Legislative Reading Room

THE PROSPECTOR.

Vol. 3, No. 22. LILLOOET, B. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1900. $2.00 a year.

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THE PROSPECTOR.

BY RIC. A. FRASER.

THE RACE QUESTION.

There is a great deal being said, especially by the Conservative leaders about the stand taken by the people of Quebec in the recent general election; Clarke, Wallace and Sir Hibbert Tupper do not hesitate to stigmatize the French people of Quebec as disloyal and the word "traitor" appears with deplorable frequency in their speeches.

Of course the reason is clear: the Conservative party being beaten at the polls is endeavoring to explain away its defeat by stirring up racial strife and Leading Tory sheets as the Hamilton Spectator and the Toronto mail and Empire are most bitter in their denunciation of the French. Not only is their course unwarrantable but it is most decidedly ruinous to the good feeling which must exist between the different elements in Canada, if as we all trust we are some day to be a great nation.

Instead of trying to unite the two peoples, of welding into one hamorious whole the diverse elements in our population, the Conservative leaders who formally made such boasts of their patriotism are deliberately straining and destroying the good feeling which was existed between the English and French. No language can be too strong for men who strive to make political capital out of a course which may lead to untold bitterness and disunion.

Since 1763 when the French surrendered Canada to the English, there have been two invasions of Canada, both by the people of the United States one in 1812 14 Both failed; but the stand taken by the French during both attacks in defence of the English government is a fact in Canadian History; and if the friendly relations between the two peoples were allowed to hold sway, the French would undoubtedly again, if danger called rise in Canada's behalf. There is no more loyal Canadian than Sir Wilfrid Laurier and it is very fortunate indeed for Canada that his tact will go much to allow the ill feeling which the Tory leaders are causing.

But why are the Conservative railing so loudly at the French? When Sir John McDonald used to poll his vast majorities in Quebec, did they then complain of the stress of French rule? Every province but one in the recent elections has supported Laurier, and nearly all of them went more Liberal in proportion than Ontario Went Conservative Neither was it in Quebec that Sir Chas. Tupper, Hugh John McDonald, Darien, Montagu, McNeil, Foster and many other stalwart Conservatives went down. The hue and cry against Quebec is utterly without ground and liable to cause most serious consequence if both parties do not combine to stop it.

We print in another column a letter from the Rev Mr. Wright on the subject of a public library for Lillooet. THE PROSPECTOR considerers the suggestion a very good one and is very glad that Mr. Wright has taken the initiative. A well conducted and a well chosen library is a boon to any place and as we have no carnegie to provide one for us, we have to huckle down and provide for ourselves. A united effort on the part of the citizens of Lillooet would procure a good library at a very low cost, as books when bought by the lot are sold very cheaply. But a library is only an associate good; we need and need very badly, a reading room where our young men can enjoy an hours read away from the smoke of the bar-room Then arrises the question of a building. A good sized building would have to be erected, one that would comprise a club room for athletic sports a reading room and library and we know, for we have seen the same thing done in other places that the citizens will be more than amply repaid for the expense incurred. We only offer this as a suggestion to receive the consideration of the town's folks.

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A Sad Week.

The year has gloomily begun
For Willie Weeks a poor man's
SUN.

He was beset with bill and dun,
And he has very little
MON.

"This cash," said he, "wont pay my dues,
I've nothing here but ones and
TUES,"

A bright thought struck him, and he said,
"The rich Miss Goldrock I will
WED."

But when he paid his court to her,
She lisped but firmly said, "No,
THUR,"

"Alas!" said he, "then I must die!",
His soul went where they say souls
FRI,

They found his gloves and coat, and hat;
The coroner upon them
SAT.

—Life

POLLING IN LILLOOET

Galliher leads by one.

FOLEY	2
GALLIHER	30
MCKANE	29
Spoiled	2

PAVILION.

FOLEY	0
GALLIHER	9
MCKANE	3

Editor Prospector Sir:

Will you allow me, through the medium of your paper, to address the people of our town in regard to matters in which we are all, more or less interested

A former correspondent has shown the need there is for a small hospital in this town. We wish to second the remarks made in reference to that need. It will not be possible, always, to secure private homes for the injured, and moreover, no home can be expected to make adequate provision on the shartest notice. The need we think is evident to us all. We trust that something will soon be done to remedy this defect in our social organization. The question of a public library and reading room has been repeatedly discussed in our hearing. There are many men in town for the winter who, after taking their meals at the hotels, want some place where they can go and sit down for a quite read. Our friends at Clinton are far ahead of us in the respect. Also permit me to draw your attention to the condition of the town cemetery.

The Indian and Chinese residents in this locality are, in touth, setting us an example that we should follow in their steps, by placing a neat fence around our burying plot.

May we venture to suggest that a subscription list be started in "THE PROSPECTOR" for one or more of the above objects.

Who will set the ball rolling and what will be our first aim?

Yours Sincerely,
JOHN H. WRIGHT.

Oddities of British Life

The London Chronicle enumerates these "Oddities" of public life; Lord Salisbury has never spoken to Mr. John Morley, and he never saw as he once told a writer, Mr. Parnel; at any rate, until shortly before the Irish leader's death, when the chances of their having met are exceedingly remtoe, Mr. Gladstone though in parliament sixty years, was, upon his owu authority, seen only once in the smoking room; also that Mr. Gladstone never spoke to Lord Melburne, whose contemporary he was for twelve years, and that the g. o. m. never saw Bismark, all of which strikes an American as not merely "odd," but singularly lacking in the natural curiosity of the intelligent human being. One other oddity, according to the Chronicle, is the fact that the Queen has never once pinned the Victoria cross on the breast of a sailor. Considering how much the British navy has done to make the Empire, this is an odd omission.

The man who orders Lillooet's weather certainly deserves a hearty vote of thanks. The people of the coast are being drenched by an unceessant downpour of rain while other parts of Canada are completely snowed under by the "beautiful." With our unsurpassable climate and scenery and our splendid prospects as a mining centre we are sure to have a good town here in the not far distant future.

BRIDGE RIVER.

LILLOOET'S GROWING TIME.

Work Commenced by the Purchasers of the Lorne-Woodchuck Group of Claims. A Large Gang of Men Will be put on and a Five Stamp Mill Erected.

Mr. Leslie Hill representing the large company which recently purchased the Lorne and Woodchuck group of mineral claims on Cadwallader creek, arrived in town Monday evening. Mr. Hill is accompanied by his foreman Mr. W. Barker of Silverton B. C.

A gang of men is being taken to the properties to commence work on the claims; in a short time a much larger gang will be put on and a stamp mill erected. Now that outside capital has taken hold of these good properties, Bridge river is sure to be the most prominent free milling camp in B.C. All this section wants is a fair trial and now that a fair trial is being made we have no fears of the outcome. Next season will likely see a record breaking boom on Cadwallader creek.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.

London, November 22.—Sir Arthur Sullivan, the musical composer, is dead, as the result of heart failure.

Sir Arthur Sullivans death was very unexpected. It occurred at 9 o'clock this morning, while he was laughing and talking in a house here. He fell down and died within a few minutes of heart failure.

He had been asling for some time, but it was not believed his heart was affected. Recently he had been in better health than for some weeks past.

Sir Arthur, who was 58 years of age, had long been regarded as the leading musical composer in Great Britain.

The Kamloops Standard in Hard Lines.

It is reported that one of Blyth's fastidions newly married ladies kneads bread with her gloves on. The incident may be somewhat peculiar, but there are others. The eidtor of The Standard needs bread with his shoes on, and he needs it with his pants on, and unless the delinquent readers of this great family journal of freedom pay up before long he will need bread without a blooming thing on.

This great family journal finds its way to many parts of the earth; to England, China, the United States, indeed it is all the editor can do to keep it from going to Hell.

Bulls and Blunders.

After the defeat of the Armada the Mayor of Covent was deputed by the citizens of that loyal borough to present an address of congratulations to Queen Elizabeth. The worthy Magistrate is the course of his speech remarked: "When the Spanish Armada atacked your Majesty ecod! they got the wrong sow by the ear." The queen graciously accepted the compliment in the spirit in which it was meant.

An English Magistrate, on being told by a vagabond that he was unmarried, promptly informed him—"That's a good thing for your wife."

A Portuguese Mayor enumerated among the marks by which a drowned man might be identified when founed "a marked impediment in his speech"

A Shropshire paper observes—"Those who know old Mr. Brown personally will regret to hear that he was assaulted in a brutal manner but was not killed." Akin to this is a statement in an Edinburgh Journal—"We regret to find that the death of Mr. Wilson was a malacious fabrication.

In the popular History of France we are told—"It is eptremoiy doubtful whether the Prince Morovacus ever existed at all, but he had a sun, Childeric, whose exestence is well authenciated." Another historical writer graphically describes a warrior fighting like Somson and old, who, armed only with the Jawbone of an ass, put a thousand Philistines to the sword."

When we cross the Atlantic we find an exuberance of imagination and a falicity of expression truly wonderful. It was a Western orator who exclaimed—"There is not a man, woman, or child in this audience who has arrived at the age of fifey years, but has felt the truth thundering through their mines for centuries!"

Landseer, the great painter of animals, once went on a visit to the King of Portugal. The King was delighted to meet a man whom he admired so much, and welcomed the visitor with effusion in this truly Hibernian manner—"I am very glad to see you, Sir Edwin. I am so fond of beasts!"

Subscribe for THE PROSPECTOR.

DEWET AT BAY.

A Big Battle in Progress That May Be His Last

London, Dec. 1.—The Evening Standard reports that a great fight is in progress between General Knox and General Dewet near Rouxville, in the southeastern extremity of the Orange River colony, and that the capture of General dewet is considered imminent.

The first despatch from General Kitchener in his capacity of commander-in-chief of the British forces in South Africa, dated Bloemfontein November 30, confirms the report of fighting between General Pilcher and General Dewet as cabled November 29, and add the least reports regarding General Knox being in touch with General Dewet's force.

General Kitchener also reports that General Paget was fighting November 28 and 29 with the Viljoen and Erasmus commandoes and that he drove them into a position in the vicinity of Reitfontein. The British casualties were heavy. Colonel Lloyd and five men were killed and 50 were wounded.

London, Dec. 1.—During a course of sight seeing in the Metropolis to-day, the members of the Royal Canadins contingent troops were received at the Mansion house by the lord mayor and corporation. His Lordship expressed the high honor he felt entertaining a regiment, "Whose service to the empire were so great that they had been acknowledged by the queens own lips, the highest honor which could be bestowed on returning troops."

Lieut-Col. Buchan gracefully acknowledged the heartiness of the reception of the Canadians in England.

The Canadian officers, who returned from South Africa this week, expressed no surprise at the renewal of Boer success. They only wondered that they had not been greater, The Canadians however, are unanimous is expressing their belief that Lord Kitchener is the Man to deal with the form of opposition now faced by the British in South Africa. Hardily any of the returning officers expressed criticism of Lord Roberts even if the face of the recent reverses. The general feeling towards the field marshal is well put by the Sun of this City. It says: "Lord Roberts is a brilliant, dashing soldier and has displayed consummate ability, But after all, we fear he is too much of a humanitarian for the work now to be done. Once Kitchener gets to work on the Boers nothing will stop him."

London, Nov. 30.—In connection with the movement of General Knox, reported in the despatch from Cape Town, Lord Roberts, in a message from Johannesberg, dated Wednesday, November 28, says that General Knox roccupied Dewetsdorp on November 26. The Boers, he adds, had attacked the place on November 21, and the town had surrendered on November 25. General Knox at last accounts, was pursuing the federal commando.

Lord Roberts aiso reports that Various columns found the Boers holding strong positions in the vicinity of Harrismith, Philippolis (Both in the Orange River Oolony), and other widely separarated points. The fighting however, was of little importance.

London, Nov. 28.—While the report of the condition of the Cape Colony are regarded as somewhat unnecessarily alarming, there is little disposition to take a too roseate view of the general situation, The constant despatch to South Africa of reinforcing drafts, and the daily fights at points wide apart show the war is not over, and while the statement that Lord Roberts has demanded 20,000 fresh troops is incorrect, it is a fact that he has asked for 8,000 men to replace the battalions whose wastage incapacitates from duty at the front. These reliefs will be despatched, but they will seriously attenuate the garrison of the United Kingdom, inasmuch as Lord Roberts insists the troops shall be picked men and have seasoned officeas.

Lord Roberts Reports.

London, Nov. 27.—The war office publishes the following despatch from Lord Roberts dated, Johannesburg, November 26:

"As reports of a plot against my life will probably reach you, I think you should know the facts. It is my belief that there was a plot in exestance, and five Italians, four Greeks and a Frenchman were arrested on November 16, and are now awaiting trial. Their intention were to explode a mine under St. Mary's church during the morning service held at 11 o'clock on November 18.

"I hear Jacksonjs doing well since his marriage." "Yes sports a carriage and pair now." "Is that so?" "Yes, I saw him pushing it in the park yesterday."

THE FIELD FRATERNITY.

When God's dear justice is revealed—
The kingdom that the Father planned—
His children all will equal stand
As flowers in the field.

There each one has a goodly space—
Each yeoman of the flowery race;
Each has a foothold on the earth,
A place for business and for mirth.

No privilege bars a flower's access
To earth's whole store of preciousness;
The flowers stand level on God's floor
With equal nearness to his store.

And flowers, they have no private ends,
But stand together as close friends;
They send their beauty on all things,
An equal gift to clowns and kings.

They worry not; there is enough
Laid by for them of God's good stuff—
Enough for all, and so no fear
Sends boding on their blameless cheer.
This noble blessedness can be
In kingdoms of equality.

So from the field comes curious news,
That each one takes what it can use—
Takes what its lifted cup can hold
Of skyey rain and beamy gold,
And all give back, with pleasure high,
Their riches to the sun and sky.

Yes, since the first star they have stood
A testament of brotherhood.
—Edwin Markham in Saturday Evening Post.

THE LOST MINIATURE.

It Reformed the Man Who Found It.

By A. D. Lee.

"It is rather a peculiar case," he began.

I smiled wisely. Every one thinks his case peculiar. In reality it generally proves unusual only to the one concerned in it.

My book was turned, face down, on the window sill. I was ready to listen, but Alyn did not go on at once. He sat quietly gazing out of the window across the river. The smile was still on my face as I suggested:

"This 'peculiar case' certainly has its heroine."

"It has a heroine, yes."

Alyn's eyes were so frank as they met mine. His gaze had not been so direct nor his face so clear the last time I had seen him. A year's absence from his old associate had certainly been good for him. It was a pleasure to look at him.

Just now his expression puzzled me. I could not fathom it, but it invited me to continue.

"Have you her photograph with you?"

"Yes."

He drew out of his breast pocket a small red leather case and, opening it, handed it to me. It needed but one glance at the painted oval to make me exclaim impetuously:

"You love her. No one could doubt that an instant."

Such a picture! A dainty little head covered with short, curling hair; a delicate, loving, teasing face; dark, full, bewitching eyes. The throat was bare, and an indistinct mass of white gauze ended the portrait.

"You must love her." I spoke with conviction.

"I do," returned Alyn—"most sincerely."

Still his expression puzzled me. An inscrutable smile played over his face, but he delayed beginning the story he had volunteered to tell.

"And she?" I hesitated over the inquiry remembering what manner of man it was who had gone from us a year ago.

A gentle expression passed over Alyn's face.

"I think she is fond of me," he replied simply.

I stretched out my hand and Alyn grasped it warmly.

"I do believe," he said earnestly, "that if ever a man was fortunate that man is I. Will you care to listen? I used to tell you things when I was a boy," he added apologetically.

I picked up my sewing, always lying ready against such times as this, and leaned back in my rocker.

Alyn reached for the picture. He leaned his head on one hand and his elbow on the table. In the other hand he held the case where his eyes could rest on the face. His own face became grave.

"It was a year ago. One night—or morning, rather—I landed on the ferry on the way to my lodgings. I couldn't get a street car or a cab. In fact, I was too drunk to think of either, so I stumbled along just keeping straight enough to escape the police. In front of my lodgings is an electric light. A slight fall of snow had whitened the pavement and made distinct this case beneath the light. I had just strength and sense enough left to pick it up, tumble up the stairs and stretch myself out on my couch."

Alyn snapped the case shut and paused a moment.

"Some time the next day I awoke and the first thing that attracted my attention was this—open on the floor and her eyes looking up at me—me in that condition."

An expression of disgust good to see came over the man's face.

"I quickly shut the case and put myself and my room in order. Then I sat down and studied her."

Still absorbed in his narrative, Alyn opened the case again and dropped his eyes on the photograph.

"I told you this was a peculiar case, and you will think, I fear, that I am a peculiar man. But the more I looked at her the more I wanted to look. I never parted with the miniature. I carried it around in my pocket and thought and thought about her until she became a living presence to me, a beautiful woman always with me. I became absentminded. The fellows complained, but I came to have an engagement always when they wanted me. My engagement was with this—the lady of the miniature. I had lost my heart to her. About the original of the photograph I reasoned this way: She would not be carrying her own miniature around in all probability. It must have been lost by a friend, and probably—here was the hard part of it all—by her lover. If I advertised it, he would claim it, and I should not meet her.

"I didn't advertise. I did something far more irrational. I spent my spare hours searching. I visited stores and walked the streets. I haunted the residence part of the city. I went to the opera and scanned the boxes rather than the stage. Needless to say, I did not find her; yet I never lost hope. I felt I must find her and look at her. I felt this afresh every time I opened this case. I would not give up the search. When I had exhausted every resource of my own, I did something which I had shrunk from doing before; I haunted out the best detective in the city and told him to spare neither time nor money in finding her.

"Within two weeks I received a note from him. He was obliged to leave the town suddenly. He wrote something like this:

"'I've found her at 320 Water avenue. Imogene Munroe. Will give you particulars when I return tomorrow. She is anxious to recover the miniature.'

"But I could not await the next day, and saw no reason why it would be necessary. I had the photograph and would take it to her. Because of it I should insure myself a reception at least.

"I went to 320 Water avenue that evening. It is an elegant residence in perfect keeping with the case and face. I had scribbled on my card, 'The finder of the miniature.' The maid who admitted me said that Miss Munroe was at home. She took the card and left me in the reception room. It was one of the most—what shall I call it?—delicious rooms I was ever in. One side was lined with deep windows draped in soft, dainty curtains and filled with plants and flowers. The air was heavy with the scent of roses.

"I stood before one of the windows looking at the blossoms when she came. She came so quietly and gently that I did not hear her. It was only when the sweetest, lowest, clearest voice I had ever heard said, 'At last I am to have my miniature,' that I knew she was in the room. I confess I trembled as I turned and took the hand of"—

Alyn stopped and smiled. It was a half sad, half amused, wholly inscrutable smile. My sewing had fallen into my lap, and I leaned forward listening breathlessly.

"The hand of the original of the picture. These eyes, this mouth, this delicate complexion, this same soft curling hair. I was looking on it all, the same but"—

Alyn raised his eyes. The amusement had faded away.

"The hair was snowy white, and the skin was wrinkled. Hers was indeed the face of the miniature, the face of 50 years ago. My foolish fancy was destroyed, but in its place came the sweetest little white haired lady that man was ever privileged to call friend. And this miniature! Some way I had a strange reluctance to part with it, and so here it is with me now. That is all," concluded Alyn abruptly.

"That is enough," I said quietly. "I think that face has stood between you and"—

Alyn broke in hastily:

"Oh, that is nothing. I couldn't carry this," holding up the photograph, "into such places as I had been frequenting, and so—well, it's all right."

Alyn buttoned up his coat and smiled at me frankly as he went out by way of the office door.

The doctor has always said there was the making of a man in that boy.

Some Simple Remedies.

In one of the United States health reports published in Washington a few simple remedies for emergency uses are suggested. Witch hazel is one and is recommended as one of the quickest soothers and restorers of a tired brain. Bathe the eyes and forehead freely with the liquid and apply a cloth wet with it at the back of the neck.

Cloths wet in a strong solution of borax water are very cool and healing in case of a burn; care should be taken, however, to exclude the air in putting them on.

A tiny pinch of powdered borax placed on the tongue and allowed to dissolve slowly will almost instantly stop a hacking, irritating cough that may be disturbing one at night. The same treatment relieves an ulcer in the throat, and at the slightest irritation or soreness of the throat a gargle of salt water and borax will be found efficient.

Learning a Language.

How is it that Englishmen are not the best linguists in Europe? Simply and solely because of the general and absurd "deaf and dumb" method of studying foreign languages. Foreigners learning English know better than to waste years over books; they simply "chatter" and learn one word and expression after another, and become familiar with them by constant repetition, with the result that in a few months they can speak and write our language sufficiently well for all practical purposes.—London Mail.

A Submerged Forest.

There is a submerged forest on the Columbia river between the Dalles and the Cascade mountains. According to Mr. G. K. Gilbert, the submergence took place 350 years ago, and since then the roots have been under water, while the upper parts of the trunks have been bared yearly at low water. The bark is gone and the wood partly wasted away, but some of it is firm and looks fresh. This fact seems owing to the durable quality of the wood of that species—namely, the Pseudotsuga douglassi.

The Shortness of Life.

What always strikes one so forcibly is, I think, the shortness of human life, compared with other works of nature. The longest life—how short it is! And half of it one can hardly call life, being spent in sleep, which is not real existence.

A French preacher I heard once brought the shortness of life strongly before me by relating in his sermon how a saint, in olden days, wishing to impress on himself the rapidity of life's race, when he came to years of discretion, placed 80 marbles in a glass jar, each marble to represent a year of human life, taking 80 years as an outside limit very far exceeding that. Then, taking another glass jar, from the first one he took the number of marbles representing the years he had already passed, and placed them in the empty jar, and then year by year extracted a marble from the other, till, more rapidly than he could have dreamed, the two jars contained 40 marbles each. Then still more swiftly did each year seem to speed away, and what had so short a time before been the full jar became the nearly empty one, till three, two and then only one marble remained, and life, which had looked so long at starting, had swiftly and silently melted away.—C. De la Warr.

A Grotesque Creature.

The Maori is not strictly beautiful, but he is valiant and, let us trust, good. As for his better half, in her native dress, with tattooed lips and chin and long, single eardrop of greenstone and with an appropriate background of tree fern or ti tree scrub, she is savage and not unpleasing. But in town, when her fancy has been permitted to riot among the violent aniline dyes of the drapers' cheap lots and she is dressed to the bent of her barbaric taste, she is a hideosity.

Begin at the ground and picture a pair of large, flat, brown feet and thick ankles appearing beneath a badly cut skirt of some howling design in checks. Above hangs a short and disproportionately full jacket of scarlet, purple, magenta or green velveteen. A neckerchief of yellow, blue or crimson encircles the neck and topping all is a grotesque tattooed face half concealed by the flapping frills of a brilliant pink sunbonnet.

No sketch of a Maori lady of respectability is complete without a pipe—frequently a heavy silver mounted one—worn in the mouth, the united effect of the pipes, the frilled bonnets and the gorgeous gowns being to bestow upon the worthy dames the appearance of animated Aunt Sallies.

Not a Question of Ownership.

President Eliot of Harvard told this story at a dinner:

"A friend of mine, a college professor, went into a crowded restaurant in New York city for luncheon one hot day last summer. The negro in charge of the big corridor where the hat shelves stood was an intelligent looking fellow, and his bow and smile were not of the obsequious, stupid kind so often affected by colored waiters and doormen in hotels. He took my friend's hat and gave no check for it in return. An hour later, when the professor came out of the dining room, the negro glanced at him in a comprehensive way, turned to the shelves and handed him his hat.

"My friend is a man who prides himself on his powers of observation, and the negro's ability to remember to whom each article of clothing belonged struck him as being something very wonderful.

"'How did you know this was my hat?' he asked.

"'I didn't know it, sah,' was the reply.

"'Then why did you give it to me?' the professor persisted.

"'Because you gave it to me, sah.'"

The Countess of Ayr.

At a dance in the country a gilded youth from town was complaining that there was nobody fit to dance with.

"Shall I introduce you to that young lady over there?" asked his hostess. "She is the daughter of the Countess of Ayr."

Delighted, the young man assented, and, after waltzing with the fair scion of a noble house, ventured to ask after her mother, the Countess of Ayr.

"My father, you mean," said the girl.

"No, no, no," said the bewildered youth, "I was asking after your mother, the Countess of Ayr."

"Yes," was the reply, "but that's my father."

Utterly at a loss, the young man rushed off in search of his hostess and said the girl she had made him dance with was "quite mad; told him the Countess of Ayr was her father."

"So he is," answered the lady of the house. "Let me introduce you to him. Mr. So-and-so, Mr. Smith, the county surveyor."—London Chronicle.

Muscles of the Mouth.

An elastic play of the muscles of the mouth is necessary, not only for distinct utterance, but for expression of the face as well. Next to the eyes, the mouth has the greatest significance in the play of the features. When all the muscles of the mouth are in normal tension, the line of the mouth is waving and beautiful. In singing and speaking, as well as in repose, all undue tension of the muscles must be guarded against, else the mouth may assume a forced and strained expression.

Her Figure.

She—I can't understand what he saw in her. Her face is decidedly plain.

He—Yes, but then the figure she has made up for all the—

She—Figure! Why, she's painfully scrawny. She hasn't any figure at all.

He—You're mistaken. She has six, and the first one is a 5.—Philadelphia Press.

A DISMAL FAILURE.

The Last Joke He Tried to Play on His Dear Wife.

"I don't think I'll try any more practical jokes on my wife. They don't pan out well."

"Elucidate."

"You see, she has a habit of hoisting the window in our room every night. As I usually go to bed last, she depends on me to hoist it. Sometimes I forget it, and then there's a wild squabble. Frequently she wakes me up in the night and asks me to see if it is open. If I don't she nags at me until morning. A night or two ago I resolved to give her a hard scare. I rolled up a lot of old newspapers into a long bundle and laid the package down by the window. Of course she was asleep and didn't hear me. Then I opened the window a little ways and crept into bed. Some time after midnight she nudged me and said: 'Jim, I'm sure you didn't open that window. It's like a bake oven in the room. Get up and see.' So I got up, went to the window and threw the sash as high as it would go. As I did so I gave a little shriek and then flung my bundle down to the walk below. It struck with a dull thud, and I dodged behind the curtain to await developments. The room was very dark, and I couldn't see my wife, but I heard her raise herself to a sitting posture. Then she spoke. 'Poor old Jim,' she quietly said, 'he's tumbled out of the window in his raggedest nightshirt. What a spectacle he'll be when they find him in the morning!' Then she lay down again and went to sleep."

"What did you do?"

"Stood there like a fool for a minute or two and then sneaked into bed."

ONE MEAL A DAY.

Pronounced a Secret of Human Health and Happiness.

It is by no means impossible that the newest world lecturer will allude to the delays of the single meal reform. The one meal a day plan was successfully practiced by some 80,000,000 men of the healthiest, wealthiest and most intelligent nations of antiquity for nearly 1,000 years.

No unprejudiced observer can deny that for the vast plurality of our fellow men there is no other practicable way to live up to the principle of the sanitary maxim, "Never to eat till we have leisure to digest."

Nine out of ten laborers have to hurry from the breakfast table to their daily work and cannot count upon more than a few minutes of afternoon meal rest. The same in rolling mills, shipyards, railway yards, workshops and schoolrooms.

Less than a year's time would suffice to give the one meal habit the force of a second nature, and those who would like to form an idea of its universal observance during the classic period of antiquity should read Peter Bayle's dissertation on "Domestic Life In Athens and Rome" or De Quincey's humorous essay, published in the second volume of miscellanies under the title, "Dinner, Real and Reputed."

There would be time for play, for reading, for the enjoyment of art and entertaining conversation.

Sunstrokes would be known only from the traditions of insanitary barbarism. The granger's youngsters would get afternoon sports enough to think life on a farm decidedly worth living. No after dinner martyrdom would tempt truants, housekeeping drudgery would be lessened two-thirds. —Felix M. Oswald, M. D.,

A Telegram That Talked.

At one time when the late Georgie Drew Barrymore was playing in San Francisco a fabulous sum was offered her by a local theater for her services for a few weeks. The offer was exceedingly tempting, but her contract with Charles Frohman stood in the way. However, on the nothing venture nothing won theory, she telegraphed a detailed statement of the offer she had received to Frohman in New York, explained how anxious she was to accept it and wound up with the plea, "Will you release me?" In due course of time she received the following telegram in answer:

Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore, Palace Hotel, San Francisco:
No! CHARLES FROHMAN.

Albeit disappointed, Mrs. Barrymore at once sent this characteristic reply:

Charles Frohman, New York City:
Oh! GEORGIE DREW BARRYMORE.

A Mighty Old Table.

A wealthy man was once exhibiting proudly to a younger acquaintance a table which he had bought. He said it was 500 years old.

"That is nothing," remarked his young visitor. "I have in my possession a table which is more than 3,000 years old."

"Three thousand years old!" said the host. "That is impossible. Where was it made?"

"Probably in India."

"In India. What kind of a table is it?"

"The multiplication table!"

Our First Pianos.

The first pianos known in America were imported from London in 1784 by John Jacob Astor, but as they could not stand the rigors of this climate they soon became ruined. This fact led to the attempt to build pianos in this country, and in the early part of the nineteenth century pianos made their appearance.

The Filling.

Miss Gabby—What is the hardest part of writing poetry, finding the rhymes?

Amateur Poet—No. I think the greatest strain is in filling up between them. —Baltimore American.

SICKENING CARGOES.

SUFFERINGS CAUSED TO SAILORS AT SEA BY THE SHIP'S LOAD.

Coffee Is Bad Enough, and Pine Lumber Is Still Worse, but the Fumes From Warm, Moist Sugar Are Enough to Kill an Ordinary Man.

It was in one of the little river front eating houses in Brooklyn frequented by sailors from the coasters which are loading or unloading. A big, powerful sailor who looked as if he had never in his life known what it was to be sick for a day entered and took a chair opposite a longshoreman who had already ordered and was waiting for his dinner. As the sailor was looking over the bill of fare with that critical and hesitant eye that characterizes Jack ashore from a long voyage with a discriminating sea appetite upon him, the waiter brought in a cup of steaming coffee and set it down before the longshoreman. As the odor of it reached the sailor's nostrils he bent upon the cup a gaze of concentrated disgust and hatred. Then he turned deadly pale, rose from his seat and staggered toward the door.

"Been drinking a little too much for your tonnage, mate?" asked the proprietor, helping him to the door.

"Haven't had a drop today," said the man huskily. "It's that coffee."

"What's the matter with the coffee?" asked the proprietor angrily. "There ain't any better coffee than that on the river front."

"That's all right," replied the sailor with an effort, "but I just got in off a coffee ship this morning."

"Oh," said the proprietor comprehendingly. "If that's the case, I'll fix you off in the corner, where you'll be all right."

A table was set for him far from the others, and there he ate his dinner in apparent peace. Now, there was in the eating house a landsman of an inquiring turn of mind who failed to understand the wherefore of all this, so he questioned the proprietor, who has been long on the river front and is himself a graduate from before the mast and has sailed in many waters of the world.

"Nothing queer about that," he said in response to the landsman's question. "He's been out on a coffee ship; that's all. He won't want to see or smell coffee for weeks, let alone taste it."

"Do they feed them nothing but coffee on the coffee ships?" asked the landsman in the innocence of his soul.

"Feed 'em? 'Tisn't the feed; it's the smell that knocks 'em. For a week or ten days it isn't bad; it fact, it's rather a pleasant smell, that of the green berry, but after that it begins to get on your mind. In damp weather, if it's a long voyage, it's something terrible.

"There's other cargoes," continued the ex-sailor, "that's just as bad. You might think guano was one of 'em, but it isn't. Guano's Rose of Sharon perfume compared to sugar. Didn't suppose there was any smell to sugar, eh? Well, you take it in a bowl and there ain't. But take a cargo of it and let it steam in a temperature of from 90 to 110, with plenty of damp to work it up, and I'd like to see what you'd think of it then. You get so mortal sick of the sweetness of it, which you smell and taste, too, with every breath, that you'd be glad to fill up with anything that would offset it, even if it was wormwood. I've seen the time I felt as if I could drink a gallon of vinegar flavored with lemon juice at a gulp. That voyage was a sufferer, sure enough. We couldn't live between decks at all, and we all berthed as near the stern rail as we could get and even put out the small boats when it was still and lay in them to get relief.

"When provisions had to be got out of the hold, the cook went down with jute bagging tied over his nose and mouth to keep out the fumes, but after a couple of trips he fainted, and they sent me in. Two descents laid me out. I thought I was going to die. In my time I've seen folks that were tolerable seasick, but all they did was a maiden's sigh to my performances. If it wasn't convulsions, it was so mighty near it that I thought I was gone and felt like I couldn't go too quick to suit myself. They brought me around with lime juice, but it was weeks after landing before I wanted any sweetening in mine.

"The fact is that in the tropics almost any cargo you have kind of tinges existence for you. Oil is pretty tough, particularly petroleum. A man'll dream of petroleum after he's associated with it for a month or so on shipboard. But pine lumber really takes the cake when it fairly gets into everything. I never happened to suffer much from that sort of cargo myself, but I saw a crew that came just as near death from too much pine resin as men can come and pull through.

"We were in port at Rio when a ship came in laden with pine lumber. More than that, the fool of a skipper had let somebody supply him with pine water butts. Well, the resin began to get into the water, and first they knew the crew was pretty well poisoned with it. Then they got so that they couldn't swallow the water at all, or if they did they couldn't hold it down a second. And there wasn't any other water aboard. They were in mighty great danger of dying of thirst with plenty of water aboard just because the old man was new to that kind of voyaging. Rio happened to be the nearest port, and, though it was far out of their course, they put for it as the only chance of saving their lives. I'd hate to see again such a looking lot as they were. They were dried out like mummies and so weak that I don't see how they ever worked the ship at all. When they got in, we thought at first it was black smallpox, they were such fearful looking objects. When they did get sweet water again, they drank till I thought they'd burst, and how they did fight when we tried to get the pannikins away for fear they'd kill themselves! Some of 'em died in the hospital from the effects. I never shipped on a pine loaded ship after seeing that."

A Happy Day.

Two little London girls who had been sent by the kindness of the vicar's wife to have "a happy day in the country," narrating their experiences on their return, said:

"Oh, yes, mum; we did 'ave a 'appy day. We see two pigs killed and a gentleman buried."

Nothing but Draw and Paint.

Visitor—I hear you've had the celebrated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying with you down here.

Proprietor of Old Fashioned Inn—Yes, sir; an he be the laziest man I ever come across. He do nothing but dror an paint all day.

HE HAD A HARD DAY.

But He Tried a Sure Cure and Broke His Hard Luck.

"Did you ever get up in the morning and have everything go wrong?" said an amateur cynic of Canal street. "I did today. I awoke after a capital night's rest, feeling refreshed and good humored, but the first thing I did as I was getting out of bed was to catch my foot in the mosquito bar and bring the whole thing down on my head. That didn't ruffle me, although I was five minutes getting untangled, but when I began to dress and lost both collar buttons, broke my suspenders, stepped on a tack, found my shoe strings in a hard knot, dropped the soap in the stop jar and spilled water on my only clean collar I began to get a little warm about the jugular.

"I realized that I was in for one of those unaccountable streaks of petty bad luck that are liable to transform the most amiable man alive into a dangerous, homicidal lunatic, and I ought to have applied the brakes immediately, but I tried to brazen it through. It was no use, however. Before I succeeded in getting dressed I had lost the link out of one of my cuff buttons, cracked my eyeglasses, sat on my new straw hat, hit my funny bone on the armoir, sprained my back trying to pull out a bureau drawer that was stuck, upset a bottle of Florida water, mislaid my cane and jammed my thumb in the wardrobe door.

"As I was going down stairs I stepped on the cat's tail, and, of course, she promptly yowled and clawed me in the leg. I tried to kick the brute through the side of the wall, but lost my balance and struck the landing so hard I nearly jarred the filling out of my upper teeth. When I finally reached the sidewalk, I bought a paper of a passing newsboy and discovered, after he disappeared, that it was an issue of week before last.

"Well, that settled it. I was on the verge of madness, but I controlled myself somehow, and as soon as I got to my office I proceeded calmly to upset the inkstand, overturn the wastebasket, break an incandescent light globe and drop the dictionary into the grate. The office boy thought I was crazy, but I wasn't. I was simply pressing my luck. It's an infallible system for breaking a run. When the malign imp or whatever it is that has you temporarily in its clutches sees you take the job in hand yourself, it sneaks off abashed. After I completed my little wreckage I had no further trouble. Advise you to try it, me boy, next time things begin to go crooked."

Cannot Assimilate It Now.

The prevalence of sin and folly in the world is due largely to the inability of school and college graduates to assimilate all of the good advice that is tendered them in the way of baccalaureate sermons.

Ready Compliance.

"George, dear," she murmured entreatingly, "will you give up drinking for me?"

"Yes, darling," he answered fondly; "hereafter when I drink it will be for myself alone."

IF THE LIVER IS DERANGED

There is Sallow Complexion, Fulness About the Stomach and Pains in the Shoulders and Back—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Act Promptly and Directly on the Liver.

By a careful consideration of the following symptoms you can decide for yourself if your liver is torpid and inactive. The liver is the largest organ connected with the digestive system, and as a filterer of bile from the blood is to a very large extent responsible for the health of the whole body.

A sense of fullness and oppression about the stomach, a pale, sallow complexion and pain in the shoulders and back are among the first indications of a disordered liver.

Then there comes indigestion, wind on the stomach, headache, coated tongue, a bitter taste in the mouth, depression of spirits and despondency.

The bowels become irregular and constipation and looseness alternate. The bile left in the blood by an inactive liver poisons the blood and causes liver spots, blotches and pimples.

So great is the influence of the liver over the health of other organs that physicians have called the liver the governor or controller of the body.

The prescription from which Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are prepared was perfected by the doctor in his immense practice and has proven the greatest liver regulator ever discovered. It acts directly and promptly on the liver, making it active and vigorous as a filtering organ. At the same time it regulates and tones up the kidneys and bowels and gets the whole filtering and excretory system in healthy working order.

Notwithstanding the fame of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills throughout this continent, you will never fully realize and appreciate their value until you have actually used them, and only then can you fully understand why they have such an enormous sale.

In these days of experimenting with all sorts of new untried remedies, appliances and treatment it is a comfort and pleasure to know that you can turn to this prescription of Dr. A. W. Chase and find in it a safe and certain cure for the many dangerous and complicated disorders of the liver, kidneys and bowels. Dr. Chases' Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE PROSPECTOR.

LILLOOET, B. C.

TAKING THE REINS.

It took 13 heats to decide a matinee race at Milwaukee recently.

According to an expert, The Bondsman is pretty nearly the kingpin unmarked trotter on the turf today.

J. W. Colt has purchased for $1,500 the 6-year-old chestnut horse Three Bars, by Wagner out of Voltic. The horse will be devoted to the jumping game.

Sweitzer, a son of Secretary, was the first horse to get a record below 2:15 in California this year. He won the first heat of the first race at Santa Rosa in 2:13½.

When Dione trotted in 2:07¼ at Santa Rosa, Cal., A. P. Spreckels had the satisfaction of knowing that two mares he bred have records of better than 2:09. The other is Hulda, 2:08½.

Captain Tuttle, a Goshen horseman, has had great success in Austria. He has sold most of the horses which he took over there with him last winter, besides winning several important races.

A statistician has computed that American harness horses will this year race for stakes and purses representing an amount something over $2,000,000, $55,000 of which comes from New York.

Bet Madison, by James Madison, 2:17¾, took a record of 2:30 as a 2-year-old in 1893 and never got below that mark until a few days ago when she started at the San Jose (Cal.) meeting 2:14¾, cutting the mark down to 2:13¼ 2:15½ and 2:17½.

In a recent work out, Hal B, 2:04½; Free Bond, 2:08; Fanny Dillard, 2:08¼; Laralie, 2:12¼, and Sidney Pointer, 2:14¼, started from the wire in a bunch. At the half mile pole Sidney stepped away from the bunch and finished in 2:08¼, last quarter at a 2:01 gait.

Battlesign, the bay gelding which appeared to have a sure thing in the M. and M. at Detroit and pulled up with a cut tendon, started in the 2:25 trot at Windsor, Ont., without a public record and trotted his first winning mile in 2:14¾, cutting the mark down to 2:13¼ in the third heat.

FEVER AND AGUE AND BILIOUS DERANGEMENTS are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

The Able Speaker.

Of all the tantalizing things by which we are beset
The man who makes an "able" speech, he is the toughest yet.
The people stand and whisper: "Be as quiet as you can.
You mustn't interrupt him. He's a very able man."
And the boys get tired and wriggle,
And the girls all want to giggle,
And I lose his chain of logic and go drifting into doubt,
And my head in rhythm nodding
With his cadences goes plodding,
While I wonder what the mischief he is hollering about.

It really must be a most depressing mental strain
For a man to have an "able" reputation to sustain
And know he dare not daily with an anecdote or two
To keep us all from wishing he would hurry and get through.
And just when I am dozing
And in comfort am proposing
To yield my own opinions to this wondrous able chap
His monotone he changes
And through wild crescendos ranges
In a series of explosions just to jar my little nap.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTTEN.
Port Mulgrave.

Making an Acquaintance.

Editor—And you did write this essay all by yourself?

Literary Aspirant—Yes, it is all my own work.

Editor (recognizing the source of it)—Well, then, Charles Lamb, I am very much pleased to meet you. I thought you died some fifty years ago!

Prompted by Experience.

Wife—I wish I could get something to keep the rats from coming into the house.

Husband—Why don't you do your own cooking?

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

A Tip For Married Men.

Mrs. Henpeck—I have no control over my husband at all any more.

Mrs. Wunder—What's wrong?

Mrs. Henpeck—He secured a certified copy of the census enumerator's record, showing that I had given his name as the head of the family.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

THE SHIRT WAIST MAN.

In St. Louis' summer resort weather an inscrutable providence seems to be opposing the crusade for the male shirt waist—St. Louis Republic.

There is only one objection to the "shirt waist man." In case he establishes the fashion there is a type of masculinity that will insist on making it an excuse for wearing ruffles.

Hotel Balmoral, Montreal. Free Bus. Am. P. $1.50 up. E. P. $1.00 ea.

Dangerous Etiquette.

Old world privilege and restriction reign supreme in Spain, where there is a law that no subject shall touch the person of the king or queen.

Alfonso XIII nearly suffered a severe fall from this rule in his childhood. An aunt of his made him a present of a swing. When he used it for the first time, the motion frightened him, and he began to cry, whereupon a lackey lifted him quietly out of it and so, no doubt, preserved him from falling.

The breach of etiquette, however, was flagrant and dreadful. The queen was obliged to punish it by dismissing the man from his post. At the same time she showed her real feelings on the subject by appointing him immediately to another and better place in the royal household.

In another case a queen of Spain nearly lost her life in a dreadful way owing to this peculiar rule. She had been thrown when out riding, and, her foot catching in the stirrup, she was dragged. Her escort would not risk interference, and she would have been dashed to pieces but for the heroic interposition of a young man who stopped the horse and released her from her dangerous position.

As soon as they saw she was safe her escort turned to arrest the traitor who had dared to touch the queen's foot, but he was not to be seen. Knowing well the penalty he had incurred, he made off at once, fled for his life and did not stop until he had crossed the frontier.

She Rode Free.

A woman who had come out of the west, where she had been a cow girl on a ranch, was boarding a car in this city recently. She had just placed her foot upon the step and was preparing to take another step to the upper platform when, with a furious "Step lively!" the conductor pulled the strap The car jerked forward, and the western woman swayed back for a minute, then just caught herself in time to prevent a bad fall upon the cobbles.

She confronted the conductor with angry eyes—eyes that had looked undismayed into those of mighty horned monsters of the prairies.

"What do you mean by starting the car before I was on it?" she asked.

"Can't wait all day for you, lady," the conductor snarled. "Just step inside there."

In a moment the western woman, with a backward golf sweep of the arm, lunged for the conductor's head. He dodged. The blow sent his hat spinning back into the track. The woman entered the car and sat down. She was flushed, but dignified. While the other women passengers were rather startled, they all knew just how she felt. Then the car stopped, while the conductor went back for his hat. The western woman rode free that time.—

Lost Hat Stories.

The London Globe has been collecting a series of lost hat stories, of which the following are specimens:

A father and son were standing at the entrance to Old Chain pier at Brighton when the dear little boy tumbled into the dancing waves. A bystander, accoutered as he was, plunged into the sea and, buffeting the waves with lusty sinews, succeeded at last in setting the dripping child at his father's feet. "And what hae ye done wi' his hat?" said papa.

A correspondent sent the following narrative: A festive bluejacket was seen from a ship in Malta harbor dancing on the top of the parapet wall at Fort Ricasoli. First his hat blew over, and then, leaning over to look for it, he lost his balance and fell after it—a sheer drop of 30 feet or more. The surgeon on duty was landed with a party to bring off the remains for identification. They found them crawling about on hands and knees and inquired if he was seriously hurt. "Hurt be blowed!" was his reply. "Where's

A New Discovery.

Tommy—Say, paw.

Mr. Figg—Well?

"What is an optimist?"

"An optimist, my son, is a crank who is sure his turn will come."

Not Restricted.

"That gentleman who is being introduced to Miss Binks is a freethinker."

"Which is he, a bachelor or a widower?"

About one half of the questions of life we solve; the other half solve us.—Milwaukee Journal

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in one single case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can. There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—pill, box and name—but imitations are dangerous. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

Alloway & Champion

BANKERS AND BROKERS. . . .

362 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG

Stocks and bonds bought, sold and carried on margin. Listed mining stocks carried

The Children's Lunch.

Luncheon as a midday meal belongs to modern times, as it was unknown until the present century. It now requires an important place, particularly in households where it constitutes the children's dinner, and yet even there frequently meets with inexcusable neglect in quantity, quality and care in preparation. How often, says Table Talk, the information below stairs: "Bridget, I am going out and shall not be home for lunch. See that the children have theirs." Alas, poor children!

Mamma shops, makes social visits and enjoys herself generally, while Bridget, sharing her mistress' opinion that "anything will do for luncheon," serves the hungry children with a sort of house picnic, pie, cake, preserves, usually the left overs of the dinner of the previous evening. "Bless their hearts, how they do enjoy it!" is Bridget's only comment, for how can she know anything of the after effects of this unwise indulgence upon the poor tired little stomachs and brains? She has her work to do, and it suits her convenience as to time, therefore the luncheon is a movable feast when madam is out, today at 1 o'clock, tomorrow possibly at 2, and so on. It goes without saying that a mother who permits this state of affairs is culpable and wholly responsible for the injury it results in to her children.

Gray Haired Women.

There is a gray haired joke current among would be wits depicting the horror with which a woman discovers her first gray hair and the frantic haste with which she seeks to remedy it. But gray hair is no longer a sign of age. The rush and nervous tension of American life are bringing whitening locks to the comparatively young, and the woman who finds streaks of silver in her brown or golden tresses should set herself at once to discover the good and bad points of the change and to dress accordingly

Gray hair is not only beautiful in itself, but softening to the complexion and so picturesque that its coming often transforms a hitherto plain person into a distinguished looking individual. Nature seems to have provided it especially for the time when the darkening and less clear complexion needed something to lighten and relieve it. This by its reflected lights it does in a masterly fashion, darkening by contrast the eyes which age has paled and softening and clearing the skin. What prettier sight is there than a gracious elderly woman with waves of soft, snowy hair above her brow?

College Education For Girls.

A graduate of Cornell university writes on "How a Girl Can Work Her Way Through College" in Ladies' Home Journal and argues that the penniless girl determined to gain a collegiate education can and will readily get it. Typewriting and bookkeeping, she holds, are helpful to such an undertaking, while the student may also earn money by giving dancing lessons, playing the piano, conducting literary or history classes, choir singing, tutoring, conducting co-operative boarding clubs, selling books, stationery, millinery and articles of dress furnishings, making and selling couch pillows, covers and room decorations, cleaning and mending clothing, hairdressing, conducting agencies, writing advertisements, writing and illustrating for newspapers and magazines, etc. This fair graduate points out many roads which will take through college the bright, energetic girl who is not averse to hard, conscientious work.

What Laundresses Fail to Comprehend.

Soft water for washing is preferable to hard for various reasons. In the first place, because it uses less soap, more soap being required to make a lather with hard water than with soft. In the second place, because hard water contains a deposit of lime, which is not good for the clothes, tending to rot the fibers. One soon learns to know the difference in feeling between hard and soft water. There is no substance so hard that it cannot be dissolved sooner or later with water. Water dissolves the dirt, and water without soap will do this. We use soap, however, to soften the grease which holds the particles of dirt, which loosen as the grease is softened. If, therefore, the water which you are compelled to use is hard, use borax to soften it.—Woman's Home Companion.

Not For Red Haired Women.

A famous Parisian dressmaker declares that blue and pink of any shade whatsoever are fatal to the beauty of a woman with red hair. He refuses point blank to use even the most frugal tough of either color, no matter how earnestly his red haired patrons may desire them, and tells them with deep regret but unyielding firmness that only black and white in judicious combination, soft, warm browns and delicate purples are permitted to them. Another Paris dressmaker says that there is a touch of green in every woman's coloring and that he makes it a point to discover it and to bring that especial shade into the finishing of the gown. He also adds a touch of white to every costume that issues from his atelier, claiming that all colors are improved by its contrasted effect.

A Charitable Woman.

Mrs. J. B. Cox of Philadelphia, who has devoted a great part of her life to philanthropic and charitable work, has collected $150,000 for various deserving institutions. In addition to her charitable work, Mrs. Cox has figured to a considerable extent in the public life of Philadelphia in other ways. In 1878 she was one of 13 women representing the 13 original states at the Centennial and was one of the committee that presented John Welsh with the English and American flags. She was first directress of the Drexel institute and was one of the committee of representative women from Pennsylvania to the Columbian exhibition at Chicago. For many years she was the leading spirit in the Educational home and Lincoln institution.

THE BEST OF ADVICE.

TO THOSE WHO FEEL SICK, WEAK OR DEPRESSED.

Miss Belle Cohoon, of White Rock Mills, N. S., Tells How She Regained Health and Advises Others to Follow Her Example

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N. S.

At White Rock Mills, within sound of the noisy swish of the Gaspereau river, is a pretty little cottage.

In this cottage there dwells with her parents Miss Belle Cohoon, a very bright and attractive young lady who takes a lively interest in all the church and society work of the little village. A short time ago an Acadian representative called upon Miss Cohoon for the purpose of ascertaining her opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—which remedy he had been informed she had been using. He was very cordially received and found both Miss Cohoon and her mother most enthusiastic and ardent friends of this great Canadian remedy which is now so universally used throughout the world. We give below in essentially her own words Miss Cohoon's story:

"Three years ago this spring my health was very much run down. I had not been feeling well for some time, and when spring opened up and the weather became warmer my condition became worse. The least exertion exhausted me and was followed by an awful feeling of weakness and a rapid palpitation of the heart. I seemed to lose my ambition and a feeling of langour and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at night was disturbed and restless. In fact I was in a very sorry condition. I suffered in this way for some time. Then I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they soon began to work a change for the better. My strength and spirits improved wonderfully, and the old feeling of tiredness began to leave me. My appetite returned and my weight increased steadily. By the time I had used less than half a dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years. Since that time whenever I feel the need of a medicine a prompt use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has always brought me speedy relief, and in future when ailing I shall never use anything but these pills, and strongly advise others to follow my example."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

Tolstoi's Sense of Honor.

At one music party at Count Tolstoi's a lady's singing displeased the count's boys, and they adjourned to another room and made a noise. Their father lost patience and went after them, and a characteristic admonition ensued.

"Are you making a noise on purpose?" he asked.

After some hesitation came an answer in the affirmative, "Y-y-yes."

"Does not her singing please you?"

"Well, no. Why does she howl?" declared one of the boys, with vexation.

"So you wish to protest against her singing?" asked Lyeff Nikolaevitch in a serious tone.

"Yes."

"Then go out and say so or stand in the middle of the room and tell every one present. That would be rude, but upright and honest. But you have got together and are squealing like grasshoppers in a corner. I will not endure such protests."—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Locusts Good to Eat.

All native African races eat locusts With many it takes, and has to take the place of the British workman's beef and mutton. In a good many villages sun dried locusts are an article of commerce. The Sudanese are particularly fond of them.

Before they are eaten they are toasted. The wings and legs having first been torn off, the long, soft body and the crisp head form the delicacy.

I determined not to let my European prejudices influence me, but to give the dish of grilled locusts a fair trial I thought how John the Baptist had enjoyed them plus wild honey.

The one I was eating was rather nice. I agreed with my Arab servant that, should the meat supply fall short, a dish of locusts would be a very good substitute.

By the time I was eating the second locust it seemed to me absurd why one should have a sort of lurking pity for John the Baptist's daily menu unless it be for its monotony, and I felt convinced that I should get tired of honey sooner than I should of locusts.

Canadian industries are certainly winning their full share of prizes at the Paris exhibition. The Grand Trunk Railway system has just been awarded the gold medal by the international jury for their exhibit of scenery. This speaks volumes, not only for the scenic beauty along the lines of this popular railway, but for the Dominion.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The dikes of Japan cost in the aggregate more money than those of the Netherlands.

The old Indian burying grounds in the suburbs of Sandusky, O., are to be made into city parks. The bones of the red men who have been buried there, some of them for nearly half a century, will be removed to some other spot.

London is luxuriating in a new street phrase, "There's 'air," which excites mirth whenever and wherever employed. The newspapers are trying hard to find out what it means and where it was first used, but have been unsuccessful so far.

The seaport town of Great Yarmouth, on the eastern coast of England, contains a street that is perhaps the narrowest built up street in the world. It is known as "Kitty Witches row," and measurement gives its greatest width as 56 inches.

A quaint procedure followed 100 years ago is still observed at the court of the manor at Frognal, Hampstead, England. An absentee member was recently mulcted in the sum of 1 shilling, and the bailiff was formally ordered to place him in the stocks. As it happens, however, there are no stocks.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." FOR DELICATE AND DEBILITATED CONSTITUTIONS these pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Quiet Hostility.

"Pa, what is quiet hostility?"

"Quiet hostility, little Jim, is the way in which, when I decline to give you a nickel, you sneak around behind my chair and make faces."—Chicago Record.

In Turkey amber is supposed to be a specific against the evil effects of nicotine, and as the people are great lovers of tobacco they freely indulge in the use of it, but take care to safeguard themselves by having amber mouthpieces to their pipes.

UNEQUALLED. — Mr. Thomas Brunt, Tyendinaga, Ont., writes: "I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."

A Famous London Tavern.

The Mermaid was the name of a famous London tavern frequented by noted literary men and actors during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. All the wit and talent of the time assembled there for convivial enjoyment. Authors have made it the scene of great mind combats between such men as Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Donne and others of reverential memory. It was the gathering place of the celebrated Mermaid club, the origin of which is ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh. The Mermaid tavern was located in Bread street and was handily reached from three thoroughfares, so that it has been often referred to in various ways. The Mermaid in Bread street, the Mermaid in Friday street and the Mermaid in Cheap street were, however, all one and the same. It was the nearest to Bread street. The Mermaid was destroyed in the great London fire. There were other Mermaid taverns, one in Cheapside and another in Cornhill, but they had no such associations as clung to that of Bread street.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

A Suggestion.

The Boston citizen has the advantage on the ice proposition. He has only to materialize the glance of the bean city girl to accomplish the chilling of everything in his immediate vicinity.—St Louis Star.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

How He Dealt With Cowards.

In appearance Osman Pasha, the lion of Plevna, was handsome and prepossessing, looking a born leader of men. Like Napoleon, he was always distinguished by the plainness of his uniform. He had a queer habit of always, even in battle, carrying a pencil behind his ear, butt end foremost He was taciturn, grave, abrupt and disdainful of forms and etiquette. He hated all foreigners, especially Germans, Russians and English. As for war correspondents, he entertained the utmost detestation of them, whence the deeds of his army were never chronicled as they should have been He had a strange method of dealing with cowards. He would send for them and publicly box their ears When really angry, his rage was terrible.

After the sortie and the surrender he was seen to be weeping tears of rage and shame. He was, it may be, a little touched by the Czar Alexander II, who came up to him and said:

"I congratulate you on your superb defense. It is one of the finest feats of military history."

And that is the judgment of posterity.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

He Had Had Experience.

Miss Sentiment—Were you ever disappointed in love?

Eligible Widower—Two and a half times.

Miss Sentiment—Two and a half times?

Eligible Widower—Yes: twice married and once rejected

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The never-failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

It Met Requirements.

Charles Hoyt, the farce writer, once invited a friend to go to the theater with him.

"What play?" queried his friend.

"Nat Goodwin in 'Nathan Hale,'" said the playwright.

"I'm very sorry," said the friend, "but you'll have to count me out."

"What's the matter?" asked Hoyt in surprise.

"Well, to be frank with you, I don't like Nat Goodwin in anything. I hate him personally and can't enjoy him as an actor, and, as far as I am concerned, I wouldn't mind seeing him dead."

"Then this is your play," slyly added Mr. Hoyt in his peculiar Yankee dialect. "You don't want to miss it. They hang him in the last act."—News Letter.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

How Needles Are Made.

Needles are all made by machinery. The piece of mechanism by which the needle is manufactured takes the rough steel wire, cuts it into proper lengths, files the point, flattens the head, pierces the eye, then sharpens the tiny instrument and gives it that polish familiar to the purchaser. There is also a machine by which needles are counted and placed in the papers in which they are sold, these being afterward folded by the same contrivance.

Soothing.

He—Look here, Matilde, I'm not quite such an idiot as I look!

She (soothingly)—No, dear; I'm sure you're not!

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THE ONTARIO ACETYLENE GAS GENERATOR
Is the best, the only reliable, and the most durable generator in Canada. Works automatically; requires no attention while working.
The North-West Acetylene Gas Company,
312 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man. Agents Wanted

LOCAL NEWS

Dan Hurley paid a visit to Lachore this week.

Mr. McKnight of Lytton visited town this week.

Thos. Baily left on Monday for his home in Lytton.

Miss Emma Jane Marsingll who has been ill is improving.

Mr. Flett of Victoria Deputy Minister of Finance is dead.

Grant White of Tyauchton is registered at the Pioneer.

Dan Hamilton is building himself a house on Marshrll's flat.

Mr. Leslie Hill, mining expert of Vancouver arrived on Monday's stage.

Major Burnet returned on Tuesday from a surveying trip on Bridge River.

Duck hunting in Seaton creek has been very good for the past week.

Eugene Gott left for the coast on Sunday's stage to enter the hospital in Vancouver.

Chas. Noel who conveyed the Bend'Or cleanup to Vancouver returned Tuesday evening.

Frank Powell, representing the Hudson Bay Company spent a couple of days in town this week.

Jimmie Duncan hauled in two loads of Machinery from Lytton to the Ample the first of the week.

R. J. Atkin is busy this week soddering up water pipes where the frost has taken effect.

Alfred Flett, Deputy Prvincial, Treasurer, died Tuesday, aged 41 years. He was a native of Victoria.

Mr. W. W. Brown manager of the Bridge River developing Company has moved into Jos. DeShields house.

Mr. W. J. Abercrombie is expected home on Saturday after an operation and a month's sojourn in the hospital in Victoria.

W. J. Stockand left on Sunday morning for Cadwallader where he is to act as deputy returning officer at the coming election.

Mr. and Mrs Kelly of Barkerville arrived on last Friday's stage on a short visit to Mrs Uren. They left Tuesday morning for their home.

"This is the seventh time you've been before me," said the magistrate.

"Yes," replied the culpri; ,'it's strange how some men hold on to office.

Antwine DeChamps after remaining in town for a few weeks, left Wednesday for R. Hoey's ranch down the river where he will be engaged in killing hogs.

Wars and rumors of wars i.e. pugilistic wars have been very much on board the last couple of weeks, we believe that some had their ardor in that direction a bit cooled.

Ric. A. Fraser left for the coast Saturday morning for a week's visit, We very much hope as will the subscribers of THE PROSPECTOR that he will return before the next issue.

J. Walker, O. Abercrombie and A. Brett were out duck-hunting the first of the week and succeeded in bringing home a few ducks. It is not yet known how much they paid for them.

Lady—Why, you naughty boy. I never heard such language since the day I was born.

Small Boy—Yes, mum, I s'pose dere was a good deal o'cussin' the day you waz born.

John F. Gibson left Sunday morning for the coast. Mr. Gibson has left up permanently much to the sorrow of his many friends in Lillooet. We hope that no more of our young men desert us is probably the young ladies hope so too.

Preparations for the annual christmas tree are progressing very favorable. The tree this year promises to beat last year's but hearty co-operation among the parents is necessary to make it a complete success. The contract is rather large for two or three.

The bible readings circle held it weekly meeting at the residence of Mr. J. S. Bell on Tuesday evening. These meetings are much enjoyed by those who attend. The next one will be held at the residence of Mr. W. Miller to which are cordially invited.

W. E. and Miss Brett left Sunday for the coast.

R. H. Brett left on Tuesday with the mail for Bridge River.

"The little boy seems as busy as a bee." Yes he has hives."

Mr. W. H. Griffin of Vancouver and Winnipeg payed a visit to Lillooet.

"Marriage," said the cynl, "makes two one by reducing one to a cipher."

W. H. Dorman Post Office Inspector for the Mainland arrived on Tuesday's stage.

Our postmaster general, the Hon Wm. Mulock, is contemplating the further perfecting of our postal service by the arranging for the insurance of registered letters.

W. J. Barker, of Silverton foreman of the Monarch Group of claims, known as the Lorne-Wookchuck group of claims on Cadwallader Creek, arrived on Mondays stage.

The Provincial government has established a hormal school in Vancouver all teachers obtaining ceatificates from this date are obliged to attend. D. Wilson B.A. Inspector of schools is on a tour of the East looking up pointers on its management. The government in thus is supplying a much needed institution.

The cyanipe mill of the Toronto-Lillooet Gold Reefs Co., is expected to start up on Monday the 10th ipst, as the additianal machinery will then be in place. Unless the cold weather causes a "freeze up" the mill will continue running without cessation. Supt. Rives is quiet confident the mill will crush 50 tons of ore daily. If this proves true it is not doubted that the property will become a great bullion producer.

Even the meager $100 dollars of "assessment work" on an unpatented mining claim is sometimes squandered and valueless when done with the idea that it is a sort of irksome government tax to be perfunctorily performed "to hold the claim," being thus often done not when it would do the most good but where it can be done most easily. The true object of annual assessment work is to develop the property in the best interests of its locator, and thus add to its value.—Sandon Paystreak.

An Early Session.

Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 26.—Prospects are decidedly favorably, it is said, for parliament being called together the first week in February on or the third or fourth week in January.

Czar Still Seriously Ill.

Paris, Nov 24.—A Diagnosis of the Czar's malady, says a despatch from St. Petersberg of the Siecle, shows that he has typhoidic enteritis. His brain is affected and his intellectual powers are endangered.

To Assassinate "Bobs."

Dondon, Nov. 27.—According to a special edition of the "evening Standard" this evening, a plot to assinate Lord Roberts, in which 20 foreigners are concerned, has been discovered. It appears that the conspirators laid a mine which was designed to be blown up on Sunday while Lord Roberts was in church at Johannesberg, but the police and Lord Roberts' bodyguard frustrated the conspiracy. Ten men, mostly Italians have been arrested.

A women I notice always lowers her voice to ask a favor."

"Yes, and raises her voice if she docsn't get it."

Manslaughter Charged.

Victoria, B. C., Nov. 30.—(Special.)—Eugene Brooks, the Zionite elder, and W. Maltby, disciple of Zion, were Committed for trial on the charge of manslaughter this morning owing to their allowing a child of Maltby's to die of diphtheria, without seeking medical attendance.

Royalty to Honor Canada.

London, Nov 21.—It was stated in a cable despatch several weeks ago that the duke of duchess of York were contemplating a trip to Canada, as a recognition of the valour of Canadian soldiers in South Africa. It is not definitely learned that their Royal Highness have finally decided upon a visit to the Dominion, but the date of their departure is not settled upon.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that after the 1st day of December, 1900, a bounty of two dollars $2.00 will be paid for every coyote killed in a settled district of the province, subject to the conditions of a notice dated the 22nd of August, 1894.

By Command
J. D. PRENTICE,
Provincial Secretary.
Provincial Secretary's Office,
20th November, 1900.

Mineral Act, 1896.

(Form F.)

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Lorne, Marquis and Golden King Mineral Claims situate in the Lillooet Mining Division of Lillooet District. Where located.—Cadwallader Creek.

Take notice that I, Daniel Hurley free miner's certificate No. 18040 and as agent for N. Coughlan free miner's certificate No. 17984, J. A. Murray free miner's certificate No. 29801, W. J. Abercrombie free miner's certificate No. 18114, William Young free miner's certificate No. 17914 and John F. May free miner's certificate No. 14582, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this fifth day of November, 1900.

D. HURLEY.

Mineral Act, 1896.

(Form F.)

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Hiram and Copeland Mineral Claims, situate in the Lillooet Mining Division of Lillooet District. Where located: On the right bank of Cadwallader creek.

Take notice that I, Alfred Wellington Smith, free miner's certificate No. 18032, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the mining recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this fourth day of October 1900.

A. W. SMITH.

NOTICE

In the estate of Gus Emil Johnson, deceased.

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received up to Saturday, the 1st day of December, 1900, for the purchase of an undivided one-half interest in the Clondyke Mineral Claim, situate on Cadwallader Creek, in Lillooet District, B. C. Further particulars will be furnished on demand. Highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

DENIS MURPHY
Ashcroft B. C.
Solicitor for the Executor.

NOTICE.

The agreement between Alex. McDonald of the Hotel Victoria of Lillooet, B. C., and George Sanson, has been cancelled. All liabilities are assumed by George Sanson and all who are indebted to the hotel are requested to pay same to Daniel Hurley. Geo. Sanson.

Lillooet, B. C., Nov. 5th, 1900.

JAS. B. UREN

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING AND HORSESHOEING,

LILLOOET, B. C.

Manufacturer of all kind of

MINER'S SUPPLIES, PICKS, DRILLS, Etc.

None but the best material used. Miners or prospectors sending in orders will receive prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed.

R. J. ATKIN

Lillooet, B. C.

DEALER IN,

Hardware
Stoves
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Miners Supplies
Farm Implements
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Furniture, etc.,

All orders promptly attended to.

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Stable in connection.

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Dining Room.

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First Class Meals Served. Open day and night. Short Orders a Specialty.

Read The Prospector.

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A. B. TRIN. COLL., DUBLIN,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC

Lillooet, B. C

SAMUEL GIBBS,

Notary Public, Accountant and Mining Broker

Reports on Mining Properties.

LILLOOET and BRIDGE RIVER, B. C

LICENSED CONVEYANCER.

DOUGAL HOUSE

Vancouver, B. C.

BURTON & BLACKSTONE, Props.

Headquarters for mining men. European plan.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that at the next meeting of the Board of License Commissioners, I intend to apply for a transfer of the hotel liquor license of the Pioneer Hotel, to Fred. H. Nelson. W. F. ALLEN.

Lillooet B.C.

November, 15th 1900.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Daily Tourist Cars To ST. PAUL

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WM. HOLDEN, Inspector, Vancouver. THOS. McADAM, Provincial Manager.

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A. UFFORD,

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All points in Cariboo, Monday [illegible] Lillooet direct, Monday and Friday for Quesnelle, and way points.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC NAVIGATION CO.

(LIMITED.)

WHARF STREET, VICTORIA.

Time Table No. 51.—Taking Effect June 15th, 1900.

Victoria to Vancouver—Daily, except Monday, at 7 a.m. Vancouver to Victoria—Daily at 1.30 o'clock p.m., or on arrival of the C.P.R. No. 1 train.

Regular freight steamers will leave Victoria at 12 p.m. on Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, and Vancouver at 12 p.m. on Wednesday and Friday.

NEW WESTMINSTER ROUTE

Leave Victoria for New Westminster, Ladner's and Islands—Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 a.m. Leave New Westminster for Victoria and Way Ports—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7 p.m.

NORTHERN ROUTE.

Steamships of this company will leave for Simpson and intermediate points, via Victoria, every Sunday at 11 p.m.

ALASKA ROUTE.

Steamships of this company will leave every [illegible] Wrangel and Skagway at 8 p.m. [illegible]

PUGET SOUND ROUTE.

[illegible] Victoria for Alberni and way ports, [illegible] 15th, 25th and 20th of each month, [illegible] latter trips to Quatsino.

[illegible] reserve the right of changing [illegible] at any time without notification.

G. A. ARLETON,
General Freight Agent.
C. S. BAXTER,
Agent.

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