Legislative Library

SUBSCRIPTION $1.25 A YEAR

Wage-earners should subscribe, because this paper is published as their organ.

THE INDEPENDENT.

B. C. PERMANENT LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.

Authorized Capital - - $10,000,000
Subscribed Capital - - - 1,500,000
Assets over - - - - 300,000
Head Office 321 Cambie Street, Vancouver, B. C.

VOL. 4. VANCOUVER, B. C., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1901. NO. 13

TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL

President John Crow occupied the chair at Thursday night's meeting of the Trades and Labor council. There was present an average attendance.

Communications.

F. Stacy Whitney, secretary-treasurer Labor Congress of the State of Washington, wrote inviting the council to send an honorary delegate to the convention, which meets at Tacoma on January 15-16, 1902. The session promises to be the largest gathering of trades unions ever held in the Pacific Northwest. Received.

From the Stevedores' Association, complaining that its name was omitted from the union directory. Secretary instructed to reply that the council had nothing to do with the getting up of the said card.

A. J. Voege, secretary Berlin Broommakers, asking that the sale of union label brooms be pushed in B. C.; that prison-made and other brooms were being sold in this province. Referred to clerks.

From Rossland Trades and Labor Council, stating that the Gooderham syndicate, of Toronto, controlling the Centre Star and War Eagle mines, of Rossland, had been declared unfair towards organized labor, and asked the support of all labor organizations and their members in Canada in its action. The resolution also included all companies controlled by the Gooderham syndicate, namely, Gooderham & Worts, limited, distillers; the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company, Toronto, and the Bank of Toronto. On motion all members were requested to cease patronizing Gooderham & Worts' whiskies, and to note the other concerns.

Parliamentary Committee.

Your committee wish to report as follows re municipal questions for the ensuing elections:

1. Are you in favor of the water frontage by-law?

2. Are you in favor of abolishing the property qualification for mayor and aldermen?

3. Are you in favor of amending the city charter so as to allow all money by-laws to be voted on by all electors?

4. Are you in favor of lowering the assessment on improvements at the rate of ten per cent. per annum till obliterated?

5. Are you in favor of leasing at a fair rental for a short period, or selling, or giving away the tidal flats belonging or likely to belong to the city?

6. Are you in favor of assenting the city's rights to the ends of Cambie, Abbot and Carol streets to deep water and in giving a standing order to the chief of police to remove any obstruction placed across said streets by any individual or corporation claiming any rights thereto?

7. Are you in favor of municipalizing the street railway, electric lighting, gas works, telephones and other public utilities?

8. Are you in favor of municipalizing the liquor traffic?

9. If elected will you insist on having the by-laws of this city enforced by its officials and vote for the dismissal of any one of them not carrying out the same, if it is his duty to do so, or if he has orders to see it carried out?

10. Are you in favor of having the union label on all city supplies where possible?

11. Are you in favor of inserting a minimum wage clause in all contracts based on the standard wage of the various trades employed in the undertaking?

12. Are you in favor of handing over the rights of the citizens to a select few according to their ability to subscribe?

All of which is respectfully submitted by your committee.

New Union.

The organizing committee reported that there was a union in course of formation that will embrace all unskilled workmen.

Plumbing Inspection.

The council endorsed the following petition to be presented to the incoming city council:

"Whereas—There exists a by-law in this city governing plumbing and sanitation; and

"Whereas—It is to the best interests of the whole community that said by-laws are strictly enforced in their entirety; and

"Whereas—The said inspector is at the present time unable to devote sufficient time to the plumbing department of this office to ensure the by-law being carried out in a proper manner; therefore

"We, the undersigned, do hereby petition you, the council, to thoroughly investigate the said matter, and we would humbly suggest that if the present staff is inadequate to meet the exigencies of the case that a practical plumber should be appointed to act as plumbing inspector under the supervision of the present health inspector, and that he be instructed to enforce the by-law without fear or favor, and we, your petitioners, will ever pray, etc."

Nomination of Officers.

President—W. J. Lamerick and G. W. Isaacs.

Vice-President—F. J. Russell and J. H. Browne.

Secretary—T. H. Cross and F. J. Russell.

Financial Secretary—R. Todd, W. J. Lamerick, J. Lilley.

Treasurer—C. Crowder, J. H. Watson, and J. M. Sinclair.

Sergeant-at-Arms—J. Lenfesty, C. J. Salter and W. Mortimer.

Statistician—R. Macpherson, J. H. Browne and J. H. Watson.

Election will take place next meeting.

General.

J. H. Watson, E. Burns, G. W. Isaacs were appointed auditors.

A delegate asked if the health inspector was supposed to publish an official list of cases of contagious diseases, especially smallpox; also that 13 cases of scarlet fever were reported.

The musicians reported that there was at present an unfair orchestra in this city.

The bakers will hold a ball and supper on January 22, 1902.

Adjourned.

LABOR PARTY.

The Vancouver Labor party held a meeting on Wednesday night. President Bartley presided, and Secretary Taylor was in his place.

It was suggested that the party should enlarge the scope of its work. A member thought that a committee should be appointed to formulate a plan of organization for political purposes. Messrs. Atkinson, Peary, George, Dixon and others took part in the discussion to the end that a resolution was carried unanimously that "the name of the party would be still adhered to, and that a committee be appointed to draw up a programme for propaganda work for the next three months." Open meetings will be held, at which the public will be cordially invited to attend.

The objects of the party are to study economic subjects affecting the welfare of labor and the promulgation of information regarding same; and also to secure for labor a just share of the wealth it produces by such means as the obtaining representation from its own ranks in the parliamentary and municipal bodies of the country.

Any person may become a member of the party who is in sympathy with its principles; three-fourths of the members shall be wage-earners; but this restriction does not aply to farmers. Those desiring to become members must be duly proposed and seconded by members of the party.

The party will meet again during the first week in January.

BALL AND SUPPER.

The Journeymen Bakers and Confectioners, Local Union No. 46, of this city, are making elaborate preparations for a big entertainment, ball and supper to be held in the O'Brien Hall on January 22, 1902. This will be the first occasion on which this progressive union has undertaken to get up an affair of this kind, and it will not be the cause of lack of vim and energy if it does not turn out to be one of the big events of the season. Valuable prizes in the way of the most artistic of the wares of the trade will be drawn for, besides these there will be special prizes awarded for best dancing. Tickets will cost ladies 50 cents each and gentlemen $1. They may be had at the following bakery stores: Muir's, Mount Pleasant; Kent & Timms, Cordova street; Oben's, Hastings street; Murray's, Hastings street east; Toronto Candy Company, Cordova street; Minchin's, Granville street west, and Barwell Bros.', Granville street. The following committee will also provide tickets on application: W. Anderson, C. Wilband, G. McLaren, C. J. Salter, J. Teasdale, S. Walker, G. A. Nelson, F. Moyles, W. Wood, F. Bartle, and W. H. Barnes (chairman).

THE NEWSBOYS' BANQUET.

Following are subscribers to the funds now being raised to tender the newsboys and messengers of Vancouver a citizens' complimentary banquet, which will be held on New Year's Eve. On behalf of the committee we herewith tender its sincere thanks for same; and to request that all take an interest in the affair, as it is purely a citizens' testimonial to the lads for their faithful services:

The Independent	$10.00
A. E. Lees & Co., L. D. Taylor, J. Buntzen, Boilermakers' Union (each $5)	20.00
Bakers' Union	3.00
Chas. Wilson, K. C.	2.50
E. P. Bremner, J. H. Watson, F. F. Burns, F. M. James, A. McMorine; Johnston, Kerfoot & Co.; McLellan, McFeely & Co.; Bailey Bros. Co.; J. Morton, A. C. C., Gordon Drysdale, Jos. Dixon, C. Woodward, Thos. McWhinnie, Metropole Hotel, D. B. Charleson; Bowser, Godfrey & Wallbridge; Vancouver Gas Company, H. J. Painter, C. Sweeny, J. S. Tait, A. Jukes, Henry Doyle & Co. ($1 each)	23.00
W. E. Buck, J. J. Troney, Ed. Gauder, F. J. Gavin, P. Evans, Alex. Paterson, Cash, Chas. Peck, McTaggart & Moscrop, Thos. Dunn & Co., McDowell, P. Burns & Co., A. M. Grossman, W. G. Hanvey, Donaldson & Mathews, J. M. Atkin, A. M. Tyson, R. Porter & Sons, M. M. H., J. Horner, G. Hobson, P. Wright, W. J. Orr, Thos. Duke, Stanley White & Co., A Friend, T. Mathews, Brown & Harvey, Jas. W. Browne, J. Dobson, Wm. McGirr, Dougall House, H. E. L., A. Shan, A Donation, Cope & Frey, Cash, E. E., C. F. C., W. E. F., Wm. Blackmore, Scott & Kennedy, Thomson Stationery Company, Thos. E. Atkins, Jas. A. Scougale, Russell & Russell, Britannia Office, J. R. Seymour, Bamfield, J. F., H. M., A. H. S., D. McPhaiden, Canada Clothing Co., Ramsay Bros., J. A. P., A. H. C., J. W., L. H., O. N., Cash, G. C., Barnwell Bros., W. Clark (50 cents each)	32.00
L. G.	.45
Friend, S. Gross, R. M., O. Nelson, A Friend, Geo. Hunter, A Friend, A Friend, J. Herman, A Friend, J. A. Clark, J. C. Bush & Co., A Friend, C. S. S., H. Grassie, John Sykes, Mrs. Russell, A Friend, H. A., Thos. Galloway, J. M. Charles, A Friend, A Friend, Jumbo, A. Friend, Mrs. S. A. Jackson, Johnson & Higgins, A Friend, E. W. Bloomfield, A Friend, W. Murphy, Centre & Hanna, G. W. Bloomfield, A Friend, W. Starr, A Friend, H. C. Fleshmen, Bodega, A Friend, A Friend, A Friend, A Friend, A. A. McWhinnie, J. F. Henderson, O. H. Dingnan, E. C. Beaton, C. Hamilton, A. Verderoda, A Newsboy, Prior & Co., Stewart, Hicks Piano Co., A Friend, A Friend, Old Two Four, F. Buscombe, H. B. Cuthbertson, D. C. Harrison, C. T. Rolston, B. B. J., F. S. Clarke, E. G., W. B., R. D. R., B., J., W. F. L., J. F., R. C. D., E. B. M., G. A. R., M. H. M., T. Q., S. M., J. M., Trade Budget, W. D., A Friend, A. M., H., G. C. H., E. J., Knowdell, W. B., F. H., A Friend, A. W., J. C., Mfg. Co., Spencer, W. G. R., G. H., Valley Dairy Co., Friend, W. S. Dalby, Piano, C. Jordon (25 cents each)	24.25
A Friend, A Friend, H. Mutrie (20 cents each)	.60
J. K. P.	.15
J. Oben, five pounds of candy	
Total	$116.90

"There is not a single constituency in the province desirous of being represented by an independent member. The electorate want their members to be straight "For or against the government."—Victoria Post. For pure unadulterated gall and a slap at the intelligence of the people the foregoing takes the cake. A man who can be led around by the nose by any party or clique or government is not much use. He belongs to the "grafter" gang. And the opposition is as full of them as any other. If we turn out one set of rascals and put another in, why, in the name of common sense, what's the use of making the change? The policy of the "for and against" party hangers-on seems to be always when they are out of office, to holler "Its time for a change," and "you must be for or against the government." Independents are the only ones who have been really consistent in advocating and adhering to their political principles in the province. We say to the Post, even if it is subsidized by the Bodwell aggregation, take a tumble.

With regret is chronicled the retirement of John Logg from the Trades and Labor council, of which institution he was president. During his term of office the council progressed as it never did before. He was untiring in his efforts to fetch the council out of the apathy into which it had fallen. It was at a special meeting of the Tailors' union held Friday night that the resignation of Mr. Logg was accepted. Owing to circumstances he considered it was in the best interests of his union that he should cease from acting as their representative, and pressed that he be released of the duties as delegate to the Trades and Labor council. Although no longer an active member of the council, he still remains a trustee of the new labor halls, and will continue to take an active part in the affairs of organized labor.—Colonist.

Please mention The Independent when you write to firms whose advertisements appear in our columns. That is an easy way of helping the labor paper. Another good way is to induce your friends to patronise those who advertise in its columns, and to mention The Independent also.

In these days of vaccination and inoculation, why not have the city doctor squirt something deadly into some of the aspirants for municipal honors. This would save the electors a deal of trouble and expense on election day. Tetanus or lock-jaw serum would be the real thing.

Mr. Robt. Todd, at the request of his many friends, has decided to run for license commissioner. "Bob" would make a good commissioner. Give him a vote. Mr. J. H. Watson's name has been mentioned, but so far he has not decided to come out.

Boston public library has put the ban on several of Eugene Fields' works. Boston's culture seems to be a trifle overtrained.

Englishmen are smarter than Americans. The latter must have a key to see anything funny in Punch and Ally Sloper.

Christmas is here. Don't forget the postmen.

WILL JOLLIFY.

The Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators, Local Union No. 138, of this city, will hold their election of officers on Thursday, the 26th inst. After which the union will resolve itself into a gathering of good fellowship. An energetic committee has arranged to have a good programme of songs, speeches, etc., as well as refreshments. The entertainment will be in the nature of a smoker. There is bound to be a good turn-out.

At Bridgeport, Conn., on the 11th inst., Dennis Mulvihill, the stoker mayor-elect, was inducted into office, and that city had the novel experience of inaugurating as its chief magistrate a man who left the coal heap in a local foundry to sit in the mayor's chair. Mulvihill, who, although he has been an alderman, never gave up his $1.50 a day job as stoker, received the largest majority ever given a mayor in that city, and in this year of reform overturned the Republican machine.

The American Federation of Labor is to be congratulated upon its decided to undertake the organization of the school teachers of Canada and the United States. It is a well-known fact that teachers are very poorly paid for their services. In Quebec in some districts they earn but $6 to $10 a month, and if they don't organize here their salaries will be reduced, too.

A young girl, eighteen years of age, named Eremeeva, teacher of the local schoool at Rutchi, in the government of Nijni-Novgorod, died of starvation, owing to the miserable salary she was receiving. It amounted to about fifteen shillings a month. There was, moreover, no free lodging.

NEWS OF THE LABOR WORLD

During November 2,910,840 net tons of freight were carried through the United States and Canadian "Soo" canals, as against 1,782,000 tons for November, 1900.

The German social-democratic party has opened a library at Berlin, where a collection will be made of all the books and pamphlets on socialism in all languages.

The total value of all farm products and live stock raised in Kansas this year is $350,000,000, $17,000,000 over last year, and an increase of $45,000,000 in two years.

It is estimated that the use of electricity in Canada has increased 66 per cent. in three years, and that 306 electric lighting companies are now doing business in the Dominion, as against 259 in 1898.

Russia has built a greater length of railway in the last twenty-five years than any other European country—15,142 miles is her record since 1875. Germany comes next with 14,666 miles. France has built 12,098 and England 5,089.

As a result of high railroad rates, produce merchants in New York say it is cheaper to import potatoes from Belgium than to have them brought from points west of Chicago. On the steamship Southwark, which arrived at New York this week, were 30,000 casks of potatoes.

The Official Guide, published by the National Railroad Publishing Company, is a complete and accurate monthly digest of the railway and steamboat service at all points in the United States, Porto Rico, Canada, Mexico and Cuba. As an example of the amount of work involved in this compilation, it is stated that changes on 619 time tables, affecting 15,846 trains arriving or departing from 28,000 stations, were involved.

The capitalization of the railways of Pennsylvania for the fiscal year ending June 30 was $3,086,690,205, and the amount of capital outstanding for all the lines of the United States for 1901 was $11,491,034,960. On the railroads reporting the total number of employees was 225,865; last year the number was 307,737. The total amount of compensation paid in 1901 was $189,201,533; last year the amount paid was $176,762,468.

Consul Hossford reports from Trieste that there is every indication that Austria-Hungary is on the eve of a great industrial depression; that the wave of inactivity which has been influencing Germany for the past two years appears to be moving eastward. Until recently iron, steel, electricity, petroleum and nearly all other great industries seemed to be in a flourishing condition, the only apparent exception being the textile branch.

Bradstreets says that C. S. Hurter, Dominion government metallurgist, of Vancouver, is responsible for the statement that among the millions of dollars of Yukon gold brought to him for purchase by the government this season was an abundance of platinum unknown to the miners. Hundreds of little nuggets of platinum were mixed with the coarse gold. Mr. Hurter gave it as his opinion that the miners of the Yukon were throwing away thousands of dollars worth of platinum daily. The Dominion government is now sending an expert to the Klondike to investigate the matter.

A serious conflict has broken out amongst the Milan socialists, the most powerful socialist body in Italy. A numerous section of the party refuses to follow the political opportunism of Signor Turati, who aims at diminishing the revolutonary character of socialism and supporting the present ministry. It will be interesting to follow the development of this conflict, which is an exact repetition of that which broke out in France. It is generally believed that the mass of the Italian socialists will rally to the ideas of Signor Turati and become, as in France and Germany, simply a political and parliamentary party.

Councillor Philip Snowden, of Keighley, the candidate of the independent party for Blackburn at the last election, said recently he could not get over the fact that the working classes were becoming more tory every year, and argued if they were to become an effective power their alliance must be with conservative rather than with liberals, whom they could not convert. The tory working man they could convert. The liberal working man was biased and prejudiced, whereas the tory working man was democratic and had an open heart and mind. The liberal opposition—or want of it—was more responsible for the war than Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy.

The funeral took place recently at Paturages of a socialist member of the Belgian parliament, Alfred Defuisseaux. Over 50,000 people took part in the funeral procession. Defuisseaux's career has been a remarkable one. He became originally known as a barrister engaged on behalf of miners in their disputes with their masters. As the outcome of a persecution he was struck off the roll of barristers, went abroad, and took part in the fighting in Bulgaria. On returning to Belgium he published a "People's Catechism," of which 500,000 copies were issued and which procured for him a sentence of a years' imprisonment.

Rogers, Brown & Co., of New York, think it is doubtful if in the whole history of the iron trade the month of December ever opened with the business of the following year so completely made. Mills, shops and furnaces for weeks past have been filling their order books with contracts running well into 1902, and in many cases through the entire year. Those industries dependent upon railroad equipment are booked far ahead. In all electrical lines it is found difficult to place construction orders for deliveries prior to midsummer, and the large shops are reported to have little capacity available prior to 1903.

According to the most recent census the total population of the administrative county of London was 4,433,018, of whom 2,099,548 were males and 2,333,470 females. This does not include the "outer ring," that part of the metropolis skirting the county. Marriage rate and birth rate has been steadily declining since 1853. In that year London's marriage rate was 22.3 per 1,000 persons (children, of course, included), while in 1898 the marriage rate was 18.7 per 1,000 persons. From 1851 to 1871 only about three males of every 1[illegible] entering wedlock did so under twenty-one years of age. The proportion is growing, however, and in 1897 it showed over four. The proportion of London girls who enter the marriage state under twenty-one is about four times as great, which is near about the comparison prevailing throughout England. The latest return of London marriages in 1898 is as follows: Bachelors married, 38,181; spinsters married, 39,698; widowers remarried, 3,862; widows remarried, 2,945; making a total of 84,686.

THE BARBERS.

On Wednesday night the Barbers' Union held a successful meeting, with President Isaacs in the chair. After disposing of matters of routine the election of officers for the ensuing year was held as follows: President, G. W. Isaacs, re-elected; vice-president, Fred Hall; financial secretary, D. P. Johnson, re-elected; recording secretary, C. D. Morgan, re-elected; treasurer, H. P. Davis; guardian, P. J. Bennett; guide, E. Morgan; finance committee, G. W. Isaacs, A. H. Leggatt and Fred. Hall; trustees, C. D. Morgan, E. Morgan, A. McLaughlin; delegates to Trades and Labor Council, G. W. Isaacs and J. A. Stewart.

The proposed license law for barbers was discussed at length, and progress made.

STILL IN THE FEDERATION.

President Frank Richardson and Secretary John Colby, of the South Wellington Miners' Protective Association, has written the Herald, stating that it is untrue as published that the Alexandra men had broken away from the amalgamation. The officers mentioned wish it to be distinctly understood that they are not responsible for the statements made nor for letters appearing in the press, but that when any changes are made due notice will be given.

REMINDS YOU OF HOME.

The window of the City Grocery, Westminster avenue, dressed for the holidays, is quite a work of art. It represents a landscape showing an old grist mill, where Venus flour is made, and a farm house in the back ground, to which place the City Grocery delivery wagon is going loaded down with good things for Christmas. The ground is covered with snow. The City Grocery is nothing if not enterprising.

The Hon. W. C. Wells is a regular red herring factory. His supply never seems to run short.—Victoria Post.

VARIETY IN OATHS.

METHODS OF SWEARING TO THE TRUTH THE WORLD OVER.

The Parsee Prefers to Vouch for His Veracity by Holding the Tail of a Cow—The Chinese Methods Are Many and Curious in Form—The Oath of Britain's Ruler.

The ruler of Great Britain swears to uphold the Church of England, and in only two other countries does the royal oath of office make any reference to religion. The King of Portugal swears to maintain the Catholic religion and the King of Greece to support the Greek church. The whole subject of oaths is interesting. They presuppose that any man is liable to break his mere word—kings and emperors as well as anybody else. Whether an oath makes the average man more truthful or not is a question. The general opinion seems to be and always to have been that it does. In Germany, however, oaths have been abolished altogether, and in America, England and Australia any one objecting to being sworn in court on religious grounds is allowed to affirm. In France no oath is required of members of the national legislature, and it cannot be held that German witnesses, Quakers and members of the French Chamber of Deputies are more unreliable in court than other people. A philosopher once said that when the oath ceased to be binding no country could exist for a year.

The taking of an oath is a very ancient practice and has been common to all nations, civilized and savage, in all times. The Medes and the Persians, the Egyptians and the Assyrians swore, and the time probably never will come when the oath will have died out of the world. There is a great variety in the form of taking an oath, but the object is the same—to call down upon oneself the vengeance of God as the penalty of untruth. But there is a concurrent and very lively sense of the vengeance of the law as well. In England, Spain, Italy and Austria the oath is taken on the Bible. The English always kiss the book. In France, Belgium and Scotland the oath is taken with the right hand raised over the head.

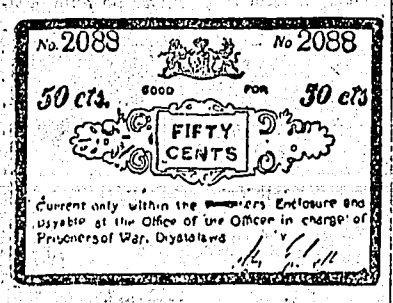
Parsees sometimes give rise to much perplexity in law courts. They strongly object to be sworn on the Bible, and claim the right to make the oath as in their own country—namely, by holding the tail of a cow. The cow being a sacred animal in the eyes of the Parsee, he can commit no sin while touching it. But there is fortunately an alternative. In the city of London courts some years ago, it being impracticable to procure a cow, a Parsee took a sacred relic out from his bosom and holding it aloft, swore impressively, "By God, and God omniscient, and God omnipresent and God almighty."

Mohammedans are much opposed to swearing. When they do swear, it is a solemn ceremony and is performed by holding the Koran in the right hand, placing the left hand on the forehead, and bringing the head down to the book. A Mohammedan seldom commits perjury. In India their prejudice against swearing is so strong that the Government allows them to affirm.

The Chinese have a great variety of oaths, many of them curious in form. One of them is taking a saucer and breaking it while the clerk says, "You shall tell the truth and the whole truth. The saucer is cracked, and if you do not tell the truth your soul shall be cracked like the saucer." This is a binding oath, for the Chinaman believes that his soul can be smashed into fragments. Chinese in this country and England are sometimes sworn by the broken saucer. More effective, however, in the eyes of the Celestials is the joss stick. The joss stick is set alight, and while it burns the Chinese swearer wishes that his soul may be burned like the stick if he gives false evidence. The Chinese swear in many other ways. A solemn oath is made by writing certain sacred characters on a paper and burning it, praying at the same time that he may be burned if he does not speak the truth. Sometimes he swears by burning a piece of straw, but nothing is so forcible in drawing the truth from a Chinaman as getting him to cut off a cock's head. This, like the breaking of the saucer, has a religious foundation. The Chinese believe that if their bodies are mutilated on earth their souls will be similarly mutilated in heaven.

Boer Prisoners' Bank Notes.

The Boer prisoners in camp in Ceylon have shops and a newspaper, and, as befits a civilized community, a paper currency. The British authorities do not allow the prisoners to have more money than 25 cents in



BOER PRISONERS' BANK NOTES

copper in their possession at one time, but greater wealth is represented in paper notes of different value. The above is a reproduction of a note for 50 cents. In it the language of the camp it is a "good-for" and so it is. These paper notes are most popular.

Russia as a Railway Builder.

Russia has built a greater length of railway in the last 25 years than any other European country—15,142 miles is her record since 1875. Germany comes next with 14,666 miles. France has built 12,998, and Britain 5,089 miles.

A GLORIOUS LAND.

There is a beautiful land in a northern clime,
Where the pine grows tall and strong,
And the moose deer roves thru the maple groves,
With his limbs so lithe and long;
Where the beaver dams the silver creek,
And the buffalo was wont to roam;
Where the cascade leaps from the dazzling heights,
To be lost in the feathery foam.
Then row me o'er to Canada's shore,
To the land I love the best;
For beneath her pine and maple groves
I would lay my bones to rest

There are prairies vast, with their waving grass,
Where the browsing herds are seen,
Where fields of waving, golden grain
Do nod to the shimmering sheen
Of the silvery moon, in an azure sky,
And the bright aurora's gleam;
Like the gates ajar in the heavenly land,
I see thee in my dreams.
Then row me o'er to yon bright shore,
To the land I love the best,
'Neath the maple leaf and the golden sheaf,
I would lay me down to rest.

The dancing waves of yon inland sea
Are lost on the shimmering sand,
While the wavelets glint in the golden sun,
Like a gleam from the fairy land.
There are the floral bowers in her forest glades,
And the song of her mighty rivers;
The thundering boom of the great cataract,
Which goes on and on forever.
Then row me o'er to Canada's shore,
To the dearest spot on earth,
To the land of heroes brave and true,
To the land which gave me birth.

The stalwart sons of Canadian soil
Shall shoulder to shoulder stand,
With their thews of iron and sinews of steel,
For the good of the mother land;
For the good of the land which gave them birth,
The land of corn and wine,
The land of gold and gigantic wold,
Where the circling ivies twine.
Then row me back to the land I love,
Oh, row me o'er the river,
To the land of the maple, the land of the free—
O Canada for ever!

—A. J. Mark.

Toronto, September, 1901.

INTERESTING FLAG EXHIBIT.

That of the Seminary of St. Sulpice in the City of Montreal.

During the recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall to Montreal, a church building had the most interesting exhibit of all. The building is the Seminary of St. Sulpice, which nestles in quaint, medieval form under the wing of old Notre Dame. The decorations consisted only of a score and a half flags hung over the high stone wall. They were overshadowed, eclipsed, by the displays around about, and the display was positively mean looking to the unobservant, but to the man of eyes the flags betray a history. The flags are white, yellow, blue, the English Jack, the French tricolor, and floating above all the white emblem of the society. The white flags are grey with age, the yellow discolored, and the national emblems look frayed and worn. That big white flag above has been in possession of the society in Montreal since the sixteenth century, when the pioneers of the great order landed at Hochelaga. It has floated from the tower on all church gala occasions. It has floated there with others during the celebration of Canadian victory in 1812. It flaunted in the breeze with the tricolor of France and the Jack of old England when Sebastopol was conquered, and it symbolized the joy of the priests when the Jubilee was celebrated.

Every flag that greeted the Duke of York has a history. Most of them greeted his royal father 41 years ago. The building itself has some pretension to historic interest beyond its age. Within those walls in 1776 Benjamin Franklin and his emissaries tried to seduce the Sulpicians from their allegiance to England's King—and failed most miserably to incite revolt.

Why We Cheer.

Don't err, it isn't the Duke of York alone the nation cheers, but the throne and the people behind it—the beef-eaters, the sturdy men, those who have made the little island great.

We look at the Duke and pass him away down the long avenue of British history. We cheer because Wellington won at Waterloo; we cheer because the maimed, glorious Nelson fell and every man did his duty; we cheer because of Gordon, the great man with a soul that wanted to reach out and love the whole world; we cheer because of Alfred the Great, the road-maker and burner of pancakes; we cheer because of Cromwell, the old-time rough rider; because of Shakespeare, the poet for all time, and Milton, his brother in immortality; because of Byron and Tennyson, Burns and Gladstone; we cheer because of her whom we loved, our Queen, his grandmother; because of our King, whom we respect, his father.

The arches, the great guns, the hats doffed, courtiers on their knees, the cheers are not for the Duke alone, but in honor of the great past of the little island that he represents, and in whose history he may some time take a vital part as King.

No Better Soil Anywhere.

"The fertility of the soil is unsurpassed anywhere," said Mr. Gibson, "the climate is not severe, and no early frosts injure the crops. Now that the Canadian Northern runs through this district throughout its entire extent, any objection to the want of transportation, whether eastward or westward, has been removed. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a more desirable field for immigration of farm settlers who are not afraid to grapple with the ordinary difficulties and hardships incidental to original settlement."

The timber in the Rainy Lake district seemed more plentiful than he had supposed. There are large areas of excellent Norway pine, which can be sawn into lumber for the increasing and ever-ready market in Manitoba. He had no doubt but that in the near future the Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake and the numerous other waters in that part of the Province would be resorted to by summer tourists from the United States as well as from older Ontario.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

When They Go Berrying.

When little folks go berrying, don't you think it might be a good plan to stick a piece of court plaster across the lips? Then the berries would oftener get a chance to go into the pail, instead of down a long red lane.

Mother has had her mouth fixed for a dish of raspberries ever since blossom time, and the children have said to her over and over again:

"Mother, that big bush by the roadside has heaps and heaps of berries on it,

THE BUSH LOOKS NEARLY EMPTY.

and just as soon as they are ripe, you shall have a nice treat."

Poor mother! How surprised and disappointed she will be!

The bush looks nearly empty, yet Sally has not the bottom of her pail covered; in Tom's basket one can scarcely count 20, and Barbara, having nothing else, uses her mouth as a basket.

Now you see, if their mouths had been closed with the court plaster, there is no telling how many berries mother might have had for her tea!

Why He Failed.

A young man who had failed by only three points in an examination for admission to the marine corps appealed to his representative in congress for assistance, and together they went to see the secretary of the navy in the hope of securing what is known as a "rerating" of his papers.

"How many chances do you want?" asked Secretary Long. "This is your third time." And before the young man had a chance to answer the secretary continued: "How do you expect to get along in the world when you smoke so many cigarettes? Your clothes are saturated with their odor. Pull off your gloves and let me see your fingers. There, see how yellow they are!" pointing to the sides of the first and second fingers.

Before the young man found his tongue to offer an explanation the secretary asked him if he drank.

"Only once in awhile," was the sheepish reply.

Secretary Long then invited the congressman into his private office and, while offering to do everything that he could consistently, added, "I am sick of trying to make anything of these boys that are loaded with cigarette smoke and drink 'once in awhile.' They are about hopeless."

When they left the department building, the young man, half apologizing for his poor showing, remarked, "Drinking, my father says, is the bane of the navy."

"I guess it is," replied the congressman laconically.—American Boy.

The Way to Learn.

"Say, dad, when I grow big I wanter be a 'torshnist—you know, like a man in a circus what bends all up crooked—and George Bly says I oughter dite when I'm little—and he says 'dite' means to eat purtickler things and not nothin else—and now what'll I eat to make me a 'torshnist?"

"Green apples, my son."

Ruth's Apology.

Rain, rain, go to Spain!
Never, never come again!

Now, have you gone to Spain,
Dear rain?
You stay so long away,
My garden grows more dusty and
More dreary every day,
And all the vegetables are dry
And withered up and small.
Why, that old foolish rhyme I said
I didn't mean at all!

My little brook I love so well
Has thin and sickly grown.
Where once I tried in vain to cross
Are only piles of stone,
And where were little waterfalls,
With rushes round the brink,
Are only muddy, trampled pools
Where cows come down to drink.

And so, please, if you took offense,
Forgive me right away
And come and water all my flowers
Soon as you can—today
If quite convenient. Don't feel bad.
Forget and come again.
Why, "never" was just make believe
I really love you, rain,
Dear rain!
Oh, please come back from Spain!

—Youth's Companion.

A Wonderful Puppy.

A 5-year-old in writing to his absent father said: "You just ought to see my puppy, papa! He is getting bigger every day, and sometimes twice a day."

RUNAWAY MARRIAGE

LIEUT. CECIL AND HIS BRIDE NOW AWAIT THE PENALTY.

Miss Bain and Her Husband, a Ward in Chancery, Defied the Court and Married in Scotland—A Serious Offence Committed by Miss Bain Under English Law—What the Chancellor May Do.

Interesting details are given in The London Daily Telegraph, which arrived by the English mail on the 30th October, of the Cecil romance, which has attracted great attention in England, owing to the fact that the young couple concerned have set at defiance the Lord Chancellor, by getting married in Scotland.

The bridegroom, Lieutenant Richard William Francis Cecil, a nephew of the Marquis of Exeter, is a ward in Chancery, being 19 years of age, and, under the will of his grandfather, Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, enjoys or will enjoy an income of about $40,000. His marriage with Miss Jessie Bain, the daughter of a Belfast stock broker, was objected to by his mother, Lady Francis Cecil, who procured an injunction from the Court of Chancery to prevent it. The lovers, however, went to Edinburgh, where the English Court of Chancery has no jurisdiction, got married, and proceeded to London to await the consequences of their evasion of the English law.

"Quite a reception," says The Daily Telegraph, "awaited the stout-hearted couple at King's Cross Station. They were cheered as they stepped from the train and walked to a cab to drive to a hotel. Lieut. Cecil, in an interview, declared that he had no particular course of action marked out. He was now within the jurisdiction of the Lord Chancellor, and would await whatever action the court might take with regard to him. Mrs. Cecil, who is a tall, handsome lady, was dressed in a grey traveling cloak and blue toque, with black trimmings. Her husband is a stalwart-looking young fellow, quite six feet in height. He wears a slight, fair moustache, and looks at least 23 or 24, instead of his real age of just over 19 years.

It seems to have escaped general notice that the offending person in this very delightful modern romance is not Lieut. Cecil himself, but the lady, who has had the temerity to make him her husband. Wards in Chancery form a class in the community whom the law guards with special jealousy. If they are of the weaker sex, they are surrounded with microscopic precautions, and they must only do or be done by as the Lord Chancellor desires.

"The ward must not be sent to school or to business without the consent of the court; and, above all, the guardian must not take the ward abroad or allow him to go abroad without the special permission of the Lord Chancellor. But, by far the most awful penalties attached to anybody, male or female, who marries a ward of court without permission. So careful is the Lord Chancellor about this matter, that the ward's guardian 'must not allow the ward to make love or be made love to, with a view to marriage, still less to be engaged to be married, or to marry, without leave from His Lordship.'"

It is a serious thing to marry a ward of court. And the ungallant part of the law is that it attaches the same penalty, whether the ward is male or female. It is unlikely that Lord Halsbury will have Mrs. Cecil hauled before him and committed to Holloway Jail for her "contempt" in marrying Lieut. Cecil, without first consulting the head of the Court of Chancery, but the lady undoubtedly is in a dangerous position.

But, with a topsy-turveyness not frequent in the English law, the "punishment" in such case usually consists in imprisoning, not the lady, but her husband, until he makes a settlement of his property in such a way that the wife cannot get any of it. Fortunately for Mrs. Cecil, she runs no risk of this punishment, because it is only resorted to where the judge "is satisfied that the lady is a designing woman, who has inveigled the unsuspecting youth into a clandestine marriage and an untimely fate." What will happen to Lieut. Cecil, however, depends entirely upon the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Cecil managed to avoid the arrest which the Lord Chancellor ordered in consequence of the young man's disregard of his guardian, who, in this case, was his mother, but, so far as the law goes, he does not appear to have committed any contempt of court. That very indeterminate class of "offence" was committed only by Miss Bain in daring to wed Lieut. Cecil without first consulting the Lord Chancellor and obtaining his consent.

It is exceedingly improbable, however, that Lord Halsbury will impose a vicarious punishment by imprisoning her husband or stopping his allowance until he reaches the age of 21. He may, however, take strict measures in relation to the disposal of Mr. Cecil's fortune, so that the property and money shall not go to those who might profit by it in ordinary circumstances; that is to say, he can prevent any portion of it going to Mrs. Cecil, should she survive her husband.

It is understood that Lady Francis Cecil will take no further proceedings against Lieut. Cecil for his marriage with Miss Bain.

Killing Rats With Gas.

Some interesting experiments have taken place at the London docks to show the effect of a new system for the extermination of rats on board ships. The vessel is charged with sulphur dioxide gas, which apparently has the effect of attracting the rats from their hiding places, and as soon as they breathe the fumes they become suffocated. In the experiments on the steamer Gourkha several hundred rats were destroyed in a few minutes by means of the gas which has no injurious effect upon the decorations of the saloon.

A Chart For the Hour.

Whistle when luck makes light your heart
Sing when you've cheer in store,
But, oh, when trouble gets a start
Then sing and whistle more.

He Could Stand It.

Girl—Are you a lover of music, professor?

Professor—Yes, I am; but it does not make any difference. Just go on and play away.

Safer and as Sure.

Joe—If you have anything mean to say about a man, say it to his face.

Billy—Oh, it will get around to him almost as quick.

Of Two Extremes.

A giggler's better than the man
Who never laughs a bit.
To laugh at nothing's better than
To worry over it.

Had Done Her Best.

May—Cholly Gotrox is in love with me and doesn't know it.

Grace—Well, don't worry, my dear. It isn't your fault.

A Plea For the Colonels.

Oh, tell us not the crop has failed!
Revive our hopes anew;
For, if there isn't any corn,
What will Kentucky do?

Out of the Ordinary.

Miss Gushleigh—She is beautiful, isn't she?

Van Sharp—Ye—es. But she is brighter than she looks.

SHERLOCK HOLMES, JR.

Another One of His Remarkable Deductions Comes to Light.

Sherlock Holmes, Jr., clutched his companion's arm and said:

"Do you see that man?"

"Yes. You mean the one with the mustache and goatee, don't you?"

"The same. He was awake all last night with the toothache. His wife wanted to put the hot water bottle on his cheek, but he wouldn't have it, and she made him promise to have the thing pulled today. His tooth isn't aching now, though."

"Then he is a friend of yours, is he? Why don't you introduce me?"

"A friend of mine? No. I never saw him until I called your attention to him a moment ago."

The great amateur detective's companion shied away like a married woman who sees Wu Ting Fang coming to ask questions and said:

"Sherlock, there's no use talking. I've got to quit associating with you. This uncanny way you have of finding out all about people who are strangers to you is making me nervous. I'm afraid of you. How do you know this man had the toothache all last night?"

"Look at his eyes. They are all red. They are the eyes of a man who has been robbed of sleep."

"Yes. I can see that his eyes are red, but perhaps he is a victim of hay fever or something of that kind."

"No. If you could make deductions you would know better. Look again. You will see a dentist's sign in a window across a street there."

"Yes; I see it."

"I noticed that he gave a sudden start when he happened to see that sign, and half stopped as if he thought of going over. Then he put a hand up to his cheek, assumed a cheerful look and hurried on. So you see his tooth has quit aching."

"But how do you know he didn't have a hot water bottle against his cheek last night?"

"Because he has just had a shave. A man never gets shaved the next morning after letting his cheek rest upon a hot water bottle. Of course his wife wanted him to let her add to his misery by boiling his face, because that's always a woman's way in such a case of being kind."

"Perhaps. But I think you have left one point unexplained. How do you know the man has a wife?"

"Oh, but you're dull. You're about the poorest deductor I ever saw. Didn't you notice that he was wearing a hair watch chain? Who but a man with a good, strong wife whose hair composed it would wear one of those things in this enlightened age?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Returning Vacationists.

They're coming back with noses
By Old Sol painted red;
O'er necks and cheeks and foreheads
The tan is thickly spread.
From mountain and from seashore,
From lake and spring and glen,
The throngs of pleasure seekers
Are coming home again.

They're coming back with stories
Of marvels they have seen
And now and then are telling
Of cost in good long green.
The summer boys are boasting
Of valor they displayed,
And summer girls are smiling
O'er conquests that they made.

The parson who's been resting
Is showing in his face
That he again is ready
To give Old Nick a chase.
The lawyer who's been loafing
Where Neptune strives to please
Is now for clients ready,
With mind intent on fees.

The gas man and the plumber
Have had their time of rest,
And now the nimble dollar
They'll hunt with greater zest,
And thousands are the toilers
Who work with hand or brain
Now coming back more able
To bear the daily strain.

In many homes there's smiling
And oft exchange of jokes,
Because back home are coming
Long absent women folks.
And of these happy fellows
There's one supremely gay;
He tried to cook his victuals
While wifey was away.

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph

IF YOU HAVE ASTHMA

Bronchitis, or a Severe Cold on the Chest and Lungs, Doctors will Point you to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as the most Effective Treatment.

For every class of disease there is one medicine that stands pre-eminent as being superior to all others. In the case of Asthma, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung ailments the recognized treatment is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Doctors do not hesitate to say that when the patient becomes flushed and exasperated in his struggle for breath, wheezes loudly and experiences intense agony in his chest and lungs there is no preparation available that will give such prompt and thorough relief as

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

Mrs. George Budden, Putnamville, Ont., says:—"I feel it my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, as I had the Asthma very bad; could get nothing to do me any good. A friend of mine persuaded me to try this remedy, as he had tried it, and it proved successful. I tried it and it cured me. I am thankful today to say I am a well woman through the use of this remedy. I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is so well known in the homes of Canada that it seems unnecessary to add further comment, but a word of warning may be needed. There are other preparations of linseed and turpentine, imitations of Dr. Chase's. Be sure the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on the bottle you buy. Twenty-five cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60c. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HOME WORK FOR EVERYBODY—DON'T BE IDLE

We want Men, Women and Children to Work for us at their own Homes, under the Direction of

THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING SYNDICATE, LIMITED

(Authorized Capital, $180,000) To Fill Large Contracts—Good Wages Easily Earned

We want a few more workers in this locality, at once, and in order to secure your co-operation without the delay of correspondence, we herewith explain our full plan in this advertisement. The work is simple, and the Machine is easily operated, and with the Guide, requires no teacher. If you wish to join our staff of Workers let us hear from you promptly with remittance, and we will send machine and outfit to begin work at once.

We wish to secure the services of families to do knitting for us in their homes. We are the introducers of this plan in Canada and are the largest knitting concern on the continent. After long experience, we have been able to produce an Automatic Machine by which all kinds of seamless knitting is done by our Family Machine, thereby enabling anyone of ordinary intelligence to quickly learn to do the work from the Instruction Guide. All that we require is that you use the machine according to directions. The Machine being made expressly for this purpose, and the operation so simple, it cannot possibly make a mistake in its work.

The great demand now is for Woodmen's Socks, and Motormen's Mittens, and as we are unable to supply the demand, we have taken this method of advertising for more help. The price we pay for finished bicycle stockings is $10.00 per hundred; woodmen's socks, 5c. per pair, and motormen's mittens, 12c. a pair. The machine can be operated by any one of a family, and at our prices any energetic family should be able to sustain themselves comfortably.

Our plan is to send out each machine to beginners with a sock or stocking partially knitted, and remaining in the machine ready to be continued, and also enough yarn to knit one pair of sample socks or stockings and a simple and complete Instruction Guide, showing how the work is to be done. When sample has been finished and returned to us satisfactory, we send a quantity of yarn, which you knit and return likewise when finished. We prepay charges on all work one way, and our workers pay return charges. The work, as we have stated, is simple and rapidly done, the machine having a capacity of ten thousand stitches a minute. We have many persons now in our employ who can knit from twenty-five to thirty pairs of socks or stockings a day, and where the time of a family is devoted to the work, you can readily see that from $7 to $10 per week can be easily earned.

We furnish our workers all the materials, yarn, etc., free, and everything that is necessary for the work. We furnish the machine only for the exclusive use of those desiring to take employment with us, who must, in order to become a member, send us at least one good reference, and remittance accordingly, to give us the necessary assurance that the quantities of valuable yarn we may send from time to time will not be wasted or misappropriated. Our interests are mutual, and this confidence must be established if were are to succeed. We guarantee fair dealing and prompt payment for work, so do not ask us to deviate from our terms; as we cannot make a distinction with one and not another; besides, we are doing an extensive business, and must be governed by business principles.

The manufactured price of the machine is $15, and positively will not be sold to any others than those who will agree to do knitting for us.

There is a large demand by the trade for this class of work. Our workers can depend upon it year after year, and if you engage with us (whole or spare time) we will keep you supplied with work as long as you do it satisfactorily for us and return it promptly. We entrust our workers with large quantities of valuable yarn, and as we give references as to our honesty and integrity, we must ask you to do the same, in order that we may know with whom we are dealing.

We have, in as brief a manner as possible, endeavoured to show you what our work is, we simply say as to the machine, it is just what we represent it to be, and will positively do everything we claim for it, or refund the money. Each machine, securely packed with an outfit, is set up for work, thoroughly tested, and a sock or stocking partially knitted before boxing and shipping. Should you decide to engage with us, it will be necessary to send us at least one good reference, together with the remittance of $15.00, which makes the machine your property, upon receipt of which we will forward machine and outfit ready to commence.

We are so frequently and unnecessarily asked if one can learn to knit without a teacher. We say, Yes; it requires no teacher; any person of ordinary intelligence who can read the Instruction Guide can learn to knit at once.

If at any time a worker becomes dissatisfied and wishes to discontinue in our employ we will take back the machine and return the money, provided the machine is in as good condition as when received and provided an amount of work equal to the amount paid for the machine has been done.

In ordering you must enclose $15 and give the names of some responsible friend or neighbor as a reference—one who will speak as to your honesty, also name your nearest express office.

Address: THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING SYNDICATE, LIMITED,

Our References—Express Companies, Banks, or Toronto Business Houses. Head Office: McKinnon Bldg., Toronto.

RESPONSIBILITY

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened! No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere! Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?
No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby!
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the throne
And gaze into the face that makes glorious their own,
Know this, surely, at last! Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow—
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary?
Hush! The sevenfold heavens to the voice of the Spirit
Echo, "He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit!"

—Lytton.

THE STORY OF A SONG

By Mrs. HERMANN RATZECHMAR.

Only a little worn black book, so small that it could be carried in one's pocket, and yet the faded writing tells the heart secret of a lone poet's life. It might still have lain at the bottom of that musty pile of manuscript if I had not found my way into the old obscure shop one afternoon of that never to be forgotten summer in Vienna. And so I give it to the world. "What should I do without you, my beloved confidant! You are not to me pages of lined paper between two covers, but my *inner self*, to whom I unreservedly pour out my longings and aspirations. To you only can I 'give sorrow words' to voice my deepest joy. It makes no difference to you, dear little journal, that I am short of stature and of sight, round shouldered, awkward in my manner and my gait. What care you that my face is plain and my speech halting? Those outward signs that make the man foremost have never troubled you. You know the real Franz Steinert, his weakness and his strength and are ever ready to receive his confidence, and you shall have it, best of friends. To you I'll think aloud.

"Have you forgotten that this is Jan. 31, and I am twenty-one? Think what a long, uphill climb life has been to that little lad old Holzer taught to play and sing! Aye, but think again of all the joy that music has brought to him! How proud my dear old master was of all I did! I can remember once he gave me Bach's 'Heart Ever Faithful' for a theme, and when I improvised and modulated into different keys he cried out with delight, 'The boy has harmony in his finger ends.'

"What do I not owe you, *faithful* friend and teacher? Were you not the first to place within my hand the key to the deep hidden mysteries of tone? I am convinced that today will be the red letter day of my life, for the count's patronage must bring success. I wonder if he dreamed what his generous offer meant to me.

"I tried to stammer my gratitude, but human speech fails to show what is in the heart. Only the language music speaks can adequately tell of disappointments, lofty desires, hope's fulfilment. The count laid his hand upon my shoulder as I played, and then I came to know at once that he felt the thanks I could not utter.

"By the calendar it is a month (though I can scarcely believe it) since that morning, when, trembling, I tried to make a careful toilet for my first visit to my noble patron's, where I was to give lessons in music to his daughters. My threadbare waistcoat and frayed linen never showed so plainly. I was an hour inking the seams of my coat and paring the edges of my cuffs. Finally I started for the palace, my heart thumping so loudly against my ribs that, when I haltingly finished my inarticulate greetings to the count, I feared to hear him ask the lackey, 'What is that pounding?'

"While I was vainly struggling to command breath and words a fairylike apparition stood beside me. Her father said, with loving accent, 'My daughter,' but inwardly I questioned, 'Can anything so exquisite be material flesh and blood?' There seemed to be a gleam of sunshine in the half darkened room. I looked and found it was her smile. I heard a tender cadence, a strain so beautiful it could only come from heaven. Dumb and motionless I listened for it again, and then I knew it was her voice.

"How can I tell even you, my inner self, of all her graciousness of manner throughout these weeks, of all her love for what is best in music, of her keen appreciation of a thought expressed in tone?

"Days, weeks, months have passed, I'm told, and yet I could count time only by two hours each week. How short they are to hold the whole of life! Can I be—I, who never looked with love upon a woman until now, and she as far above me as the stars, although not sharp and glittering like those distant orbs, but sympathetic, kind and true, my Lady Caroline!

"What could have moved her so this morning? She seemed oppressed, and as she finished playing Beethoven's favorite 'Andante' tears filled her eyes.

"'I love it and seem to feel it in my heart,' she murmured, 'but when I play it sounds so cold, so harsh. Tell me the secret of your touch, my master,' and she lifted up her eyes beseechingly to mine.

"For a minute's space I could not answer, for there rose before me my miserable, starved childhood, so unutterably different from the life of her who questioned me. I shivered as I seemed to see an ill clad boy of twelve, in the early dawn of a bitter winter's day, making his way to the practice room where no warmth nor ray of sunshine ever penetrated, and where his numb fingers could hardly call forth the tones he loved, and so hungry that even his loved music could not bring forgetfulness of that gnawing hunger.

"A wave of pity filled my heart for that desolate little lad, as though he were some other than myself, as I recalled the piteous letters he would write to his brother, begging a few kreutzers with which to buy an apple or a bun to keep body and soul together, and, looking down upon this dainty child of fortune as she still questioned me with those dark eyes of heaven's blue, I stammered:

"'You would know the secret of my touch? I studied it in a school whose name I pray you may never comprehend—the school of poverty. The masters who taught me all I know may come to you in later years, and, if they do, their training, hard though it may be, will give you all you long for in your music.'

"Oh, little book of mine, words are too poor to tell the sympathy, the encouragement in her voice—her face. If God had only made her nearer to my level—what am I saying? Would I, if I could, drag her down to my poverty, my hedged in life? No, never! She is my star, my queen, whom I shall ever worship.

"While I stood trembling before her, speechless with love, she spoke again:

"'Surely you have something to say to me, my master?'

"Hesitatingly, I drew a slip of paper from my pocket, saying: 'Yesterday I was uneasy, restless, and in the evening, to bring sleep, I walked many miles. Returning weary, I stopped at a little wayside inn, and as I sat at table idly turning the leaves of a book some one had left there this line caught my eye: "Hark, hark! The lark at heaven's gate sings." And instantly a melody sang itself to the words, and I was compelled to write it down. I searched my pockets for a bit of paper, but could find none, so I used the bill of fare. Will you pardon me that I bring it to you just as it is?'

"Then, without more words, I played it to her—played as I never had before. She sat near me, and when I paused she did not speak, but with her eyes said, 'More!'

"'This I wrote and thought of you,' I whispered, and I played 'Who Is Sylvia?'

"When I rose to go, it was my lady's turn to tremble. 'I—I'— she stammered, and in her confusion I grew strangely self possessed. 'I long have wished to ask you why—why, as you have dedicated so many of your noble works to others, I alone am left unnoticed. Do you not think me worthy?' She glanced up shyly, while hot blushes overspread neck and brow. My voice sounded far away as I said:

"'My lady, do you not know that everything I have ever done is already dedicated in my heart to you?'

"The blow has fallen, little speechless comforter. She is going from me. These few lines which she has written take from me sunshine, life, and thrust me into that outer darkness whence there is no escape:

"'Dear Master—In three days we leave for Hungary to pass the summer. Will you not come and give one more lesson to your pupil? C. E.'

"Mein liebschen, thou art gone and hast taken with thee all save honor! I did not speak, though thou didst question me with thy sweet eyes, but yet my soul communed with thine, and it did seem that thy heart answered mine. Heart's dearest, couldst thou read aright thou must have seen and known for months how dear thou art to me. I do not speak thy name alone within this little room without falling upon my knees in reverence for thy goodness.

"Canst thou divine the pang it cost me that I must let thee go and never say 'I love thee?' And yet, through all the bitter pain one thought brought comfort—rapture. It was this: That I, so poor that I dare not tell thee in words the worship that I feel, yet have the power within me to express my love for thee in never dying song. Yes, yes! Immortal beloved, in my heart there sings for thee a song of songs that will live when we are gone; will live to tell the world the sacredness of man's love for woman, of my love for thee.

* * * * * * * *

"How many days I have neglected you, dear little book. I am so weary, so tired of this hopeless struggle, that something within me cries, 'Take courage, it is not for long; your work is nearly done!' God grant it may be so, and yet that night, when underneath her window I stooped and lifted to my lips this faded rose her hand had thrown me and read these words wrapped round the stem, I felt life held no deeper bliss:

"'Beloved, I know well now the masters who taught thee so long ago the secret of thy thrilling touch and tone, for they are daily with me. Their names mean life and they are called experience and love. What can I say to thee of thy dear song, whose melody still fills my soul, save that it tells me all I longed to know, and leaves me comforted though broken hearted?'

"I read again and yet again her dear confession. I pressed it to my heart, my lips. Those first days when my Caroline *had gone my song kept ever ringing* in my ears—the song that was to tell her how I loved—adored.

"At last there came a time when even love could bear no more. 'I must, I will go and sing my song to her' I cried in my despair. 'At night, when all is hushed and still beneath her window, I can ease my heart.'

* * * * * * * *

"It was past midnight when I crept through the garden gate. Silently I stood awhile beneath her window. Far off a nightingale sang in the forest depths. Yearningly I stretched my arms and breathed, 'Where the darkling streams are creeping, dearest, let us go.' Then love touched my voice and carried it on wings of glory unto my desire.

"All the stars keep watch in heaven
While I sing to thee,
And the night for love was given;
Dearest, come to me.

"A power from above filled me as I sang my 'swan song' to my beloved. Was I awake? Was I not dreaming? I feel again the thrill with which I saw the outer blind move slowly back, and in the moonlight, grave and pale, there stood my Lady Caroline. Although I heard no word, I knew 'farewell' was on her lips and in her tear dimmed eye.

"She stood an instant; then, as she reached to draw the blind that was to shut her face from me forevermore, there fluttered from her hand and dropped down at my feet this crushed white rose.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Managing a Husband.

Every unmarried woman has said: "I'd like to own that man for one day. I'd teach him to behave." But have you noticed that when they marry they don't seem to manage any better than others?—Atchison Globe.

Cheapening.

Jones—I've just been doing something that always makes me feel cheap.

Smith—What is that?

Jones—Comparing my salary with what I think it ought to be.

A Real Martyr.

She—Yes, she is a woman who has suffered a great deal because of her belief.

He—Indeed! And what is her belief?

She—That she can wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 4 foot.

THANKSGIVING CAKE.

With Maple Sugar Frosting—Some Other Delicious Confections.

Mix together and beat with the hand until perfectly smooth two cups of bread dough (ready for shaping into loaves), half a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cloves, half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, mace and nutmeg, half a teaspoonful of soda, one cup of seeded raisins and one-fourth of a cup of sliced citron. Turn into a tube cake pan and when light (it should not quite double in bulk) bake in an oven at a temperature a little lower than for bread. When cold, pour a maple sugar frosting over the cake and decorate with pecan or hickory nuts and ornamental frosting. This cake is particularly good made of entire wheat bread dough.

Maple Sugar Frosting.—Stir a cupful of thin cream and two cupfuls (one pound) of grated or shaved maple sugar over the fire until dissolved,

THANKSGIVING CAKE.

then cook until the soft ball stage is reached without stirring. Remove from the fire, set into cold water and beat until of consistency to spread.

Boiled Maple Sugar Frosting.—Boil two cupfuls of maple sugar prepared as above with half a cupful of boiling water until a soft ball can be formed in cold water, then pour in a fine stream on to the stiff beaten whites of two eggs, beating constantly; return to the fire and beat carefully, to avoid burning, two or three minutes, then remove and beat occasionally until cold and of consistency to spread.

Mocha Cake.—Bake a sponge cake mixture in two round layer cake pans. *Half a pound each of eggs and sugar* and the usual proportion of other ingredients will give two layers and a dozen lady fingers. Prepare a mocha cream and spread smooth between the layers and upon the outside of the cake. Score the cake in pieces for serving. Pipe with the remainder of the cream.

For the mocha cream wash a cup of butter, then beat to a cream and add slowly enough thick sirup, flavored with coffee, to sweeten the mixture to taste. To make the sirup cook together a cup of sugar and half a cup of clear, strong coffee until a thick sirup is formed; cool before using. A cup and a half of butter will be needed for a large cake with heavy decoration.

Pound Cake.—Beat one and a half pounds of butter to a cream, add gradually one and a half pounds of sugar, then the beaten yolks of ten eggs; add alternately one and a half pounds of flour sifted with two level teaspoonfuls *of baking powder and a scant cup* of milk and, lastly, the whites of ten eggs beaten dry. When putting the mixture into the pan, add here and there a slice of citron.

A Popular Decorative Idea.

It has been quite a popular idea of late, says Good Housekeeping, in artistic effects to use handsome stretches of tapestry or brocade for background pieces against the wall behind couch or sofa. They make a fine show if from beauty and harmony of color or richness of texture they deserve so worthy and conspicuous a place. But it must be remembered that such backgrounds are to be the setting for living pictures, and it is only fair that they should not diminish or detract from the pose of the actors. It would be the poorest expression of art in the home if the personality of the occupants should not be always at its best in its own surroundings.

Sugared Sweet Potatoes.

Peel cold boiled potatoes cut in two lengthwise, place in a dripping pan flat side up, sprinkle with salt, pepper and granulated sugar quite freely. On each piece place a small piece of butter, and brown in a quick oven.

Latest Millinery.

Hats dip much over the face, a striking but not universally becoming style. Fur and lace blend together, and many hats and toques will be worn made entirely of fur.

Toques formed of inch wide gold braid alternating with silver and trimmed *with light blue panne and sable*

AN ELEGANT HAT.

are singularly dressy. Tricornes and adaptations of Napoleonic styles have great vogue.

The very chic hat illustrated is made in velvet and chiffon of an elusive tint only to be likened to the bloom on a ripe plum. The sides are formed of two leather pads separated by a French buckle, while the dome shaped crown is built up in goffered chiffon and circles of narrow velvet.

ENGLISH BEAUTY.

HOW THE STANDARD HAS CHANGED IN EIGHTY YEARS.

Once Everything Depended Upon the Eyes—The Burne-Jones, Rossetti and Du Maurier Types—What Is Liked Today.

A famous living artist, a great authority on what is peculiarly the study and aim of art—beauty—has been heard to maintain that women of our generation have a quite uncanny power of altering themselves for the overthrow and enslavement of their victim, man. If it be true at all, it is probable they always had that power and almost certain they never let it lapse for want of using it. *And certainly when we look round at the* pretty English girls of this present year it seems as if it were true. What is true is that the type seems to have completely changed.

Some eighty years ago a famous chaperon used to lay down as the condition of certain triumph that a girl should have eyes. Other points of beauty went for nothing or for little. If she had eyes she would do, and by "do" that much requisitioned chaperon meant that she was sure to capture a desirable husband. And the painters of those days showed us what sort were the eyes that did all the mischief. They were not demure, or provoking, or flashing; they were simply large, lazy, languorous and generally blue.

There was nothing "unholy" in the expression of the eyes; it was only in the color; they were essentially ingenue eyes. *Lady Hamilton had them*, but *Romney* managed generally so to deepen them with shadow that you never realized the color as blue. Now, with this beauty of eyes, and especially of blue eyes, came the beauty of complexion, the healthy *pink and white of the late Georgian and* even the early Victorian era. We have but to turn to any portrait of that time to see that the oval face, "the blue eye, dear and dewy, and the infantine sweet air of her" were what the painter knew his sitter would expect.

Then came the change. Rossetti, so to speak, discovered throats, Du Maurier made us look at chins, Hazlitt sang the praises of pallor, passion pale pallor; eyes were forgotten or overlooked and "regularity" was unnecessary to noses. Figures became long and angular, dress ignored figure and changed to drapery, and the whole type altered. Burne-Jones, Rossetti and Du Maurier seemed to have fashioned between them a new kind of beautiful woman. The portraits of the seventies record the changing fashion and it was part of it that the age of beauty was thought to come later in the life of woman. The type passed to exaggeration in the æsthetic craze, but, all the same, throat and chin and mouth and pallor ruled us and eyes and complexion went for little or nothing.

But the reaction was inevitable and not *long delayed*. It has come already. Women have again uncannily changed themselves for the destruction of man. The Rossetti type is disappearing and gradually giving place to two other types, which indeed have little in common. One may frankly be called the Romney type. The hair is brown and curly, the face is short, the nose is slightly upturned, the corners of the mouth turn up a little too. The only word of praise which you know would be inapplicable is "dignified." It is a soubrette kind of beauty, captivating, provocative, domestic, certainly not overintellectual, with no great tendency to literature or art, winsome, and conscious of its irresistibility. You see it just now largely leavening all classes of English society. There is nothing of the grande dame about it. Can you fancy one of the Rossetti-Du Maurier type beauties ever stooping to conquer, ever descending to the barmaid, and yet remaining Miss Hardcastle? You will see the type all through London today, in ladies, in shopgirls, in servants, a type very attractive for its healthy, lovable comeliness. Romney gave it to us for our admiration, and the London hairdresser has helped most girls more or less to come under it. The short locks with the curves support the curves of the retrousse nose, give zest and piquancy to the impertinence of the face, and give to the whole type its provocative charm. It certainly is not a refined kind. The face is broad, fat, white. The nose is rather shapeless. The ears are rather large and decidedly ugly. The mouth has little form in its lines, no firmness when it closes, little expression when it lies open. The roll of that black hair accentuates all these defects, and brings many individuals, really unlike, apparently under the same type. It won't last.

But there is another form of face which we have begun to see latterly which is a type and which has come to stay. Its beauty is more or less that of the early Victorian type. The eye here has for its essential a natural outlook. It does not beg the charity of notice, it does not care for it, but enjoys itself in the world and has its beauty from its pleasure. The bridge of the nose now returns to its normal importance. It is seen as that of the delicately lifted aquiline.

Du Maurier thirty years ago annexed the high bridge, accentuated its defects and made it the special preserve of the dowager duchesses. The ugliness of the exaggeration has now passed away. The delicate aquiline has a beauty of its own, especially when with it comes in once more the large eye that has room for a large lid. This type has also the charm of complexion, a wholesome red and white, cheeks that can blush subcutaneously, a face that ignores the surface of powder and the tint of rouge. This beauty, all the same, is rather dollish and of a stupid kind, with its chin apt to be weak and its brow low and shelving. It is essentially aristocratic and belongs to the granddaughters of Du Maurier's dowagers.—London News.

They Can't Swim.

It is a curious fact that the girls and women who live along the coast and can handle any kind of boat from a dory to a sloop, and are as competent with the newer naphtha or gasoline launches as the men, are unable to swim, with few exceptions. Although they spend a good part of their lives on the water, they seem to have an aversion to going into it. But this ignorance of the art of swimming is not confined to the one sex. Many of the oldest and most experienced "cap'ns," who have spent their lives *making or managing boats*, will admit that they "ain't much on swimmin'," though they could do "a few strokes, p'raps, if put to it."—New York Press.

HER WAY.

Eyes? Well, no, her eyes ain't much;
Guess you seen a lot o' such—
Sort o' small an' bluey-grey,
'T ain't her eyes—it's jest her way.

Hair ain't black, nor even brown;
Got no gold upon her crown;
Sort o' ashy, I should say,
'T ain't her hair—it's jest her way.

'T ain't her mouth—her mouth is wide,
Sort o' runs from side to side;
See 'em better ev'ry day,
'A ain't her mouth—her mouth is wide.

Nose I reckon's nothin' great,
Couldn't even swear it's straight;
'Fact, I feel I'm free to say
'T tain't her nose—it's jest her way.

Figger's plain; complexion's red;
Got no style, I've heard it said;
Never learned to sing er play,
Er parley French—it's jest her way.

Love her? Well, I guess I do!
Love her mighty fond and true;
Love her better ev'ry day;
Dunno why—it's jest her way.

—Elizabeth Sylvester.

IN LAVENDER LAND.

The Fragrant Harvest in the Shire of Surrey, in England.

Only ten miles from London lies Lavender land. Glorious patches of purple flowers bathing in bright Surrey sunshine seem to make the air heavy with their sweet, old-fashioned scent for miles around. Just now they are busy in Lavender land *gathering in the season's harvest*. The inhabitants of the little Village of Wallington — upon which the mantle of Mitcham, formerly the centre of the industry, has fallen — are cutting the purple blossoms and making them into sheaves. From the fields the sheaves of lavender are taken to the great distillery which stands within the flower-laden garden of Miss Sprules, the lady lavender farmer who has done so much for the revival of the local industry.

Years ago, when Miss Sprules first began its cultivation, the local lavender was in a bad way. A succession of severe winters with killing spring frosts had almost exterminated the once-famous lavender of Mitcham and the neighborhood, and the foreigner was pouring his inferior scents into the English market. Now the industry has become again a large and important one, and in spite of the encroachments of the builder, which have already driven the lavender from Mitcham and are threatening it in the neighboring villages of Carshalton, Wallington, and Beddington, there is enough of it grown in the district to last for many a year.

The old London street cry is almost dead. In but few places now can the old, familiar call, "Sweet lavender," bring back to memory the days when the use of the flower and its scent was almost universal among the women of England. But in spite of this the sale of the English lavender is again increasing, thanks largely, no doubt, to the patronage of the late Queen. Lavender in branches, lavender in bags, oil of lavender, salts of lavender, lavender disinfectant, and lavender water—all are being sent away in quantities from the little cluster of Surrey villages.—London Express.

Sir W. M. Conway.

Sir William Marton Conway, who has been elected Professor of Fine Art, Cambridge, is already eminent as a lecturer on that subject, holding, as he does, the Chair of Art and University College, Liverpool; but it is probably as a mountaineer that he is best known. In 1892 he was in the Himalayas, where he climbed a peak 23,000 feet high. In 1894 he traversed the Alps from end to end, and in 1896-97 he explored the exterior of Spitzbergen. In 1898 he explored and surveyed the Bolivian Andes, ascending Sorata, Illimani, and also Aconcagua. He has written largely, alike upon mountaineering and upon art, his chief works upon his professional subject including "The Artistic Development of Reynolds and Gainsborough," "Early Flemish Artists," "The Woodcutters of the Netherlands," "The Literary Remains of Albrecht Durer," and other works. He has been a university extension lecturer for Cambridge. Sir Marton was born at Rochester, in 1852, and is the son of the Rev. Wm. Conway, canon of Westminster. Repton is his school, and Trinity, Cambridge, his college.

"Slim" Mrs. De Wet.

The Petit Blue tells a story illustrative of the "slimness" of Mrs. Dewet. An English officer was pointing out to her how impossible it was for her husband to escape the cordon of troops which was drawn round him. As Mrs. Dewet seemed unable to understand him, the officer placed a dozen eggs in a circle on the table, with a half-crown in the middle. The eggs, he explained, pointing to himself, were the English; the coin, pointing to a portrait of Dewet on the wall, was her elusive husband. It was an excellent object-lesson, and it was perfectly successful. "I see," said the simple Dutch woman, in excellent English. "But where is Dewet?" And the half-crown had disappeared!

Alarmed Over St. Paul's Condition.

The public alarm concerning the condition of St. Paul's Cathedral, says a cablegram from London, is becoming intense, as experts report that the settlements of the foundations is due to a series of dry summers, which have caused the London clay, on which the national Cathedral is built, to crumble. It is estimated that the cost of underpinning the fabric will be $1,000,000, *for which a public subscription is to* be started.

An Irish Motto.

The Boer Commandant, Wolmarans, writing about the fight at Bronkhurst Spruit, mentions the bravery of Private Doolan of the Constabulary. Fifteen Boers surrounded him and demanded that he surrender. Doolan replied: "Divil a surrender!" and killed four Boers before he was wounded, mortally, it is believed.

Foreign Notables.

Alfred Dreyfus has written giving an account of his imprisonment.

The Duke of Cambridge is the only *member of the royal family who employs* a woman to cook.

The Duke of Fife is said to keep 12 suits going at the same time, and never wears the same clothes twice in one week.

Dr. Gallus Ritter von Hochberger, imperial and royal counsellor of the Austrian court, who resides at Carlsbad, is 97 years old, has been in practice 71 years and still gives medical advice.

The Duke of Cornwall and York, Lord Roberts and Lord Alverstone have been elected honorary members of the London Savage Club. The club has only four other honorary life members—the King, Sir H. M. Stanley, Dr. Nansen and "Mark Twain."

The newest Prussian census shows that Emperor William's landed property includes 83 separate estates, aggregating about 124,800 acres. Next comes Prince Pless, with 75; the Dukes Ujest and Ratibor, with 52 and 51 respectively, and then the King of Saxony, who owns 50 large estates.

The British House of Commons has its story teller in chief in the person of a Mr. Tully. His latest yarn is of a Scotch inn-keeper who for years got tipsy every Sunday afternoon. One Thursday he got drunk by mistake, thinking it was Sunday, and found a couple of his guests playing billiards. He insisted that they stop, saying that he would not allow anyone to play billiards in his house "on the Sabbath."

His Critics.

"What it takes to make a Paradise," some one has said, "depends upon the person who is going there." There was once an artist who painted a picture of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. It was exhibited publicly. One day the painter, entering the hall, saw two men, who appeared to be farmers, standing before the picture.

"Now," said the artist to himself, "I can hear an unprejudiced opinion of my work."

He drew near, and listened to what the farmers were saying.

"Well, John," said one, "what do you think of it?"

"It's pretty good," said the other, "but there's one thing about it that strikes me as a little mite queer.

"What's that?"

"Why, he's got Eve with a Rhode Island greening in her hand."

"Well, what of it?"

"Hum! Seeing that the first Rhode Island greening was raised in this century, I don't quite see how they could have had them in Paradise!"

"No greenings!" exclaimed the other contemptuously; "how do you suppose they could have got along in the Garden of Eden without the Rhode Island greenings?"

Clearly Understood.

They seldom gave dinner parties, and what they gave were small. But they liked things done decently and in order, and generally had the best. On the afternoon of one of the little parties the host summoned the boy in buttons and said to him: "Now, John, you must be very careful how you hand round the wine."

"Yes, sir."

"These bottles with the black seals are the best, and these with the red seals the inferior sherry. The best sherry is for after dinner; the inferior sherry you will hand around with the hock after soup. You understand—hock and inferior sherry after soup?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly," responded the boy in buttons.

The evening came and with it the guests. Everything went on swimmingly till the boy went round the table asking of the guests, "Hock or inferior sherry?"—London Tid-Bits.

A Dentist's Queer Will.

A dentist died in a rural town in England recently, after spending over fifty years pulling the molars of his fellow *citizens*. He had made it a hobby to keep all the teeth which he had drawn in the course of his professional career, and took great pride in the collection. When his will was opened it was found that he had ordered his collection of teeth to be placed with him in his coffin for burial. His heirs fulfilled his command, and almost thirty thousand teeth were put into the coffin with the dead dentist. If some archaeologist of the future century shall happen to open that grave, he will have "food for thought" and some difficulty, perhaps, in explaining the presence of so many teeth

Time for Thought.

A man is measured by his solitudes. He who flies all moments of isolation is as conscious of guilt as he who avoids all companionship is palpably morbid. "Use sometimes," says George Herberts, "to be alone." No flower comes to its fullness of beauty or sweetness wholly by sunshine or entirely by shade. "When thou hast entered thy closet," says our Lord, communion is possible and revelations will come. The man who is afraid to meet himself is the man for others to avoid.—Chicago Interior.

Artificial Asphalt.

One of the chemical papers reports an experiment by which an artificial asphalt was produced, which closely resembles the natural substance. Fresh herring and oily pine wood were distilled in an iron retort and the produce was condensed in a Liebig condenser. The experiment seems to confirm the theory that asphalt and petroleum are the products of a natural distillation, by which the remains of early forms of animal and vegetable life have been transformed in the heated crust of the earth.

That Some Time.

Gaylord—Glad to have met you, old boy. Come up and see me some time.

Meeker—I declare it's too bad! It will be impossible for me to come then. I've an engagement elsewhere. So sorry.

THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE MASSES

BY

THE INDEPENDENT PRINTING COMPANY.

BASEMENT OF FLACK BLOCK, HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ADVANCE.

A week, 5 cents; month, 15 cents; three months, 35 cents; six months, 65 cents; one year, $1.25.

ENDORSED BY THE TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL, THE VANCOUVER LABOR PARTY AND THE BUILDING TRADES COUNCIL.

UNION LABEL

SATURDAY.. .. DECEMBER 21, 1901

THE CITY HOSPITAL.

A good deal of discussion and interest have been shown in hospital matters since the meeting on the 12th. It is a fact that radical improvements in the present state of affairs must be made. The over-crowded civic institution is not fitted to cope with the cases demanding care and treatment. To start with, the managing board should be changed; and instead of the board of health now appointed by the city council controlling the management it should be a board of commissioners—a portion of whom should be elected by the people, the same as the licensing board, and the remainder selected in meeting assembled of those contributing to the hospital funds not less than a stated sum per annum—say $5. It must be borne in mind that unless the public at large take a sympathetic interest in hospital matters the institution cannot possibly be run as it should be and made a home in the fullest meaning of the term for the sick. This public feeling of sentiment and good will, so badly needed in Vancouver, could be partially brought into existence were people allowed some voice in the management. Again, the public should contribute, especially the big corporations, because they are in many instances the direct cause of patients going to hospital. Poor people, struggling for existence, at present must pay per ratio with the rich. This may be right in principle, that all men are equal, but it is not according to ability to pay.

The hospital buildings, as constructed, are not fit for sick people, being a long way from having proper ventilation. Leaving the annex for the operating room or kitchen you pass through a bath room and a w. c. to get to them. The distance edibles must be carried from the kitchen to the patients through fresh air makes them more like a "hand out" for tramps than "dainties" for invalids. When some unfortunate must undergo an operation the operating room is "fired up" or heated, and ten to one if the place is not filled with smoke by the time the patient arrives on a stretcher after being carried some distance through a long, narrow shed or corridor with open sides, and the wind whistling through it the same as it does out of doors. Fancy the trip back, say, after a case of appendicitis. This exposure cannot be avoided unless the building is altered.

The women's ward, though considerable money has already been spent on it, is another shiftless affair. The private apartments are more like cells for jail birds than healthy spacious rooms for the sick. If there were about 25 of these apartments built as they ought to be, they would mean a big revenue to the hospital, which could partly be used in defraying the expenses of those occupying the general ward. In the latter place old women, young women, girls and children are all kept together inone big room. When delirious and suffering women are bewailing and moaning their agonies it oftimes scares the little ones almost beyond pacification, which is a great hardship on the nurses as well as the tiny invalids. Consumptives are also kept in the same room or ward. There is no room for a children's ward or a place for consumptives. These are an absolute necessity. The old hospital building proper is now turned into an old man's home. This is kept up by the city in connection with the city hosiptal, but, in fact, should be kept up as a provincial institution. In this regard a home for aged and destitute people is needed.

The isolation department is a cottage with eight beds in it, located back of the old hospital, which needs some attention. For instance, whatever the patients require in the way of food, is brought from the kitchen, or cook house, through the open-air passage to a wicket and shoved in. The "grub" must be good and cold no doubt by the time the patient receives it. Of course this has its advantages, there being no chance for a weak, sick person getting burnt much.

The nurses' quarters are now in two houses—one of which is on Cambie, the other on Hamilton street. The reason for them being located outside the grounds is that Dr. McEwen made a "kick" about the former abode of the nurses, it being directly over the old general ward, where phthisical patients were treated, also cases of septicaemia, etc., causing foul smells, so much so that the writer believes that it was directly the cause of bloodpoisoning and the death of a late lamented nurse. A nurses' home, accommodating say about 25, should be right on the grounds. At present there are about 16 nurses, about 14 of whom are in training, chiefly young women. They receive the princely stipend of $6 a month the first year, $8 the second, and $10 the third, and 12 hours a day. Long hours and short pay are evidently the rule that prevails at the city hospital. They should get double the amount for eight hours.

The nurses and the city doctors are not any more to blame for this state of things than the patients themselves. The doctors deserve the thanks of the citizens for their free services, as likewise also the nurses.

You can't expect things to be any better so long as they remain in the hands of our aldermen, who do everything on the cheap. Now, if it were driving oxen, or men, etc., it would be quite another matter. They are strong in this direction, but quite different regarding the sick. It is therefore necessary to change the management.

In 1899, according to the last obtainable printed report, the city paid $12,182.92, the government $6,812.50, and patients $3,151.42 into the hospital funds. There were 634 patients cared for, at a cost a day of $1.01 1-2 each. A few comparisons for the same year is herewith given:

Winnipeg paid $10,000, government aid $19,126.76, donations $2,006, municipalities $1,700, patients (private wards) $10,067.50, patients (public wards) $3,868.45, working account $43,868.61.

St. Luke's, Ottawa, General Hospital—Treated 914 patients, patients' fees $9,309.99, subscriptions $9,309.99, maintenance cost $14,875.39.

Medicine Hat General Hospital—Patients cared for 378, cost $8,812.24, or 88 cents each a day, patients paid $2,768.25, donations $2,047.25, government aid, $2,388.75.

Calgary General Hospital—Patients, 297; cost, $4,643.56; donations, $562.30; patients paying, $3,822.67; Calgary, $500; government aid, $1,339.19.

Brandon—Patients admitted, 560; cost, $9,743.46; Brandon paid $500; municipalities, $1,150; provincial government, $3,508.88; donations, $288.65; private patients, $1,118.50; general patients, $3,625.15. Among the life governors of this institution are F. T. Cope, A. Jukes and D. G. Stewart, all of this city.

The reasons, in all likelihood, why our city hospital does not receive public donations, like other places, are the same as might be applied to the water works department. In some quarters the question has been raised why do the doctors serve on the hospital staff at all? One reason, we suppose, is that they get a better opportunity to treat certain special cases to gain experience, which fact would be a merit rather than a demerit in an enterprising practitioner, for, in turn, the public would be benefited thereby. The staff is supposed to attend to all people who go to the hospital for treatment, those who are able to pay and those who are not. There are many able to pay who would go to an hospital to take advantage of the cheap rates, but they are different in Vancouver, where the chances they must risk are too great.

One of the very strongest reasons why the proposed new hospital site should be located in Fairview is that the doctors of the city are practically unanimous on the question, and who would know better than they? A hospital should be situated in the best possible location as regards pure air and sanitation, the same as any health resort. The air is purer in Fairview. This fact may be proven in the early morning, when that part of the city lying between False Creek and Burrard Inlet is covered and hidden by a cloud of fog, rising from the low lands, while the snow-capped peaks of the coast range of mountains on the other side of the inlet may be plainly seen from the hill in Fairview. These are the grounds most desired. To get to the hospital, were it located there, in an emergency from the centre of the city, an up-to-date rubber-tired ambulance could be kept always in waiting for service down town, and the patient would reach the new place quite as speedily as he does now. Extensive grounds are needed, 20 acres at least, for a first-class hospital, and we in Vancouver want the best and must have it. Dr. Tnustall suggests that the building should be so laid out that it may be added to until 300 patients can be accommodated without at all injuring the architecture. We agree with this view.

The worst feature to contend with in this discussion of changing the hospital site and management, is the fact that the novices, many of whom were never in an hospital or even needed a doctor, seem to be the bitterest opponents to any improvement being made in the present arrangements. It was Carlyle who said the healthy know not of their health, but only the sick. Therefore the health of a city is paramount to its wealth.

The next impending calamity to this province is the meeting of the legislature, which, in all likelihood, will take place next month. For every time it meets some one's pet scheme or schemes are pushed through which cost the people quite a pile. Land grants and subsidies to railway promoters no doubt will be the chief order of the day. And what else can you expect, for the same influences which control the commerce and finances of the country control its legislators? Speaking in a collective sense, the workingmen themselves are to blame for this sad state of affairs.

Subscribers need not be ashamed to pay their subscription to The Independent to date. We have no objection to taking any old kind of coin, so long as our creditors will accept it at par.

CURRENT OPINION---ALL SORTS.

Who's Responsible?

We have showed conclusively that over half a million dollars is being filched from the people of this territory during this winter by the whiskey trust. Who is responsible for this stupendous theft, Sifton and Smart, the corrupt hypocrites, or our James H. Ross? We think Sifton and Smart are. Mr. Ross can settle the question in three words. If Mr. Ross will not say those three words he must assume some of the responsibility himself—Klondike Miner, Grand Forks, Y. T.

Willing to Take a Chance.

Seven children in St. Louis have been killed by the use of impure anti-toxin used in the treatment of diphtheria, which caused lockjaw. Nine cases of lockjaw and seven deaths resulted from lockjaw, caused by vaccination, at Campden, N. J. Still the doctors tell us that vaccination is necessary to prevent smallpox. I will take my chances of having smallpox rather than to chance being killed by vaccination. —Terra Haute Toiler.

Refers to Victoria.

We are sound asleep out on this coast to our superb opportunities; the men with the ideas have no money; and the men with the money have, too often, no ideas.—Ladysmith Leader.

At Saintly Toronto.

It seems, according to the evidence, that the gamblers watched for the police, and as soon as they saw one coming they hid all their money.—Toronto Star.

Log Rolling.

Canada can supply three million tons of timber a year to Britain, and we have all the log rollers we need, too.—Toronto Star.

Independent Political Action.

The parliamentary committee of the Vancouver Trades and Labor council, to whom was referred communications referring to political action by wageworkers, takes a very broad view of the subject, and is to be commended therefor.—Portland Labor Press.

Independence Depends.

The only man in Victoria who has so far dared to support the Dunsmuir government has been read out of the independent labor party with all his backers on that account.—Victoria Post.

Kootenay Down on Bonusing.

Smith Curtis says the Vancouver papers lied about him. We congratulate Smith Curtis. Whenever the coast papers begin to lie about a man it is a good sign. According to Curtis' say so, he delivered a speech in Vancouver, laying down a political creed of eight stanzas in which he did not advocate bonusing Jim Hill. This the Vancouver papers failed to report, but they counted him among the grafter gang. Curtis indignantly denies that he ever advocated bonusing the V. V. & E. He says he wants to see the Coast-Kootenay road built by the government or, failing that, by the corporation giving the best terms. This is sound policy, and Curtis will do well to stand by it. Bonuses and land grants for railways may look good to Victoria folks, but they are not popular in the Kootenay.—Sandon Paystreak.

New Dress Goods For Fall

A rich and beautiful showing of the latest Dress Fabrics for Fall, 1901. Every wantable kind of material is included in this showing of ours. We devoted considerable time to the picking of these goods, which fashion has decreed as correct. The result is seen in the unapproachable assortment, from which we mention a few of the weaves we have in the latest designs and shades.

ZEBOLINE, VENETIANS, HOMESPUNS, CHEVIOTS, SUITINGS, BROADCLOTHS, FRENCH FLANNELS, Etc., Etc.

We ask you to call and see them. We know the price will do the rest.

GORDON DRYSDALE'S

170 Cordova, Cor. Cambie.

We reach wherever the mails reach.

All things requisite for the Holiday Season in

Fancy Raisins, Figs, Nuts, Naval and Japanese Oranges, Finest Creamery Butter, Strictly NEW Laid Eggs, and of first importance a TURKEY or GOOSE

at

FORD'S GROCERY,

Tel. 728. 25 Hastings St. E.

Lowest price and highest quality our motto.

MAYORALTY 1902.

To the Electors of Vancouver.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

At the request of a great number of my fellow-electors, I am a candidate for the office of Mayor, and I beg to solicit your votes and influence.

And, when elected, you will find me ready and fearlessly, without favor to any, performing the duties of this important office, consistently with the best interests of the City.

I shall endeavor, immediately after the election to take in hand the reclamation and improvement of the upper end of False Creek, east of Westminster avenue bridge, plotting part of this valuable property for manufacturing sites.

I shall endeavor to establish a farmers' market in as central a part of the city as possible, fetching consumer and producer together, thereby saving thousands of dollars to our citizens each year, thus promoting and encouraging agriculture in the vicinity of our city.

Ranchers and farmers who now complain of small prices will have the best market in British Columbia, and the trade will be thousands of dollars to our merchants and hotels.

I shall endeavor to inaugurate a system of improvements on the north and south sides of English Bay, making it an attraction second to none. Our healthy climate, tempered by the sea breezes, combined with sea bathing, is an incentive for us to exert ourselves and make this city a fashionable and popular tourist resort for pleasure seekers.

I shall endeavor to stop all waste and extravagance of the city revenues, and be as economical in the administration of the public works department as possible, securing a dollar's worth of benefit for every dollar expended.

Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year, I am, ladies and gentlemen,

Yours respectfully,

CHARLES WOODWARD.

: GEO. HAY :

Vancouver's Pioneer Clothes Renovator, makes a suit new.

Dyeing and Repairing.

216 CAMBIE ST., VANCOUVER.

Pacific Bottling Works.

Importers and Bottlers

GORE AVE. 'PHONE 783.

SOLE AGENTS.

Grown on British Soil packed by Canadians in British Columbia and delicious. That's Blue Ribbon Tea!

To be faithful

is the motto of the management of the UNION MUTUAL. To serve all interests impartially. To treat all parties with consistent candor. To issue policies of pronounced liberality. To make all death payments with the utmost promptness. To be fair in all dealings.

Honest, capable Agents can always have employment with us.

Union Mutual Life Insurance Co

PORTLAND, MAINE. INCORPORATED 1848.

Call or write for particulars and plans

HEAD OFFICE: 419 Hastings St. W., Vancouver, B.C.

J. E. EVANS, Provincial Manager.

...The Question of Fit...

Never needs to keep men from wearing our Clothing. They must fit or you musn't take them—just so as to style, cloth and appearance. We buy the best materials made in Europe or America, selected by experts of long experience and trained observers of fashion's changes. Our largely increased and increasing business shows that they are right. Why not avail yourself of this opportunity to dress well and save money.

Prices $10.00, $12.00 and $15.00 and upward per suit.

CLUBB & STEWART,

TELEPHONE 702. 160 CORDOVA STREET.

....ARGYLE HOUSE....

Christmas Presents

A Full and Complete Asssortment of Fancy Dry Goods for the Holiday Trade.

Blouses and Dress Silks, Purses and Chatelene Bags.

A large variety of Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, Kid Gloves, Ladies' Ties, Furs, Gents' Ties, Table Linens and Napkins, Needle Cases, Perfumes, etc., etc.

J. HORNER, 400 Westminster Ave.

CORNER HASTINGS STREET.

...Ladies' Felt Slippers...

Only 65 Cents.

...Men's Felt Slippers...

At 75 Cents.

Everything else in proportion throughout the holiday season at

F. M. WETZEL, 58 Cordova St.

The Balmoral

.. MAKES A SPECIALTY OF ..

Dewar's Special Liqueur, also ..

Usher's Black Label Liqueur Whisky

—LARGE STOCK OF—

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC

. Cigars .

R. B. Mulligan & Co., Props.

CORNER CORDOVA AND CARRALL.

SAVOY THEATRE

McDOWELL & SIMPSON.....Proprietors.

ALF. P. JAMES.....Stage Manager.

Week Commencing

Monday, Next

Artistic and Refined Vaudeville.

EVERY ACT A FEATURE.

For stomach trouble of any kind take Flint's Dyspepsia Tablets. They cure or you get your money back. 50c box. McDowell, Atkins, Watson Co.

The MERCHANTS EXCHANGE

Having the Only Up-to-Date Grill Room in B. C. which in itself is a guarantee of a First-Class Hotel and Restaurant . .

Seymour Streeet,

A. M. TYSON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Fish, Game, Fruit, and vegetables.

112 CORDOVA ST. 'PHONE 442

For the next 30 days you can get a suit at your own price at

THE ACME

To introduce our new system of tailoring before our Fall Stock arrives.

21 Georgia St. C. L. Holland, Cutter.

THERE'S CHRISTMAS IN THE AIR

Every man, woman and child is imbued with the spirit of good-will—the desire to give is strong upon everybody who is able to give. And this is the season when those not able to give are willing to receive in kindly thankfulness. If you attend the great Retiring From Business Sale of the Palace Clothing House Co. you'll find it an easy matter to give Christmas gifts as large preparations and tremendous reductions have been made to help your buying useful Christmas presents. You'll find one dollar spent here will go as far as two in any other store.

Another Saturday of Irresistible Bargains.

Come and be convinced that prices were never so low.

The Palace Clothing House Company, Ltd.

110 Cordova Street.

We Don't Sell Toys We Do Sell Shoes

Don't you want a new pair before Christmas. You will want to appear well on the Day of All Days. Come in and see our Comfortable Footwear. THE UNION STORE.

THE GOLDEN BOOT STORE, 13 Hastings St. E.

STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

(By G. R. Maxwell, M. P.)

A writer of considerable note tells us that he was taught one of the lessons of his life when on a holiday. He went to Switzerland to climb the sublime Alps, to wander through the charming valleys, to behold the awful majestic glaciers, to listen to the thunder of the avalanches, to sail over the beautiful lakes, and to be enchanted by the Bridal Veil, the Giessback, and the countless other waterfalls for which this country is famous. But amid the marvelous scenery something more marvelous was discovered, viz., the people, their history, their simplicity, their industries, their life; all these have a charm compared with which the magnificence of nature dwindles into insignificance. The same is true of all lands and of all peoples. There is more of God in the maid who cooks our meals, in the man who polishes our boots, who digs our coal, who chops, saws and planes our wood, who builds our houses, who blasts and chisels out rock, who moulds our iron and our steel, and who puts them into the most beautiful shapes, and into the most serviceable forms, who serves in our stores, than there is in Mount Blanc, or in the Fiords, or in the Trossachs, or in Niagara, or in the Rocky Mountains, or in the Yellowstone Park. This is a thought of pre-eminent importance, and is one which should never be forgotten. Man is by all odds the chief thing in the world, and all things in it receive their beauty and their value, through their touch or contact with him. In these days when all things are being tested, when the thoughts, the principles, the systems, the labors of others who have gone before, and who no doubt thought and labored according to the light that was in them, are being severely criticised, to see what of right or wrong, justice or injustice, good or evil, there may be in them, it is well to keep this in view. Just as there are those who, when they go to a new country, make more of its rivers, lakes, fields, flowers, valleys, hills and mountains than they do of the men and the women who have given to the country any glory which it possesses, so there are those who, when industrial or social questions come up, and when brought face to face with glaring and unjustifiable inequalities, due to a vicious system, will sacrifice the man before they will sacrifice the system. In other words, they will give the system fair play rather than give the man fair play. They will

Rather Fetter the Man

than fetter the system, and hence with such the system is everything, and man is of no account. To-day the great discovery is the people, their needs and their rights. We have made ourselves long enough, too long in fact, the slaves of a system, and the thought is shaping itself into a policy, that man should not, and must not, be made conformable to a system, but that any system should be made conformable to the well being of man. The struggle for existence is a fact, an indisputable fact, and we consider it one of the foulest plots on our civilization to-day. When we attempt to grapple with this fact we are met face to face with the evolutionist and the materialist, and consciously or unconsciously, intentionally or unintentionally, they do not help us. They tell us that this has been going on from the beginning, that it is a law or a freak of nature, that it is one of her methods, natural selection, to attain a better species. As Prof. Huxley, in a very unsatisfactory and cold-blooded article, puts it, we are to take comfort from the reflection that the terrible struggle for existence tends to final good, and that the suffering of the ancestor is paid for by the increased perfection of the progeny. There might be something in this argument if, after the Chinese, the present generation could pay its debts to its ancestors, otherwise it is not clear what compensation the Eohippus (primeval or antediluvian horse) sets for his sorrows, in the fact that some million of years afterwards one of his descendants wins the Derby. Suffice it to say, there is a struggle, that is admitted; let us see the results of this struggle so far as man is concerned. So far as Canada is interested in this question we do not as yet see the full force of this struggle, because the system which causes this struggle is limited in its operation. The older a country is, and the longer the system has been in existence, the more palpable this struggle becomes. Mr. Charles Booth is not a faddist. He is a cool, calm, clear headed man, who started out with a band of assistants to find out by personal investigation the condition of the people in the great city of London. He has published the results of his investigations, not by means of a blood curdling novel, but in bare, unvarnished statistics, and yet Mr. Kidd, another collected thinker, says he has brought out in a far more impressive manner than any sensational literature could do, what is perhaps the most noteworthy aspect of the life of the masses in the centre of our civilization, namely, the enormous portion of the population which exists in a state of chronic poverty. The total percentage of the population to be found in poverty as the result of these inquiries is stated to be over thirty per cent. Despite the enormous accumulation of wealth

In the Richest City

of the world, the entire middle and upper classes only number a little over seventeen per cent. of the whole population. In estimating the total percentage of the population of London in poverty, the rich districts are included with the poor districts, but in thirty-seven districts, each with a population of over thirty thousand, and containing altogether one million, one hundred and seventy-nine thousand persons, the proportion in poverty in no case falls below forty per cent., and in some of them it reaches sixty per cent. Let me add to this picture. In General Booth's picture which he gave us in Darkest England, there are fifty-one thousand in workhouses, asylums, and hospitals; there are thirty-three thousand homeless, two hundred and twenty-two thousand next door to starvation; three hundred thousand are starving, and three hundred and eighty-seven thousand are very poor. In all this army of helpers and needy ones is nearly one million strong. There are thirty thousand women leading lives of shame, and probably as many more engaged in the same business in quieter and less ostentatious ways. Ten thousand seven hundred children died the previous year to the publishing of this book of violence and neglect. There are three thousand sweaters' pens in which may be found three thousand children. There are about three millions of people being tossed upon the sea of misery. Let me still add to the picture. There are in England about seven hundred thousand out of work. There are about eight hundred thousand paupers. Of every one thousand persons who die, over nine hundred die without leaving any property. About eight millions of people exist always on the borders of destitution. About twenty million are poor. More than half the national income belongs to about ten thousand people, while there are over forty millions. Out of the same amount of people only one million and a half get above three pounds per week. The average income per head of the working classes is about seventeen pounds per year, or less than one shilling per day. As one man looks at this horrible mass of suffering struggling humanity, he writes:

Some sell their lives for bread,
Some sell their souls for gold,
Some seek the river's bed,
Some seek the workhouse mould.
Such is proud England's sway,
Where wealth may work its will,
While flesh is cheap to-day,
While souls are cheaper still.

How cheap both souls and bodies are we shall see as we proceed. Take an illustration. You can get eight hundred matches for five cents. That is the retail price. What will the wholesale price be? If the manufacturers charge twopence for eight hundred matches, after paying for wood, wax, wick, phosphorus, printing, paste, advertisements, carriage and labor,

How Much Will He Pay

the women and children who make them? What can they possibly get after all these other things, together with the manufacturers' profit, are provided for? What kind of a living can they get? What kind of a struggle must be theirs when they have to pay for rent, food and clothing? We talk of abolishing slavery. True we kicked the fetters off the black man, and paid millions to do so, but we have our white slaves still, and because it is an industrial system which enslaves them, we say, the capitalists, that it is all right. By necessity these white slaves are compelled to toil sixteen hours a day, and seven days a week, for the magnificent sum of four shillings—one dollar. Isn't a body and a soul cheap? Isn't God's handiwork cheap? But as you look on you mutter, it's a struggle to get a bit of fire and warm them, a bit of bread to keep them alive, to get a few rags to cover them, to get a hovel to house them—a struggle! Yes, it's all a struggle to save the blasted figment of a body. Poor things. Little did the God who made man think that His workmanship, praised by every noble intellect, would be so crushed, so abused, so mutilated for the glory of a system whose aim is gain, and whose dominant principle is selfishness. Struggle away. Soon outraged nature will rise up like an infuriated Pythoness, and then the gurgle will tell that the brutal struggle is over. Dead! Yes, but a death that is a crime laid at the door of humanity. Who should be better provided for, who should have a nobler life, who should enjoy more of this world's comforts, who should live longest and happiest, than those who are day by day ministering by their toil, and by what they produce, to the necessities, the comforts, and the luxuries of humanity. Such things done in the broad daylight to me are awful, are disgraceful and are revolting. Your talk of treason to a king—why that man is the greatest traitor who is false to his brother man, and that is the worst treason this earth knows, when a man arms himself through a system to inhumanize humanity. Take another picture of this struggle. London! think of it, and there come to you visions of cloud capped towers, and gorgeous palaces; visions of splendors, which outshine the splendors of Sardanapalus; visions of wealth, visions of fashions, feasts, and what not, that make one imagine that he was face to face with a land fairer than the day, and face to face with an Elysium in which there is no destitution, no poverty, no wrethedness, no misery, no suffering, and no struggle.

All is Not Gold That Glitters.

Take your stand not in vision, but in the body. You hear Big Ben strike two in the morning. The moon shines clear on the Thames, and lights up the stone work of the embankment. Look at the spectacle which a Christian civilization presents to a South Sea Islander, to a Mohammedan, and to a Buddhist. Look and see the fruits of our present industrial system. There on the stone abutments which afford a slight protection from the biting wind are scores of men lying side by side, huddled together for warmth, without any covering save their own rags. Some have laid down a few pieces of paper by way of taking the chill off the stones, but the most are too tired even for that, and their toilet consists of removing their hats, and wrapping round their heads any old rag that serves the purpose of a handkerchief. There they lie, and some call them waifs, others call them wrecks, others call them tramps, others call them the unwashed—but everyone of these names is more of a disgrace to us than they are to them, for if the world had been right, if a true system of brotherhood had been in existence, everyone of these would have been a true man, and a good citizen. Let us talk with one of them. You see he is a stalwart youth, a man that would and might be useful and serviceable. He replies to your questions. I am a greenhorn in London. I've been walking the streets night and day for nearly two weeks, and can't get work. I've got the strength, though I shan't have it long at this rate. I made a penny to-day, and bought a ha'porth of bread, and a ha'penny mug o' tea. There he is—ground down to the rocks. There are some who deny that a man needs to struggle for work. Such don't know what they are talking about. They are either ignorant or innocent. This man's case is a fact. I know it. That pathetic figure of a strong honest young man is a reality, and a scandal. Out he goes looking for work. One day passes, and another, and another, but the thought keeps cheering him, better luck to-morrow. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, but, ah, it seems often like a mere will o' the wisp. Days run into weeks, and still the youth is on the trail. There are times when he is received with great politeness, there are other times when he is driven off as if he was a robber. To some places, buoyed up by a word or a look, he goes again and again, until he receives the knock-out blow: Please do not come again. If we require your services we shall let you know. Who can express the strange feeling that comes over one when the fact begins to dawn upon him that his search for work is a failure. He looks in the glass and he sees a strange degeneration in his own appearance.

Choice walnuts, two pounds for 25 cents. At The City Grocery.

The Mint.

Is located at the corner of Carrall and Hastings streets. The bottled goods are all first-class and the prices right for every one. Seattle Rainier beer, 5 cents.

If you want a really good rye whisky at a low price, our 50c rye is IT. Gold Seal Liquor Company, 746 Pender street.

PARIS GREEN, HELLEBORE AND WHALE OIL SOAP for the extermination of the CUT WORM and other insects—for sale by the McDowell, Atkins, Watson Company, The Druggists, Vancouver.

THERE IS **NO DANGER** of Fire or Injury to Health when you use the **ELECTRIC LIGHT**

The price is now such that almost everybody can afford it. Once used, always used. Apply at Office of

B. C. Electric Ry. Co. LTD.

Cor. Carrall and Hastings Streets.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

and

$00 PACIFIC LINE

World's Scenic Route

LOWEST RATES. BEST SERVICE.

To all points in Canada and the United States.

THE FASTEST AND BEST EQUIPPED TRAIN CROSSING THE CONTINENT.

SAILINGS FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

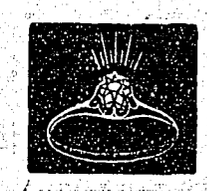
Empress of China.....Dec. 2
Tartar.....Dec. 16
Empress of India.....Dec. 30
and every four weeks thereafter.

SAILING FOR HONOLULU AND AUSTRALIA.

Miowera.....Dec 18
Aorangi.....Jan. 10
Moana.....Feb. 7
and every four weeks thereafter.

For further particulars as to time rates etc apply to

E. J. COYLE, A. G. P. A. Vancouver, B. C.
JAMES SCLATER, Ticket Agent, 428 Hastings St., Vancouver, B. C.



Walk in and examine our Christmas goods. Invest 50 cents and secure a ticket for our drawing. You may secure one of the ten beautiful prizes.

DAVIDSON BROS.

P. O. BOX 298. 'PHONE 179.

W. J. McMILLAN & Co.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR

TUCKET CIGAR CO. UNION LABEL CIGARS

Brands:

MONOGRAM, MARGUERITA, BOUQUET,
OUR SPECIAL, EL JUSTILLO,
EL CONDOR, SARANTIZADOS, SCHILLER,

Corner Alexander Street and Columbia Avenue, Vancouver, B. C.

Union Directory.

VANCOUVER TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL—President, John Crow; vice-president, W. J. Lamrick; secretary, T. H. Cross; financial secretary, W. J. Beer; treasurer, C. Crowder; statistician, W. McKissock; sergeant-at-arms, G. F. Lenfesty. Meetings—First and third Friday in each month, at 7.30 p.m., in Union hall, corner Dunsmuir and Homer streets.

JOURNEYMEN BARBERS' INTERNATIONAL UNION, No. 120—President, G. W. Isaacs; vice-president, A. H. Leggatt; corresponding-financial secretary, D. P. Johnson, 165 Hastings St. East; recording secretary, C. D. Morgan; treasurer, J. A. Davidson; guide, J. A. Stewart; guardian, E. Morgan; delegates to T. & L. Council: G. W. Isaacs. Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Union Hall.

COOKS, WAITERS AND WAITRESSES' Union, Local No. 28. President, Chas. Over; vice-president, W. W. Nelson; recording secretary, Jas. H. Perkins; financial secretary, R. J. Loundes; treasurer, Wm. Ellender. Meeting every Friday at 8.30 p. m. in Union Hall, corner Homer and Dunsmuir streets.

VANCOU'R TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION No 226 meet the last Sunday in each month at Union hall. President, C. S Campbell; vice-president, George Wilby; secretary, S. J. Gothard, P. O. box 66; treasurer, W. Brand; sergeant-at-arms, Andrew Stuart; executive committee, E. L. Woodruff, S. R. Robb, J. H. Browne N. Williams; delegates to Trades and Labor council, J. C. Marshall, Robt. Todd, J. H. Browne.

STREET RAILWAY MEN'S UNION—Meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month, in Sutherland Hall, corner Westminster Avenue and Hastings Street at 8 p. m. President, G. Dickie; vice-president, John Frizzell; secretary, A. G. Perry; treasurer, H. Vanderwalker; conductor, Ed. Manning; warden, D. Smith; sentinel, T. Dubberley; delegates to Trades and Labor Council: John Pearey, Jas. Barton, Geo. Lenfesty, G. Dickie and H. A. McDonald.

UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF CARPENTERS and Joiners—Meets every second and fourth Thursday in Union Hall, room No. 3. President, G. Dobbin; vice-president, J. M. Sinclair; recording secretary, W. T. MacMullen; financial secretary, H. S. Falconer; treasurer, J. Ferguson; conductor, R. MacKenzie; warden, J. McLeod; delegates to T. and L. council, Robt. Macpherson, G. Dobbin, J. M. Sinclair.

THE RETAIL CLERKS' INTERNATIONAL PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, meets in O'Brien's Hall, the first and third Tuesdays of each month. T. A. Phillip, president; W. J. Lamrick, secretary, 248 Princess street.

TEXADA MINERS' UNION, No. 112, W. F. M., meets every Saturday at 7.30 p.m. in Foresters' hall, Van Anda. President, R. Aitken; vice-president, C. A. Melville; secretary, A. Raper, Van Anda, B. C.; treasurer, H. V. Price; conductor, P. Burt; warden, John Linklater.

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MACHINISTS—Beaver Lodge, No. 182—Meets second and fourth Wednesday in each month in Union Hall. President, Wm. Beer; corresponding secretary, E. Timmins, 726 Hamilton street; financial secretary, J. H. McVety, 1211 Seymour street.

VANCOUVER FISHERMEN'S UNION, No. 2. Meets in Labor Hall, Homer street, every first and third Saturday in each month at 8 p. m. Ernest Burn, president; Chas. Durham, secretary, 847 Harris street.

JOURNEYMEN BAKERS' AND CONFECTIONERS' International Union of America. Local No. 46, Vancouver, B. C. President, James Webster; vice-president, J. W. Wilkinson; recording secretary, Murdo MacLean, 2721 Westminster Avenue; financial secretary, H. McMullin, Toronto Candy Co.; treasurer, W. A. Woods, 355 Ninth Ave., Mt. Pleasant; corresponding secretary, F. Rawlings, Barnwell Bros., Granville street; master, T. & L. Council: G. W. Isaacs. Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Union Hall.

CIGARMAKERS' UNION (NO. 357)—Meets the first Tuesday in each month in Union Hall. President, A. Koehel; vice-president, P. Crowder; secretary, G. Thomas, Jr., 148 Cordova street west; treasurer, S. W. Johnson; sergeant-at-arms, J. W. Brat; delegates to Trades and Labor Council, J. Crow, C. Crowder, C. Nelson.

BROTHERHOOD OF PAINTERS AND DECORATORS, Local Union No. 138, Meets every Thursday in Labor Hall. President W. Pavier; vice-president, E. Crush; secretary, C. Pinder, 1759 Eighth avenue, Fairview; treasurer, H. McSorley.

JOURNEYMEN TAILORS' UNION OF AMERICA, No. 178—Meets alternate Mondays in room 1, Union Hall. President, F. Williams, vice-president, Miss Graham; recording secretary, H. O. Burritt; financial secretary, Walfred Larson; treasurer, C. E. Neilson; sergeant-at-arms, A. J. Kennedy.

THE NEW VANCOUVER **Coal Mining & Land Co** LIMITED.

Supply

From Their Nanaimo, Southfield and Protection Island Collieries,

Steam, Gas and House Coal

Of the Following Grades:

Double Screened Lump,
Run of the Mine,
Washed Nut and Screenings.

SAMUEL M. ROBINS, Superintendent.
EVANS, COLEMAN & EVANS, Agents, Vancouver City, B. C.

DELICIOUS WINE

MADE EXCLUSIVELY FROM B. C. FRUIT.

FRESH CUT FLOWERS. UNION-MADE DOMESTIC CIGARS.

When making a trip around the Park call on

W. D. Jones Brockton Point Lighthouse

Before You Go Away

for your Christmas holidays, ring up 3-4-6 and we will send for your bundle.

Your linen will not only be a source of comfort and satisfaction to you, but will be the envy of your friends.

If you like the HIGH GLOSS we can give it to you, or if you prefer the MEDIUM GLOSS or DULL FINISH you can have either — tell us your choice. We guarantee to satisfy you.

PIONEER Steam Laundry

PHONE 346. 910 - 914 RICHARDS ST
DOWNTOWN OFFICE, NO. 4 ARCADE.
WHITE LABOR ONLY.

Arlington Hotel

Cordova St. West.

Headquarters for the engineering trade in Vancouver.

CHOICEST **Liquors and Cigars**

First-class rooms from 50 cents up.

R. HURRY - - - PROP.

SPILLING THE SALT

THE ORIGIN OF AN OLD AND VERY COMMON SUPERSTITION.

Some of the Ancient Signs and Omens That Still Hold Sway Over Mankind — Breaking a Looking Glass and the Crossing of Knives.

There is a "wherefore" for all things, even for those "signs, omens, superstitions," which some men call frivolous and foolish. Some men object to walking under a ladder. Well, is there not the danger of the ladder falling on you or of the man at work on it dropping his paint pot or his soapsuds on you? It is regarded as a sign of bad luck to cross knives at table. This superstition came about in this wise. The original knife was nothing else but a dagger which men wore in their belts, ready for carving the mutton or their acquaintances. The crossing of blades meant a fight, and it is no wonder that women found crossed knives a sign suggestive of misfortune.

Spilling the salt once meant the worst of bad luck, and today there are many people who throw a pinch over their left shoulder "to break the charm" if they happen to tip over the saltcellar. Salt was until recently an expensive article and a dear necessity. So important was it that the finding of salt wells in Cheshire, England, first brought the merchants of Europe into savage Britain and led to the civilization of the island. The very phrase "worth his salt" means worth his salary, and the word salary itself means "salt money."

Because it was so important ancient usage placed the saltbox in the middle of the table so that it might be within reach of all. The "gentles" sat above the salt and the "simples" below it. In the regalia in the Tower of London the saltcellar is one of the most gorgeous pieces, being built like a castle of silver and heavily gilded. Such being the importance of the saltbox the upsetting of it was something more than an accident. It was an event, and, being bad luck in itself, soon came to be regarded as a sign of bad luck.

Some trace the beginning of the superstition to the picture of "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, in which painting the saltcellar is represented as overturned. But the superstition is older than the picture, and it was undoubtedly because of the superstition that Leonardo so depicted the salt in his celebrated painting.

To break a looking glass is regarded in some households as a sure sign of death in the family. The superstition regarding the looking glass came about in this way. Before there were any poorhouses there were plenty of old women, poor and friendless and long past the age when they could make their living by manual labor. But they knew the world and the credulity and the passions of mankind. They also knew the herbs of the field and the garden which were possessed of medicinal virtues, and so between their knowledge of medicine and their knowledge of the human heart they managed to make a living by selling simple remedies for the body and dealing out advice, prophecies and spells for the mind.

"If you have a proud foe to make tracks, if you melt a rich uncle in wax," or if you had the stomach ache, all you had to do was to call in one of these "wise women," as they were termed. Sometimes the "wise woman" got too wise and was drowned or burned as a witch. Hers was a perilous business, but the only one by which the poor old hag could make a living. If you wanted to get rid of an enemy in those days, you called in the local practitioner of witchcraft and told her your symptoms. Then she made a little image of wax or a rag doll, which was named from the person whom you desired to "get off the earth." Set the image by the fire, and as it melted away so would your enemy or your rich uncle pine away and die. Stick pins in the rag doll, and the objectionable one would suffer the pains of "pins and needles." Smash the doll to pieces, and the hated or superfluous one would meet with a violent and sudden death.

Another school of witchcraft held that a surer way to smash an enemy was to break a looking glass into which the hated one had just gazed. It must be done before his image had vanished from the surface of the glass and with proper incantations, but was held to be more effectual than wax dolls and rag babies. Hence the superstition regarding the breaking of a looking glass.

Why does a horseshoe bring good luck? One explanation of the use of this prosaic piece of ironmongery as a talisman is that the Russian peasants used to paint outside their doors a picture of the Blessed Virgin. The halo around the head they gilded. The rains and snows washed off the paint eventually, but the gilding remained in the shape of a horseshoe, and the peasants regarded it with the same reverence as they had the whole picture. From Russia the travelers brought stories of the peasants having horseshoes at their doors as a protection against evil fortune, and so the superstition of the horseshoe spread over the world.

The other explanation, and probably the true one, is that the symbol is of a far more ancient origin. The Greeks and the Romans who pinned their faith to the goddess Diana used to wear as a symbol of their loyalty to the divine huntress her symbol of the crescent moon. As the ages rolled the crescent became a horseshoe. One is at liberty to accept either of these explanations or to reject both of them, but whatever the origin of the belief in the horseshoe as a portent of good luck, whether it be the symbol of the heathen goddess Diana or of the Christian Virgin, there are hundreds of thousands of people throughout the world who would "never take the horseshoe from the door."

Among the Italians a horseshoe is supposed to be a protection against the evil eye, and when they feel in need of such an amulet and have not a horseshoe handy they point out with the little finger and the first finger, tucking away the second and third fingers under the thumb and thus making a passable sort of horseshoe of the hand. They always do this in the rural districts of Italy when they meet an Englishman, a man with a snapshot camera or anything else doubtful.

A Good Filler.

Towne—Blowitz is certainly a better campaign orator than Wyndham is.

Browne—I don't see much choice. There's nothing new or interesting in what either of them ever has to say.

Towne—I know, but Blowitz takes longer to say it.

One Way to Boil a Ham.

The following is the recipe of the famous John Chamberlin of Washington for boiling a ham:

"To boil a ham a la Chamberlin, the night before put the ham in a tub of cold water, fleshy part downward, skin part up. Next morning put the ham in a large kettle or pot of cold water to boil. Let the water get hot gradually and continue to cook the ham in a slow boil, scarcely more than a simmer. At the end of five hours take the ham out, throw the water out of the pot and fill it with fresh cold water. Put the ham back immediately and let it simmer or boil slowly five hours more. Then add, according to the size of your purse, a gallon of vinegar or a gallon of claret or burgundy or champagne; then simmer or boil for three hours more. Then take the ham off, skin it and put in a cool place. Next morning trim it and eat when you are ready.

"To prevent the ham from tearing or the water suddenly boiling too fast it is always safe to sew a piece of cotton cloth tightly around the ham so as to fit as close as a glove. This will keep the meat firm and guard against the neglect of the cook in letting the water boil too fast."

A Clever Woman's Answer.

"Do you not consider your husband the most graceless sinner in existence?"

This question was asked the wife of a gay Lothario by a rival for his affections while playing a game called "candor."

The stillness became intense and every pair of eyes grew rounder as those present looked from one woman to the other. It was the husband's voice that broke the silence.

"Your question is out of order, Beatrice," he said quietly. "It is a rule laid down in courts of law that a woman is not required to testify against her husband."

In the confusion that followed as the game broke up the man sought his wife's side. "What should you have replied to the query of the fair Beatrice if I had not come to your rescue so neatly?" he demanded.

"I should have said you were a sinner, yes, but a graceful rather than a graceless one."

Slow but Inexorable Justice.

In October, 1900, Pietro Giaconi and Marie Bonelli were tried at Rome on a charge of sextuple murder by poisoning committed 31 years before. In England Eugene Aram was hanged for the murder of Clarke 14 years after the offense. A man named Horne was executed for the murder of his child in the eighteenth century no less than 35 years after the offense. There is also the well known case of Governor Wall, who was executed in 1802 for a murder committed in 1782. Sherward was hanged at Norwich for the murder of his wife after a lapse of 20 years.

But Sir Fitzjames Stephens recalls what is the most remarkable case of all. He prosecuted as counsel for the crown in 1863 a man who was charged with stealing a leaf from a parish register 60 years before—that is, in 1803. In this case the prisoner was acquitted.

The Strength of a Shark.

Given special advantages, such as that of holding the end of a stout rope at the other extremity of which is a hook fixed in a shark's mouth, man may, with the assistance of a number of his fellows, have the best of the shark. But alone and in the water the advantage is wholly and absolutely the other way, and the strongest swimmer and the bravest heart fail when the tyrant of the sea seeks to make his acquaintance.

The shark is a creature gifted with great strength, a savage temper, dogged perseverance and exceptional power of jaw. The lion and tiger may mangle, the crocodile may lacerate, the bulldog may hold fast—the shark alone of living creatures possesses the power of nipping off a human limb at a clean bite.

Gender of the Sword.

Among the many curious notions obtaining among the different races using the sword may be noted the gender of the weapon. In the north of Europe it was either masculine, as in Britain, or neuter, as in Germany, while in the south it was uniformly feminine. Its force and cruelty appealed to the northern mind. Its grace and elegance attracted the warriors of the sunny south. It typified to the one strength, to the other dignity.—Exchange.

Poor Meekton.

"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "do you remember the moonlit evening when I asked you to marry me?"

"I trust, Leonidas, that you are not going to become sentimental and silly."

"Not a bit of it. But I often recall the occasion with interest. I can never quite understand how I managed to talk so familiarly to you without seeming impertinent."

All Cork.

"There goes a man with two cork legs. You'd never think it, would you?"

"Go away! Didn't I just see him running across the street like a deer to catch that street car? He couldn't do that with cork legs, could he?"

"Certainly, if, as happens to be the case, he was born in Cork."

Timely Warning.

Proprietor—I am satisfied with your work, Pusher, and I will raise your salary from $10 to $12 a week; but, mind, that does not mean that you must go and get married on the strength of it.

Written Chinese is practically uniform throughout the empire and has hardly altered during the whole course of Chinese history. The spoken language, on the other hand, is constantly changing.

Transmission of Sound.

A striking example of the magical effects capable of being produced by any one conversant with the laws of sound was shown by the late Professor Tyndall in one of his lectures. He placed on the floor of the room an ordinary guitar. No one was near, and yet some unseen hand drew sweet music from it so that all could hear. The guitar was replaced by a harp, with the same result. A wooden tray was then substituted, and even from that issued mysterious harmonies.

The marvelous effect was simply due to the sound conducting quality of wood. In a room beneath and separated by two floors was a piano, and connecting the rooms was a tin tube containing a deal rod, the end of which emerged from the floor. The rod was clasped by rubber bands so as to close the tube, and the lower end of the rod then rested on the sound board of the piano. As the guitar rested upon the upper end of the rod the sounds were reproduced from the piano, and when the sound board of the harp was placed on the rod it seemed as though the actual notes of the harp were heard, the notes of the piano being so like those of the harp.

As the professor said, "An uneducated person might well believe that witchcraft was used in the production of this music."—Chambers' Journal.

A Far Look.

Three visitors traveling in the Isle of Man thought they would visit Snaefell, the king of Manx mountains. When walking up toward the mountain, they espied an old shepherd coming toward them. They thought they would take a rise out of him, so one accosted him, saying:

"They tell me, old man, you can see England, Scotland, Ireland and even as far as America from the top of this mountain."

"Oh, yes," said the old man. "If you will come with me, I will show you much further than America."

So, chuckling to themselves, they decided to follow him. After trudging for about half an hour up the mountain side in a boiling sun they began to feel rather fagged and kept asking the shepherd how much further they had to go.

He kept urging them on a little further until at last the three visitors lay down on the grass and said they would go no further for any sight.

"Now," said the old man, "if you will sit here long enough you will see the moon."

The Tanning Process.

The slowness of the process of tanning is largely due to the difficulty with which the tannin penetrates into the hide. As the penetration progresses the outer part of the hide becomes converted into leather and is thereby made impervious; consequently the rate of penetration decreases. Months of soaking in the tan pit are therefore necessary for thick hides. Many attempts have been made to hasten this absorption of tannin by hide. The methods used include circulating the tan liquor so that fresh portions are continually presented to the hide, forcing the liquid through the hide by pressure and using strong aqueous extracts of tanning materials.

It has been sought to attain the same object by passing a current of electricity through the vat in which the hides are suspended. One such process has been found to shorten the time of tanning to a quarter of that necessary when no current is used, and the leather is said to be unexceptionable.—Electrical Review.

The Eskimos.

The old tradition that the Eskimos are a people of small stature is without foundation. On the contrary, in Labrador, Baffin Land and all around Hudson bay the height of the men is probably above rather than below the average of the human race; but, as a rule, the women, although very strong, are considerably shorter than the men. They are brave, industrious, provident and communicative, in all of which characteristics they contrast with the northern tribe of Indians.

A Wonderful Echo.

Many wonderful echoes are known, but the one which takes the first place seems to be that of the old palace of Simonetta, near Milan, which forms three sides of a quadrangle. The report of a pistol is said to be repeated by this echo 60 times, and Addison, who visited the place on a somewhat foggy day, when the air was unfavorable, counted 56 repetitions. At first they were quick, but the intervals were greater in proportion as the sound diminished.

A Corn Plaster.

A medical publication gives the following formula for a corn plaster: Take of purified ammonia and yellow wax, each two ounces; acetate of copper, six drams; melt the two first together over the fire, and after removing from the fire add the verdigris just before it grows cold. Spread the mixture on soft leather or linen, pare away the corn and apply the plaster. Keep it on a fortnight and then renew it.

Changing the Subject.

An original method of closing a conversation was adopted by a host at a dinner party the other day. A young man had turned it to a topic which he did not care to discuss, and angry glances failed to make any impression. "Now, then," said the host at last, "let's change the conversation. 'For what we have received,'" etc.—London Globe.

Patience.

Her Mother—You must be patient with him.

The Bride—Oh, I am. I know it will take time for him to see that he can't have his own way.—Puck.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

HOW THEY ARE MADE READY TO MEET MISHAPS AT SEA.

The Life Saving Outfits That Are Carried by the Atlantic Liners. Paraphernalia Required by Law. Those Who Die at Sea.

Going down to the sea in ships is generally regarded as risky business. Even persons who would take their lives in their own hands are squeamish about putting them into other persons' hands. This squeamishness doesn't keep many of them ashore, but it makes most men, and probably all women, wish they knew how many lifeboats stood between them and a watery grave.

When the manager of one of the lines of ocean steamers was asked what preparation his company makes for saving passengers in case of accident, he said:

"In the first place, we don't expect to have an accident."

"But if you do?"

"Then we have lifeboats, life preservers, life rafts, lifelines and all the paraphernalia required by law. Our steamers sail between New York and an English port and are therefore subject to the regulations of the British board of trade as well as to the American rules. In order to clear a vessel carrying passengers from a British port we must be inspected or surveyed by the British surveyors before we can get a certificate. This has to be done before every departure from their ports. That means we are surveyed by their inspectors every few weeks. When that takes place, all our fire apparatus is examined, and we have to go through a part of the boat drill. A certain number of the lifeboats are swung overboard to show that the davits are in working order, and one of them is lowered to the water.

"We used to have drills at sea, but that meant that the whole ship's company must appear on deck. The firemen came up in their undershirts or without them, as the case might be. The stewards, the cooks, the butcher, and the baker, and the scullion—everybody turned out. It wasn't what you might call a dress parade, and we gave it up. Drills are had in port now. We have lifeboats with a carrying capacity of 1,500, although we rarely have more than 1,300 or 1,400 souls aboard. When we have carried over 1,500 out from England, we put on rafts for the balance."

A big ocean steamer carries a whole fleet of lifeboats. Here is the list of the boats corried by one of the German steamers: Ten steel boats of a capacity of 520 cubic feet each, two steel boats of 350 cubic feet each, twelve collapsible boats of 204 cubic feet each and two wooden ones of 124 and 155 cubic feet respectively. The cubic capacity of a boat is of interest because upon that depends the number of persons it can carry. According to the law in this country, the carrying capacity of a lifeboat on an ocean vessel is found by multiplying the cubic capacity by six and dividing the result by ten. According to this rule, each of the largest steel boats above mentioned would be allowed to carry thirty-one passengers. As a matter of fact, they are expected to carry fifty or sixty.

The lifeboats are always ready for use. They are not elaborately stocked, but each one carries a certain list of articles stowed away so as to economize space as much as possible. Each boat contains two casks of water, a case of ship biscuit, nine oars, extra oarlocks, sail and mast, fireworks for making signals of distress, lamps, oil, boat compass, axes, rope ladder with wooden rungs, bailers and plugs for stopping leaks.

The shipping regulations in this country require an annual inspection of steamers which "must be made only on written application" by the owner, master or authorized agent. Our shipping laws are modeled on those of Great Britain, but in this respect are considerably less rigorous. We have no inspector to see that there is a fire drill or that the life saving appliances are ever tested, except once a year "on written application." The certificate then issued is good until the next annual inspection. As for the drills, there is a law requiring them to take place once a week, and the fact that the drills are held to be entered in the logbook. Excellent law. If the drill is always held and recorded and the busy inspector looks through the logbook for the whole year and satisfies himself that it is all there, then the excellent law is most excellently observed.

Here is the British regulation for the inspection of steamers carrying passengers from British ports: "A ship shall not clear outward or proceed to sea on any voyage unless she has been surveyed under direction of the immigration officer at the port of clearance, but at the expense of the owner or charterer thereof, by two or more competent surveyors, to be appointed, etc. The survey shall be made before any portion of the cargo is taken on board, except so much as may be necessary for ballasting the ship and such portion, if laden on board, shall be shifted if required by the surveyors."

While the proportion of passengers lost at sea is remarkably small, the proportion of those who die at sea is still smaller. Obscure persons unaccompanied by friends are recommended not to shuffle off their mortal coil on shipboard unless they have a fancy for being buried at sea. Steerage passengers who die—and they form the majority of those who do—are always buried at sea and in very short order too.

In the case of cabin passengers it all depends on circumstances. All steamers carry one special coffin, but as a general thing only one. This can be hermetically sealed and would be used for bringing into port the body of any one of especial consequence or of any one accompanied by friends who objected to a burial at sea.

If a man was not well known and was unaccompanied by friends, his body would not be carried to port unless the ship was only a day or two from landing. The steamship man who gave this information said it was rather a delicate question whether a corpse had any rights. He did not know whether the friends of a person who had been buried at sea would have a right to protest because his body had not been brought to them. The captain's word is law aboard ship, and if he chose to bury anybody who had died he would probably be within his rights.

Foiled.

"Hair singed, sir?" the barber said, with a rising inflection.

"What good does it do to singe it?" demanded Mr. Tyte-Phist.

"Makes it grow better."

"So you can get to cut it oftener, hey?" said Mr. Tyte-Phist fiercely. "No, sir! It grows too blamed well now!"—Chicago Tribune.

HER WAY.

Eyes? Well, no, her eyes ain't much;
Guess you seen a lot o' such—
Sort o' small an' bluey-grey,
'T ain't her eyes—it's jest her way.

Hair ain't black, nor even brown;
Got no gold upon her crown;
Sort o' ashy, I should say,
'T ain't her hair—it's jest her way.

'T ain't her month—her mouth is wide,
Sort o' runs from side to side;
See 'em better ev'ry day,
'A ain't her mouth—her mouth is wide.

Nose I reckon's nothin' great,
Couldn't even swear it's straight;
'Fact, I feel I'm free to say
'T tain't her nose—it's jest her way.

Figger's plain; comp'exion's red;
Got no style, I've heard it said;
Never learned to sing or play,
Or parley French—it's jest her way.

Love her? Well, I guess I do!
Love her mighty fond and true;
Love her better ev'ry day;
Dunno why—it's jest her way.

—Elizabeth Sylvester.

IN LAVENDER LAND.

The Fragrant Harvest in the Shire of Surrey, in England.

Only ten miles from London lies Lavender land. Glorious patches of purple flowers bathing in bright Surrey sunshine seem to make the air heavy with their sweet, old-fashioned scent for miles around. Just now they are busy in Lavender land gathering in the season's harvest. The inhabitants of the little Village of Wallington — upon which the mantle of Mitcham, formerly the centre of the industry, has fallen — are cutting the purple blossoms and making them into sheaves. From the fields the sheaves of lavender are taken to the great distillery which stands within the flower-laden garden of Miss Sprules, the lady lavender farmer who has done so much for the revival of the local industry.

Years ago, when Miss Sprules first began its cultivation, the local lavender was in a bad way. A succession of severe winters with killing spring frosts had almost exterminated the once-famous lavender of Mitcham and the neighborhood, and the foreigner was pouring his inferior scents into the English market. Now the industry has become again a large and important one, and in spite of the encroachments of the builder, which have already driven the lavender from Mitcham and are threatening it in the neighboring villages of Carshalton, Wallington, and Beddington, there is enough of it grown in the district to last for many a year.

The old London street cry is almost dead. In but few places now can the old, familiar call, "Sweet lavender," bring back to memory the days when the use of the flower and its scent was almost universal among the women of England. But in spite of this the sale of the English lavender is again increasing, thanks largely, no doubt, to the patronage of the late Queen. Lavender in branches, lavender in bags, oil of lavender, salts of lavender, lavender disinfectant, and lavender water—all are being sent away in quantities from the little cluster of Surrey villages.—London Express.

Sir W. M. Conway.

Sir William Marton Conway, who has been elected Professor of Fine Art, Cambridge, is already eminent as a lecturer on that subject, holding, as he does, the Chair of Art and University College, Liverpool; but it is probably as a mountaineer that he is best known. In 1892 he was in the Himalayas, where he climbed a peak 23,000 feet high. In 1894 he traversed the Alps from end to end, and in 1896-97 he explored the exterior of Spitzbergen. In 1898 he explored and surveyed the Bolivian Andes, ascending Sorata, Illimani, and also Aconcagua. He has written largely, alike upon mountaineering and upon art, his chief works upon his professional subject including "The Artistic Development of Reynolds and Gainsborough," "Early Flemish Artists," "The Woodcutters of the Netherlands," "The Literary Remains of Albrecht Durer," and other works. He has been a university extension lecturer for Cambridge. Sir Marton was born at Rochester, in 1852, and is the son of the Rev. Wm. Conway, canon of Westminster. Repton is his school, and Trinity, Cambridge, his college.

"Slim" Mrs. De Wet.

The Petit Blue tells a story illustrative of the "slimness" of Mrs. Dewet. An English officer was pointing out to her how impossible it was for her husband to escape the cordon of troops which was drawn round him. As Mrs. Dewet seemed unable to understand him, the officer placed a dozen eggs in a circle on the table, with a half-crown in the middle. The eggs, he explained, pointing to himself, were the English; the coin, pointing to a portrait of Dewet on the wall, was her elusive husband. It was an excellent object-lesson, and it was perfectly successful. "I see," said the simple Dutch woman, in excellent English. "But where is Dewet?" And the half-crown had disappeared!

Alarmed Over St. Paul's Condition.

The public alarm concerning the condition of St. Paul's Cathedral, says a cablegram from London, is becoming intense, as experts report that the settlements of the foundations is due to a series of dry summers, which have caused the London clay, on which the national Cathedral is built, to crumble. It is estimated that the cost of underpinning the fabric will be $1,000,000, for which a public subscription is to be started.

An Irish Motto.

The Boer Commandant, Wolmarans, writing about the fight at Bronkhurst Spruit, mentions the bravery of Private Doolan of the Constabulary. Fifteen Boers surrounded him and demanded that he surrender. Doolan replied: "Divil a surrender!" and killed four Boers before he was wounded, mortally, it is believed.

FIVE LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—By and By.

Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—Right Away.

Around each tender vine I plant
I find the little fox—I Can't.

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I Can.

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high,
With this good hunter, named—I'll Try.

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox—I Forgot.

Then hunt him out and to his pen,
With—I Will Not Forget Again.

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named—I Don't Care.

Then let I'm Sorry—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.

SMALL CALIBER RIFLES.

How They May Be Kept Clean With a Squirt of Water.

"Now, I'll tell you something that will save you the trouble and expense of bringing this gun to me again," said the expert gunsmith to the owner of a .22 caliber magazine rifle, the barrel of which had become so foul that it would not shoot true.

"The rifles of this gun are not leaded. They are simply caked up with powder. All small caliber rifles get that way when ordinary, soft bullets are shot out of them. This caked powder is as hard as steel, and if I were to try to get it out with instruments I would ruin several dollars' worth of tools. Water is the thing to use. Water is the greatest solvent known, but very few people, particularly people who handle guns, seem to appreciate it. They nearly always try to clean their gun barrels with oil when water will do the work twice as well.

"You use this rifle mostly for shooting frogs, don't you? I thought so. That is what most men use a .22 caliber for. And you sometimes shoot it several hundred times a day, and you find it too much trouble to wipe it out every few shots. Ain't I right? I knew it. Now, let me tell you what to do. Get a small syringe that you can carry in your vest pocket, and after every ten or twelve shots squirt a syringeful of water into the barrel of your gun from the breech, then shoot a cartridge out of it while it is wet. If you will follow this plan, you can shoot your gun 10,000 times and never need to clean it. The water softens the powder that has accumulated in the rifles and the bullet forces it out.

"Use plenty of water in the barrel of your rifle, very little oil in the lock, and never under any circumstances put coal oil in the works, and you will save yourself much vexation and always have a smooth working gun."

Anecdote of Sims Reeves.

An operatic singer tells the following little known anecdote relating to the late Mr. Sims Reeves: About the middle of the sixties, while the eminent tenor was living in a hotel of a town on the south coast, he made a wager with another guest that he would black his face, proceed to the beach and sing a few of the songs which had made him famous without recognition. Sims Reeves duly disguised himself and rendered to a sparse audience "Tom Bowling," "My Pretty Jane," etc.; but, strange to say, he did not receive much in the way of appreciation or financial tributes from the beach loungers. Hat in hand the tenor approached an elderly gentleman who was standing apart and requested a trifling honorarium, but the stranger had recognized the great vocalist despite his ebon hued skin, and he replied with decision:

"Not this time, Mr. Sims Reeves! My wife is mad about your performances, and you have cost me many a guinea. You have just treated me to the luxury of listening to you without any ruinous expense being attached."

"Confound you," said Reeves, "you have made me lose my bet! Come to my hotel and have a drink."

The stranger accepted the hospitable invitation.

Children's Meals.

Children should be taught to be regular at their meals and to take nothing between meals. This rule applies to infants as well as to older children. The practice of feeding the little one every time it cries is a most serious injury to its weak digestive organs. An infant's stomach, though it needs food at more frequent intervals—two to four hours, according to its age—requires the same regularity which is essential to the maintenance of healthy digestion in older persons. The irregularity usually practiced is undoubtedly one of the greatest causes of the fearful mortality of infants from disorders of the digestive organs, as appears in our mortuary reports.

Cornmeal.

Before using cornmeal in a bread always scald it to soften its starch. There is not time enough during the baking for this to be done properly. Do this by scalding half of the milk or water you use, then pour it hot over the cornmeal. Next add the eggs, the rest of the cold liquid, then the flour and baking powder sifted together.—Good Housekeeping.

Pepper.

The value of pepper was known of old. We read that when Rome had to be ransomed from the barbarian conqueror in the year 400 Alaric demanded 3,000 pounds of pepper among the payments and that Hippocrates used it in medicine, applying it to the skin.

Jezebel, the queen of Ahab, according to one of the rabbis, had "black [illegible] of hell."

THE INDEPENDENT

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Hindoo Dancing.

Hindoo dancing bears no similarity to that of the European. Stage acting in the shape of comedies and tragedies is hardly to be found among the Hindoos. The chief characteristic of their dancing is their dress, which very often is horrible and grotesque to look at. Their dances consist in wrestling, jumping and moving the shoulders, heads, hands, legs, as if agitated by violent convulsions, to the sound of musical instruments.

The Hindoo taste for music is so marked that there is not a single gathering, however small, which has not some musicians at its head. The instruments on which they play are, for the most part, clarinets and trumpets; they have also cymbals and several kinds of small drums. The sounds produced by these instruments are far from pleasing and may even appear hideous to European ears.

The matuva, or conductor, is the most remarkable of all the musicians. In beating time he taps with his fingers on a narrow drum. As he beats his shoulders, head, arms, thighs and, in fact, all the parts of his body perform successive movements, and simultaneously he utters inarticulate cries, thus animating the musicians both by voice and gesture.

Welsh Rabbit.

The famous John Chamberlain of Washington had a recipe for Welsh rabbit which was a poem. It is as follows:

"Welsh Rabbit.—Four ounces of cheese, half an ounce of butter, a spoonful of made mustard, two tablespoonfuls of cream, cayenne and black pepper to taste.

"Grate or chop the cheese then in a bowl with a spoon or in a mortar with a pestle, rub all to a uniform paste, adding or not, as you like, a tablespoonful of ale, porter, beer or champagne; make a slice of rather thick toast, which dip an instant in boiling water and place in the oven.

"Now transfer your prepared cheese mixture to a saucepan and stir over a gentle heat until melted, then heat up quickly and pour upon the toast and serve. This is a quantity for one person. Time required, from three to five minutes. This recipe won the respect of congress."

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—A few days ago I was taken with a severe pain and contraction of the cords of my leg, and had to be taken home in a rig. I could not sleep for the pain and was unable to put my foot to the floor. A friend told me of your MINARD'S LINIMENT, and one hour from the first application I was able to walk, and the pain entirely disappeared.

You can use my name as freely as you like, as I consider it the best remedy I have ever used.

CHRISTOPHER GERRY.

Ingersoll, Ont.

The first fire engine used in the United States was brought from England to New York in 1731.

Every widow, even to the 300-pound limit, imagines she makes a "pathetic figure in black."

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

In New Orleans last year seventy-eight persons died from the effects of gunshot wounds.

During the month of October 320 immigrants lodged at the government buildings, Calgary.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

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

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Slow wisdom is sometimes better than sudden inspiration.

When a widower puts a black band around his hat, the women say: "The old hypocrite."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

The chief reason most men want to go to heaven when they die is that they know it will surprise their wife's relatives to see them there.

It isn't necessary for a man to sow wild oats, they come up along the path he travels.

SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH 25c

The fellow with an axe to grind is always looking for someone to do him a good turn.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

Won.

He had gone to ask her father for her hand in marriage. "Well, sir, what is it?" snapped out the old man. "Remember, I am a man of few words." "I don't care if you're a man of only one word if it's the right one," replied the suitor. He got the girl.

The most effusive argument a charming woman can use to a man is an appealing "Don't you think so?"

Patience is the key of content.—Mohammed.

Florida's orange yield this year will be at least 1,200,000 boxes.

Because there are sermons in stones it does not follow that many preachers are old fossils.

CAUGHT A PORCUPINE.

J. C. C. Bremner's staghounds killed a porcupine last week. Mr. Bremner took 24 quills out of the mouth of one of the dogs and a large number out of the mouths of the others. Some of the quills had worked their way through the roof of the dog's mouth and were pulled out point foremost through the skin of the nose. They had penetrated the bony structure of the dog's mouth and nose in their passage. The dogs are very little the worse now, although their mouths were very sore for a time. Porcupines are very seldom seen here.—Edmonton Bulletin.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

How to Keep the Baby Healthy and Happy—Avoid the So-called Soothing Medicines.

Every mother is naturally solicitous as to the health of her children, but not everyone treats their little troubles in the right way. The so-called soothing remedies are still used altogether too much, although physicians have preached against them for many years. The fact that they put children to sleep is no sign that they are helpful. On the contrary, soothing drugs are dangerous and distinctly harmful. At the slightest sign of ill-health or disorders, give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets. The medicine is purely vegetable, and is guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. For indigestion, sour stomach, colic, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, there can be no better, no safer remedy than this. Baby's Own Tablets are a sweet, pleasant little tablet which any child will take readily, and dissolved in water, may be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Mothers who have used these tablets cheerfully testify to the benefit their little ones have derived from them. Mrs. R. L. McFarlane, Bristol, Que., says: "In my estimation Baby's Own Tablets have no equal as a medicine for little ones. In cases of children teething I would not be without them on any account, as they keep my baby healthy and happy." Druggists keep them, but if you cannot find them conveniently, send 25 cents direct to us and we will forward a box by mail prepaid. The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Every mother should have our valuable little book on the care of infants and young children. Sent free for the asking.

After a woman succeeds in getting the wedding ring where she wants it she begins to say what she means.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incident to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

The average man fails to learn a lot of things that experience should teach him.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER 25c

Most girls who look sweet at men don't mean it.

Coquettes are like weather vanes—only fixed when they become rusty.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

Lemurs For the Zoo.

The national zoo has just received through an animal dealer in Philadelphia a magnificent pair of the large black and white lemurs indigenous to the island of Madagascar. This makes the fourth pair of these animals brought to this country, and, in addition to being highly attractive by reason of their coat of long jet black and snow white hair and their abnormally large and luminous eyes, they are of very great interest from the viewpoint of science and evolution.

The lemur stands in the same relation to apes and monkeys as they in turn stand to the human race, only in the case of the lemurs and apes the "missing link" connecting the two generals in real and actual existence, being realized in the "aye-aye," a peculiar animal, also of Madagascar, that is as much lemur as it is simian.

The Retort Courteous.

A story oft told is that of Lord ——, who when a young man was opposing Mr. Sugden, subsequently lord chancellor of England, in a parliamentary contest. "He's the son of a country barber," said the noble lord.

Replying afterward, Mr. Sugden said: "His lordship has told you that I am nothing but the son of a country barber, but he has not told you all, for I have been a barber myself and worked in my father's shop, and all I wish to say about that is that had his lordship been born the son of a country barber he would have been a barber still. That, to my mind, is quite clear."

He Had Great Expectations.

"How do you account for the fact that Miss Bullion, the wealthiest heiress of the season, is going to marry Nodo, who hasn't a cent to his name?"

"Oh, but he has great expectations."

"He has? What are they?"

"He is going to marry Miss Bullion."

Rules of grammar cannot give us a mastery of language, rules of rhetoric cannot make us eloquent, rules of conduct cannot make us good.—Aphorisms and Reflections.

When three women sit down to talk about a new dress pattern a small boy with a toy drum is inaudible.

A STORY TELLING CONTEST

Man With the Solemn Face Easily Beat All the Others.

One evening at a well known hotel a number of traveling men were spinning yarns, and the talk turned upon self sacrifice and the privations good friends had undergone to contribute to the worldly success of an associate. One solemn faced man told the following.

"I had two schoolmates," he began. "One of them was aspiring to be a lawyer and the other had aspirations for a high place in the medical profession. The college we attended was one at which the discipline was severe and the requirements for graduation were exacting. Well, those two boys managed to worry along until the day of the final examination came. The young law student had perfected himself in his studies and was likely to pass with high honors. The medical student, however, was in a far less enviable plight. He found that the examination would be for the most part upon the anatomy of the leg, and this was the one branch of the course he had neglected. He confided in his roommate and wailed out his sorrows.

"'If I only had a leg to dissect,' said he, 'I would pass that examination at the head of my class.'

"It was here that his roommate rose sublimely to the occasion. He rolled up his trousers and insisted that his friend amputate his leg at the knee. His medical friend demurred, but the law student insisted, and finally the amputation was performed and the medical student captured his diploma.

"Years afterward this same doctor was sitting in an office surrounded by all the evidence of a prosperous practice. The door opened and in came his old roommate at college. The greeting was, of course, affecting, and then the doctor inquired how the lawyer was getting on in the world. The lawyer said he had been practicing several years in the petty affairs of the law and would rise to distinction if he could secure a good case. 'I want a murder case,' said he; 'one that will attract special attention and involve some well known citizen.'

"The doctor excused himself and, picking up a heavy poker, left the room. He proceeded down stairs and killed his landlady, resorting to all the atrocities that ingenuity could devise to make his crime one that would create a sensation. He was successful. The papers teemed with the awful details of the deed and the tragic events of the trial. His friend, the one legged lawyer, defended him, and he was cleared. Both of these men occupy leading places in their professions today. If you don't believe this story, you can come up to my room and I will show you a picture of the school these two friends of mine attended."

Selling Your Diamonds.

People who buy diamonds are apt to answer reflections upon their extravagance with the remark that diamonds are a good investment and that they can always get their money back on them. This is plausible and partly true, but not entirely. The ring itself, though the design may be elaborate, as it sometimes is in men's rings, and of the finest and most artistic of workmanship, will seldom bring more than the worth of the gold unless sold to an individual, and styles of setting change enough to make old fashions of little value.

A woman in reduced circumstances recently sold a ring which cost at the time of its purchase $150 for $40. It is a cluster ring, with nine small diamonds surrounding a larger one. The ring was appraised at a jeweler's, who set the present value upon it. It is a pretty ring, with white stones and brilliant, but it is not worth a third of what it was forty years ago, when it came into the possession of its original owner. Dealers in stones say also that diamonds lose in weight perceptibly with wear, and for that reason become less valuable.

Got What He Deserved.

"You know Throggins? Smooth fellow. Great jollier. Tries to keep on the good side of everybody. Well, he went to church last Sunday morning and slept through the whole sermon. Then he had the gall to tell the Rev. Dr. Fourthly, after the congregation had been dismissed, that he had never enjoyed a discourse so much in his life, and he would like to borrow the manuscript of it and take it home with him, so he could read it again during the day. What do you suppose the doctor did?"

"I can't imagine."

"Well, sir, I think he'd seen Throggins nodding and knew he hadn't heard a word. At any rate, he took Throggins by the arm, led him into his study, made him sit down and then he read every blessed line of that sermon over again to him before he would let him up. Oh, you don't get ahead of Dr. Fourthly—not much!"—Exchange.

Lots of sermons are not as broad as they are long.

Truth is mighty. Sometimes it's mighty uncomfortable.

When the chiropodist and the hair dresser are introduced it is a case where extremes meet?

The new woman, if you look close enough, will often be found to be an old woman.

$15.00

Ladies' Special 14k gold filled Hunting case guaranteed to wear for 25 years, with either Waltham or Elgin movement. A splendid watch for a school teacher or nurse.

$15.00

Gent's Special open face, 14k gold filled case guaranteed to wear for 25 years, with either Waltham or Elgin movement. A good reliable time-piece for any man. Sent to any address. Money cheerfully refunded if unsatisfactory and returned at once.

D. R. DINGWALL, Ltd

Two Stores 424 584 MAIN ST.

NO RISK...

There is absolutely no risk in purchasing your watches, fine jewelry and silverware from us. We guarantee safe delivery; we prepay charges and cheerfully refund money in full if desired.

Our handsomely illustrated catalogue will assist you very materially and may be had upon application.

DIAMOND HALL, Established 1854.

RYRIE BROS., Yonge and Adelaide Sts., TORONTO.

BECAUSE.

Willie—Pa, why do they call our language the mother tongue?

Pa—It's because your father never gets a chance to use it.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N.Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

She Got It.

"Dear sir," she wrote, "I should dearly love to have a page from one of your manuscripts for my autograph album. You see, I am ambitious for my album. I want something more than just a specimen of handwriting, such as a signature—I want a bit of my favorite authors' work, just as they prepare it."

He sent her the page for her album, but still she was not happy.

It was a typewritten page.—Chicago Post.

No Use Being Captious.

"What's all this trash?" demanded the old man as he stumbled over a pile of stuff in the hall. "Great heavens! It seems that we've got two or three sets of harness and enough other stuff here to go into the ship chandlering business."

"There, pa," his wife replied, "don't be disagreeable. You were a boy once yourself, you know. That's Will's football uniform."

Many a man spends half his time anticipating tomorrow and the other half in regretting yesterday.

Some men have no use for music except when they are permitted to play first violin.

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c

Good for Bad Teeth

Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Liquid 25c. Large Liquid and Powder 75c. At all stores or by mail. Sample of the Liquid for the postage, 3c.

HALL & RUCKEL, New York.

HOLIDAY Bargains IN Pianos AND Organs

Our Mr. Hatcher goes east this week to select a large stock of Pianos and Organs for holiday trade. In the meantime we are offering some great bargains to make room for new stock. Write early for Catalogue and price list.

We have a large number of good second-hand Pianos and Organs for sale cheap. Eldredge "B" Sewing Machines.

FORRESTER & HATCHER

Y. M. C. A. Block. — — — — Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

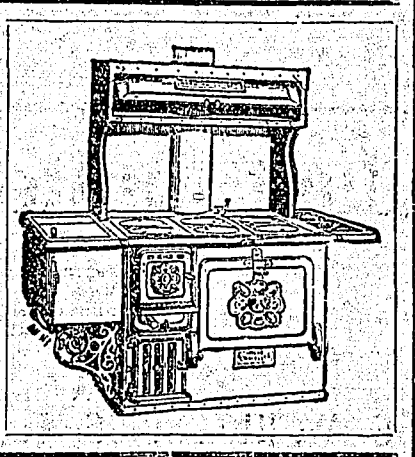
If you are tired reading Blue Ribbon Tea advertisements, take a cup of the tea itself and you will be in a good humor again.

THE "OXFORD CHANCELLOR" STEEL RANGE

Has won an enviable reputation in the Stove world. In its construction every important improvement has been added which has made it the most desirable steel range for domestic use.

Every detail has been carefully studied to make it efficient, and we are proud to offer it to you as a model of steel range construction at a reasonable price.

We make this magnificent steel range as illustrated with four or six No. 9 cooking holes. It has a large copper reservoir, is fitted with improved duplex grate to burn any kind of coal; the oven is large and is lined with asbestos board.



It will bake biscuits in THREE MINUTES using a very small quantity of coal.

Price as illustrated, { with 4 No. 9 cooking holes $55.00 } F. O. B.
(to burn coal or wood) { " 6 No. 9 " $60.00 } at Wpg.

We give a guarantee with every range sold. If not kept in stock by your local stove dealer, write us for further particulars.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Winnipeg

TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for, as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.—Leigh Hunt.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

With some people even the smallest troubles come in large sighs.

In a poker game even a vegetarian has been known to play for stakes.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell, P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine and one that will sell well."

No man believes that he is fully appreciated.

Even hush money is apt to talk.

The golden rule never gets the gilt rubbed off it from over use.

THE BRIGHTEST FLOWERS must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Croup, whooping-cough, bronchitis—in short, all affections of the throat and lungs are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

Her Age.

Judge—How old are you, madam?

Witness (hesitatingly)—I am—that is, I—

Judge—Out with it! The longer you wait the older you will grow.

Two of a Kind.

Guest—What a splendid dinner! I don't often get as good a meal as this.

Little Willie (son of the host)

The word "mile" comes from the Latin "mille," a thousand. A thousand paces of a marching soldier made the Roman mile.

Alloway & Champion

BANKERS AND BROKERS

WINNIPEG.

Write to us for prices of SCRIP.

Get our List of Lands.

Stocks and Bonds Bought and Sold.

We can furnish the exact amount of Scrip for any payment on Dominion Lands. Do not pay cash.

AGENTS WANTED

WANTED, Agents for the sale of Hardy Russian apples, currants, gooseberries, ornamental trees and seed Potatoes. Every salesman has exclusive territory. Sample outfit free. Good pay. We are one of the oldest established firms in Canada. Appply now. PELHAM NURSERY CO. Toronto, Ont.

N. B. Catalogue free. Farmers can make good money during their slack season. P. N. Co.

WANTED—PARTIES TO DO KNITTING for us at home. We furnish yarn and machine. Easy work. Good pay. Hand Knitters also wanted. Send stamp for particulars to STANDARD HOSE Co., Dept. H, Toronto, Ont

Don't Be Idle—We will supply you with work to be done at home. $10.00 per week easily earned knitting sox. We supply machine and material, and pay for work as sent in. Write to-day. The People's Knitting Syndicate, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

The contortionist is not the only fellow who is given to patting himself on the back.

The man who would try to stab a ghost would stick at nothing.

A wise man never interferes with a woman who is minding her own business.

Nearly every bad young man you meet has a good sister to watch over him.

A Cincinnati physician foolishly took some of his own medicine. The verdict of the coroner's jury was: "Death due to unprofessional conduct."

THROW OUT THOSE OLD BATTERED FACES

And let us supply you with a clean cut, modern lot that will brighten up your pages and please your readers and advertisers. Write us for estimates on anything in printer's material.

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY CO'Y

175 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg.

Felt Slippers and Others for Men, Women, Children

Slippers from the comfortable kind for housewear up to elaborate affairs for people who desires luxury.

Men's Felts at 50c and $1; Women's at 40c, $1, $1.25 up to $2; Misses' at 75c; Child's at 50c; Infants' Felt Button Boots at 25c and 40c.

W. J. ORR, 420-422 Westminster Ave

McARTHUR & LOUGHEAD,
CORNER BARGAIN STORE.
Dry Goods, Small Wares, House Furnishings, Men's Furnishings, Oil Cloth, Linoleums, Etc.
Corner Westminster Avenue and Hastings Street.

We Would Be Pleased

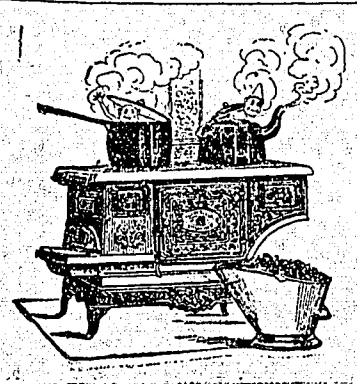
To have you call and examine our stock of Holiday Toys, Books, Christmas Cards and Calendars. The stock is very complete and prices away down.

Century Supply Company,
Near City Grocery — 442 Westminster Avenue

Just a Reminder

That we have a larger assortment of Christmas presents in stock, such as Parlor and Music Cabinets, China Closets, Easy Chairs, Couches, Etc.; best line of Sideboards in the city. We make all our Upholstered Goods. If you want a nice new Carpet call on us. We have no old stock to work off on you. Everything up to date at

G. W. HUTCHINGS, Furniture Dealer
Opposite City Hall, Westminster Avenue.



THE MARVELS OF STEAM

were first discovered through watching a boiling pot. The improvements in stove manufacture are almost as remarkable as the advancement made by steam. One of the best makes is the IMPERIAL OXFORD, to which your attention is invited, with the certainty that it will please you if you try it.

Knowdell & Hodgson
512 Granville St., Opp. P. O.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

To the Editor of THE INDEPENDENT.

Sir,—I noticed in last Sunday's Colonist that all arrangements have been made in respect to the proposed Westminster bridge across the Fraser. Among other trades, whose rates of wages have been mentioned, riveters are rated at $2.75 a day. Would you please correct this, because if any intend estimating on the work for said bridge, and expect to get riveters for $2.75 a day, they will lose money on the undertaking. The rate of pay for riveters is $3.50 per day, a difference of 75 cents to that quoted, which is quite an item. The rate for holders-up is wrong, so is the rivet heaters, and may be if some of the other trades mentioned will look the matter up they may find that they have been wrongly quoted also. By inserting this you will oblige, yours truly,

J. H. WATSON,
Secretary Local 194 Brotherhood of Boilermakers.

Vancouver, Dec. 17, 1901.

COLLECTIVEISM VS. INDIVIDUALISM.

To the Editor of THE INDEPENDENT:

Sir,—I crave space for what seems to me, as yet an unconverted believer in individualism, to be a very well contrasted description of socialism and my favorite "ism." It is borrowed from Max Hirsch's chapter on "Individualism." "Socialism," writes Max, "denying the existence of individual natural rights, seeks to reconstruct society in a direction opposite to its past evolution, to make the individual absolutely subservient to the state, to deprive him of his equal right with all others of exercising his industrial faculties as he will, and to compel him to exercise them in such manner, time, and place as he is directed, to annul his right to benefit by his own beneficial acts, and to allot him a reward bearing no reference to the service rendered by him.

"Individualism, affirming the existence of equal, natural, individual rights, seeks the further evolution of society in the direction of its past evolution until society shall have become fully subservient to the welfare of the individuals composing it, seeking to attain such general welfare through the removal of the remaining infractions of the natural and equal rights of all individuals—'the freedom of each to exercise all his faculties as he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other'—the right of each to the fullest opportunities for the exercise of his faculties, limited only by the equal right of all others, and the unlimited right of each to benefit by his own beneficial acts, reward being proportioned ot service rendered."

From the advanced socialist point of view this comparison would of course be held up to withering scorn as being merely capitalism in disguise. But, on the other hand, who has ever met a socialist who honestly admits that his reward for service rendered will be effected by one or more certificates for food, drink or clothing—(money, of course, there being none)—always supposing that he is a working item, and not an overseer of workers? And where is the father, actual or potential, who will hand over his children to state institutions as soon as they are able to leave the mother? Yet these conditions lie at the root of the present day socialism as a going concern.

S. ROOTE.

Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 17, 1901.

SOCIALIST PARTY.

The socialist party of British Columbia has now branches at the following places in this province: Victoria, Nanaimo, Ladysmith, South Wellington, Vancouver, Port Moody, Ferguson, Slocan, Revelstoke, Nelson, Silverton, New Denver, Sandon, Kaslo, Grand Forks, Rossland. Organizer Cameron is hard at work organizing two or three branches every week. The executive officers of this organization are: O. Lee Chariton, Victoria, president; Ernest Burns, Vancouver, secretary. Local Vancouver holds its regular meeting in rooms above 130 Powell street every Friday evening. With the New Year they contemplate holding a series of propaganda meetings every Sunday evening at these rooms, to which all are invited.

A large shipment of poultry will arrive for The City Grocery to-day. Prices right, quality guaranteed.

SALMAGUNDI.

Early Love.

It will scarcely be denied by any, for surely all must have felt the truth of the observation, that the world appears to us in different colors, at different stages of our existence. Youth has been termed, and not unaptly, the poetry of life, and age its prose. In the former season, the young enthusiast views the world as a scene of unalloyed and boundless enjoyment, the delights of which are inexhaustible and fadeless. Hope, that treacherous, but supporting principle, then reigns paramount in the breast, checks every rising fear, absorbs every painful doubt; grief, care and disappointment seem to the imagination, evils of only possible occurrence, shadows which pass before the mind, the mere visions of a distempered fancy. While on the other hand, joy, happiness and pleasure, appear so palpable to the sight, so attainable to the grasp, that pursuit seems all that is requisite to gain possession of them. Alas! let but a few brief years fulfil their course, and the fallaciousness of the expectation is displayed too well, and the world is seen, not indeed, as a clime where the indigenous offspring of the soil is roses only, but as a land where briars and brambles spring up with them in such choaking profusion, that to pluck the flower is to bear away also with it a considerable portion of the thorny weed. It is a subject which has excited much discussion, and on which very different opinions have been advanced, whether in this world, an equal proportion of joy and sorrow is allotted to us. The agitation of the question opens too excursive a field for argument to enter upon in this place, further than to remark, that if we allow—and who will deny it?—that the most powerful dispenser of weal and woe to the human heart is Love.

Plenty of Matches.

Little Herby Brown asked his father, who was preparing a fire, if he thought it would be hot enough to burn up bad boys. Papa nodded.

"Does the devil always keep a hot fire for bad boys—real hot?" continued the miniature querist.

"Yes, Herby," chipped in his three-year old brother, "and he's got lots of matches, too?"

"Who's got lots of matches?" snapped papa, who had just struck two boxes trying to make the blamed fire burn.

Just Like a Lady.

A little girl from an East-end slum was invited with others to a charity dinner given at a great house in the West-end of London. In the course of the meal the little maiden startled her hostess by propounding the query, "Does your husband drink?"

"Why, no," repplied the astonished lady of the house.

After a moment's pause the little lady proceeded with the equally bewildering questions, "How much coal do you burn? What is your husband's salary? Has he any bad habits?"

By this time the presiding genius of the table felt called upon to ask her humble guest what made her ask such strange questions.

"Well," was the innocent reply, "mother told me to behave like a lady and when ladies call at our house they always ask my mother those questions."

Three Ends.

An Irishman who was out of work went on board a vessel that was in the harbor and asked the capitain if he could find him work on the ship.

"Well," said the captain, at the same time handing the Irishman a piece of rope, "if you can find three ends to that rope you shall have some work."

The Irishman got hold of one end of the rope and, showing it to the captain, said:

"That's one end, your honor."

Then he took hold of the other end and, showing it to the captain as before, said:

"And that's two ends, your honor."

Then, taking hold of both ends of the rope, he threw it overboard, saying:

"And, faith, there's an end to the rope, your honor—that's three."

He was engaged.

Odds and Ends.

Freddy, the son of a well-known minister, had misbehaved and to punish him he was not allowed to eat at the family table. A small table was set for him in the corner of the dining room. When his dinner was placed before him Freddy said very solemnly, "Lord, I thank Thee that Thou has spread a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

Lady of the House—You say you would like me to do a little sewing for you? Tramp—Yes, mum, I have a button here and if you would sew a shirt on it I would be much obliged.

Fifty of fifty-seven European glaciers are decreasing. A marble quarry in Switzerland, buried by a glacier in 1779, was laid bare in 1871.

Two of the greatest literary productions of the Chinese are a dictionary of 5,020 volumes and an encyclopaedia in 2,937 volumes.

In trial by jury in Germany a vote of eight to four is necessary for the conviction of the prisoner. A six-to-six vote means acquittal.

A reported remedy for hiccough is to press the thumb on the pulse, with the forefinger in the back of the wrist. It is said to give instant relief.

Europe and Australia together are almost exactly equal in area to South America. North America and Australia combined would almost cover Africa.

FROM THE STEVESTOWN WEEKLY SOCKEYE.

Jim Maddison will take a few pupils at his house on the accordion.

It is proposed that a delegation of our prominent citizens see if they cannot induce Andrew Carnegie to give lonely Steveston a public library, the lower story of which could be fitted up as a fire engine house.

There will be a hog guessing competition and an ice cream social at the Boston hotel on Friday evening, the proceeds to go to buying a new naphtha gas machine to instal in the church.

Two new subscribers last week. We do our best to give Steveston a thoroughly up-to-date newspaper, and aim to merit the encouragement of all its citizens. However, there are a few who don't subscribe to the Sockeye, and more who have failed to pay last year subscriptions.

Willie McCutcheon's customers did not receive their Vancouver evening papers until 9 p. m. last Friday, as Willie was kept in after school, but as this does not happen very often he has received few complaints. Willie is a nice boy and is in his second reader.

MR. VROOMAN'S SERMON.

We regret that Rev. Mr. Vrooman's very able sermon, namely, "Christian Socialism or Is the Economic Problem a Religious Question," has been unavoidably crowded out of this issue for lack of space. It is one of the most scholarly lectures ever delivered from a pulpit in this country. It will appear, however, next week.

Gold Seal Canadian Rye is Seagram's Grand Old Rye. Only, 50c bottle. Gold Seal Liquor Company.

Blue Ribbon Tea is packed in Vancouver by white men—are you drinking it?

Choice mixed candies, three and one-half pounds for 25 cents. At The City Grocery.

Convalescents need Eisen Port—"the builder up of the weak"—50c bottle. Gold Seal Liquor Co., 746 Pender street.

Try a bottle of Eisen Port, the sunshine of California, 50c bottle, at Gold Seal Liquor Co., 746 Pender street.

Telephone 1—2—5 for a fine livery turn-out. J. J. Sparrow, Palace livery stables.

Drink Red Cross Beer, the beer that's pure, 75c pints, $1.50 doz. quarts. Gold Seal Liquor Co., 746 Pender street.

Buy your 'Xmas groceries from The City Grocery Company. They have a large assortment to choose from, and their prices cannot be beaten in the city.

The Mint

Is the new saloon at the corner of Carrall and Hastings streets. Case goods are the best, and the prices O. K. Seattle Rainier beer, 5 cents.

Now, gentlemen, here is the shop to get your hair cut to suit you: Corner Cambie and Cordova. C. Ellis.

When you want to hire a first-class horse and buggy, go to the Palace livery stables. Telephone 125.

Flint's Dyspepsia Tablets are guaranteed to restore failing appetite and correct any kind of stomach trouble. 50 c. box. McDowell, Atkins, Watson Co.

OUR BIG REMOVAL SALE

Offers an excellent opportunity to

'Xmas Shoppers

EVERYTHING REDUCED.

R. G. BUCHANAN & CO.
CROCKERY AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS,
Opposite City Hall, Westminster Avenue. Vancouver, B. C.

YOU'LL NEED HEAT

Before long now. The best heaters made—the cheapest to buy and the most economical to use are the

"FAMOUS" AIR-TIGHTS AND BASE BURNERS.

made by the McClary Mfg. Co.

Wm. RALPH, 126 Hastings St.
SOLE AGENT

McLennan, McFeely & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Shelf and Heavy **Hardware**

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

A Smoking Jacket

Nothing he would like better or get more solid comfort out of. Why not give him one this Christmas and fill a long felt want? Drop in at the Big Store for Men and see some beauties. Or how would he like some Silk Handkerchiefs with his initials on them? Or a pretty Fancy Vest? We have them in all the latest styles and patterns—Double or Single Breasted. And one hundred and one other suitable gifts for father, brother, husband or lover.

JOHNSTON, KERFOOT & CO.
104 and 106 Cordova Street.
Trunk Store 127 Hastings St., Opp. Wm. Ralph's.

KELLY, DOUGLAS & CO.

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Cordova and Water Streets, - Vancouver, B. C.

Headquarters for **Domestic** and **Imported Cigars** and **Smoking Sundries.**

$3.50 SHOES

This line is a wonder, G. W. Leather lined, latest styles, light or heavy sole.
UNION MADE **for Men**

R. MILLS, 10 Cordova St

UNNECESSARY TO BE SHABBY

When you can dress neatly and economically. How?

Purchase FIT-REFORM Overcoats or Suits, at one half the tailor's cost.

FIT-REFORM has made fast friends of those that have studied its methods, and have worn its clothing, "others in line."

Fit-Reform Wardrobe

334 HASTINGS STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

SELF MEASUREMENT BLANKS AND SAMPLES SENT ON APPLIATION.