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The Week

A British Columbia Review.
Published at Victoria, B. C.

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Vol. VI. No. 52 THE WEEK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1910 One Dollar Per Annum

PURE WATER

With reference to the meeting for the consideration of the ever-present water problem, there is one important fact to which The Week has repeatedly drawn attention, and to which little enough regard continues to be paid. It may be possible, as some enthusiasts argue, that the Elk Lake Water Supply is sufficient for the City's needs for some years to come. On the other hand, it is quite possible, and many people state that it is quite certain, that Victoria will be buying her water by the gallon from the Esquimalt Waterworks Co. before next September. These are matters for argument—and the proof which the future may bring. Much more important is the question of whether Elk Lake water is fit for human beings to drink. The Week has repeatedly asserted that it is not. The guarded opinion of some of the most competent medical men of the City is also that it is not. In that case, what are we going to do about it? Much water or little water, if it is not fit to drink, it is of no use to the City. This seems to be the most important point amongst the numerous projections with which the waterworks problem of Victoria—that shining monument of a community's incapacity and wrong-headedness—is ornamented.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

The conflict is at an end; a good many people, and nearly all the Canadian newspapers affected to believe that it was the greatest electoral campaign since the year of the Reform Bill, but "the man in the street" knew better, and while it would be a somewhat extravagant characterization to classify the contest as "Much ado about nothing," it may be conceded that the issues at stake were by no means as vital as those of Home Rule, or the Repeal of the Corn Laws. One of the most singular features of the campaign was the practical unanimity of the Canadian Press in lining up against the Lords. Even the so-called Conservative papers, such as the Mail and Empire and the Toronto News, were hardly less bellicose in their attitude than the recognized Liberal organs. It is only charitable to assume that the representatives of these papers believed they were fighting for a principle, and that danger, not only to the British Constitution, but to the Empire at large, lurked in the opposition of the Lords to the Budget. All of which goes to show that Joe Martin is not such a fool as some Liberals, and a good many Conservatives, have been accustomed to think. Two years ago, when addressing the Cobden Club in London, he said that Canada was as a whole Protectionist and Liberal. On the present occasion, if one is to judge from the attitude of the Press, it was a little more Liberal than Protectionist. Another amusing feature of the case, amusing at any rate to an Englishman conversant with the political life of his country, was the certainty with which the Canadian Press and a few of the syndicate Radical organs in the Old Country, predicted the annihilation of the Lords. No middle course was possible. They had violated the Constitution; they had infringed on the sacred rights of the Commons; they had thwarted the wishes of the chosen representatives of the people. Popular government was in danger. The people, with a capital "P," had been flouted, and there could be no peace and no security within the Empire, until the truculent occupants of the Gilded Chamber had been humiliated. This is not an unfair paraphrase of the utterances of the Liberal Press and the shriekings of Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, minus the foaming at the mouth of the latter. The Week had the temerity on the eve of the contest to predict, not only that Mr. Asquith would decline at the bidding of his obstreperous lieutenants to make "Down with the Lords" his election cry, but also that, whatever he might decide to do, the Country, with a capital "C," would make it perfectly clear that the Lords were not to be "downed," and even the most extreme Radical now admits that this must be accepted as the verdict of the elections. The shrewdest politicians agree that the general verdict amounts to a saw-off, the country having failed on the one hand to grant a mandate for any drastic treatment of the Lords, and on the other to sanction the immediate bringing-in of Tariff Reform. It cannot even be argued that the constituencies have warned the House of Lords; for the more the vote is analysed, the more clearly is it apparent that they have practically been sustained in their attitude. And what was their attitude? Not, as has been argued by some extremists, one of uncompromising hostility to the Lloyd George Budget, but a demand that the country should first pronounce upon a measure, which admittedly exceeded the bounds of a purely financial proposition. Presumably, Mr. Asquith would argue that the country has endorsed the Budget; it will be interesting to watch developments, and to read the arguments by means of which such a contention is sustained, remembering that any majority which Mr. Asquith may be able to control, is made up entirely of Irish Nationalists, who are returned solely upon the Home Rule issue, and Labourites, whose mandate is to play the part of Ishmael against every political combination. The Week believes that the logical result of the elections, so far as the House of Lords and the Budget are concerned, is that any reform of the former must emanate from its own ranks, and as to the latter it will be greatly modified in the House of Commons, and possibly still further in the Upper Chamber, before it can become law, and by that time it is safe to venture the prediction that it will have been stripped of its Socialistic clauses. With reference to Tariff Reform the strength of the vote in its favour is the greatest surprise of the elections, and clearly indicates, its growing popularity with the masses. In spite also of the ill-mannered and the brutal onslaught of Mr. Frederick Harrison, it was a remarkable tribute to the popularity and influence of Mr. Chamberlain. It is not difficult to explain the failure of the Tariff Reformers to carry the large centres of industry. Birmingham alone remained true to the policy of its illustrious citizen. Birmingham is the centre of the greatest iron and steel manufacturing district; it does a large export trade; it imports no raw material from abroad, and its keenest competitors in the foreign market are Germany and the United States. Indeed in some lines, notably steel girders and structural steel, they encroach on the home market. Birmingham and the Black Country had everything to gain, and nothing to lose by the adoption of Protection. On the other hand, Lancashire as the great cotton county, and Yorkshire, as the great woollen county, import nearly all their raw material from abroad, and the work-people are doubtful as to the possible results of the mildest measure of Protection. Of the other two great industrial centres, South Wales and the North of England, it may be said that Lloyd George hypnotised the former, and that the latter is within the frigid zone of Scotch Liberalism. It is conceded that the ramparts and outworks of the Tariff Reform party have been carried sensibly forward, and that in the next campaign the necessary vantage points will be taken to ensure its adoption. Meanwhile, interest centres on the movements of Mr. Asquith, who finds himself in a most unenviable position. Premier by grace of two irreconcilable parties, neither of which owes him allegiance; urged by his own most aggressive colleagues to a policy with reference to the House of Lords for which he has no taste, it is by no means certain that he will be able even to assume the reins of office; it is certain that he cannot long hold them. In this connection perhaps the most senseless observation which has been made throughout the campaign is that the King will be asked to interfere. This comes with ill grace from a party, which, while possessing the largest majority of modern times, deliberately plunged the country in the turmoil of an election, because it could not brook the so-called interference of the Lords with the will of the people.

MAYORAL METHODS

The Week is not looking for any favours from the Mayor and Council of Victoria. It is quite a number of years since any of the advertising plums, which the City Fathers have to dispense, fell into its basket. When The Week undertook to criticize the policy and conduct of Mayor Morley during his previous terms of office, and the exploits of his successor, and the Council over which he presided, The Week was perfectly well aware that Mayor Morley, at any rate, was too narrow-minded to accept the criticisms in a public sense. It takes a broad-minded man to recognise the independence and honesty of a paper which castigates him, however richly he may deserve it. But The Week ventures to think that it has rendered a service to the public which more than justifies the sacrifice of whatever favours the Council may have at its disposal, and in spite of some recent utterances of Mayor Morley, which, out of respect for the Mayoral Chair, not for the Mayor, it refrains from publishing, The Week will continue to plough its lonely furrow, and to criticize Mayor Morley and his colleagues just as fearlessly as it has always done.

LEGISLATIVE PROPOSALS

The Local Legislature is certainly getting busy, and if the promise of the first fortnight is sustained, it is not unlikely that a record will be established for beneficial legislation. Among the most important measures, which has received prompt attention, is the new Schools' Act, upon which the Minister of Education is entitled to very hearty congratulation. Dr. Young proves himself, session after session, to be a devoted and capable public servant, and the present proposal to institute a system of medical examinations in the public schools of the Province is abreast of the most advanced policy of the times. It must be gratifying to British Columbians to read the enthusiastic eulogium on our public schools, which fell from the lips of Premier McBride. It is only necessary to compare them with the schools of other provinces to realize how thoroughly praise is deserved.

MINING INSTITUTES

The Canadian Mining Institute is practically a federation of the local Mining Institutes of each province. British Columbia has a branch, of which Mr. E. E. Jacobs is the most painstaking and indefatigable secretary. British Columbia claims to be the banner mining province of the Dominion, and its Premier is also its Minister of Mines. Yet, British Columbia is the only one of the mining provinces which does not make a direct contribution to the funds of the Institute. Nova Scotia, Quebec and Ontario are large contributors. The expense of conducting the B. C. branch at so great a distance from headquarters, is considerable, and the local president, Mr. Thomas Kiddie, supported by the members of his committee, has appealed to the Government to make an annual contribution to the fund. His request is a reasonable one, and The Week would like to see a grant of at least $2,000 included in the estimates hereafter. It is in a position to know that the local branch is capable of rendering invaluable service to the mining interests of the Province, and it is only reasonable that it should be subsidized to enable it to do so more efficiently.

A MATTER OF GEOGRAPHY

During a recent tour in the East the Editor of The Week was greatly astonished to find such general ignorance prevailing on the geography of the Pacific Coast. Leading citizens of Montreal and Toronto confused Vancouver with Vancouver Island, and were under the impression that Vancouver and Victoria were both on the Island. Apropos to this an article recently published in an English magazine spoke of 'Large portions of Vancouver still being unexplored." And the most remarkable feature of the latter is that the article was from the pen of a well-known Vancouver lady. Probably Dr. Young has his hands full in educating the youth of his own province, but it ought to be possible for someone to lighten the darkness of outsiders.

THE CANADIAN NORTHERN

The Doubting Thomases who spoke of the Canadian Northern as a "fake institution" should pay a visit to the East, and especially to Toronto, and learn the estimation in which Mackenzie and Mann are held there. The business men of Montreal and Toronto are better posted on the railway policy of the Canadian Northern than the people of Victoria, and speak with an air of confidence as to the certainty of that policy being carried to a prompt and successful conclusion.

At The Street Corner

By THE LOUNGER

My attention has been called during the past week to another instance of politeness, as existing in this fair Western country of ours. I have written on this subject before, and I make no apology for touching on it again, as if there is one thing which I would like to hammer into the heads of the Western Canadian, whether he be a Native Son or an Immigrant, it is the fact that politeness is the real sign of a gentleman, and that, no matter how he dresses, unless a man has the germs of politeness implanted in his bosom, he might just as well walk the streets as a "bum" and a disgrace to the land of his adoption.

Last week a lady walked into an office in town. She communicated her business to the young gentleman (?) in charge; a few minutes later the lady stenographer, thinking that there might be some work for her to do, accosted the same male personage, and inquired what the talk had been about.

"Aw! She didn't know what she was talking about," replied his highness.

"Well, I'll bet she knew more about herself than you did," remarked the damsel, "because I noticed that you never took your hat off when you were speaking to her."

Pretty good, isn't it? But you'll find it all through Western Canada. Kids who still ought to be at school and who would be a great deal better off for a not too gentle administration of a thick stick on that portion of their anatomy which is best adapted to the same stick's use, are given positions of more or less responsibility in offices, and think that they then are more than merely imitations of their Creator. Such kids need spanking; occasionally they get it, but more often their employer loses custom through the breach of manners which is observable in this Province;—it may be as bad elsewhere on the continent, but not knowing from experience the Lounger would rather not say anything on mere hearsay.

* * *

I have achieved fame, and not only fame, but honour and glory, together with an imperishable reputation. The Vancouver World of the 26th inst. honoured the Lounger with a half-page editorial. The Captious Critic who wrote the article took exception to my remarks re babies. But I stick to my guns, and still contend that "nobody loves a baby." I can hardly be described as a "cantankerous old bachelor"; to the bachelorship I plead guilty, but I am neither of the other two things. However, what can one expect from the Vancouver World; it is well known for its childishness, so it is not hard to see why it defends babies. I appreciate the little hit given me with regard to men giving up their seats to "the little shabby woman with a pink-faced morsel of humanity," but I don't think that the seat is given up because of the "pink-faced morsel"; no: it is the natural homage which every man, who is a man, pays to woman, who appeals to him more especially when she appears in public with that small baby whom she has brought into the world with so much tribulation. Unless we had been babies we could never have been men and women, but at the same time I do not see that we should be compelled to love those little "pink-faced morsels" just because we were one of them ourselves at that period of our life, which most of us would be glad to forget.

* * *

The letter of the Bishop of Columbia which appeared in a recent issue of the Colonist, filled me with a good deal of surprise. Dr. Perrin has always struck me as a man with very pronounced opinions but as possessing a broad and charitable view as regards the general run of human life. The curse of our Western cities has been the dullness of our Sundays; the fact that Church and Sunday-school afford the only form of recreation (and in this connection I use the word in its original sense) is what keeps the "blind-pigs" open. What harm can there be in a secular concert? It is the opinion of many people that there is no such thing, and that all music is sacred. It is only the words which differentiate between what is known as sacred and secular music. I have heard "Abide With Me" played as a most fascinating waltz, and "A Few More Years Shall Roll" as a rollicking polka. I have also heard "When We Are Married" from the Belle of New York played as an organ voluntary in church, and a very excellent one it made. Sunday concerts have been a feature of London life for some time, and have been run under the direct patronage of the Sunday League, whilst if I am not very much mistaken, though I admit that I am open to correction on this point, the present Bishop of London, Dr. Winningtom Ingram, has given them his open support. Another point in connection with this business is the extraordinary attitude of the Colonist, which after having inserted the Bishop's letter directed against the Sunday concert project, refused to insert replies, and naively entrenched itself behind the plea that it did not care to print them, because, though it did not object to permit the discussion of such a subject in its columns it insisted "that it shall be discussed decorously and with some regard to the amenities of life." I happened to see one of these letters, and it was couched in language as moderate and respectful as one could wish to see. Neither decorum nor the amenities of life were violated; but then there is no accounting for tastes. At the same time I can't see why it is wicked to hear a good concert while it is not wicked to read "An Hour With the Editor." There is heaps of good material in both, but one reaches the brain by means of the eyes, and the other by means of the ears. What's the odds, anyway?

* * *

The two evangelists have left. We have read in the columns of the daily papers of the immense amount of good which they have done, but, personally, I hail from Missouri. I didn't take advantage of their presence in this fair city of ours, because if I want to go to church the Church of England is good enough for me. At the same time I haven't come across a single individual who did go, and I have met quite a lot of sinners during the past fortnight. I have only once in my whole life met one person who was affected by an evangelistic campaign, and that was Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell, the missionary doctor of Labrador, who was so much struck by the eloquence of the late Dr. Moody, at the time that Moody & Sankey were holding their meetings in London, that he resolved to live for others, and started that work which has made him one of the greatest philanthropists of modern days. But what I always want to know with regard to modern evangelists is this: "Where does the money go?" Consider the vast sums of

(Continued on Page 6)

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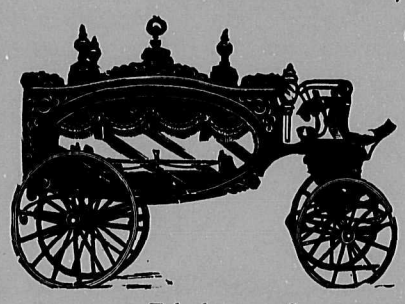

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Tomatoes, 2 large tins	25c
Sugar Corn, per tin	10c
Wax Beans, per tin	10c
Pumpkin, 2 tins 25c, gallon tin	35c
Tomatoes, gallon tin	35c
Pork and Beans, Savoy, per tin 20c, 15c and	10c
Pork and Beans, Heinz, 2 tins	25c
Pork and Beans, Van Camp's, 2 tins	25c

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SOCIETY

A quiet wedding was celebrated recently at the Methodist Church at Duncan, when Miss Hattie Mabel Whidden, second daughter of Mr. R. H. Whidden, well known in Duncan, was united in marriage with Mr. James Alfred Owen from Prince Rupert. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. W. Dickinson, before a gathering of relatives and intimate friends of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. Owen will take up their residence in Prince Rupert, when they return from their honeymoon.

* * *

Mrs. Frank Bodwell, accompanied by her two children, left last Thursday week for a trip to Southern California.

* * *

Captain John Irving was a visitor to Seattle during the week.

* * *

Major Bennett, who has been visiting in Southern California for several weeks, has returned to Victoria.

* * *

Mr. James Lawson has returned to town after a week's visit to friends in Vancouver.

* * *

Miss Alice Bell from Vancouver is the guest of Miss Bryden, Head St.

* * *

Mr. H. M. Boss, from Prince Rupert, is a visitor to the city.

* * *

Miss Bolton and Master Gerald Bolton went up to Duncan during the week to attend a ball given there.

* * *

Miss Emma Sehl has returned to town after a pleasant holiday spent in Seattle.

* * *

The engagement has been announced of Miss Susan H. Short of this city and Mr. Douglas N. McIntyre, of Kingston, Ont.

* * *

Mr. B. Warram and Mr. C. Hills who have been visiting in the city, have returned to their home in Alberni.

* * *

Mr. R. T. Rogers, from Chicago, is in Victoria on a short visit.

* * *

Dr. Keith has come over from Vancouver for the Union Club ball.

* * *

Mr. W. H. Alington from Duncan visited the city during the week.

* * *

Mr. F. C. Green, from Nelson, was in Victoria last week on business.

* * *

Mr. Jack Gibson, from Vancouver, spent a few days in the city visiting his relatives.

* * *

Mr. G. F. Powell, from Coothing, Eng., is a recent arrival in town, and is a guest at the Empress Hotel.

* * *

Mr. McDugald, of the Bank of Montreal, and formerly of this city, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Pooley, Lampson street.

* * *

Miss Jukes and Miss Betty Jukes have come over from Vancouver to attend the Union Club ball, and while here are registered at the Empress.

* * *

Miss Halled, from Chemainus, is in town on a short visit.

* * *

Mrs. E. G. Prior was hostess of a very charming bridge party given recently.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Fairfowl, from Portland, are registered at the Empress hotel.

* * *

A quiet wedding took place at St. Saviour's Church on February 1, when Miss Ruby Davey, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Davey of Victoria West District, was united in marriage with Mr. Carstairs, from Scotland. The wedding took place at half past three, the Rev. C. E. Cooper officiating at the ceremony.

* * *

Mr. J. M. Hills is visiting relatives in Alberni.

* * *

W. T. Wilkinson, from Vancouver, is on a visit to Victoria.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Walker, from Seattle, are guests in the city.

* * *

Mrs. Blackwood was hostess of a smart bridge party given on last Wednesday evening, in honor of Mrs. Ude, who is visiting in the city.

* * *

Mrs. James Harvey, from Pier Island, was a visitor to the city during the week.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Harold LeSueur, from Calgary, are on a visit to Victoria.

* * *

Mrs. Alister Robertson will be hostess of a tea to be given at the Empress, next Monday.

* * *

Mrs. Bernard Heisterman and Mrs. T. S. Gore will entertain at a bridge party to be given on Tuesday next.

* * *

Mr. Richard Mainguy from Chemainus was in town for a few days of last week.

* * *

The Hon. James Dunsmuir and party left during the week, on the "Dolawia" for a trip up the Coast.

* * *

Mr. J. H. Young paid a business trip to Vancouver last week.

* * *

A very pretty but quiet wedding took place last Thursday week evening at St. Saviour's church, the contracting parties being Miss Marion Kennedy, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kennedy, of Russel St., Victoria West, and Mr. William Hodgson, of the Empire Realty Co., from Durham, Eng. The Rev. C. E. Cooper performed the ceremony. The bride who looked very charming in her wedding gown, was given away by her father, while Miss Sadie Kennedy acted as bridesmaid. The groom was supported by Mr. Chester A. Hill, of Ukiah, California. After the ceremony the party drove to the home of the bride's parents, where a dainty wedding supper awaited them. The young couple were the recipients of many handsome presents. The honeymoon is being spent in Seattle and other cities.

* * *

The marriage of Mr. Raoui Laurier, nephew of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to Miss Eugenie de Bellefeuille, daughter of Mr. Charles de Bellefeuille of St. Eustache, has been arranged to take place in the Spring.

* * *

Mr. G. A. Keefer of this city is on a business trip to Vancouver.

* * *

Mrs. Stretfield and children from Saanich spent a few days of the week in the city visiting friends.

* * *

Mr. A. T. Frampton was a visitor to Vancouver during the week.

* * *

Miss Bryden, Head Street, entertained a few of her friends at a small dance given last Wednesday evening.

A Canadian Artist Honoured

The following report will be of interest to many Canadians, and especially to those who live in Victoria, if they are at all connoisseurs of art and can appreciate the honours which art can offer. Mrs. Daniell, whose name is well known as a portrait and miniature artist, but who has recently achieved a large measure of success as a landscape painter also, is the only Canadian on the list of the Imperial Arts League of London, England. The League is at present principally composed of members who live in England, but it is desired to extend this in an Imperial way, so that artists in the Colonies may receive that recognition which is so hard to gain unless they are willing to appear in London.

The report referred to is as follows: "At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Imperial Arts League of London, England, Mrs. C. Bampfylde Daniell was elected a member. Amongst the members we notice the names of Sir E. Poynter, P.R.A., Lord Strathcona, Alfred East, A.R.A., Stanhope Forbes, A. R. A., Sir H. Von Herkomer, R.A., and many other well-known artists, and lovers of art, who are uniting in forming a Society whose name speaks for itself, and which no doubt will help, as it is intended to do, to bring Colonial Artists in touch with London, and each other, and so fill a long-felt want."

Stella—How will you have your hat trimmed? Bella—I haven't decided between the merits of a monoplane and biplane wing effect.

New school theologians are hitting the Bible some hard raps, but for all that a sad humanity will go on looking into the good book for comfort and consolation.

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SKEENA LAND DISTRICT
District of Queen Charlotte

Take Notice that I, F. B. Allard, of Prince Rupert, occupation Millwright, intend to apply for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted about four miles east of the outlet of the Yakoun River and one mile east of License No. 28, Graham Island, thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

Dated 13th January, 1910.

F. B. ALLARD,
jan 15 Mathew Yomans, Agent.

SKEENA LAND DISTRICT
District of Queen Charlotte

Take Notice that I, F. B. Allard, of Prince Rupert, occupation Millwright, intend to apply for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted about four miles south and four miles east of the outlet of the Yakoun River, Graham Island, and one mile east of License No. 45; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

Dated 13th January, 1910.

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A visit to our amusement house will prove that we have the best in Moving Pictures and Illustrated Songs.

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Saturday performances commence at 1 p.m. sharp.

Complete change every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

ADMISSION—Ten Cents; Children at Matinee, Five Cents.

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They are not only interesting to look at but instructive and impressive and oftentimes portray a lesson worth learning.

Complete change of programme on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Continuous performance: 2.00 to .30—7.00 to 10.30 p.m.

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Admission—10 cents; Children to Matinee, 5 cents.

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Pantages
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Extraordinary

All Star Vaudeville

Special Features

Big City Attractions

An Amusement Festival

THE
New Grand

Week of Feb. 7

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CARVER—TAYLOR
The Noted Equilibrist and The Female Wm. Tell

DOLPH AND SUSIE LEVINO
In their Amusing Oddity and their Original Finale of Freehand Portraiture and Simultaneous Song

ABBIE MITCHELL
Phenomenal Soprano Soloist

LAMBERT AND WILLIAMS
Conversationalists and Songsters

THOMAS J. PRICE
Song Illustrator

NEW MOVING PICTURES

OUR OWN ORCHESTRA

The Week

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W. BLAKEMORE, Editor

Modern Readers

BY BOHEMIAN

I have often wondered why it is that the modern reader is so far removed from his predecessor of some twenty years ago. I have seen it stated in print that the growth of the modern magazine is the cause of this, but I am inclined to believe this a fallacy. The novel reader of today reads the magazines, but he also reads the modern novels as they come out, and yet he neglects those good old classics which are an education in themselves.

How many of the present generation living in Canada, England and the United States, and by the present generation I mean men of between twenty and thirty years of age, can discourse of Dickens' characters? I have noticed time and again in Victoria that I have made an allusion to Captain Cuttle or to the famous Jarndyce case; I have referred to Little Nell and also to Uriah Heep, and I awaken not the faintest response on the part of the auditor. Charles Dickens was at least the most graphic portrayer of human life in its varied aspects that ever lived, but he does not appeal to the present generation.

Thackeray, a giant in intellect, and a master with his pen, finds few admirers in the Twentieth Century. Anthony Trolloppe is a classic, but whoever hears his name mentioned in Victoria now-a-days? "Endymion," by Beaconsfield is one of the finest books ever written of its own class, namely the political novel. Children of earlier days were brought up on Scott, but how many of the present day children of sixteen years of age can use up all the fingers of one hand in enumerating the works of this wonderful story-teller, which they have read?

The grown-ups batten on George Barr McCutcheon, Chambers and Marie Corelli. All very excellent writers in their own way, but writers who will never "live"; if their popularity outlasts their own life-time they will be fortunate. Marie Corelli's fame, even now, may be said to be based rather on notoriety than on popularity. It cannot be disputed that the public buy her books as soon as they appear on the market, but they do not buy them for the beauty of her style, for she has no style, but because she attacks some abuse with a fearless, if somewhat ungrammatical, pen.

Much the same sort of change has come about with regard to public speaking and the art of conversation. Just as the Bible tells us that "there were giants in those days," so, a few decades ago there were orators, men who could turn a sentence and illustrate it with a quotation. In those days no man dared get up in the British House of Commons and deliver a speech unless he could intersperse Horace, Cicero and other Latin authors amid his oration. But newspapers changed all that; when the time came that public opinion was to be influenced by means of the Press, rather than by means of appeals to the People's representatives, then, at that same time, came the falling-off in oratory. And the falling-off was swift and sure, and with it came the decline in conversation. "Facilis descensus Averno." When conversation declined and men, who in another age would have discussed affairs of state, of literature, of the higher arts, could find nothing more interesting than the weather or the ballet on which to exchange their views, the cultivation of the better literature saw its doom, and the mushroom growth of novelists sprang up.

What was the "Penny Dreadful" and "The Shilling Shocker" but the result of a widespread, but half-taught education? And though reams of paper have been written, and thousands of words uttered in denouncing these pernicious books, if books they can be called, yet for the most part the men and women who conduct the campaign against them are sinners very little removed from the small office boy, who hurriedly buries the yellow-back in the recesses of his coat when his employer returns; for they prostitute their intellect to novels of a no more savoury nature, though they are clothed in a better binding and cost a few shillings more, instead of drinking at that fountain of knowledge which the great authors of the past have made free to all.

Not that there have not been great authors in modern days; Meredith, Hardy, Ruskin will "live", but at the same time they cannot be called "popular" authors. Ask the librarian at any city library, and he will tell you that when a new book is published by the writers of the lighter fiction of modern days, there is a run on it, but that there is very little call for the works of the writers of classic fame. That this tendency on the part of modern readers is a very great menace to the intellects of the present generation, and therefore to the greatness of the Anglo-Saxon race of the present age is the firm conviction of many others than

Bohemian.

The merchants of this good burg of ours
Have plenty of enterprise.
Of business-getting they have powers
Masterly, keen and wise.
A number of them are millionaires,
Some own their hundreds few,

Running with wisdom their affairs--

Courteous, straightforward and true.
Users of Printing these merchants are--
Some get it locally, some from afar.
All they who have it done right here at hand
Confess that Cusack's the best in the land.
Knowledge like this— What's that? Go slow!
But, anyhow, Telephone Two-Two-Oh!

The Canadian Magazine

An excellent article entitled "The Evolution of Aerial Navigation" is to be found in the Canadian Magazine for February. The author, Mr. J. E. M. Fetherstonhaugh has so handled his subject that the veriest tyro can appreciate the enormous strides that have been made in this the most fascinating of modern pursuits. Mr. D. G. Cuthbert contributes a readable article on "The Unsophisticated Englishman." This is written from the employer's point of view, and the attempts of the willing Britisher, who is so painfully ignorant of conditions in this country, are both amusing and pathetic. Harold Sands, not unknown in British Columbia, writes of Rossland, and an excellent story he makes of the "Romance" of that mining camp. There are numerous other articles and short stories, all of which go to make up one of the best numbers of our monthly contemporary that has yet been placed on the book-stalls.

Island Arts Club

There was a well attended meeting of the committee of the Island Arts Club held last night at the Alexandra Club. Mr. J. J. Shallcross as President took the chair. As it is formed for the purpose of encouraging arts and crafts in their various branches and it is desired to unite in one society as large a number as possible of those interested in the advancement of so good a cause, the amount of the annual subscription has been placed at $2.00. Those wishing to become members are asked to send in their names as soon as possible to the Honorary Secretary, Mrs. C. Bampfylde Daniell, at 609 Michigan Street, to be placed before the Committee at the next meeting.

Flocking Back to Palestine

Jerusalem, Jan. 6.—The proclamation of the Constitution in Turkey has thrown open the doors of Palestine to the incoming of Jews from all parts of the world. In Jerusalem alone four-fifths of the population (100,000) now belong to the Jewish faith, while at Jaffa, Tiberias, Safed, and Haifa (Mount Carmel) Jews are reckoned by tens of thousands.

Almost the whole of the extensive plain of Esdraelon has been bought up by them. Their prosperous colonies spread from Dan to Beersheba, and even farther south to the outskirts of Egypt. Thousands are escaping from Persia to find shelter and protection in the Holy Land, while every ship from Odessa carries hundreds of them.

The Jordan Valley, once the property of the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, is being eagerly sought after by Jewish capitalists and syndicates. The Zionists, whose agents are distributed all over the land, are buying up the rich properties of the Mahommedan Effendis, whose incomes since the revolution have considerably lessened.

The whole city is essentially a Jewish town. Banking, as well as trade and commerce, is monopolised by Jews. The Government has found it necessary to organize a company of Jewish gendarmes. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are annually sent from Europe and America to enable the colonists to build homes, hospitals, schools, and invalid homes. Over one hundred Jewish schools already exist in Jerusalem alone. Synagogues are rising up everywhere.

The value of land has risen fourfold. The ignorant and poverty-stricken fellaheen (peasants) are being ousted from their homes and villages by the sharp European Jew settler, whose modern agricultural implements and methods have made the land produce harvests never before dreamt of by the natives. The Anglo-Palestine Company, a Zionist banking and commercial enterprise, is pushing the cause of Israel with splendid determination.

The racial exclusiveness of the Jews and their clannish proclivities are arousing the opposition of Ottomans. The Turkish Constitutional regime has in this question one of the greatest problems that have ever faced a new and patriotic Government.—London Daily Mail.

Smart Work

Last Wednesday night the local Fire Brigade were called out to tackle a fire on Fort Street, the building in question being the dye shop on Fort, close to Broad. Much admiration has been expressed at the prompt way in which the blaze was put out; the building itself was gutted—that was unavoidable—but the adjacent structures which were in imminent peril were saved through the energetic action of Fire Chief Davis, who was loyally backed up by his men. "Water, water," came the fervid appeal of the Chief, wafted in stentorian tones by the ten o'clock breeze. And back came the answer in a softly muttered murmur from one of the crowd: "Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink; especially in Victoria." However, eventually the water materialized, the flames were quenched, and the crowd wandered home to bed, or other places, thankful that they possessed a man like Mr. Davis, and inwardly marvelling at his command of language, and the lung capacity which could make it so audible.

"Had any experience at poker?" "Some." "What's the most you ever saw in a pot?" "In real life or in a poker story?"

A telegram to the Victoria Daily Times, dated February 2nd, states that Mr. Warburton Pike, and Lord Osborne Beauclere are safe and will return in the near future. The Lounger prophesied the same thing last week.

A South-side man claims that the janitor of the flat building in which he lives is the meanest janitor on earth. "He never gives us enough steam during the day," said the complainant, "and at night the conditions are simply awful. Why, I frequently wake up and hear my wife's teeth chattering on the bureau."

Bright Lad

The teacher was trying to familiarize the little pupils with definition of the word "tame."

"And what do most animals become after they have been in the zoo a long time?" she asked her class.

Up went the chubby hand of the little boy in the blue reefer.

"Please ma'am, I know," he chirped.

"What, Willie?"

"Peanut eaters, ma'am."

On the Stage Coach

Driver—Oh, I say, this money don't go here!

Passenger—Why not?

Because it's stage money.

Well, isn't this a stage?

One of the Assimilators

Stranger—What do you do with the vast swarms of immigrants that land on your shores every year?

Prominent Gothamite—We don't have any trouble, sor, in assimylating thim.

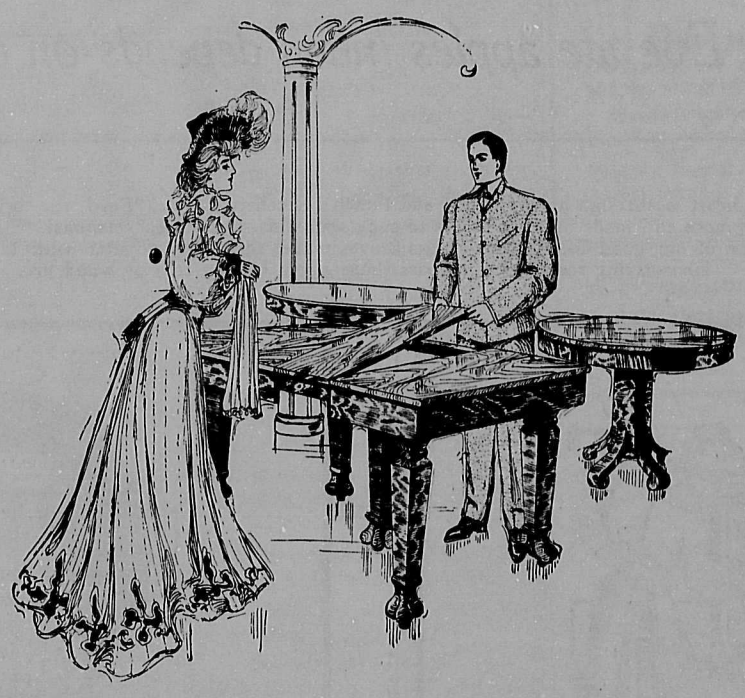
Goes Differently

Bill—You see, a horse, like a man gets rid of his heavy coat in the summer time.

Jill—Yes; but the horse doesn't have to worry over looking out for the ticket.

Our Great Sale

Of High Grade Furniture and Home Furnishings



Our Great Sale

Of High Grade Furniture and Home Furnishings

Furniture as a commodity, is in many respects similar to diamonds. Furniture timber limits are regular "diamond mines" now-a-days. Then, too, as in the cutting and the polishing of a diamond, the cost of finishing is high—if it is properly done. Furniture and diamonds are yearly costing more money. If the jeweler were to offer "Diamonds at great reductions" the crowd would immediately yell—"Paste"—and they would be just about right, too.

There's a lot of "pasty" furniture on the market, and to the inexperienced eye it is mighty presentable "stuff." Time shows it up, but the majority of furniture buyers haven't either the time or the money to experiment. The safe, sure and most economical way is to buy guaranteed furniture—the Weiler kind.

Our furniture sale is a yearly affair—fact is it has been running now for more than 47 years and is still growing in volume. Our stocks are up to the minute in approved design and adaptability to popular needs and full of trustworthiness of construction. These facts, and the fact that we have but ONE price—all the time—and this price the fairest at which honest goods can be sold, are the main reasons why we find no reason for slaughtering" our merchandise to move it off our floors.

Just try the Weiler Store.

FURNISHERS OF
CHURCHES
SCHOOLS
BOATS
SINCE 1862
AT VICTORIA, B.C.

WEILER BROS

Complete Home Furnirhers - - Victoria, B.C.

FURNISHERS OF
HOMES
HOTELS
CLUBS
SINCE 1862
AT VICTORIA, B.C.

MUSIC
AND THE STAGE

The last week has been a memorable one in the annals of the Victoria Theatre. "The Music Master" with David Warfield in the leading part was pronounced by regular theatre-goers as the finest piece seen on the local stage for many a long day. For Olga Nethersole's representation of "The Writing on the Wall" the house was sold out days beforehand. The local daily papers have published full criticisms of the two plays, and I have nothing further to add to their remarks.

Both the vaudeville houses in town have had a good run this week. At the New Grand the feature of the evening was the dancing of Elsie Harvey and the Goldie Boys. Hickman Bros. & Co. also have been putting up a very good turn in a comic playlet. Pantages are happy in having secured the services of the wonderful woman baritone, Ola Hayden, whose performance every evening has been vociferously applauded by the large houses which have assembled.

The Moving Picture Shows have all been marked with special features. At Romano's there has been a telling presentment of Jean Valjean, the hero of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." At the Empress President Taft and Wilbur Wright have both been on the screen. "The Tramp's Story" at The Majestic has entranced crowds.

The Victoria Theatre has been running its usual Biograph Show on off nights, and the views have been very fine. I should like to make mention of the amateurs who have been performing there. It requires a lot of courage for a kid to stand up before a crowded audience and sing a song which has been previously only been rehearsed before the domestic hearth. The children this week have given great satisfaction. Miss Regina Waxstock singing "Who's Afraid"; Miss Helen Rogers in "Zip-I-Addy-I-Ay"; Miss Edna McGregor in "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean"; and Miss Mary Stephens in "School Days" have all been loudly appreciated by a large audience. Amongst the adults Mrs. Proudlove and Mr. Gray singing "The Larboard Watch" as a duet, and Mr. D. G. Brown singing "Love Me and the World is Mine," duly received their meed of praise.

Brewster's Millions

On Wednesday, February 9, at the Victoria Theatre will be seen the presentation by Cohan and Harris' comedians of Winchell Smith's and Byron Ongley's dramatization of George Barr McCutcheon's famous story, "Brewster's Millions," of which upwards of half a million copies have already been sold. The story of Montgomery Brewster's wild and daring dissipation of a million dollars in twelve months in order to obtain possession of a legacy of $7,000,000, is already familiar to all readers of light fiction. The humourous adventures and escapades of young Brewster in quest of his goal have been deftly woven into a delightful comedy by Messrs. Smith and Ongley, and as presented by Cohan and Harris' clever comedians, form an entertainment almost impossible of duplication. Originally produced by Frederic Thompson, that master of stage productions, it ran for an entire year in New York and subsequently for an extended period in both London and Chicago, in each city recording an almost unheard of success. Its presentation here will be marked by the same care and elaborateness of presentation as during its long runs in the cities above named. The third act discloses what is probably the highest achievement in stage mechanism hitherto recorded. It discloses the deck of a ship in a storm at sea with such marvellous fidelity that the onlooker can imagine himself as experiencing all the sensations of the participators without any too wide stretch of his imagination. While this episode in the play is melodramatic in the extreme the balance of "Brewster's Millions" is delicious, sparkling comedy and this element is largely responsible for the great success of the play. Certainly no dramatized novel has ever attained an equal measure of success and with this fact palpably apparent there can be no question of the positive merit of "Brewster's Millions" from any point of view. It is a play which must be seen. The habitual theatregoer must see it or his record is incomplete. The public at large should see it, for it marks an epoch in stage literature which is as defined as the lines which divide the drama of the Elizabethan period from the drama of today. Messrs. Cohan and Harris' comedians presenting "Brewster's Millions," includes the following excellent players: Royal Tracy, Gus Christie, Carl W. Gerard, Fred Loomis, Franklin George, Louise Sanford, Richard Webster, Arthur Bramms, Den Wilkes, Katharine Raye, Edward C. Howard, Marie Horton, Morgia Lytton, Gene Foxcroft, Henry Carl Lewis, Lew Krouse, Viola Grant and Geraldyne B. Peck.

A Problem Play

The Problem Play Microbe, to be treated humourously by McIntyre and Health, will be seen at the Victoria Theatre Thursday, February 10.

It is announced as probable that this will be the last season the mirth-making McIntyre and Heath will be seen in the present style of musical comedy of which "The Ham Tree" and now "In Hayti," are lively specimens.

scenaric of a new play submitted by a well known author at present much before the public which embodies a plot they have had long in mind, and it is expected the finished play will be ready for them before the opening of another season.

It is a story dealing with the negro question which is now, as it has long been, the subject of much widespread discussion, but it is intended to treat the subject from a new point of view in throwing the light of actual comparisons upon the real points at issue.

The idea of these stars who have for thirty-five years so closely studied the negro is to keep one darkey in ignorance and poverty, yet rich in the crude and simple comforts and joys that suffice the more ignorant "cullud folks" in the less settled sections of the country, and by contrast, allow the other to become educated and prosperous and make it evident the hope was strong in his mind that he might reach the social plane of the "white brother."

At the climatic point the improved negro would learn his colour was still black and that he was still but a member of a subordinate race after all.

The problem to be set before an audience with all the quaint drollery which it is impossible to believe either Mr. McIntyre or Mr. Heath could possibly keep out of a stage performance, would be in determining which of the two was more fortunate under all circumstances.

Considering the long acquaintance these students of the negro traits have had such a play might point more directly at a possible solution of the negro question than have columns and booklets of theoretical discussion. The contrasting negro characters will be taken by those comedians along lines patterned after characters in real life, and they assert definitely that though there would naturally be scenes abounding in the unctuous darkey humour the work would come distinctly under the classification of modern drama.

Miss Maud Powell

The following criticism taken from the New York Sun of January 1st, wil serve to introduce Miss Maud Powell to Victorians, who will have the pleasure of hearing her at the Victoria Theatre on February 15th:

The second concert in the Philharmonic Society's Beethoven series took place yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The programme consisted of the overtures to "Egmont" and "Coriolan," the violin concerto and the fourth symphony. The solo performer was Maud Powell. The programme notes called attention to some interesting facts, first that Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture and Beethoven's to Goethe's "Egmont" are regarded by musicians as the finest examples of overtures written to spoken dramas, and second that hearing the latter caused Richard Wagner to abandon an ambition to become a dramatic poet and to become a musician.

If there were no other reasons than these for giving respectful attention to the "Egmont" overture they would suffice. But when we remember that this ranks as one of Beethoven's great overtures we have still another and a potent one, for he produced some of the greatest works in this form known to music lovers. It stands with the "Coriolan" and "Leonore" No. 3 as demonstration of the power of music to depict the emotions of a drama, and there is no more convincing plea for delineative music than that put forth by the two overtures performed yesterday.

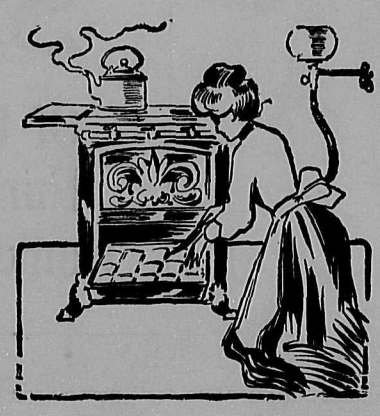
The fourth symphony is infrequently played. It is not held as equal in psychologic content with some of the larger works of Beethoven, but it is a serious mistake to deem it unimportant as a piece of composition.

(Continued on Page 8)

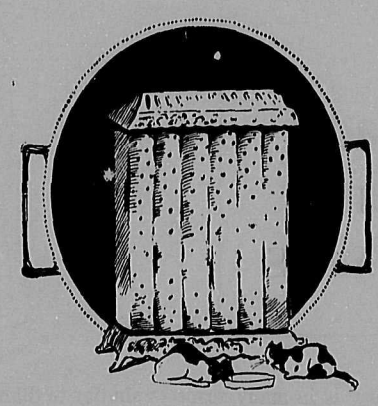
Since Eve ate apples much depends on dinner

—*Byron*

You know the old adage, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," and Punch's excellent advice, "Feed the brute." Doubtless there would not be so many divorces if young women studied culinary matters more and made up their minds to cook with Gas—the easiest, cleanest, cheapest and most hygienic way. The ease with which one can prepare an elaborate meal on one of our good Gas Ranges or Gas Stoves makes them very popular with Mistress, Master, and Jim Chinaman. They give labor-saving results that surpass those given by any coal or wood fire.



A Gas Range will do anything that a coal range will do and do it better, because the heat can be regulated to a nicety. No more backaches from lifting heavy coal scuttles, no carrying of ashes, no washing of sooty pots and pans. A good Gas Range will make you laugh at the high price of coal. After you have used it for a short time you will wonder why you did without it so long.



A Gas Radiator can be lighted in a second—just a match-scratch and a turn of the tap and the whole room is well heated in a few minutes without the bother of chopping "kindling" and building a fire. It will not only give pleasant warmth without trouble, but it decorates and beautifies a home. In case of sudden sickness or night emergencies you will find a Gas Radiator invaluable.

You are most cordially welcome to visit our showrooms, whether you desire to purchase or merely to look. We will gladly explain the many advantages of gas for cooking and heating purposes.

The Victoria Gas Co., Ltd.

Corner Fort and Langley Streets — Victoria, B. C.

At the Street Corner

By THE LOUNGER

(Continued from Page 2)

money which Billy Sunday, the American evangelist of blasphemous utterance, has collected; he avows that it doesn't go into his pocket, but he doesn't say where it does go. If evangelists are really working for their Master, all that they are entitled to is sufficient money to pay expenses and to pay them a fair salary. The balance of the collections ought to be devoted to various charities. Possibly this may be the case. I do not make a definite statement that it is not. But I consider that in every town an auditor ought to be appointed to check the receipts and to satisfy the public that their money has gone to deserving institutions, when a fair percentage has been paid to the evangelists.

* * *

There is a great deal in the papers now-a-days with regard to the Fall Fair and the Racing Meet. I do not know what the editorial opinion of this paper is on the subject, but for myself, from all accounts I have heard, seeing that I was absent at the last meeting, it proved an excellent thing for Victoria. Of course some young fools went wrong; some others lost more money than they could afford; others again tried to break into a game which they did not understand and were softly bamboozled by the book-makers. But on the whole the City was the better for the meet. Money was flying around, and few of the book-makers made much money. I can't help thinking that there is a great deal too much cant about the race proposition. Racing is not only the Sport of Kings; it is the King of Sports, and I see no more harm in a man, provided that he can afford it,making a small bet on a race, than I can in him playing Bridge at 50 cents a hundred.

An excellent article appeared in the issue of the Colonist of Sunday, January 30, from the pen of Mr. Pocock dealing with the question of gun licenses; it was an article which should appeal to every sportsman in the Province. Why should there not be gun licenses issued here? Any man who can afford to go out shooting can well afford to pay for that privilege. Licenses would only be granted to presumably responsible persons, and there would then be some chance of eliminating the casualties which obtain at the opening of every shooting season. As was mentioned in the editorial columns of this paper last week, a gun is not a fire-arm unless it is loaded, and there is nothing to prevent the most irresponsible person carrying one on his person, provided the cartridges are not inserted. But if a gun license were in force any person carrying a gun would be liable to be called upon to show his license.

All residents in Western Canada realize the fact that September 1 is nearly as fatal a day to human life in Canada as is July 4 to our friends on the other side of the line. And there is no reason for it. The Lounger congratulates Mr. Pocock on his article, and hopes that he may be successful in carrying his project to a successful termination.

* * *

Talk about the progress of civilization and the awakening of China! Last Monday I saw a Chinaman walking down the principal street looking as happy as a king, and carrying two lacrosse sticks under his arm. Truly sport is a great factor in the unification of nations, and the day may dawn when the Chinamen of Victoria will challenge their white fellow citizens to a lacrosse match. More unlikely things have happened, and if the yellow man prove as active on the playing-field as he has proved himself in the counting-house, a match of this kind would prove a good one.

I have it on reliable authority that although the chauffeurs of Victoria were extremely incensed at my paragraph of last week, four of their number took my advice, patronized a barber, put on fair apparel and displayed an excellent appearance. This is only another proof that some reforms are brought about by the fatuous remarks of the

Lounger.

Uncle Eben—If ye ever visit New York and git tired walkin' around th' city don't ye go into the stock exchange to rest!

Aunt Martha—Why not?

Uncle Eben—Gracious sakes! there they charge $40,000 for a seat!

SKEENA LAND DISTRICT
District of Queen Charlotte

Take Notice that I, F. B. Allard. of Prince Rupert, occupation Millwright, intend to apply for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted about four miles south and five miles east of *the outlet of the Yakoun River, Graham* Island, and two miles east of License No. 45; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to poitn of commencement; containing 640 acres more or less.

Dated 13th January, 1910.

F. B. ALLARD,
jan 15 Mathew Yomans, Agent.

SKEENA LAND DISTRICT
District of Queen Charlotte

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Commencing at a post planted about four miles east of the outlet of the *Yakoun River, Graham Island, and one* mile east of License No. 29; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

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Commencing at a post planted about five miles east of the Yakoun River, Graham Island, and two miles east of the License No. 29, thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

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Commencing at a post planted about two miles south and four miles east of the outlet of the Yakoun River, Graham Island, and one mile east of License No. 36; *thence north 80 chains;* thence east 0 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

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SKEENA LAND DISTRICT
District of Queen Charlotte

Take Notice that I, F. B. Allard. of intend to apply for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted about two miles south and four miles east of the outlet of the Yakoun River, Graham Island, and east of License No. 37; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains; thence *north 80 chains; thence* east 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

Dated 13th January, 1910.

F. B. ALLARD,
jan 15 Mathew Yomans, Agent.

SKEENA LAND DISTRICT
District of Queen Charlotte

Take Notice that I, F. B. Allard. of intend to apply for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted about two miles south and four miles east of the outlet of the Yakoun River, Graham Island, and *one mile east of License No.* 37; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

Dated 13th January, 1910.

F. B. ALLARD,
jan 15 *Mathew Yomans, Agent.*

SKEENA LAND DISTRICT
District of Queen Charlotte

Take Notice that I, F. B. Allard. of intend to apply for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted about *two miles south and five miles east of* the outlet of the Yakoun River, Graham Island, and two miles east of License No. 37; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains; thence west 60 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more *or less.*

Dated 13th January, 1910.

F. B. ALLARD,
jan 15 Mathew Yomans, Agent.

SKEENA LAND DISTRICT
District of Queen Charlotte

Take Notice that I, F. B. Allard, of Prince Rupert, occupation Millwright, *intend to apply for a license to prospect* for coal on the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted about four miles south and four miles east of the outlet of the Yakoun River, Graham Island, and east of License No. 44; *thence north 80 chains; thence west 80* chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

Dated 13th January, 1910.

F. B. ALLARD,
jan 15 Mathew Yomans, Agent.

The Girl and The Graft

A Failure in Specializing

By O. Henry

The other day I ran across my old friend Ferguson Progue. Progue is a conscientious grafter of the highest type. His headquarters is the Western Hemisphere, and his line of business is anything from speculating in town lots on the Great Staked Plains to selling wooden toys in Connecticut, made by hydraulic pressure from nutmegs ground to a pulp.

Now and then when Progue has made a good haul he comes to New York for a rest. He says the jug of wine and loaf of bread and Thou in the wilderness business is about as much rest and pleasure to him as sliding down the bumps at Coney would be to President Taft. "Give me," says Progue, "a big city for my vacation. Especially New York. I'm not much fond of New Yorkers, and Manhattan is about the only place on the globe where I don't find any."

While in the metropolis Progue can always be found at one of two places. One is a little second-hand bookshop on Fourth Avenue, where he reads books about his hobbies, Mohammedanism and taxidermy. I found him at the other—his hall bedroom in Eighteenth Street—where he sat in his stocking feet trying to pluck "The Banks of the Wabash" out of a small zither. Four years he has practised this tune without arriving near enough to cast the longest trout line to the water's edge. On the dresser lay a blued-steel Colt's forty-five and a tight roll of tens and twenties large enough around to belong to the spring rattlesnake-story class. A chambermaid with a room cleaning air fluttered near by in the hall, unable to enter or to flee, scandalized by the stocking feet, aghast at the Colt's, yet powerless, with her metropolitan instincts, to remove herself beyond the magic influence of the yellow-hued roll.

I sat on his trunk while Ferguson Progue talked. No one could be franker or more candid in his conversation. Beside his expression the cry of Henry James for lacteal nourishment at the age of one month would have seemed like a Chaldean cryptogram. He told me stories of his profession with pride, for he considered it an art. And I was curious enough to ask him whether he had known any women who followed it.

"Ladies?" said Progue, with Western chivalry. "Well, not to any great extent. They don't amount to much in special lines to any great extent. They don't amount to much in special lines of graft, because they're all so busy in general lines. What? Why, they have to. Who's got the money in the world? The men. Did you ever know a man to give a woman a dollar without any consideration? A man will shell out his dust to another man free and easy and gratis. But if he drops a penny in one of the machines run by the Madam Eve's Daughters' Amalgamated Association and the pineapple chewing gum don't fall out when he pulls the lever you can hear him kick to the superintendent four blocks away. Man is the hardest proposition a woman has to go up against. He's a low-grade one, and she has to work overtime to make him pay. Two times out of five she's salted. She can't put in crushers and costly machinery. He'd notice 'em and be onto the game. They have to pan out what they get, and it hurts their tender hands. Some of 'em are natural sluice troughs and can carry out $1,000 to the ton. The dry-eyed ones have to depend on signed letters, false hair, sympathy, the kangaroo walk, cowhide whips, ability to cook, sentimental juries, conversational powers, silk underskirts, ancestry, rouge, anonymous letters, violet sachet powder, witnesses, revolvers, pneumatic forms, carbolic acid, moonlight, cold cream and the evening newspapers."

"You are outrageous, Ferg," I said. "Surely there is none of this 'graft,' as you call it, in a perfect and harmonious matrimonial union!"

"Well," said Progue, "nothing that would justify you every time in calling up Police Headquarters and ordering out the reserves and a vaudeville manager on a dead run. But it's this way: Suppose you're a Fifth Avenue millionaire, soaring high, on the right side of copper and cappers.

"You come home at night and bring a $9,000,000 diamond brooch to the lady who's staked you for a claim. You hand it over. She says, 'Oh, George!' and looks to see if it's backed. She comes up and kisses you. You've waited for it. You get it. All right. It's graft.

"But I'm telling you about Artemisia Blye. She was from Kansas and she suggested corn in all of its phases. Her hair was as yellow as the silk; her form was as tall and graceful as a stalk in the low grounds during a wet summer; her eyes were as big and startling as bunions, and green was her favourite colour.

"On my last trip into the cool recesses of your sequestered city I met a human named Vaucross. He was worth—that is, he had a million. He told me he was in business on the street. 'A sidewalk merchant?' says I, sarcastic. 'Exactly,' says he 'Senior partner of a paving concern.'

"I kind of took to him. For this reason. I met him on Broadway one night when I was out of heart, luck, tobacco and place. He was all silk hat, diamonds and front. He was all front. If you had gone behind him you would have only looked yourself in the face. I looked like a cross between Count Tolstoy and a June lobster. I was out of luck. I had—but let me lay my eyes on that dealer again.

"Vaucross stopped and talked to me a few minutes and then he took me to a high-toned restaurant to eat dinner. There was music, and then some Beethoven, Bordelaise sauce, and cussing in French, and frangipangi, and some hauteur and cigarettes. When I am flush I know them places.

"I declare, I must have looked as bad as a magazine artist sitting there without any money and my hair all rumpled like I was booked to read a chapter from 'Elsie's School Days' at a Brooklyn Bohemian smoker. But Vaucross treated me like a bear hunter's guide. He wasn't afraid of hurting the waiter's feelings.

"'Mr. Progue,' he explains to me, 'I am using you.'

"'Go on,' says I; 'I hope you don't wake up.'

"And then he tells me, you know, the kind of man he was. He was a New Yorker. His whole ambition was to be noticed. He wanted to be conspicuous. He wanted people to point him out and bow to him, and tell others who he was. He said it had been the desire of his life always. He didn't have but a million, so he couldn't attract attention by spending money. He said he tried to get into public notice one time by planting a little public square on the east side with garlic for free use of the poor; but Carnegie heard of it, and covered it over at once with a library in the Gaelic language. Three times he had jumped in the way of automobiles; but the only result was five broken ribs and a notice in the papers that an unknown man, five feet ten, with four amalgam-filled teeth, supposed to be the last of the famous Red Leary gang, had been run over.

"'Ever try the reporters?' I asked him.

"'Last month,' says Mr. Vaucross, 'my expenditure for lunches to reporters was $124.80.'

"'Get anything out of that?' I asks.

"'That reminds me,' says he; 'add $8.50 for pepsin. Yes, I got indigestion.'

"'How am I supposed to push along your scramble for prominence?' I inquires. 'Contrast?'

"'Something of that sort tonight,' says Vaucross. 'It grieves me; but I am forced to resort to eccentricity.' And here he drops his napkin in his soup and rises up and bows to a gent who is devastating a potato under a palm across the room.

"'The Police Commissioner,' says my climber, gratified.

"'Friend,' says I, in a hurry, 'have ambitions but don't kick a rung out of your ladder. When you use me as a stepping stone to salute the police you spoil my appetite on the grounds that I may be degraded and incriminated. Be thoughtful.'

"At the Quaker City squab en casserole the idea about Artemisia Blye comes to me.

"'Suppose I can manage to get you in the papers,' says I—'a column or two every day in all of 'em and your picture in most of 'em for a week. How much would it be worth to you?'

"'Ten thousand dollars,' says Vaucross, warm in a minute. 'But no murder,' says he; 'and I won't wear pink pants at a cotillion.

"'I wouldn't ask you to,' says I. 'This is honorable, stylish and uneffeminate. Tell the waiter to bring a demitasse and some other beans, and I will disclose to you the opus moderandi.'

"We closed the deal an hour later in the rococo rouge et noise room. I telegraphed that night to Miss Artemisia in Salina. She took a couple of photographs and an autograph letter to an elder in the Fourth Presbyterian Church in the morning, and got some transportation and $80. She stopped in Topeka long enough to trade a flashlight interior and a valentine to the vice-president of a trust company for a mileage book and a package of five-dollar notes with $250 scrawled on the band.

"The fifth evening after she got my wire she was waiting, all decollete and decollete and dressed up, for me and Vaucross to take her to dinner in one of these New York feminine apartment houses where a man can't get in unless he plays bezique and smokes depilatory powder cigarettes.

"'She's a stunner,' says Vaucross when he saw her. 'They'll give her a two-column cut sure.'

"This was the scheme the three of us concocted. It was business straight through. Vaucross was to rush Miss Blye with all the style, and display and emotion he could for a month. Of course, that amounted to nothing as far as his ambitions were concerned. The sight of a man in a white tie and patent leather pumps pouring greenbacks through the large end of a cornucopia to purchase nutriment and heartsease for tall, willowy blondes in New York is as common a sight as blue turtles in delirfium tremens. But he was to write her love letters—the worst kind of love letters, such as your wife publishes after you are dead—every day. At the end of the month he was to drop her, and she would bring suit for $100,000 for breach of promise.

"Miss Artemisia was to get $10,000. If she won the suit that was all; and if she lost she was to get it anyhow. There was a signed contract to that effect.

"Sometimes they had me out with 'em, but not often. I couldn't keep up to their style. She used to pull out his notes and criticize them like bills of lading.

"'Say, you!' she'd say. 'What do you call this—a Letter to a Hardware Merchant from His Nephew on Learning that His Aunt Has Nettlerash? You Eastern duffers know as much about writing love letters as a Kansas grasshopper does about tugboats. "My dear Miss Blye!"—wouldn't that put pink icing and a little red sugar bird on your bridal cake? How long do you expect to hold an audience in a court-room with that kind of stuff? You want to get down to business, and call me "Tweedlums Babe" and "Honeysuckle," and sign yourself "Mama's Own Big Bad Puggy Wuggy Boy" if you want any limelight to concentrate upon your sparse gray hairs. Get snappy.'

"After that Vaucross dipped his pen in the indelible tobasco. His notes read like something or other in the original. I could see a jury sitting up, and women tearing one another's hats to hear 'em read. And I could see piling up for Mr. Vaucross as much notoriousness as Archbishop Cranmer or the Brooklyn Bridge or cheese-on-salad ever enjoyed. He seemed mighty pleased at the prospects.

"They agreed on a night; and I stood on Fifth Avenue outside a solemn restaurant and watched 'em. A process-server walked in and handed Vaucross the papers at his table. Everybody looked at 'em; and he looked as proud as Cicero. I went back to my room and lit a five-cent cigar, for I knew the $10,000 was as good as ours.

"About two hours later somebody knocked at my door. There stood Vaucross and Miss Artemisia, and she was clinging—yes, sir, clinging—to his arm. And they tells me they'd been out and got married. And they articulated some trivial cadences about love and such. And they laid down a bundle on the table and said 'Good-night' and left.

"And that's why I say," concluded Ferguson Progue, "that a woman is too busy occupied with her natural vocation and instinct of graft such as is given her for self-preservation and amusement to make any great success in special lines."

"What was in the bundle that they left?" I asked, with my usual curiosity.

"Why," asid Ferguson, "there was a scalper's railroad ticket as far as Kansas City and two pairs of Mr. Vaucross's old paints."

FOUR PER CENT. ON DEPOSIT.

We pay four per cent. interest on deposits of $1 (one dollar) and up, withdrawable by cheque.

Special attention given to deposits made by mail.

Paid up Capital over $1,000,000
Assets over - - 2,000,000

B. C. PERMANENT LOAN CO.,
1210 Government Street,
Victoria, B.C.

Just a little attention and the use of a carefully selected lotion greatly improves the appearance and attractiveness of a woman's face.

BUTTERMILK TOILET LOTION

is an ideal preparation for improving and preserving the health and beauty of the skin; it cleanses, softens, smoothes and nourishes; heals chaps; not greasy nor sticky; will not grow hair.

Price, 25c bottle here.

Cyrus H. Bowes
CHEMIST
1228 Government Street
Near Yates

SKEENA LAND DISTRICT
District of Queen Charlotte

Take Notice that I, F. B. Allard, of Prince Rupert, occupation Millwright, intend to apply for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted about four miles south and four miles east of the outlet of the Yakoun River, Graham Island, and east of License No. 45; thence west 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence north 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

Dated 13th January, 1910.
F. B. ALLARD,
jan 15 Mathew Yomans, Agent.

The Working Man Comes Here

because he gets a good square meal

20c.

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Rooms, 25c and up.
Telephone 841.

A. LIPSKY, Proprietor,
Milne Block, 568 Johnson St.
VICTORIA, B.C.

The Taylor Mill Co.
Limited.

All kinds of Building Material,
LUMBER
SASH
DOORS
TELEPHONE 564
North Government St., Victoria

WE SOLICIT
A TRIAL

In order to convince you that we are prompt, careful and moderate in our charges.

The Pacific Transfer Co.

NO. 4, FORT ST., VICTORIA.

A. E. KENT, Proprietor
Phone 249.

Leave your checks with us.

BLUE PRINTS

Any Length in One Piece
Six Cents per foot

TIMBER AND LAND MAPS
DRAUGHTING

Electric Blue Print & Map Co.

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SEE BOLDEN

THE CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

FORT STREET

SKEENA LAND DISTRICT
District of Queen Charlotte

Take Notice that I, F. B. Allard, of intend to apply for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted about five miles east of the outlet of the Yakoun River, Graham Island, and two miles east of License No. 28, thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less.

Dated 13th January, 1910.
F. B. ALLARD,
jan 15 Mathew Yomans, Agent.

MUSIC AND THE STAGE

(Continued from Page 5)

While it lacks the marvellously close construction of the fifth, the vigor and variety of the seventh or the programmatic interest of the sixth, it is none the less a symphony which would make the fortune of any new composer in these days of little melodic inspiration.

Simple in idiom as it seems to us now, in its own day it challenged criticism. No less a personage than Weber, though indeed a very young man at that time, wrote a commentary on it in the form of a dream in which the instruments of the orchestra were supposed to be speaking.

The double bass complained that it had been compelled to caper like a wild goat and turn itself into a "mere fiddle" to voice the "no ideas of Mr. Composer." Such comment seems strange to us who are certain that the composition breathes the very essence of happiness and youthful spirit.

It was selected by Mendelssohn for his debut as conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic, and one can readily understand how its suavity of melody and its elegance of finish must have appealed to him. There is indeed sound reason why such a work should not be neglected, and if a Beethoven cycle had no other claim to consideration it would obtain one because of its inclusion of the less frequently performed symphonies of the master.

Maud Powell

The violin concerto is conceded to offer the most exacting test of musicianship to the virtuoso of the instrument. To interpret it competently is to earn a place among artists. Miss Powell has held such a place for no little time and it was expected that she would play the concerto in a dignified manner. But her performance rose to an unusually high pitch of vigor, while technically it was most admirable. Her playing was not simply excellent for a woman, but was commendable as the achievement of a notable musician.

New Grand Theatre

A combination of masterly equilibrium and sharpshooting by Henry and Alice Carver Taylor will be seen next week at the New Grand Theatre, the man performing the equilibrist features and the lady being responsible for the sharpshooting. This act will be found most beautifully costumed and the general staging of a higher class than generally found in acts of this kind. It can be counted an act of exceptioanl value and a big drawing card.

The Levinos will be here too, and this visit they bring a harp. The musician being Mr. Lavino. His partner will sing several old songs, to his harp accompaniment. The act is reported as exceptionally enjoyable the pair being musicians to their finger tips who take as much delight in their work as they give the audience.

Lambert and Williams, comedians and singers, will bring an excellent line of dancing and singing. There are duets and solos in their programme and both are credited with excellent voices.

A strong and sweet soprano is the way in which Abbie Mitchell is reported on. Beautifully costumed with several dresses, all worn during the act, she will sing a number of songs in her delightful soprano voice.

There will be the usual stock features. Thomas J. Price has the illustrated song and the moving pictures and orchestral selections complete a long and strong bill.

MOMUS.

The Point of View

Hoax—Don't you think it's outrageous the prices these milliners charge for hats?

Joax—Oh, I don't know.

Hoax—You don't know, eh? It's very evident you are not a married man.

Joax—Wrong, I married a milliner.

The Incomplete Law

Poor Richard was writing "early to bed and early to rise."

"Why didn't you include early to shop?" we asked.

Sadly he confessed himself behind the times.

First Cat—Why, Tom, you are singing out of range.

Second Cat—Out of range of that man in the window yonder—yes.

An Overplus

Lafferty—"Tooley's new wife, I understand, has a great deal of self-esteem."

Rafferty—"She has so much of it that when Tooley the other day wanted to store his first wife's portrait in the attic the new Mrs. T. insisted that the picture be left hanging where it was, in the sitting room."

Lafferty—"But what has that to do with the lady's self-esteem."

Rafferty—"Why, don't you see? She wanted the portrait to remain in sight, so Tooley by comparison would realize the great improvement he had made in his second choice."

Would Come Later

She—I'll always love you, dear, and try to ease your sufferings and cares!

He—But, dearest, I haven't any sufferings and cares, I'm happy to say.

She—Oh, I don't mean now, but after we're married!

Defined

"How do you define black as your hat'?" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils.

"Darkness that may be felt," replied the budding genius.

Any Covering Will Come

"Hands up!" hissed the burglar bold in the cheap hotel. "I've got you covered."

"Thank goodness!" gasped the shivering guest. "That is more than this four-foot blanket will do."

A False Alarm

The boy was busy down cellar fixing his sled when his mother called:

"Reggie."

"Um-m."

"Reggie!"

"What?"

"Reggie!!"

"Well?"

"Reginald!!!"

"Y-es."

"Reg-i-nald!"

"Yes, ma."

"Why couldn't you answer me properly the first time?"

"What do you want?"

"Nothing now; but the minister is coming to supper, and I was testing your manners."

Reggie gave a snort; "I've no use for these fire drills, anyhow."

"Take off your hat!"
Rude men behind her cried,
And she (just think of it) complied;
But they were still unsatisfied,
And yelled with their mouths opened wide,
"Take off your rat!"

A Welcome Exception

"Why do you consider that man so desirable as a dinner guest?"

"He's one of the few people of our acquaintance who don't insist on having light meat when a fowl is being carved."

Notice

To the Public, and to whom it may concern:

The Victoria Cold Storage & Ice Co., Victoria, B.C., have changed their firm name to the

Vancouver Island Cold Storage and Ice Company

Address all future communications to the V. I. Cold Storage & Ice Co.

1618 Store Street, Victoria, B.C.

Telephone 2282

CORRESPONDENCE

The Week accepts no responsibility for the views expressed by its correspondents.

Communications will be inserted whether signed by the real name of the writer or a nom de plume, but the writer's name and address must be given to the Editor as an evidence of bona fides. In no case will it be divulged without consent.

The Editor The Week.

Dear Sir,—Last Saturday there appeared in our evening contemporary an account of certain zinc reduction works, with which was connected the name of M. Riondel, the President of the new Canadian Metal Company. Now everyone in British Columbia is glad to hear of these things, especially of anything which may lead to the profitable exploitation of zinc ore, of which there are vast amounts in the Province. There have been from time to time various reports of movements in this direction, but so far they have failed to materialize, and naturally new ones are carefully scanned to detect evidences of reliability.

Unfortunately this one does not afford any of these, because the writer is so ignorant of the geography of his own province that he does not know where the locality affected is. He refers constantly to East Kootenay, a name applied to that great valley which contains the upper waters of the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers, but in which, practically speaking, there does not happen to be any zinc. The district to which he should have referred is West Kootenay, of which Nelson is the centre and capital.

The town of Riondel, which is practically the old Blue Bell Mine and its various buildings. is on the East shore of Kootenay Lake, about thirty miles from Nelson, and there, there are vast deposits of zinc ore, and it is quite close to the great Slocan country, which contains "The Lucky Jim" and all the other well-known zinc producing mines. Just opposite it, across the Lake, is Ainsworth with its rich district.

Our would-be instructors should at any rate show their readers that they at elast know something about the subjects on which they write.

CHARLES ST. BARBE.

Victoria THEATRE
F. R. RICKETTS' LESSEE & MANAGER

Wednesday, Feb. 9

Cohan & Harris' Comedians with

ROYAL TRACY

In Frederic Thompson's Production of

Brewster's Millions

By Winchell Smith and Byron Ongley

A Dramatization of George Barr McCutcheon's Famous Book, "A Scenic Triumph," "A Laughing Success."

Greatest Ship Scene and Storm Effects ever witnessed on the stage.

Prices—25c 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50.

Seats on sale Monday, Feb. 7.

Thursday, Feb. 10

Klaw & Erlanger's Big Loughing Trust

McIntyre and Heath

IN HYTI

A Whirlwind of Fun and Music with the Famous Dancing Chorus of Beauty.

Prices—50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50.

Seat sale opens Tuesday, Feb. 8.

Mail orders will receive their usual attention.

Satisfaction

We guarantee quality and satisfaction with every purchase of Groceries.

Phone orders carefully attended to.

A. POOL

623 Yates St. Phone 448
Watson's Old Stand

There's Nothing half So Sweet In Life as Love and Dudleigh's Mixture

The Army and Navy Cigar Store. **Richardson**
Phone 346

184

FORESHORE LEASE

TAKE NOTICE that I, James Chichester Harris, of Victoria, B.C., intend, 60 days after date to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a lease of the following Foreshore, viz.: Commencing at a post planted at the southeast corner of Lot 56, Esquimalt District, thence northeasterly following the sinuosites of the foreshore a distance of 15 chains more or less to the northeast corner of said lot 56.

J. C. HARRIS.

Dated December 16th, 1909.
dec 25

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NOTICE
PROVINCIAL LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY
PRIVATE BILLS

Copies of Bills, Petitions, and notices as published must be deposited with, and all fees paid to, the Clerk of the House, not later than 12th January, 1910.

Petitions for Bills will not be received by the House after 31st January, 1910.

Bills must be presented to the House not later than 10th February, 1910.

Reports from Standing Committee on Bills will not be received by the House after 17th February, 1910.

THORNTON FELL,
Clerk, Legislative Assembly.

Victoria, 1st November, 1909.
nov 20

SKEENA LAND DISTRICT
District of Queen Charlotte

Take Notice that I, F. B. Allard. of Prince Rupert, occupation Millwright, intend to apply for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted about four miles south and four miles east of the outlet of the Yakoun River, Graham Island, and one mile east of License No. 44; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

Dated 13th January, 1910.

F. B. ALLARD,
jan 15 Mathew Yomans, Agent.

SKEENA LAND DISTRICT
District of Queen Charlotte

Take Notice that I, F. B. Allard. of Prince Rupert, occupation Millwright, intend to apply for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted about four miles south and five miles east of the outlet o fthe Yakoun River, Granam Island, and two miles east of License No. 44; thence north 80 chains; thence east 80 chains; thence south 80 chains; thence west 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

Dated 13th January, 1910.

F. B. ALLARD,
jan 15 Mathew Yomans, Agent.

CANCELLATION OF RESERVE

NOTICE is hereby given that the reserve, notice of which was given in the Gazette of the 28th October, 1909, reserving all foreshore abutting on the East Coast of Vancouver Island, and extending from the head of Saanich Inlet to the 52nd parallel of north latitude, and all coal underlying the said foreshore, as well as the coal under the sea fronting the said foreshore and extending out therefrom a distance of one mile, is cancelled.

ROBERT A. RENWICK,
Deputy Commissioner of Lands.
Lands Department,
Victoria, B.C., January 5th, 1910.
jan 8

Mistress—Well, Mary, have you found out what has become of the remainder of the pigeon pie? Mary (returning from voyage of investigation below)—Please mum, cook says I ate it.

Hope of a nomination next time is the best salve in the world for a politician's sore spots.