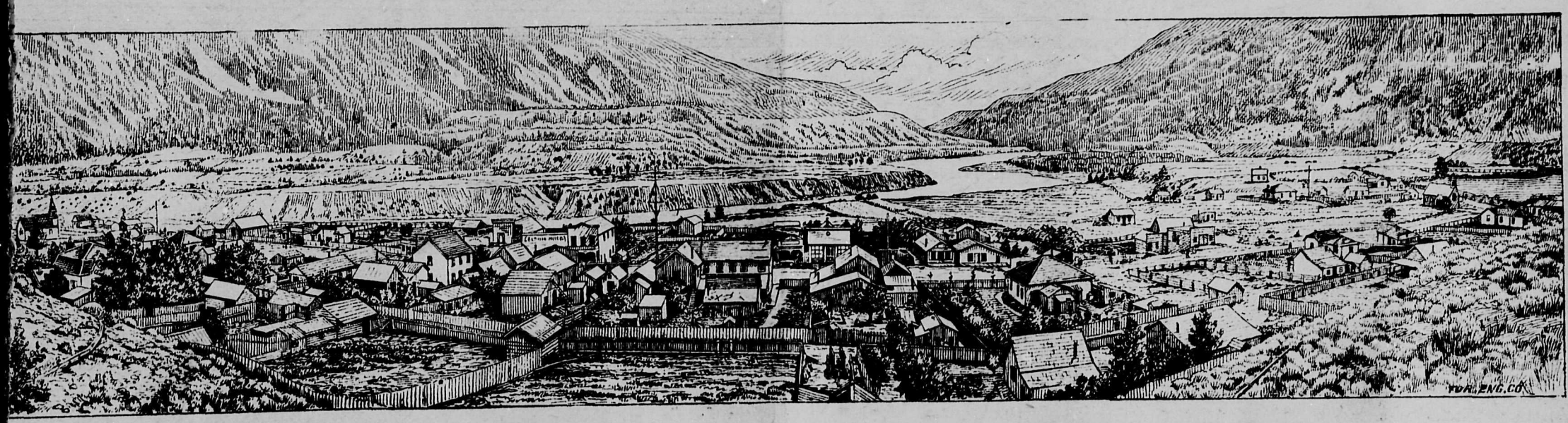
Legislative Reading Room



THE PROSPECTOR.

Vol. 6 No. 18 LILLOOET, B.C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1903. $1.00 a year.

ENGLISH PREACHER

STIRS UP DRY BONES IN UNCONVENTIONAL STYLE IN QUEEN CITY.

Has Many Witty Sayings—Style and Matter Very Unconventional, However—Numerous Hits at Society—Mark Guy Pearse's Conception of Christ—Definitions of Etiquette—Telling and Pertinent Illustrations.

Mark Guy Pearse is a name to conjure with in Methodist circles in England, and has become, indeed, familiar in every household wherever the English language is spoken. By his work in the slums of London and his published sermons and sketches he has won for himself a reputation equalled only by a few of the preachers of to-day. His appearance recently in Toronto was, therefore, naturally the occasion of considerable excitement, extreme eagerness being displayed to see and hear what manner of man he is.

Altogether he gave three addresses on the Sunday he was in the Queen City, preaching in the morning in Sherbourne street Methodist Church, delivering a lecture to men during the afternoon, and preaching again in Parkdale Methodist Church at night; and on each occasion an immense crowd gathered to hear him.

Mr. Pearse has little of the pulpit about him. There is nothing stereotyped either in his appearance or his method of preaching. He looks more like an old-fashioned English squire than a minister. Of medium height, with a broad, rubicund, clean-shaven face, eyes forever twinkling, a fringe of grey curly hair and a portly presence, he is the very picture of good-nature and jollity. His style is Beresfordian. Indeed, he may be described as the Lord Charles Beresford of the pulpit. Racey, breezy, witty and fresh, his manner of delivery and matter are like a breath from the salt sea, refreshing, stimulating and invigorating.

He is entirely unconventional. His voice has none of the pulpit tone. He stands and talks in a conventional way, as if he were speaking to a friend. At the outset he is somewhat abrupt; dis utterance rapid and now and again shrill, with a slight touch of the falsetto about it; but it soon steadies down into a calm, even note, that is only changed when he gives expression to some particularly thrilling or pathetic passage. Then the whole man becomes transfigured. His face shines, his form seems to gain in dignity and power, and his every word becomes a living force, moving his audience to the deepest fibres of their being.

His favorite attitude is leaning over the desk with his hands clasped before him while he chats familiarly with his listeners. But sometimes his subject masters him, and he lifts himself erect, and moves rapidly about the platform, gesticulating freely, apparently unable to keep still, under the force stirring within him.

In the strict sense of the word he does not preach a sermon. He has neither an exordiun nor peroration. He is neither a textical nor a topical preacher. Though he keeps close to his text, and announces also a subject, he makes no attempt to treat of either extensively. It is human life as he has known it; human life with its sorrow and care, its burdens and struggles, and in discussing these, he presents to his audience a series of word pictures, all of them vivid, all of them real and each bearing a message. In his hands the Bible is not a book of the dead past, but the living present. He takes the characters he may be dealing with and clothes them with modern garb, gives them a modern setting, and makes them breathe and eat and speak like men and women of the present.

In Parkdale Methodist Church, his text was Matthew, 11:19. He made it the means of conveying to his audience his conception of Christ. Beginning with the contract between John the Baptist and Christ, he emphasized the aloofness of the former and the brotherliness of the latter. John was a voice in the wilderness; his place of abode, his way of living, his appearance and everything connected with him, all separated him from the rest of mankind. "I don't think," said Mr. Pearse, in concluding his description of John, "that anybody would have asked him to a wedding. I know I wouldn't to mine."

On the other hand, Christ was one with all humanity. He met mankind at every point. He was intensely human, and the one all desired to have with them at the festive board. There was a wedding at Cana of Galilee, and He was the one they thought of asking first. He was the one also who was told that the wine had given out and who was expected to supply the lack.

It was a joyous Christ that Mr. Pearse portrayed—a Christ whose presence meant gladness and the dispelling of gloom; a Christ who brought happiness to the sad heart, who fed the hungry, who healed the sick and changed the house of mourning into the house of rejoicing.

With illustration after illustration Mr. Pearse drove the truth home. One of the stories he told bearing upon his theme was particularly happy. It was an experience of his own. He had a compliment once paid to him, the only one in all his life. He was calling upon an old woman, and during his visit a neighbor came to the door. On looking in the neighbor observed Mr. Pearse and turned to go, saying that since the old woman had company she wouldn't come in but would return later on. The old woman, however, would not hear of the neighbor leaving. "Come in! Come in!" she cried shrilly. "There ain't nobody here but Mr. Pearse and he ain't nobody." Christ was not "company." He was one of the family for whom no preparation required to be made when He came, and whose presence was a source of no discomfort to the persons in the home.

Mr. Pearse's sermon was full of bright sayings. The worst thing that could be said about anybody was not that he didn't pay his debts or that he got drunk, but that he was not at all particular with whom he mixed.

The advantage of a man belonging to the aristocracy was that he had a grandfather and a great grandfather.

Hitting at the aloofness of the clergy from the laity, Mr. Pearse said that the pulpit was a long way up in the days when he was a boy. There were some ministers who tried to find out God with a grammar and a dictionary. He had also, said Mr. Pearse, seen good people look so good that he never wanted to be good himself.

Quoting a certain Sister Mary, who is working in the London slums, he declared that the truest equality that we could have with another was to eat with that person.

"I suppose," said Mr. Pearse, in another passage, "you've rate collections in this country. I'm very sorry for you, but I thought you had, we have too."

"Morality's much a matter of size," remarked Mr. Pearse, during a reference to Zaccheus, "A man, 4 ft. 6 has to do a lot not expected of a man 6 ft. 4."

LOCAL NEWS

A Public meeting has been called for Monday evening in the town hall, for the purpose of meeting A. Macdonald, M.P.P., before he goes to Victoria.

—oo—

The teamsters from Ashcroft are still busy hauling machinery for the Lillooet dredge. The boiler, wefghing 12,000 lbs., is now at Ashcroft and will be freighted to Lillooet as soon as possible.

—oo—

D. Fraser, who has been on the sick list for some time past, is now on his way to recovery.

—oo—

M. Eagleson, of the Victoria Hotel, intends to return to Clinton and carry on the hotel business there. Arrangements will be made to continue the Lillooet business as usual.

—oo—

Rev. J.H. Wright is assisting in special meeting at Ashcroft. At the close of the Ashcroft services, similar meetings will be commenced at Lillooet. Fuller notice will be given next week.

—oo—

Several communications are held over until next issue.

—oo—

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.

ON THE BANKS OF THE SASKATOON.

A touching story is told of a beautiful girl living in the Canadian Northwest who was deserted by her lover. It was her custom to resort to the Saskatoon River on moonlight evenings, and at the former trysting place watch and wait for the return of the one she still loved. She also conceived the idea that a loon which haunted that portion of the river would yet let her know something about the absent one:

On the banks of the Saskatoon,
By the light of the silvery moon,
A maiden fair
With nut-brown hair
Is listening to the loon,
To the plaintive, mystic loon,
With its wild and weesome rune,
As it floats by the edge
Of the yellow sedge,
On the banks of the Saskatoon.

Ere clouds do hide the moon?"
"Oh, will he not come soon,
The maiden cries,
With tear-filled eyes
As she waits by the Saskatoon.
Then a sound comes from the loon
Like an ancient beldam's croon,
"He is gone for aye,
Far, far away
From the banks of the Saskatoon."

On the banks of the Saskatoon,
By the dull, half-hidden moon,
A far-off cry
So wild and shy
Comes up from the lonely loon,
From the distant, timid loon,
With its awesome, mournful rune,
For the maiden fair
With the nut-brown hair
Who sleeps in the Saskatoon.

—Thos. McGillicuddy.

"DIME" NOVELS.

Mr. Scott, of Regina [illegible] War A[illegible]st Them in the House—M[illegible] Literary [illegible]t[illegible]s.

There would now appear to be a prospect that the "dime novel" which sells at five cents, and which has so long flourished even as the green bay tree, is to be an institution unknown to the coming generation. At Ottawa recently Mr. Scott of Regina placed several questions on the order paper of the House that bore a very apparent menace to the "desse James," "Diamond Dick" and other literature of that ilk.

Mr. Scott, hailing as he does from the "wild and woolly west" has probably had the experience out there of coming across runaway youngsters from the east, whose imaginations were fired by the perusal of the exploits of Diamond Dick, to the point of a burning desire to emulate him and who left their homes with the idea of bossing the prairie and cleaning up all the redskins in sight. Possibly this explains why the first gun in a legislative warfare against the idols of juvenile fancy should be fired by a member who does not claim the effete east as his place of living.

"Pernicious literature placed in the hands of the young" has long been a ripe theme for pulpit oratory, along with gambling and the baleful cigarette. It is to be feared, however, that the "back to the Sunday school" injunction in so far as his literature goes has been a wasted one on the small boy, who has gone on revelling in "Sombrero Sam," or the "Outlaws of the Foothills," while "Jasper's Sacrifice, or the Triumph of Doing Right," has been allowed to accumulate dust on the shelf of the Sunday school library. Tens of thousands of dime novels have been confiscated by wrathy parents and put in the fire, but sphinx-like, there have arisen from the ashes fresh ones, and the injured small boy has consoled his feelings with the next weekly number of his favorite library, seeking solitary and secluded enjoyment in the exploits of his heroes.

It is an inexpensive pastime, too, and therefore suited to the limited resources of the average youngster. Let him purchase one copy and he is sure of reading from three or four to a dozen other different numbers, just as his circle of acquaintances exttnds. There is a swapping system in vogue among boys that might be styled a community of interest, whereby each is the gainer and the good of each the good of all.

Chicago has no great reputation for moral vigilance. The Windy City is something of a byword, in fact. Yet the police authorities there have just got busy and taken 29 booksellers into custody for selling dime novels. The action was taken at the instigation of the Citizens' Mutual Alliance and warrant was found for the step in a statute prohibiting any person "exhibiting or selling on the highway or at a place of business, books, pamphlets, magazines, or printed papers containing accounts and stories of criminal deeds, pictures, and deeds of bloodshed and crime."

The preacher and the detective strike hands on the question of the evil influence of the blood and thunder literature. The former sees in such reading spiritual danger, the latter sees common sense knocked out of the youth, with the dime novel mania, and in spirit fired to reckless emulation, good and bad. The detective force in New York is being continually troubled by would-be sleuths, who have stored their craniums with Old Cap Collier lore and think they see in themselves the subtle gift of the human bloodhound.

The detective creation of the dime novel has a capacity for disguise of voice and appearance that would make his fortune as a vaudevillian. All nationalities look alike to him and he is never phased when called upon to make a lightning change in the pursuit of the unfortunate villain. This is his great asset and he needs no other beyond the nerve of a Kitchener and the capacity for saying "precisely" and "just so" in the right places.

There is a terse style about the dime novel writer that makes itself felt. It is clear cut and incisive. Here is a specimen:

"The night was dark.
Diamond Dick, mounted on his mustang, rode briskly.
"Save me!" rang out upon the air.
The cry was a woman's.
He recognized the voice.
"No one can ever say I refused aid to a woman," he muttered as he set spurs to his mustang.
Zip!
A bullet whizzed past his ear."

And so on and so on. If you read further you would be thrilled by his shout, "Surrender, Black Mike! The game's up." Every sentence is its own paragraph, and the author gives you "local color" and heaps of it.

The Spanish-American war brought out its crop of dime novel literature.

It is a good sign that the "detective" fiction is being supplanted by the adventures at home and abroad of this style of hero. The "sleuths," young and old, "Old King Brady" and "Nick Carter" and the wildly contrived exploits of the James Boys are no longer the boys' best favorites. Still, the cheap, guady and often illiterate style of the five cent novel are not best calculated to improve the aims and ideals of the rising generation or cultivate in him a love for good reading. The novels are the products of writers who turn them out by machine methods and for a weekly salary. They do credit to the fertility of their imagination, but little else. But he is on no worse plane than the writer of cheap melodramas, the portrayal of which on the stage with life and realism create a deeper and more lasting impression with the boys in the gods than do the alluring colored-covered misnamed "dime" novels.

While local newsdealers say there is quite a demand for this class of literature, yet the public libraries are doing a lot to wean the boys from their taste for the cheap New York output.

Lord Dundonald's Forebears.

Lord Dundonald, who commands the Canadian militia, is the proud possessor of a grandfather, who, though long dead, may yet prove the salvation of the British Empire in time of need. Somewhere at Whitehall there exists a secret of which the nation would probably want to hear more were Britain ever threatened with invasion. It is the "secret war plan" of Admiral Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald, grandfather of the gallant soldier who bears the title to-day. It was declared to be an invention capable of destroying any fleet or fortress in the world. When first he made his announcement, it was referred to a secret committee consisting of the Duke of York, Lord Keith, Lord Exmouth, and the two Congreaves, who pronounced it "infallible, irresistible, but inhuman." It was on the latter ground alone that the scheme was not adopted. When the inventor entered the service of Chili, the Prince Regent extracted from him a solemn promise that he would never betray his knowledge to any other power. He kept his promise, and though the plans were reconsidered, and their adoption advocated when the Crimean War broke out, the matter was allowed to lie in abeyance.

THE PROSPECTOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT LILLOOET, B.C.

BY THE PROSPECTOR PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE PROSPECTOR is the only paper published in the Lillooet District, and is all home Printed.

Subscriptions: One Dollar a year in advance. Advertising rates made known on application

Correspondence is invited on all matters of public or local interest. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, but not necessarily for publication

Square Dealing Pays.

Here is a little sermon on honesty that Canadians who produce for export should take well to heart. "Dishonesty on the part of the American cheesemaker," says an agricultural newspaper published in Iowa, "destroyed his English market for his product, and gave to his shrewder and more honest Canadian competitor a market worth millions of dollars a year. It pays in the long run to be honest."

Having, according to this, gained a market worth millions by honesty, it should not be necessary to remind Canadians who export cheese, butter, fruit, and other products that "it pays in the long run to be honest."

But such reminders are necessary. The Canadian trade agents abroad are sending home warnings against sharp practices in packing goods for export. The Government has found it necessary to guard the outlet, to prevent improperly packed and dishonestly graded goods from getting away to foreign parts. It seems that the individual producer often takes no interest in the foreign market, and that the small dealer is often equally deficient in a sense of responsibility, so that everything depends on the man who actually does the exporting. The Government by various newly-devised regulations seeks to enforce honesty where it does not exist, and the importance of this cannot be overestimated. But the individual producer should bear in mind that when the products of a country get a good reputation in the world's markets it means prosperity for the producing classes.

Canada and Her Canals.

The Rochester, New York, Chamber of Commerce sent a commissioner into Canada to study the canal system there in operation, under construction and projected, and to ascertain if artificial waterways there stood in danger from the proposed $10,000,000 canal across New York State, on which the people are to vote next November. In his report to President Dunn, Commissioner Dennis says that the Canadian does not feel at all disturbed about the proposed 12-foot waterway here. An American ship canal which would receive vessels of the great lakes and take them to the seaboard with their cargoes unbroken would be regarded as a menace to Canadian commerce, but having now canals deeper than ours will be, when completed, 10 or 15 years hence, if ordered by the people, Canadians feel no apprehension about competition. As Canadians abandoned their own ten-foot canals many years ago, a twelve-foot waterway seems to them to be trivial in these days when engineering skill has opened up possibilities of ship canals, the Commissioner says.

Grow Best in the North.

The interesting fact has lately come to the attention of the Government scientists that the frog, the edible variety, attains its greatest and best development not, as one would imagine, in the semitropical swamps of Florida and Louisiana, but in far northern Canada, on the extreme northern limit at which these reptiles are found. This bears out an old and pretty safe rule that both plants and animals attain their best development at the northernmost point of their habitat. Thus the diamond back terrapin of the Chesapeake brings nearly eight times the price of the diamond back of Louisiana, and the best oranges are grown not in tropical Cuba (people of the older generation still remember the coarse grained, sourish Havana oranges), but in northern Florida, where the trees are frequently cut down by the hard frosts and cold weather.—Washington Post.

Minnows in Milk.

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.

QUESTION!

Why DRINK?

What has it ever done for you but harm?

TRY LIFE AGAIN now without it. THERE IS A WAY now of making resolutions that keep; that cannot help but keep.

LIQUOR DRINKERS CURED, Easily, Safely, Absolutely.

AT HOME. With no loss of Time or Labor.

There is an enlightened aid now which takes hold of a man instantly. Instead of dulling a drinker it gives him almost immediately the snap of new life and power—lets the sunlight of hope into his soul at once and sets his mind into operation with all its best intelligence — a prompt result of effects on the nerves, stomach and whole body which are quick and marvelous. While at this point the cure has only begun, the encouragement is so great that probably no medical work equals this in satisfaction to a patient.

With this help against the drink habit any man who wants to lift from his life the handicap of liquor using can do so with immediate results. This guaranteed treatment is within reach of all. Convenient terms can be arranged satisfactory to any one who is at all reasonable, though, as all people understand, it does not compare with the worthless quack cures advertised at so much per package, or "Free", etc. It is a different matter from all this to perfect a course of thorough, special, personal treatment that will really do the work and cure forever. It is a serious undertaking and requires a high form of scientific professional work. All the different kinds of cases are handled under guaranteed results. Only skill that is developed to the highest can do it. Only professional fees can pay for the time it requires, though they are made moderate and convenient for anybody. The methods of practice used in this work has cost years of time, vast study and expensive experiments. The originator, Dr. William H. Saunders, had attracted wide notice for his works on Nervous diseases long before perfecting this treatment. And still nothing but care and personal attention to cases today makes it possible for him to accomplish the absolute cures which he guarantees. So the reader will see this treatment means thorough scientific, professional attention. But it also means results that are absolutely certain. The splendid first effects on a man are alone worth the entire cost of treatment.

This treatment can be given WITH or WITHOUT the knowledge of the patient and can be placed in any of his foods or liquids that he eates, and being colorless and tasteless, it does its work so silently and quickly that the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge and co-operation. The wife mated for years to a husband addicted to this curse will wonder if curing her husband by her own efforts can be true. "Is it possible that there is such a glorious opportunity?" she will ask. And thousands of wives who have put it to the test and rejoice in the reclamation of their spouses who seemed lost to all sense of self-respect, generosity and manliness will trumpet out to the world, "Yes, it is true". Our treatment is purely vegetable, contains no narcotics, opiates, poisons or minerals. We use no hypodermic injection of gold, nor any dangerous compound. It can be taken at home without any loss or detention from business. It stimulates the nervous system at once, increases the appetite, and affords perfect rest at night. It acts directly upon the stomach, builds up the whole system, eliminates all trace of liquor from the body and leaves the patient in the same condition as if liquor had never been taken.

REMEMBER WE WANT TO CURE THE WORST CASES, especially those who have been deceived by worthless remedies. If your friend or husband is the worst case in the community, we are more anxious to cure him. Read the following:

St. John's School, Okla., Aug. 18th, 1902.

Dr. W. H. Saunders & Co.,

Dear Sir:— I have just returned after a long absence, and feel it my duty to write you concerning my two patients. One of them F.R..., gave up the treatment after about two weeks. The other, Wm. C..., continued to take the treatment faithfully, and he has been able to refuse whisky a hundred times and does not crave it at all. For nine years he has been away from his parents and never during that time has he been able to keep away from home long enough to visit home. He is now visiting his home in Cleveland, Ohio, and I expect him back in a few days. When he left he promised he would not touch whisky while away. I trust he will keep his good resolution. Kindly let me have a few pamphlets for distribution. There are a few cases I would like to get for your treatment.

Wishing you success, I am

Very truly yours,
Sister Superior.

St. John's School, Gray Horse, Okla., Sept. 27, 1902.

Dr. W. H. Saunders,

Dear Sir:— Your letter received and contents noted. My patient returned after visiting home, and has not touched whisky. I am so glad that he took your treatment and his mother is simply delighted to think that he does not drink. The change worked in this man has attracted the attention of everyone. I am

Very respectfully,
Sister Superior.

St. John's School, Gray Horse, Okla., Dec. 28, 1902

Dr. W. H. Saunders.

Dear Sir:—I wrote you some time ago about publishing my letters. I hesitated because they were written in haste, and I doubt if they are fit to publish. It is a debt of gratitude on my part and if the letters will benefit you in any way, make use of them. It is the only means I have to make any return for your kindness. This I ask—leave out my name, and simply sign, Sister Superior, and of course omit the name of the patients Mr. C.....is doing well. He does not crave whiskey at all.

With best wishes of the season,

I am, very truly yours,
Sister Superior.

Pelvadera, New Mexico, Dec. 11th, 1901

Dr. W. H. Saunders & Co.,

Gentlemen:—I have taken your medicine for the liquor habit, which was recommended to me by a friend in my town. I only took one month's treatment which completely cured me. I have no desire to drink any more. I suffered for years with this curse. Please accept my thanks for the treatment. Rest assured that I shall recommend your treatment to everyone in need of same.

I am, very truly yours,
Calletano Garcia.

WE HAVE BEEN, and are, curing thousands and we have hundreds of testimonials on file speaking of these wonderful cures WE WILL PAY $500 FOR ANY CASE THAT WE CANNOT CURE. Write at once for particulars and save the downfallen. All correspondence is held sacredly confidential. No names of patients published without their written consent. Consultation FREE. All correspondence without marks.

FREE BOOK. Dr. Saunders latest treatise on the causes, various types, and successful treatment of the liquor habit—"A CURSE AND ITS CURE."—mailed free for a 2c. stamp.

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NIAGARA'S RELICS.

m Is the Aim of the Old Town's Historical Society. A Valuable Canadian Collection.

re are few places in Canada as of the traditions of the past as ara, and the Niagara Historical ty is doing an impo tant work llecting and preserving those of aterial character. It has chosen 17th of September as its anniry, because on that day in the 1792 the first Parliament of Canada met at Niagara-on-the-. The settlement was at first West Niagara, then Butlers-, from the leader of the Rangers, e name has been preserved in ers Barracks. Col. Simcoe, who made the first Governor, changhe name again to Newark, and became the first capital of Up-Canada. In the short space of a years the society has made one the best collections of historical ments and articles in Ontario; has placed eight stone posts to k historic spots, and has printed pamphlets, all bearing on the y and vital history of Canada. e credit for the work that has n done to preserve from oblivion e relics of the past is chiefly due the President, Miss Janet Carnoc-.

here is much doubt as to where first sitting of Parliament was , but the weight of testimony is favor of the old wooden building l standing and known as Navy ll. The Parliament first met on ct. 17, 1792, and The Upper Caa Gazette published there says t on June 4, 1793, Governor Simhelt a levee at Navy Hall And so probability is that Navy Hall s the meeting place. It is certain t many of the official documents the early part of the year were ted from the hall. The building still standing, though in a sadly apidated condition. The worst ench was given by a farmer who ed the hall as a stable. Through efforts of the society the attenn of the Government was called this, and the farmer was ordered vacate, but in doing so he tore wn a portion of one wall in order carry out his cattle stalls. If this really the first seat of constituonal Government in Upper Canaa, more than the antiquarian will prove of its rescue from destruction.

The stone markers which have been laced are: (1) The site of the first rial of Sir Isaac Brock, Fort eorge, 1812-1824; (2) site of miliry council and Indian council ouse; (3) site of Gleaner printing ffice, 1817, and of Masonic Hall, 792; (4) site of Government House, urned in 1812; (5) spot of burial f bodies of three soldiers who fell in battle, May 27, 1813; (6) residence f Count de Puisaye, built in 1798; 7) site of Navy Hall and first Parliament House; (8) Court House of Counties of Lincoln, Welland and Haldimand, 1847.

Among the pamphlets which the society has issued are: (1) Taking of Fort George by Col. Cruikshank, edition exhausted; (2) slave rescue, Fort Niagara, centennial poem; (3) blockade of Fort George, Col. Cruikshank; (4) Memorial to U.E. Loyalists, battle of Queenston Heights; (5) historic houses; (6) Niagara library, 1800-1820, early schools, by Janet Carnochan; (7) historic buildings; (8) family history, by Wm. Kirby, F.R.S.C.

The collection of the society, numbering over 1,600 articles, is now in a small room on the second floor of the old Court House. It includes books and papers printed in Niagara or relating thereto, starting with The Upper Canada Gazette of July 3, 1794, a large number of portraits, pictures, maps and drawings which have proved of great assistance in settling disputed points of historical interest, military clothing, weapons, household utensils, Indian and other relics. One result of the energetic president's researches has been to show that St. Mark's Church was built in 1804, and not in 1792, as stated on the brass tablet set in the wall.

Notwithstanding the inconvenience of location, the collection has been inspected every year by thousands, and forms a valuable addition to the historic memories of the place. The space, however, is altogether too limited to permit of proper exhibition and arrangement, and there is always the danger of fire.

Recently the following were appointed a committee to devise steps for obtaining a suitable building for the collection from private sources, the municipal authorities and the Government: Miss Carnochan, President; C. C. James, David Boyle, John Ross Robertson, Mrs. H. Thompson, Dr. Withrow, Mayor Aikens, R. E. Denison, W. Kirby, H. Pafford, Alfred Ball, A. Servos, A. W. Wright.

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.

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

Canadian Account of the Win as Made in 1851.

An interesting account of how the Americas Cup was won in 1851 is published by a Canadian contemporary: When the yacht America, it says, arrived in England in 1850-51 her owner, Stevens, published a challenge to sail anything for £1,000 to £10,000, but he laid down so many stipulations that the challenge was not accepted. Then the Americans appeared to think they were being treated discourteously, and the Royal Yacht Squadron went out of its way to offer a cup, value £100, to be sailed for—open to all—without conditions or time allowance; course, round the Isle of Wight. Now this is the cup that the Americans are pleased to call the Queen's Cup for some reason only known to themselves. Possibly the hall mark on silver in England being a crown, the Yankees assumed that this must be Her Majesty's private totem. In 1851 five Queen's cups were given, not one bearing the slightest resemblance to the Royal Yacht Squadron Cup. Aug. 22 was the eventful day. Fifteen yachts started, ranging from the barque Brilliant, 393 tons, to the cutter Aurora, 47 tons. Only five could be termed racers or ever won a prize. The five were the Freak, Volante, Arrow, Alarm and Aurora. The start was very peculiar The fleet went one way—the America another. "Round the Isle of Wight," in yacht racing parlance, means round the Nab—and then right away. Round the Nab went the Britishers, but the Yankee, to the amusement of the spectators and the disgust of the officials, took no notice of the distant lightship, but headed straight for the corner of the island, scraped over Bembridge Ledge and then took a shore line to Culver Cliff, thereby effecting a saving of from 11 to 13 miles. Off Bonchurch the Britishers caught up and the Freak and Volante got to windward of the America. Then a series of disasters occurred. The Arrow grounded off Ventnor, and the Alarm went to her assistance; off St. Lawrence the Freak fouled the Volante. Thus four of the five British racers were out of it. Passing the Needles the America was a long way ahead, but coming up the Solent the little Aurora gained rapidly and reached Cowes eight minutes behind the America. The Aurora sailed the course, the America had not, and the Britishers claimed the cup, but as the Squadron people had omitted to tell the Yankees that they must round the Nab, they saw no other way out of the difficulty but to hand the cup to the first yacht in.

Mr. Charles Mair's Promotion.

Mr. Charles Mair, the author of several volumes of verse, including "Tecumseh," and who for the past five years has been hiding his poetic light under the bushel of departmental routine in the Immigration Office at Winnipeg, has been promoted to Lethbridge, and leaves shortly for that land of Mormons, coal mines and irrigation ditches. In the United States, as has been said, they make their poets ambassadors, while we have a more economical method, and utilize their fine frenzy in describing to an intending settler the quality of the soil on Sec. 13, Township 6, Range 10, or explaining to a Sheffield cutler what are the chances of obtaining work at his trade at Otaskwan, Alberta. One of the productions of Mr. Mair's which the West appreciates best is his "Open the Bay," and, though his hair is silvered, it is to be hoped Mr. Mair will live and flourish in the genial climate of Alberta long after his appeal has been heeded and his prophecy fulfilled, and Hudson Bay has become a highway for commerce. Mr. Mair is a genial, philosophic and optimistic soul, and he will be much missed by many friends in Winnipeg.

Progress and Uneasiness.

On two recent occasions, when school children were to the fore, attention was called by disinterested observers to their lack of courtesy, says The Globe.

The Governor-General, in addressing the children in the park on Empire Day, said: "With all the self-reliance that marks a new country like this, it would be well to remember the generous traditions and the courteous manners of the old country. There was sometimes a tendency to demonstrate self-reliance by a want of respect to fellow-men and to those in authority."

Mr. William Scott, Principal of the Normal School, speaking at the luncheon given by the directors of the Exhibition on "School Children's Day," contrasted the kind and courteous ways of the boys and girls of Quebec with the rudeness, or at least bluntness, of those in Ontario. He had considerable experience in Quebec, and was inclined to think one reason for the difference is that the people there live in the past, while those of this Province are more democratic.

If Mr. Scott's theory is correct, it ought to be possible to reconcile progress.

Lillooet District

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Attracting Attention

on account of

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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.

2. Its Promising Mineral Lands.

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3. Its Fishing and Hunting Grounds.

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4. Its Salubrious Climate.

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

Nearest Railway towns are ASHCROFT and LYTTON, on the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

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ARTHUR STRINGER.

Pen Picture of Canada's New Literary Light—A Stalwart Poet.

A poet of almost heroic build is Arthur Stringer. There are six feet and an inch of him. Also he is more or less good to look at. An English recruiting sergeant would scan him with longing eyes. Seeing him in a crowd you might pick him out for a champion athlete or, by his smooth face, for a matinee idol. There's nothing about him to suggest the poet—save his poetry. Neither does he seem to have the poetic temperament. He is no dreamer, no idler. His mental poise seems to be as sound and as well balanced as his physical carriage, which is saying a good deal.

Canada is rather proud of having produced such a poet, and with good cause. London, Ontario, is his birthplace. His years are about thirty. He comes from a fine old English family in which there's an earldom or something of the sort, but Mr. Stringer carefully keeps this fact in the background. He stands on his own feet. You may see by glancing at him that he needs no coat-of-arms background to proclaim his nobility.

He studied and played football at Toronto University and at Oxford. If they gave him any degrees he has forgotten it. Before he was twenty-five he had published two volumes of verse in Canada. They were slim little volumes which brought him small fame and less money. Yet it was poetry, good poetry. The Canadians, however, prefer to wait until "The States" discover their geniuses before showing their own appreciation. So Mr. Stringer sailed down into New York, prepared to starve in a hall bedroom. But he didn't. The New York magazine editors—who are much maligned, you know—promptly discovered that his poetry was good and paid him well for his verses. Since then, both by short stories and verse, he has been winning wide recognition and the rewards which accompany the same.

Just now, while his new book of poems is being praised by the London critics, while the publishers are issuing his first novel, "The Silver Poppy," Mr. Stringer is up in Ontario, on the shores of Lake Erie, looking after his fruit farm, working in blue shirt and overalls and enjoying himself hugely. Next fall, when his melons and pears and grapes have all been gathered and sold, he will pack his trunks and typewriting machine and start either for New York or London, where he will settle down for a winter's hard work.

Mr. Stringer's novel is likely to receive an extraordinary amount of attention in the newspapers on account of the identity of the well-known writer who figures in the book as Cordelia Vaughn. Mr. Stringer first met the lady in the manner described in the book, and his experiences of this "yellow vampire" are faithfully described. Every writer in New York will know the original of Mr. Stringer's heroine, and few will dispute the truth of his portraval. It is more than likely that Cordelia Vaughn's real name will soon be suggested in the newspapers.—The Reader.

As It Is To-Day.

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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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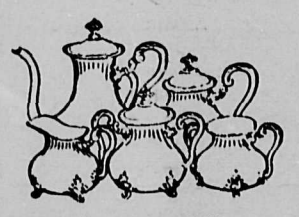

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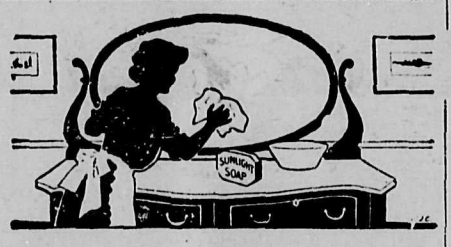

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SALE OF LANDS FOR UNPAID DELINQUENT TAXES IN THE LILLOOET ASSESSMENT DISTRICT, PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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. I. DELINQUENT TAXES — TAXES	COLUMN No. I. 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 ,,	86 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. Vowart	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
Wallridge, 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 PHAIR, Assessor,
Lillooet Assessment District,
Lillooet, B.C.