Legislative Reading Room

THE PROSPECTOR.

Vol. 5. No. 42. LILLOOET, B.C., SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1903. $1.00 a year.

LOCAL NEWS.

Wm. Brett returned from the coast this week.

Dr. Sanson arrived in town from Ashcroft and Clinton in the early part of this week.

It is understood that the Amble Mine has been sold.

Constable Carter has been appointed Chief License Commissioner for this District.

J.B. Uren went to Ashcroft and other points on a business trip this week.

The building next to the Victoria Hotel, and formerly used as a store, is now being fitted up as a bakery.

W. Allen, of the Pioneer Hotel, died at Victoria Hospital last Monday morning.

Mrs. Wright and children left town last Tuesday morning for the East.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant. 24

Messrs Rogers and Shortt, of Seattle, who are interested in the Lorne property arrived in town this week. Mr. Rogers proceeded immediately to Bridge River.

Dr. J. Brandon, brother of T. and M. Brandon of Lillooet, is expected in Ashcroft this week. He will take up practice with Dr. Sanson.

Rev. J.H. Wright, who has been attending the yearly meeting of Methodist Ministers in the Kamloops district, returned last night from Kamloops.

Mrs. Woods, of Kamloops, who has been visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Sibree Clarke, returned home today.

Large quantities of small pipe are being hauled into town for private lines to connect with the main. The new system is working well and a stronger force of water for all the present needs of the town could scarcely be desired.

Subscribe for THE PROSPECTOR

A WISE LEADER.

Verigin Talks Sense to Pilgrims - Ingenious Ways - Lessons With Doukhobors.

Peter Verigin, one of the leaders of the Doukhobors, who has been in Russia, and of whom great things are expected in the way of inducing the people to settle down and give up their foolish idea of another pilgrimage in the spring to convert the world, is now in the Doukhobor villages north of Yorkton, and, according to reports from there, is meeting with considerable success in his effort. He started at the village of Troterpersky, where his home was before leaving for Russia, and where his mother still lives. His first meeting was held in his own house, and in the course of his address he discussed the whole situation. He began by taking up the question of the suitability of Canada as a place for the Doukhobors. He declared that the Doukhobors were here by God's will, and that there was no need to look anywhere else. While the climate was cold it was healthy, and the soil produced all manner of grains and vegetables, so that there was no reason why they should not be happy and prosperous. Having a good soil and climate, the other essential to success was the possession of animals. Every family should have a team of horses and two or three cows.

Animals Co-Workers With Men.

One of those who had been on the pilgrimage here broke in with the remark that in Canada all the work was done by horses, and man got the benefit of enslaving them. Verigin's reply was that the relation was not that of master and slave but of fellow-workers; that while the horse worked for the man, both labored to produce oats for the horse as well as wheat for the man. Hay was cut and stacked and stables built for the horses also that the benefits were mutual. Animals were in this sense to be considered members of the community. But the leader was not yet "out of the woods," for the same pilgrim raised the point that if they kept cows for the milk and butter there would be the annual excess of males, and it would not be right to sell these to the butcher. Verigin had evidently thought this matter out further than the pilgrim, and he was ready. He said that on the ship he came across in from England there were 700 immigrants, poor people, who expected to settle on land. If the Doukhobors found they had too many bullocks they could give the surplus to these poor immigrants to plow with.

Urged Adaptation.

Then he went on to counsel them to adapt themselves to their surroundings, and settle down. He urged them to take up land without delay. They had been in Canada four years, and had been acting as if they were not going to stay. The Government might have given away the lands to others, but it had been patient. It was not right for them to be looking for trouble, and expecting evil. They were no longer in poor Russia, ground into the dust of bad government. Canada was a free country, and he saw no dangers ahead, but even if evils did come they could meet them like men as they had before. They should also comply with the law in regard to the registration of vital statistics, which law was meant for their good.

Turns Tables on Them.

Verigin dealt with the late pilgrimage. Some felt called to do no work, but to go out and preach the conversion of the world. Of course if they saw that as their duty they must go, but they should consider it well. Were they so perfect that there was no reforming to be done in their own lives before they were quite ready to preach perfection? If such was the case, why, of course, they should start again in the spring. But they must remember this, that while they were free to adopt such a mode of life and to subject themselves to any privations they might see fit, they had no right to involve their relatives, and especially their wives and children. If any of them should again go out they should leave behind their wives and children, with their relatives, who would, no doubt, be glad to take care of them.

Things Look Hopeful.

Verigin is now traveling from village to village with a party of selected followers, and talking to all in the same strain. The party travel in sleighs drawn by horses, and have met with a very good reception wherever they have appeared. The appearance of milk and butter on the tables indicates that part at least of the Doukhobors have given up the worst features of the craze. It cannot be told until spring how successful Verigin has been, but everything now looks very hopeful for another pilgrimage being prevented.

COSTLY GAME OF WAR.

South African Contingent Cost Canada Almost $3,000,000 and 224 Men.

The sending of the Canadian division South African Constabulary, the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Canadian Mounted Rifles to South Africa and the 3rd R. C. R. to Halifax cost Canada $2,823,954. The total of all ranks was 8,372. Of these 7,368 reached South Africa, where there were 476 casualties, 224 deaths and 252 wounded. Those actually killed numbered 63; 31 died of wounds, 127 succumbed to disease, one was accidentally drowned, and two were reported missing and believed to be dead. Ninety-three per cent. of the deaths from disease were due to fever, Privates O. J. Weaver, C.M.R., and W. Winyard, Royal Canadian Dragoons, are missing.

In the supplementary report of the Militia Department, which contains these facts, there are also some appreciative comments by the Earl of Dundonald upon the soldierly qualities and valour of the 2nd Mounted Rifles, under Col. Evans, the splendid equipment and behaviour of the 10th Field Hospital, under Lieut.-Col. Worthington, and the patriotic spirit of the officers and men of the third, fourth, fifth and sixth regiments, who had no opportunity of being under fire. Lieut. R. H. Ryan tells of the surrender of Delarey and Kemp at Dornscomb, June 15, 1902. Only 12 men, one corporal and one officer of the Stadts Artillery, only 12 of the Yarks, formerly a magnificent regiment, and only one officer and six men of Delarey's signaling corps remained.

The Correct Quotation.

If you must quote, do quote correctly. Is the pen mightier than the sword? Thousands say or print: "The pen is mightier than the sword." It may be true, but if it is meant for a quotation it is not fairly give. The original lines in the play are:

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
The pen is mightier than the sword."

This error has been corrected over and over again. But those who misquote seldom read what they are pretending to quote, but quote from a man who quoted from another man who—and so on. In many books will be found long lists of these prevalent misquotations.

Idleness and Temptation.

Few temptations beset the industrious, but all temptations assail the idle.

NEW HOTELS.

Gorgeous Establishments Are Displacing Homely, Historic Houses in London the Great.

The impending erection in Piccadilly of two immense hotels, one on the site of St. James' Hall and adjoining property, and the other on the site of the present Warwingham and Bath Hotels—emphasises the fact that the West End is becoming the chief area for hotel life in London.

A few years ago the Strand and Trafalgar Square could claim preeminence as the centre of the most celebrated hotels—the Savoy, the Cecil, the Metropole, Morley's the Golden Cross, etc.—but quite recently a new and improved style of "hotel de luxe" has come into existence, and within a brief space of time it seems probable that the West End will be "hotelled" on a scale, both of magnitude and luxurious refinement, surpassing the airiest dreams of the hotel manager of fifteen years ago.

While the wonderful Ritz Hotel, to reach from Arlington street to the Green Park, promises to be the most splendid in London, Claridge's, just off Grosvenor Square, has already introduced the modern hotel life into the very heart of Mayfair. Very startling is the contrast—now coexistent—between the richness of Claridge's and the plainness, almost amounting to poverty, of the old Bath Hotel, stripped of the homely old mahogany furniture which may have been there since Thomas Adams, the first American Ambassador, put up at the hotel.

The Old Bath Hotel.

For nearly 150 years the old Bath Hotel has been looked upon by generations of Londoners as one of the mysteries which only the aristocratic might penetrate. There is something forbidding in the words, painted on the Piccadilly side of the house. "Bath Hotel—for Families and Gentlemen," and millions of people must have looked upon the plain, dowdy old corner building, with its coat of dirty paint, and have fancied the interior to be, by contrast, a marvel of comfort.

But now, being doomed to destruction, the old place has been subjected daily to inspection by brokers, and the auctioneer has sold its contents. And the famous Bath Hotel stands revealed as a wretched jumble of passages and rooms, devoid of attraction, and fit only for the housebreaker. Its floors have reached the "switchback" stage. There are unsuspected little steps, some up and some down, into many of the rooms. The old portable baths—in a Piccadilly Hotel!—emphasize the change which has taken place between the era of the Bath and the era of Claridge's and the Carlton.

All over the West-end the "hotel de luxe" is springing up. In Sloane Street, the Cadogan, close by the Hans Crescent, in Mount Street, the Cobourg, in Kensington Gore, the De Vere and Royal Palace Hotels, all tell the same tale. And the middle-aged hotels in Albermarle Street and thereabout are blossoming into a new and more luxuriant existence. —London Mail.

Never Heard of Him.

The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch tells of two Scots in London, who were passing Whitehall, when one said: "I wonder from which of these windows it was that King Charles was led out to be executed; I'll ask the "bobby." "Can you tell me," he said, addressing that dignitary, "from which window Charles was led out to his execution?" "Chawles! Chawles!" said the constable, reflectively, "I never 'eard on 'im; it must 'ave been afore my toime."

SELECTED NEWS.

Domestic and Foreign

The people of Frank, Alta. hope soon to return to their homes.

The Chinese poll-tax bill has passed the third reading at Ottawa.

Another battle is reported to have resulted in the defeat of the Mullah's forces.

The coal-miners at Cumberland Vancouver Island, have gone out on strike.

American capitalists are investing $10,000 000 in N'foundland pulp timber lands.

Floods have washed away two million dollars worth of quartz on the dumps of the Yukon mines.

Dr. Emily Stowe, the first woman to practice medicine in Canada, is dead.

Forest fires are raging in the woods 50 miles north of Montreal.

Messrs Mulholland and Price, of Iowa, came in from Lytton. They are awaiting the arrival of the Hamilton Manufacturing Co. representative prior to doing further work on the dredge property.

WANTED,— A TRUSTWORTHY GENTLEMAN or lady in each county to manage business for an old established house of solid financial standing. A straight, bona fide cash salary of $18,00 paid by check each Wednesday with all expenses direct from headquarters. Money advanced for expenses.
Manager, 340 Caxton Building, Chicago.

PIONEER HOTEL LILLOOET, B.C

TENDERS for the rental of the above premises will be received by the undersigned up to Saturday the 16th day of May 1903, at 9 p.m..

Rental to be monthly and subject to one month's notice to quit. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Address:

OLIVER HARVEY,
Ashcroft, B.C.

May 4th, 1903.

Read our special offer on the third page.

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.

The last few days have seen a decided improvement in local business circles. The assurance of the dredge men in town that the new dredge will be ready by October also gives tone to business.

A UNITED IRELAND.

Although it seems contrary to all precedents for Ireland to be contented and happy, it is clear that they know what is needed to make for peace. Mr. Redmond in addressing the convention held in Dublin last month said that Mr. Whyndham's bill has made Ireland united as never before, and that now there will be the complete and final abolition of landlordism in all its essentials.

We may now speak of the United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland, with the consciousness that the term is not a misnomer

IRON AND STEEL

An expriment that may revolutionize the iron and steel industry of this continent has been made at the Valley Iron Works, Minn. Titanic iron ore, of which there are said to be billions of tons throughout North America, was smelted in an ordinary copula and turned out pig iron better than the finest bessemer steel.

Dissatisfaction

Dissatisfaction is to be counted as a fine force in life. Without it there seems to be little done.

Some people are so self-satisfied that they never aspire after better conditions for themselves or others. Such people live longer as a rule, but then what of that unless they have laid at least one brick in the social structure.

How to have poise and repose in the midst of a strenuous life, is a problem best solved, we believe, in the life of Him who has left us an example that we should follow in His steps.

Love's Young Dream.

She (precluding it with a kiss)—So you went down to see papa this morning about a rather—er—tender matter, eh?

He (sweetly)—Yes, darling.

She—And you poured forth your inmost soul—

He—Yes, dear. I confessed everything.

She—Made it perfectly explicit about your present position and your prospects for the future, eh?

He—Made a clean breast of it all.

She—Told painly the sweet secret of my loving you in return, and only awaiting his sanction, and all that, eh?

He—Yes, love. I quoted your own gentle love vows and your resolves to stand by me through thick and thin forever.

She—That's right. You certainly are very brave. How did he receive all these tender tidings?

He (hesitatingly)— I — er —really—I don't know as yet.

She (in amazement)—But you saw papa, did you not?

He—Yes. I stood on the street corner and saw him come out of the office and go to get his lunch.

She—And then you went to lunch with him, eh? Oh, how clever!

He—No, I went up into his office and poured forth my soul—into his phonograph. He's got it all by this time.

She—Ah, that's what he meant then when at dinner to-night he said he took his hatchet and smashed his phonograph to bits.

He—Thank heaven!

She—For what, pray?

He—Just think! I might have been the victim. That's what I call escaping by the skin of my teeth. Come, darling, let's elope. (They do).—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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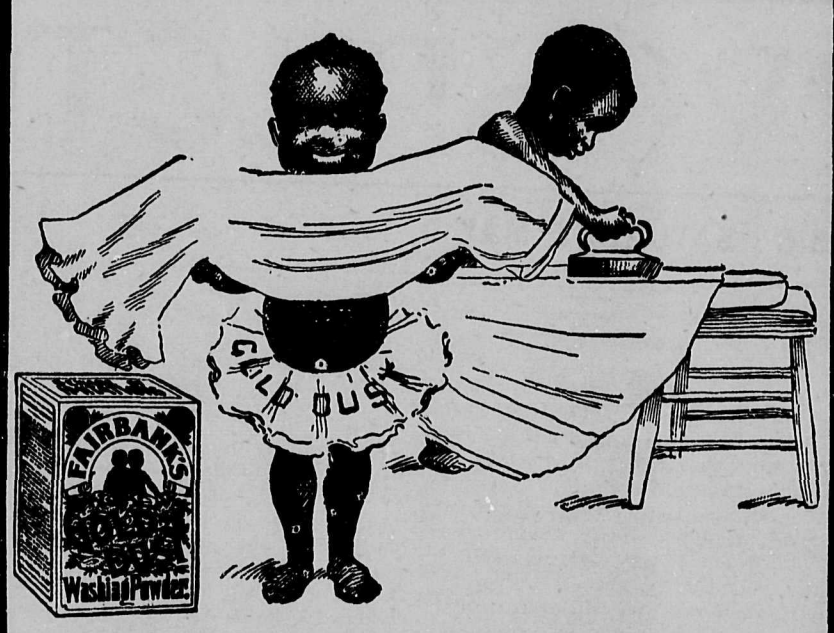

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GOLD DUST

It makes light the labors of washing. Turns wash day into play day. Better than any Soap

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Asthmalene brings instant relief and permanent Cure In All Cases.

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WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails. The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.
New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

DRS. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO.,

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours,

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y. Feb. 1, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as that of many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130 street, New York. I at once obtained a bottle of asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her asthma had disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease. Yours respectfully,

O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Feb. 5. 1901.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma or 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full sized bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have a family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.

Home address, 235, Rivington street. S. Raphael,
67 East 129th st., New York City.

Trial bottle sent absolutely free on receipt of postal.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City.

Sold by all Druggists.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made by the Canada Central Railway Company to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof for an Act giving the said Company power to construct and operate the following lines from or in connection with the main line of the said Railway:—

1- From some point at or near Sudbury in the Province of Ontario to a point at or near Scotia Junction; thence southerly to a point at or near Balsam or Sturgeon Lakes in the townships of Boxley, Verulam or Fenelon, continuing southerly to the City of Toronto.

2-- From some point on the main line in the District of Keewatin or in District of Sackatchewan, to Port Churchill on Hudson's Bay.

3-- A continuation of its main line from Tets Juan Cache by way of the The Thompson and Fraser River valleys to Vancouver, or New Westminster,

4-- From some point on the Thompson River or some of its tributaries to Waddington Harbor or Bute Inlet.

5-- From a point near the old site of Fort Assiniboia to some point on the Peace River and westerly to the Portland Canal on the Pacific.

6. From some point on the main line of said Railway at or near the Montreal River in the Province of Ontario easterly to some point on the Gatineau River in the Province of Quebec.

And to exercise with regard to such lines all the powers and privileges given to the said Company by its Act of Incorporation.

DATED at Toronto this 10th day of January, 1903.

Johnson & Falconbridge.
Solicitors for the applicants.

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J. Dunlop, General Merchant, Lillooet, B.C

A Tillyloss Scandal

By J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "Auld Licht Idylls," "A Window in Thrums," Etc., Etc.

'No, I didna. It was in Edinburgh, 1 my last nicht in the place, and also last button, so I thinks to mysel' I'll e one tremendous memorable nicht, d then I'll go hame. Lads, I was a t of wearying for Chirsty."

'Ay, but there's four sh illings and xpence to account for yet."

'There is so. Saxpence of it goes for a ass of whisky in the smoking-room. ds, that smoking-room was a sight terly baffling imagination. There was chairs in it except great muckle saft es, a hantle safter than a chaff bed, d in ilka chair some nobleman or her with his feet up in the air. Ay, I a rt of slipped the first time I tried a air, but I wasna to be beat, for thinks 'Lords ye may be, but I have paid one d sax for my bed as weel as you, and is nicht I'll be a lord too!' Keeping e one and sax before me made me bold, d soon I was sprawling in a chair ith my legs sticking ower the arm with e best of them. Ay, it wasna so much joyable as awe-inspiring."

"That just brings ye up to twa shillgs."

"Weel, there was another one and sax r breakfast."

"Astounding!"

"Oh, a haver, of course, but we got as uckle as we liked, and I assure ye it's mazing how much ye can eat, when ye en ye have to pay for it at ony rate. hen there was ninepence for a luncheon."

"What's that?"

"I didna ken mysel' when I heard em speaking about it, but it turned ut to be a grand name for a rabbit."

"Man, is there rabbits in Edinburgh?"

"Next there was threepence of a present to the waiter-loon, and I finished up with a shilling's worth of sangwiches."

"Na, that's just five and saxpence."

Haggart, however, would not always ell how the remaining sixpence went. At first he admitted having squandered t on the theater, but after he was landed by Chirsty in the Auld Licht kirk withdrew this reminiscence, and put another sixpence-worth in the smokin room in its place.

As a convincing proof of the size o Edinburgh, Haggart could tell us h he lost his first lodgings in it. They were next house to a shop which had great show of vegetables on a board at the door, and Haggart trusted to t shop as a landmark. When he returned to the street, however, there were greengrocery shops everywhere, and after asking at a number of doors if it was he he lived, he gave up the search. This experience has been paralleled in later days by a Tilliedrum minister, who went for a holiday to London, and forgot th name of the hotel he was staying at; s he telegraphed to Tilliedrum to his wife asking her to tell him what address he had given here when he wrote, and she telegraphed back to him to come home at once.

Like all the great towns Haggart visited, Edinburgh proved to be running with low characters, with whom, as well as with the flower of the place—for he was received everywhere—he had many strange adventures. His affair with the bailie would make a long story itself, if told in full as he told it; also what he did to the piper; how he climbed up the Castle rocks for a wager; why he once marched indignantly out of a church in the middle of the singing; the circumstances in which he cut off his sixth button; his heroic defense of a lady who had been attacked by a footpad; his adventures with the soldier who was in love and had a silver snuffbox; his odd meeting with James Stewart, lawful king of Great Britain and Ireland. With this personage, between whom and a throne there only stood the constables, Haggart of Thrums hobnobbed on equal terms. The way they met was this. Haggart was desirious of the sensation of driving in a carriage, but grudged much outlay on an experience that would soon be over. He accordingly opened the door of a street vehicle and stepped in, when the driver was not looking. They had a pleasant drive along famous Princes street and would probably have gone farther had not Haggart become aware that someone was hanging on behind. In his indignation he called the driver's attention to this, which led to his own eviction. The hanger-on proved to be no other than the hapless monarch, with whom Haggart subsequently broke a button. For a king, James Stewart, who disguised his royal person in corduroys, was, as Haggart allowed, very ill in order. The spite of the authorities had crushed that once proud spirit, and darkened his intellect, and he took his friend to a gambling house, where he nodded to the proprietor.

"Whether they were in company, with designs on my buttons," Haggart has said, 'I'm not in a position to say, but I bear no ill-will to them. They treated me most honorable. Ay, the king, as we may call him if we speak in a low voice, advises me strong to gamble a button at one go, for, says he, 'You're sure to win.' Lads, it's no for me to say a word against him, but I thocht I saw him wink to the proprietor lad, and so I says in a loud voice, says I, "I'll gamble half-a-crown first, and if I win, then I'll put down a button.' The proprietor sort of nods to the king at that, and I plunks down my half-crown. Weel, lads I wor five shillings in a clink."

"Ay, but they were just waiting for your guinea."

"It may have been so, Andrew, but we have no proof of that; for, ye see, as soon as I got the five shillings and had buttoned it up in my pouch, I says, 'I'll be stepping hame now,' I says, and away I goes. Ye canna say but what they treated me honorable."

"They had looked thrawn?"

"Ou, they did; but a man's face is his own to twist it as he pleases."

"And ye never saw the king again?"

"Ay, I met him after that in a close. I gave the aristocratic crittur saxpence."

"I'll tell ye what, Tammas Haggart: if he was proclaimed king, he would very likely send for ye to the palace and make ye a knight."

"Man, Snecky, I put him through his catechism on that very subject, but he had no hope. Ye canna think how completely despondent he was."

"Ye're sure he was a genuine Pretender?"

"Na faags! But when ye're traveling it doesna do to let on what ye think, and I own it's a kind of satisfaction to me now to picture mysel' diddling a king out of five shillings."

"It's a satisfaction to everybody in Thrums, Tammas, and more particular to Tilliyloss."

"Ay, Tilly has the credit of it in a manner of speaking. And it was just well and go that I didna do a thing with the siller as would have commemorate that adventure among future ages."

"Ay, man?"

"I had the notion to get bawbees for the money, namely, one hundred and thirty-twa bawbees, for of course I didna count the saxpence. Well, what was I to do with them?"

"Put the whole lot in the kirk-plate the first Sabbath day after ye came back to Tarums?"

"Na, na. My idea was to present a bawbee to a hundred and thirty-twa folk in Thrums, so as they could keep it round their necks or in a drawer as a memento of one of their humble fellow-townsmen."

"No humble, surely?"

"Maybe no, but when ye do a thing in a big public way it's the proper custom to speak of yersel' as a puir crittur, and leave the other speakers to tell the truth about ye."

"It's a pity ye didna carry out that notion."

"Na, it's no, for I had a better ane after, the which I did carry out."

"Yea?"

"Ay, I bocht a broach to Chirsty with the siller."

"Ho, ho, that's whaur she got the broach?"

"It is so, and though I dinna want to boast, nobody having less need to do so, I can tell ye it was the biggest broach in Edinburgh at the price."

Edinburgh was only a corner in Haggart's field of corn, and from it I have not pulled half-a-dozen stalks. He was in various other great centers of adventure, and even in wandering between them he had experiences such as would have been a load for any ordinary man's back. Once he turned showman, when the actors were paid in the pennies flung at them by admirers in the audience. Haggart made for himself a long blood-red nose which proved such an irresistible target for moneyed sportsmen that the other players complained to the management. He sailed up canals swarming with monsters of the deep. He proved such an agreeable companion at farms that sometimes he had to escape in the night. He rescued a child from drowning and cowed a tiger by the power of the human eye, exactly as these things are done in a book which belonged to Chirsty. He had eleven guineas with him when he set out, and without a notebook he could tell how every penny of the money was spent. Prices, indeed, he remembered better than anything.

I might as well attempt to walk up the wall of a house as to cut my way through Haggart's corn-field. Before arriving at the field I thought to get through it by taking the buttons one by one, but here I am at the end of a chapter, and scarcely any of the corn is behind me. I now see that no biographer will ever be able to treat Haggart on the grand scale he demands; for humility will force those who knew him in his prime to draw back scared from the attempt, while younger admirers have not the shadow of his personality to warn them of their responsibility. For my own part, I publicly back out of the field and sit down on the doctor's dyke awaiting Haggart's return to Thrums.

Idleness and Temptation.

Few temptations beset the industrious, but all temptations assail the idle.

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on account of

1. Its Fraser River Placers.

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

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

2. Its Promising Mineral Lands.

ANDERSON LAKE and BRIDGE RIVER mining properties will prove themselves sufficient to form a prosperous camp. Yet there are miles of territory that remain unprospected.

3. Its Fishing and Hunting Grounds.

Increasing numbers of tourists from all parts of the globe testify that the sportsman's Paradise is here. Mountain sheep, bear, deer, and all kinds of large and small game abound. Anglers find the lusty trout where least expected, and fresh salmon cease to be a luxury.

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

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DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS.

Nay, don't forget the old folks, boys,—
they've not forgotten you;
Though years have passed since you were
home, the old hearts still are true;
And not an evening passes by they
haven' the desire
To see your faces once again and hear your
footsteps near.

You're young and buoyant and for you
Hope beckons with her hands,
And life spreads out a waveless sea that
laps but tropic strands;
The world is all before your face, but let
your memories turn
To where fond hearts still cherish you
and loving bosoms yearn.

No matter what your duties are nor what
your place in life,
There's never been a time they'd not assume
your load of strife;
And shrunken shoulders, trembling hands,
and forms racked by disease,
Would bravely dare the grave to bring to
you the pearl of peace.

So don't forget the old folks, boys—they've
not forgotten you;
Though years have passed since you were
home, the old hearts still are true;
And write them now and then to bring
the light into their eyes,
And make the world glow once again and
bluer gleam the skies.

—Will T. Hale.

PHIL MAY.

Punch's Cartoonist Is Very Friendly to the London "Force."

In an appreciative sketch of Mr. Phil May, the famous cartoonist and humorist artist, M.A.P. tells the following:—Mr. May's friendliness with "the force" is of old standing, and there is hardly a policeman in his district who does not think of him whenever any very funny experience is encountered. Only the other day a constable accosted the artist in the street to tell him a "good story for Punch." A moment or two later a second bobby came on the scene for the same purpose, and, turning round a corner in St. John's Wood, Mr. May found himself supported on either side by an eager raconteur in blue. He then came face to face with a lady of his acquaintance, and, as he tells it himself: "She looked at me with such sympathy and an expression that so plainly said, 'Don't make a fuss, better go quietly with them,' that even the bobbies had to smile at the situation!"

The "Dottyville" Drawings.

The series of "Dottyville" drawings in Punch is well known to Mr. May's artist friends, one of whom brought him a letter from an inmate of Hanwell Asylum, which said: "I greatly resent those sketches. You apparently do not understand your subject, for you have drawn the head of an idiot and labelled it a lunatic. You ought to know the difference, but you don't—and I am not surprised, for, although I have never seen you, I am very familiar with pictures of you, and in all drawings and photographs I have noted that yours is the head of an idiot." Mr. May records against himself the fact that, having proceeded thus far with the letter, a listening friend who did not mean to be uncomplimentary broke in: "Oh, the man who wrote that letter was no lunatic," a remark that naturally upset the gravity of the party and covered the speaker with confusion.

An Island Fatal to Mice.

There is a small island named Papa Little, that lies in St. Magnus Bay, on the west side of Shetland. It gets his name in contradistinction to Papa Stour, or the Big Papa, another island in the same bay. Both names are of Norse origin, and signify Priest Islands, from the fact that they were colonized by the Irish Catholics who first introduced Christianity. There was a solitary croft on this island at one time, but all that now remains is a ruined homestead, for the place is used purely for grazing purposes. A striking feature of the isles is the fact that no mice can live there, and on various occasions, to test the truth of this, mice have been caught and slipped on the isle, but so uncongenial did its soil prove to their existence that in a short time they were dead. There are instances of crofters on the mainland, when troubled with mice, going the length of fetching earth from this isle and sprinkling it on the ground before building their stacks. This is said to have had the desired effect in all cases.

Sir Redvers Not Vindictive.

Sir Redvers Buller has had some hard knocks from the press, but apparently he does not harbor any animosity against journalists as a class. At the recent Devonian dinner, a young journalist wanted to get into a small gallery overlooking the scene, instead of sitting with his colleagues down below, the more particularly as he was suffering from dyspepsia, and the good things provided were forbidden him. But the door leading to the gallery was locked, and none of the officials would produce the key or even listen to his appeals. Presently Sir Redvers appeared on the scene, and the journalist, taking his courage in both hands, as the French say, went up to him and said: "Pardon me, Sir Redvers, but I am a poor, unfortunate journalist in a fix. Will you help me?" "Well, what is it?" asked Sir Redvers. The scribe explained, and in a very few minutes Sir Redvers himself conducted him to the gallery and unlocked the door.—London M. A. P.

What He Stood On.

When Mr. Disraeli made his entrance into public life, he contested High Wycombe, and then, as ever, his ready wit helped him to success. His opponent, says Household Words, was a countryman of influence. In an address to the people this gentleman asserted that he was "standing for the seat upon the constitution of the country, upon the broad acres of his fathers, upon law, property and order."

"What does Mr. Disraeli stand upon?" demanded one of the county magnate's adherents, with somewhat of a sneer.

Disraeli instantly rose. "I stand upon my head," he answered, with a meaning glance at the portly person of his opponent. He proceeded to demonstrate it in a telling speech.

[illegible] ast W[illegible]

At my entrance, Caxton turned from a large tome which he was reading, with a slight air of interruption.

"Sorry to interrupt you," I apologized.

"Oh, I suppose that's all right," he responded with returning cordiality. "In fact, I'm rather glad you've happened in, as I want to voice a kick which has occurred to me from reading this book."

"Just what is your author?" I asked.

"Why, it's a collection of deathbed utterances made by some ingenious hack. He's patiently ferreted out all the last words of history. And I tell you the way they all affect me. All these final speeches are shot through with egotism. It is strange that when a man is about to step out into the infinite his thought should only be of himself and his own petty part in the world drama. Words from a deathbed have weight. It is a pity that all on record should be tainted with conceit. The pronoun of the first person infects all dying utterances.

"'We have this day kindled a fire,' says the dissenting martyrs. Nathan Hale irritates us with his 'I regret I have only one life.'

"'Roll up the map of Europe,' are Pitt's last, and the colossal conceit of them is not to be surpassed. It is strange that in the moment of supreme vision all sense of perspective should be lost. Why should all the swan songs of literature and history for [illegible] singer?"

Paul Santini,

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