by the Ontario Government. The bird is familiarly known as "Cock o' the Woods."

An effort was formerly made by Mr. Gibson and three were imported. They were placed in Rondeau Park on Lake Erie and the weather turned very warm. To make them more comfortable their keeper moved them to a shady, cool place, and next morning found their throats had been cut by a weasal.

It is hoped this trial will have better luck. Mr. Gibson, who is still in Northern Ontario, saw them released, and says that most of them rose straight up and went off to the wilderness. Others were more affected by the [illegible] confinement, but after fobbling around for a few minutes they, too, took to the woods.

[illegible]

Mr. Roger Jocosk's stories of the Canadian West in the 'eighties, related in "A Frontiersman," are of ne[illegible]-ailing color and vivacity. Invalided from the N.W.M.P., he became a missionary to the Indians in an inaccessible corner of British Columbia. There was much to do, he says. The heathen lived healthily in their well ventilated barns of hewn cedar; but the righteous must needs have stuffy little houses, microbe traps to cultivate the phthisis which sent them up to heaven in a hurry. They sacrificed much to dress like missionaries, gave themselves airs and graces among the heathen, and were needlessly uplifted because successive white men had been sent from the outer spaces to learn their precious language. I flatly declined to learn that wonderful dialect, because they had need of English, and I had no occasion for Gaelkshian; wore gum boots or deerskin hunting-dress in church to show that religion did not consist of ugly garments, and discouraged the endless loquacity of their prayers as tending only to self-righteousness. It did them good to be shocked, because a mission has no need to be a ranch for raising prigs, and a Christian Indian ought not to be distinguished from his fellows for unctuous rascality, vanity and gloom.

A "[illegible] House."

A Dutch doctor at Yokohama, Japan, has built himself a novel house with a view to guarding against microbes and earthquakes. The walls of this edifice are made of blocks of glass. They are built hollow the interstices being filled up with a solution of salts of soda, which is intended to regulate the temperature of the interior. The windows are hermetically closed, and air is only admitted after passing through filters

THE HARD PATH.

The Path that leads to a Loaf of Bread
Winds through the Swamps of Toil.
And the path that leads to a Suit of Clothes
Goes through the noweless soil,
And the path that leads to a Loaf of Bread
And a Suit of Clothes is hard to tread.

And the path that leads to a House of Your Own
Climbs over the bowldered hills.
And the paths that lead to a Bank Account
Are swept by the blast that kills.
But the man who starts in the paths to-day
In the Lazy Hills may go astray.

THE NAVAL POLICE.

Obscure, But Found on Every Battleship of the British Navy.

Probably the most obscure police force in existence is that known as the Naval Police, members of which are to be found on every battleship in the British Navy. Although British sailors have their own policemen to look after them, it must not be inferred that this state of things is necessitated by the bad conduct of the men. As a matter of fact, it is not often that the naval constable has to use his powers afloat, but when in port he is always busy in the interests of Jack.

The naval constables on every ship are under the control of the master-at-arms, the highest position in this police force, to which a salary of £2 2s. a week is attached. Their duties consist in maintaining order throughout the vessel and guarding the ship's stores. When a ship is in port it is not an unknown occurrence for thieves to slip aboard unobserved, and the constable on patrol has, of course, to prevent this.

As soon as a ship enters port it is usual for seamen of good behaviour to obtain leave to go ashore, and very often Jack is so lost in the enjoyment of his little holiday that he fails to return to his vessel at the appointed time. The naval constables then row ashore, and, having apprehend the deserter, take him back to his ship, when he receives a light sentence from the master-at-arms for his thoughtlessness.

But withal the naval police are always popular with the men, who know well enough that they never make trouble unless there is just cause for it. On the other hand, they sometimes rescue Jack, after a tough fight, from the haunts of landsharks to which he has been lured, as often as not displaying the most remarkable courage on his behalf.

Another reason for the popularity of these police is that they are really sailors themselves, and have served on the lower deck for three years as ordinary seamen before being promoted to corporal of police. Furthermore, they must have a clean conduct sheet and be indefatigable workers, while to distinguish them they are allowed to wear the letters "N. P." on their sleeves.

A Walled Town in Britain.

In the old days when might was right the city that was walled about was common enough, but there are very few towns in Britain which preserve their walls at the present day. Of those few, undoubtedly the most unique is Berwick-upon-Tweed, the old Border town, which has occupied many a page of the past history of the United Kingdom, and which to this very day enjoys the distinction of special mention as a place apart from the United Kingdom in every Royal proclamation issued. Here the old battlements built in the time of Queen Elizabeth remain intact, with all but one of the ancient gateways, and even in some cases the very ponderous gates themselves on their old rusty hinges. In reality there are too walls, the outside and older one, of which now only some fragments remain standing, dating back to the far-off times of Edward the First, who in the great hall of Berwick Castle—only a small part of which now remains—decreed that Baliol should be King of Scotland, a decree which, as every schoolboy knows, was soon set at defance by the Bruce and his hardy warriors. On this outer line of the ramparts still stands the tower in which the warning notes of the war bell were rung to denote the approach of an enemy, an object naturally of great interest to all visitors to the town.

Two Kinds of Dancers.

The Rev. Reginald Campbell of the London City temple during his visit to America said a number of amusing things. One of them concerned dancing. A young girl asked Dr. Campbell if he did not consider dancing graceful.

"Professional dancing," he replied, "is, I admit, graceful enough in some cases. But what is there of grace in the dancing of amateurs? A man and a woman, close together, spin solemnly about a room. The man's long black coat tails flap. Such persons always look to me as if they had been hired to dance and were doubtful if they would get paid."

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Liver trouble
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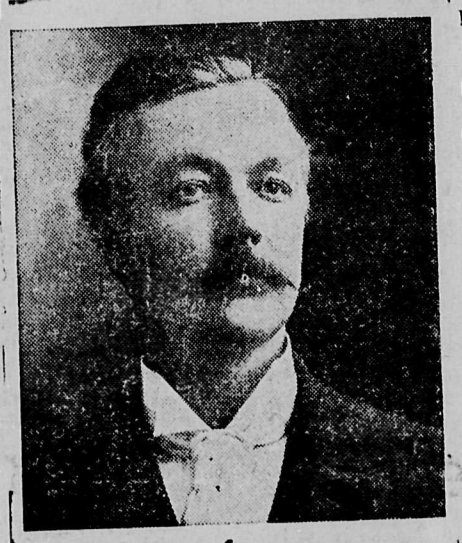

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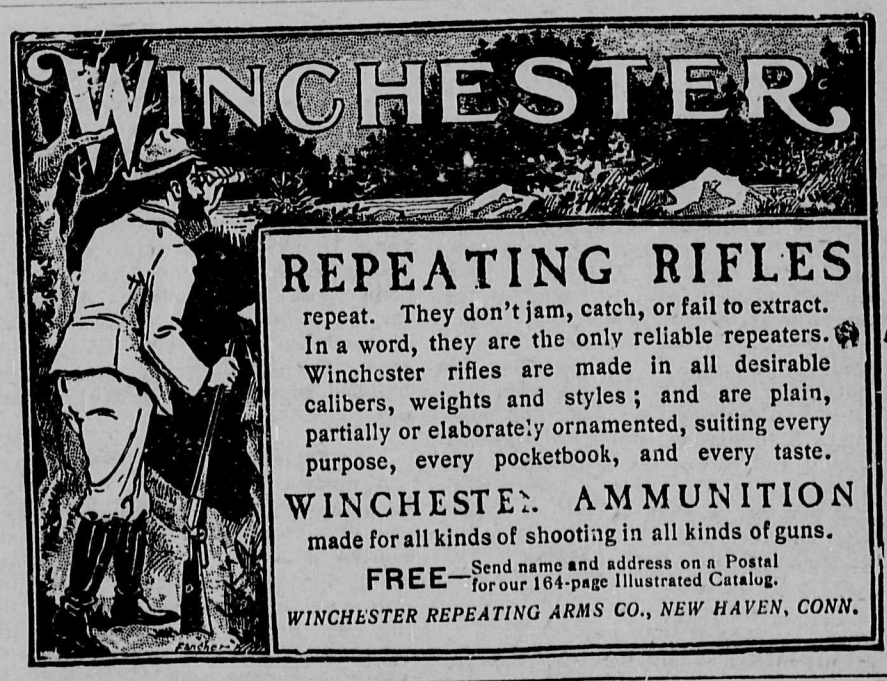

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VOLUME OF PAGES

EWSBURY HOLDS A MOST UNIQUE PLACE IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

e of That Name Fought 500 Years go Celebrated on July 21, 1903— ontributor to Historic Festivities in hakespeare—Swift and Fiery March Hotspur—Lessons of Shrewsbury.

ewsbury, in common with most of heroines in modern comedy, has ast. But what is not, 'tis to be d, always the case with the lad- nentioned, it is not a past to be med of. It is a page, almost, in- , a volume of pages, in English ory, and Shrewsbury did not n that Englishmen at home, or world abroad, should remain for- ul of this. It does not happen the picturesque town on the sh border has any very famous al name upon her annals which ld be commemorated. But she had nething more considerable; she had great and terrible battle to remem- which turned aside the whole rent of the kingdom's story and med the beginning of a fresh chap- in the chronicles of the throne. e hundred years ago, upon the dant plain which, three miles th of the ancient town, is bathed the Silver Severn, was fought t desperate conflict, wherein Hot- r fell, with more than 2,000 of best-bred gentlemen in the realm, issue of the day being to confirm Crown to the Duke of Lancaster Henry IV. Last Tuesday, July , was the actual day to be cele- ated, that being the date of the mous battle of Shrewsbury. The my of King Henry IV. met that of ung Percy in Shrewsbury's green adows, when, out of a force not ceeding 12,000 on either side, those va's left nearly a third of the tal number dead in the clover and e corn, or limping, wounded, from e dreadful contest into the market ace. All these things have been lled into life again by the little rder town.

Shrewsbury, however, had already magnificent contributor to her his- oric festivities in Shakespeare, and ith much good sense she made a hakespearean week out of the show. ppropriate structures had been ised; Mr. Benson's company had een engaged, and the program pro- ised every day, besides lectures, rmons, discourses, and excursions ertaining to the events to be reviv- d, included one or more plays of the mmortal dramatist. These, of ourse, comprised "Henry IV.," "Richard II." and "Henry V.," from he historical plays; nor could any better way be found for bringing back o all minds that blood-stained and tumultuous epoch. Most of us, if truth were told, get our English his- tory from the Bard of Avon; and even those who go deeper into re- cords never really shake off the pro- found impressions left by his majes- tic genius. Wherever and whenever we study those plays—and most of all if studied or seen on the stage within eyesight of the battlefield—it is as if we lived in those fierce times. Read "Henry IV.," and you want no grander guide—nay, you will hardly accept any other guide. The pages of any prose history seem dull and barren in contrast with the superb power and piercing insight of Shake- speare. We see, as if they lived, the armies draw nigh to Shrewsbury. Hotspur marching swift and fiery, hoping to meet Owen Glendower's levies hastening from Snowdon and Plynlimmon; while Henry of Lancas- ter, with his equal force of 12,000 men, presses on from Coventry to in- terrupt the junction, if that may be.

At noon the armies come together in that fair spot beyond the town which still bears the name of battle- field. From noon till evening they fight with such ferocity that long be- fore sunset 6,000 or 7,000 are killed or wounded. And this slaughter, be it remembered, was all wrought with sword and spear on one side, and with bows and arrows upon the oth- er. King Henry IV. owned, indeed, a big gun, with which, afterward, he terribly frightened the Scotchmen at Berwick, and Falstaff in the play talks about having his fat body fill- ed up with lead. But the carnage at Shrewsbury was mainly done by the deadly cloth-yard shaft, which has perhaps been too lightly abandoned as a weapon of war. Prince Harry himself, for whom this field was the first of his warlike experiences re- ceived a wound in the face from an arrow, and Hotspur was slain by an arrow which pierced his eye. When that dauntless leader broke by an early charge the ranks of the King's army, the Royalists closed up be- hind him, and then for two sangui- nary hours "by Shrewsbury clock" showered their steel-pointed shafts into the clubbed and huddled rebels. There must be plenty of those fatal weapons, winged "with the gray goose feather," even now lying under the grass and the market gardens by the side of the Severn.

Shakespeare seems to have almost all that was to be known of the hot battle. He lets us learn the exact counsels of the leaders, the characteristics of each great noble- man and chieftain on the field, and how the King attired several of his captains in garments of the fashion worn by himself in order to lessen his own personal danger. One by one the magic of his invention shows us the proud and selfish Northumber- land, his brilliant son, the young Percy, the gloomy and astute Wor- cester, the foremost of all Prince Harry. Owen Glendower, the Welsh Prince, has not kept his promise of bringing his mountaineers in time to Shrewsbury. The people of the bor- ders believe him to be half-wizard and half-King, and many among them attribute to his witchcraft the evil weather and heavy floods of the season. King Henry, with his son, the young Prince, who will be here- after the hero of many a victory, has thrust forward by well-judged marches, and is eager to strike be- fore the Welsh leader can join Hot- spur. That headlong soldier burns to keep the glory of that day to him- self, and the battle is joined with alacrity on both sides. Never were more splendid pictures of war; one forgets the savagery of court and camp in reading such lines as these, where Hotspur inquires about the Prince, asking:

Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

And Sir Richard Vernon replies:

All furnished, all in arms,
All plumed like estridges that wing the wind,
Bated like eagles having lately bathed,
Glittering in golden coats, like images:

As full of spirit as the month of May,
And glorious as the sun at Midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world, with noble horsemanship.

Throughout the crimson terrors and merciless hatreds of the conflict the great poet intermingles those patches of irresistible comedy which make his plays all the more closely resemble the blending of tears and laughter in human life. For here, side by side with the magnificent pictures of wrath and ruin, and the slow mak- ing of England in blood and travail, we read such keen wit and subtle sa- tire as where Sir John Falstaff medi- tates upon "honor" or slowly and nervously rises from his pretended death couch to comment upon the promise which Prince Henry has made to see him disembowelled.

As everybody knows, the battle was won by the King's army and se- cured the Crown and the throne of the Red Rose of Lancaster for thir- teen years—stormy but successful. The power of the great Barons was brok- en upon that blood-stained field, and Shrewsbury had good reason to re- mind us all of the share which she bore in our chronicles. Shrewsbury will teach us, with Shakespeare's aid, how then, as now, the noble and ig- noble, the lofty and the base, the rightful and the unrighteous, were interwoven in our annals, and while we laugh at the ragged recruits with whom that pleasant rogue Falstaff refused to march through Coventry, and who, by the way, were so "pep- pered" in the battle, we can see that even to Feeble, the woman's tailor, and to Peter Bullcalf the kingdom owes something, however little, of her proud and powerful upgrowth.— Sir Edwin Arnold, in London Tele- graph, July 25.

Mr. Pearse had something to say about fishing. Fishing was working hard and doing nothing. What a fool he was who went fishing with- out a bait. "Put a bait on, man! Put a bait on!" added Mr. Pearse.

Four o'clock in the morning was a time when a man felt cold—so aw- fully cold, and hungry—so awfully hungry, and he didn't know if he loved anybody.

When would the churches begin to give up thinking about souls? The usual question asked a man was if he were prepared to die. Did it nev- er occur to anybody to ask if he was able to live?

It was a poor, maimed gospel that saved people's souls on Sunday night and forgot people's bodies on Monday morning. He, Mr. Pearse, had heard the other day of a lady who gave a hungry man a tract and made him swear. The proper thing to have done was to have wrapped the tract round a dinner and given him that.

Mr. Pearse's definition of etiquette was biting in its irony. "The prop- er thing," he said, "to do, don't you know? That's etiquette."

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Attracting Attention
on account of

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As far back as the year 1858, successful placer mining was carried on at Horse Beef bar, near the town of Lillooet. The adjoining ground is being worked with profit at the present time.

A company is now working a gold dredger on the Fraser, with gratifying success, and a new company has been formed with a capital of $350,000, to operate an improved dredge near the town of LILLOOET.

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In the dry belt, and at an altitude that renders the seasons temperate and equable, the climate is most suitable for health-seekers. Semi-tropical fruit may be grown, and at the present time, November, rosebushes and geranium plants may be seen in bloom in the gardens of the town

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Mr. Barrie's Little Joke.

James M. Barrie, the famous Scottish author, who is very shy at social functions or banquets, and can hardly be induced to either converse freely or utter a speech, is not above poking fun at himself. On one occasion there appeared in the Scots Observer a brilliant lampoon in which Mr. Barrie was represented as attending a public dinner, keeping every one in roars of laughter with his unceasing stream of wit and epigram, and finally ending up by making the speech of the evening. When a certain literary friend of Mr. Barrie's saw this wickedly clever piece of satire, his indignation knew no bounds, and he rushed into print demanding by all the outraged gods that the author of this infamous article should straightway disclose himself, and be dealt with accordingly. But, alas for the well-meaning friend, the author was none other than Mr. Barrie himself.

When Queen Victoria Was a Child.

Among the many stories told of the childhood of Queen Victoria is one of a visit made with her mother at Wentworth House in Yorkshire. While there the Princess delighted in running about by herself in the gardens and shrubberies.

One wet morning soon after her arrival the old gardener, who did not then know her, saw her about to descend a treacherous bit of ground from the terrace and called out:

"Be careful, miss; it's slape!" a Yorkshire word for slippery.

The ever curious Princess, turning her head, asked, "What's slape?" and at the same instant her feet flew from under her and she came down.

The old gardener ran to lift her saying as he did so, "That's slape, miss."—Youth's Companion.

Declines to Accept Fees.

Nicholas Murphy, K.C., who is an old friend of Sir Melville Parker, who has been recently ill at his home in Cooksville, noted the fact that Sir Melville, who over 40 years ago was appointed a justice of the peace, is one of the very few holders of such office who declines to accept fees or emolument for his services. While living a quiet retired life as a country gentleman, Sir Melville has always taken an active interest in local affairs, and was warden of Peel County, and was reeve of Toronto Township for several terms.

"A man of education," said Mr. Murphy, "of refinement and of a most genial disposition, with both friends and opponents, and a Justice of the Peace for many, many years, in the County of Peel, Sir Melville has settled more cases that have come before him by making friends of those who wanted to be enemies, than any other Justice of the Peace in Canada. And he was always an adherent of the fact that stands patent, that Justices of the Peace should not be paid fees, and he held his position in that capacity without any fees or reward for his valuable and long service."

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases. 22

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NOTICE

Re The Estate of John Miller, Deceased

Take notice that all persons having any claim against the Estate of the late John Miller must send in their claims duly verified to the undersigned on or before the 14th day of December, A.D. 1903, and any person owing any debt to the said Estate must pay the same to the undersigned on or before the above date.

Dated this 14th day of November, A.D. 1903.

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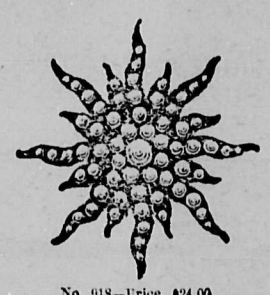

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SALE OF LANDS FOR UNPAID DELINQUENT TAXES IN THE LILLOOET ASSESSMENT DISTRICT, PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I hereby give notice that on Monday, the seventh day of December A.D. 1903, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, at the Court House, Lillooet, I shall sell at public auction the lands hereinafter set out of the persons in said list hereinafter set out, for the delinquent taxes unpaid by said persons on the 31st day of December, 1902, and for interest, costs and expenses, including the cost of advertising said sale.

LIST ABOVE MENTIONED.

NAME OF PERSON ASSESSED	SHORT DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY	COLUMN No. 1 DELINQUENT TAXES — TAXES	COLUMN No. 1 DELINQUENT TAXES — INTEREST AT DATE OF SALE	COL. No. 2 STATUTORY COSTS AND EXPENSES	COL. No. 3 TOTAL
	GROUP 1.	$ c.	$ c.	$ c.	$ c.
Bishop, Thomas	Lots 138, 144, 340 acres	20 00	2 04	2 00	24 04
Cassidy & O'Halloran	Part Lot 210, 80 ,,	85 50	8 82	2 00	97 32
DeWolf & McCartney	Parts Lots 206, 212, 325 ,,	512 26	52 25	2 00	566 51
Devine, Ann	Part Lot 208, 36 ,,	54 90	5 60	2 00	62 50
Fewster Philip	Part ,, 176, 160 ,,	196 50	20 04	2 00	218 54
Gregson, T &J. and Jos. Yowart	Part ,, 210, 80 ,,	132 82	13 54	2 00	148 36
Garden, William	Parts Lots 202, 203, 120 ,,	175 50	17 90	2 00	195 40
Hunter, John & William	Part Lot 203, 140 ,,	76 50	7 80	2 00	86 30
Huppard, George	Lot 2, Block 2, Sub.	20 50	2 10	2 00	24 60
Haller, Joseph	Lot 220, 160 acres.	50 25	5 12	2 00	57 37
Hunt, S. Lucas	¼ Lot 399, 40 ,,	26 00	2 65	2 00	30 65
Inman, James	Pts. Lots 203, 209, 206 ,,	297 75	30 37	2 00	330 12
Johnston, J.H.	Lot 3, Block 3, Sub.	10 10	1 03	2 00	13 13
Janes, Oron Otis	Lot 594, 320 acres	76 00	7 75	2 00	85 75
Keith, A.J.	Part Lot 211, 310 ,,	447 50	45 64	2 00	495 14
Lindlay, Edwin P.	Part Lot 203, 80 ,,	130 50	13 32	2 00	145 82
Madson, Robert	Lot 303, 160 ,,	31 50	3 32	2 00	36 72
Murphy, E.O.	Pts. Lots 208 210, 130 ,,	90 00	9 18	2 00	101 18
McEwen, Donald	Part Lot 180, 103 ,,	138 26	14 10	2 00	154 36
McWhinney, James	Part Lot 180, 103 ,,	125 38	12 78	2 00	140 16
McKinlay, A. I.	Lots 4, 161, 468 ,,	349 25	35 62	2 00	386 87
Phillips, E. Lindsay	Part Lot 205, 160 ,,	256 50	26 16	2 00	284 66
Ponsford, Harold & A.	Part Lot 211, 73 ,,	127 90	13 04	2 00	142 94
Price, William Scott	Part Lot 206, 173 ,,	218 39	22 27	2 00	242 66
Power, Thomas	Lot 358, 220 ,,	9 60	98	2 00	12 58
Ramsay, William	Part Lot 208, 20 ,,	19 50	1 99	2 00	23 49
Scott, Leonard	Part Lot 204, 170 ,,	150 99	15 40	2 00	168 39
Shields, Alexander	Part Lot 204, 90 ,,	123 75	12 62	2 00	138 37
Skinner, Thomas	Part Lot 210, 80 ,,	52 50	5 36	2 00	59 86
Taylor, John	Part Lot 205, 160 ,,	251 29	25 62	2 00	278 91
Unsworth, Mary	Part Lot 208, 20 ,,	16 50	1 68	2 00	20 18
Underhill, Rev. H.J.	¾ Lot 399, 120 ,,	73 50	7 50	2 00	83 00
Wallbridge, D.G.	Part Lot 212, 148 ,,	252 69	25 78	2 00	280 47
Wycott, William W.	Lot 367, 80 ,,	131 34	13 40	2 00	146 74
Wycott, Thomas	Lot 366, 320 ,,	28 50	2 90	2 00	33 40

Dated 24th October, 1903.

CASPAR FRAIR, Assessor,
Lillooet Assessment District,
Lillooet, B.C.