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, JANUARY 11, 1902. NO 16

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

Following are results of Thursday's civic elections:

MAYOR.

T. F. NEELANDS	1816
T. O. Townley	1322

ALDERMEN.

Ward I.

W. SKENE	520
ALEX. BETHUNE	486
W. Blackmore	429
H. T. Shelton	399

Ward II.

JAMES McQUEEN	548
EDWARD COOK	438
H. A. Bell	355
John Simeson	215
Alexander Fletcher	49
Total vote	1605

Ward III.

C. H. WILSON	300
W. J. McGUIGAN	256
D. McPhaiden	225

Ward IV.

WILLIAM BROWN	495
C. F. FOREMAN	382
Daniel McKinnon	299
W. J. Dickenson	270

Ward V.

PETER WYLIE	391
W. H. WOOD	213
W. A. BROWN	166
John Morton	164
I. G. Johnstone	142
William Towler	63

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

DR. W. D. BRYDONE-JACK	1354
J. J. BANFIELD	1533
JAS. RAMSAY	1293
G. R. GORDON	1281
W. J. McMillan	751
J. B. Ferguson	518
W. Cartwright	270
A. Philp	246

LICENSE COMMISSIONERS.

E. B. MORGAN	1273
L. D. TAYLOR	1153
H. H. Layfield	980
W. Wallbridge	812
S. J. Gothard	282
Robt. Todd	166
Wm. McGirr	157
G. Molaro	130

PARK COMMISSIONERS.

R. G. TATLOW	1933
H. W. KENT	1112
A. E. LEES	1056
Chas. Doering	814
G. Bartley	636
T. Wilson	462
G. L. Spencer	235
P. Fewster	161
J. Galetly	83

BY-LAWS.

Hospital Site.

For	1052
Against	287

Carried.

Cambie Street Grounds.

For	397
Against	419

Carried.

LETTER CARRIERS.

The Vancouver Letter Carriers' association, Branch No. 12, has elected the following officers: T. H. Cross, president, re-elected; J. Clark, vice-president; G. P. Carr, secretary, re-elected; G. A. Cruikshank, director of ceremonies; C. H. Charlton, warden; J. Clark, M. A. Boulton, auditors; T. H. Cross, delegate to the Trades and Labor council. The question of the 20 per cent. increase asked for at the last session of parliament was brought up and all the friends of the postal employees are requested to help them to get the much-needed increase of salary.

FROM SPUZZUM.

On the evening of Dec. 23rd the children of the Spuzzum school held their first Christmas tree and entertainment, which was in every way a great success. Mr. W. E. Potter was chairman. A magic lantern exhibition, containing over 100 views, was given, accompanied by descriptive music by Mr. J. McGregor, of Hope, with his Edison record phonograph. Mr. O. N. Hamerton performed the duties of showman with his well known skill, and Mr. Coppen fulfilled the part of lecturer. The lantern was greatly enjoyed by all present. The following is the programme performed by the school children: Recitation, opening speech, Master Wm. Lapworth; recitation, The Reason Why, Miss Olive Hamerton; dialogue, in character, The House That Jack Built, Miss Minnie Landsbudgh and Master John Hamerton; recitation, Grandma's Beau, Miss Annie Hamerton; recitation, A Boy's Belief, Master Robert Landsburgh; recitation, Kitty, Master Louis Tom; recitation, Mary's Lamb, Master Freddy Lapworth; recitation, Boys, Master Willie Landsburg; character dialogue, Wilson's Revenge, Miss Emma Hamerton and Masters John Hamerton and Robert Landsburgh; recitation, Tim's Daisies, Miss Catherine Black; recitation, in character, How to Catch a Beau, Miss Olite Hamerton; song, Three Maids of Lee, Misses Minnie Landsburg, Annie Hamerton and Catherine Black; recitation, New Santa Claus, Miss Emma Hamerton.

(Foregoing arrived too late for publication last week.—Ed.)

BAKERS' BALL.

The dance and entertainment of the Bakers' union, which will come off on January 22nd, promises to be the big event of the season. All desiring to attend may procure tickets by applying to the committee or at any of the union bake shops. The event will be held in O'Brien's hall. Mr. Barnes is chairman of the committee.

AS TO DRONES.

What is a drone?

A drone is a being or an insect that lives on the labor of other beings or insects. A drone neither toils nor spins nor in any way contributes to the support of himself or fellow creatures; but takes from them the products of their toil and industry and fattens on the proceeds of his thievery. Among a hive of bees, as soon as a drone is discovered, he is severely dealt with, being stung to death and put out of the hive, and the bees are to be commended for the prompt manner in which their immutable law is executed.

Among the human family you will also find drones, but the human drones are petted instead of being punished. But there is another class of which I wish to speak. You will find some among the trackmen. There are some to be found in the vicinity of British Columbia. Men who will not contribute a cent to the maintenance of our order, nor in any way assist in bringing about better conditions for the trackmen during the recent trouble on the Canadian Pacific railway. And these same individuals were the first and the only trackmen I have heard find fault with the terms of settlement with the C. P. R. They stand ready to accept what our loyal men fought to secure, but they will give nothing in return. Under the Christian dispensation we are taught to love our enemies, bless those who persecute us, and if they smite us on the cheek, to turn the other also. We cannot, nor do we wish to, dispute the teaching of an all-wise Creator and Ruler, but there are one or two instances where some of us at least would vote to have the sentence of the bees imposed upon creatures in human form. They are no better than drones, and many believe them to be worse. To the good brothers along the line I wish to say that the work of perfecting and strengthening our organization in British Columbia goes bravely on. The officials so far have treated us as well as we could wish, and I honestly believe they will also carry out their part of the agreement with us. This is certainly encouraging and has a tendency to spur us on to give them the best service there is in us. Yours in B. L. and U.

NASLEN NATREMAH.

Spuzzum, B. C., Jan. 7, 1902.

DISGRACE TO JOURNALISM.

Thomas H. Mackay, secretary of the Liberal association, has issued a circular letter to the faithful. Regarding who shall be entitled to attend the convention, to be held here on the 30th inst, Mr. Mackay says: "With regard to admitting Liberal editors of papers supporting the Dominion government we do not think these gentlemen are in any way representative of the Liberal party in this province. Nearly all the newspapers in British Columbia are owned or controlled by corporations who have no politics and simply run them in the interest of their business. Editors are in the employ of these corporations and are not allowed to express or have any opinion contrary to the wish of their employers. We therefore think that the admission of men of this class would not tend towards bringing the Liberal party of this province into harmony."

Advertise in The Independent.

RUSSELL FAVORS CHINESE.

Police Magistrate J. A. Russell has been talking to the Toronto Telegram. In a recent issue he expressed the belief that a more

Real Danger

to the province is found in the agitators than in those against whom the agitation has been raised. The quasi-socialists will not work for the ordinary wage, and they will not let others work. They represent the worst element gathered from the United States and Canada; parasitic demagogues living on and disturbing the people. Chinese and Japanese labor, under present conditions at least, is necessary to British Columbia. The province places a great reliance on the salmon export trade. One million cases (at $5 a case) represent last year's output. Everything required in getting the salmon ready for export is found in the province, except for the tin plate, which Wales supplies, and the pig iron, which is introduced either from Wales or the Straits. If

Chinese and Japanese Labor

should be excluded, British Columbia's principal industry would fall before American competition. The Columbia river passes through more thickly populated country than the Fraser. White labor is more plentiful, and therefore cheaper. The Exclusion act, too, cannot prevent the employment of Chinese already in the country. There are more Chinamen in American canneries than in Canadian. However, it happens the best Chinamen disappear from the Fraser canneries and eventually reappear on the banks of the Columbia. Mr. Russell has just returned from a visit of some duration to the old country. Business, as American news circles have so continuously reported, exhibits

A Considerable Depression.

At the same time England is confident and optimistic. Commercial supremacy may be endangered by American competition, but it is not gone. British merchants have the trade in hand, and they are determined to hold it. The question now resolves itself into a matter of beating the Americans at their own game, of forming combines (such as the tobacco, thread and cotton trusts), and of entering the field of competition actively with the object of securing business, and not of letting business come, if it wishes, unsolicited. The conclusion of the war will see a great trade revival. Capitalists are holding their money until the situation clears.

THE BARBERS.

The regular meeting of the Barbers' union was held on Tuesday night, President Isaacs presiding. After routine, Walter Jordan was put through the initiatory mysteries of the order. The proposed license law came up for its final consideration, and after a few changes had been made it was referred to the executive board, who were instructed to have the same printed and presented to the house when it convenes at Victoria. This is a most comprehensive measure and protects the public from contagious diseases and forces owners of shops to keep them clean. Besides this barbers are required to undergo an examination of competence before they will be allowed to practice their profession. D. P. Johnson, who so long and ably filled the office of financial secretary, has resigned. Bro. Johnson has temporarily gone out of the business, but his fellow unionists hope to see him back with them before long. The union is in a very healthy condition, both as regards its finances and membership.

THE CLERKS.

The Retail Clerks' International Protective Association, Local No. 279, elected officers as follows on Wednesday night: President, D. McLean; first vice-president, Miss M. Clarke; second vice-president, J. A. Murray; recording secretary, W. J. Lamrick, re-elected; financial secretary, E. E. C. Johnson, re-elected; treasurer, Miss A. Verge; guide, Miss Jessie Keith; guardian, W. E. Cox; grievance committee, George Hodgson, Perry Hogg, T. A. Sanderson; delegates to T. and L. council, W. J. Lamrick, E. E. C. Johnson, T. A. Phillips. After installation speeches were in order, when Past President T. A. Phillips gave some very god advice to the members. Bro. W. J. Lamrick gave an address, in the course of which he urgently requested all clerks to put forward their best endeavors this year and see if the association could not be made one of the best in the city. He had been appointed as organizer for British Columbia, and hoped to have the pleasure of reporting some additions to the locals in B. C. before very long. He also particularly asked the delegates to the Trades and Labor Council to be punctual in their attendance and use every endeavor to boom the working card of the clerks. He hoped the lady clerks would attend this year, and said that none of them should be left to go home alone after the meetings. If none of the younger members would pluck up courage to go home with them he would see to it himself. Taking it all in all it was one of the best meetings held for some time.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

PRINTERS ELECTED.

J. W. Patterson, in the Ottawa Journal, gives an interesting biographical sketch of the three recently elected labor candidates to the council of that city. Their names are Charles G. Pepper, Albert E. Sanderson and James C. Reynolds, all printers, two being employed in the printing bureau. Special attention is called to the platform of the three typos, as truly typical of the universal aspirations of labor. It reads as follows: "The labor platform calls for the abolition of the property classification, making the right to vote give the right to represent; municipal ownership of all public utilities in the nature of monopoly; to recognize the police board and parks board so as to bring them more under the direct control of the city council and the people's direct representatives; the extension of the day labor system which has proved of such advantage to the city, both from the standpoint of economy and better workmanship; the establishment of a scavenging system to be operated by the city, and economical and business-like administration of civic affairs. In fact the platform is one that must commend it to the most enthusiastic municipal reformer, and progressive enough to show that the labor men understand the requirements of a growing city."

CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL.

At the Central Congregational church, Homer street, a series of morning sermons on "The Apostolic Age or Christian Life in the Early Church," will be commenced by the pastor, Rev. W. A. Vrooman, Sunday morning, January 12th. The dawn of the Christian era is a period of intense interest to all classes of people. The modern church may greatly profit by contact with the ancient church. This series will be especially helpful to all who will study the current Sunday school lessons.

A series of evening sermons on "The Bible Under the Fire of Modern Criticism" will be commenced by the pastor, Rev. W. A. Vrooman, Sunday evening, January 12th. The truth about the Bible is the best preventive of scepticism, and one of the best tonics of religious faith. This series is for people who think. Young men are especially invited. Subjects in the series: (1) Modern Criticism of the Bible; (2) The Conflict of Science with Infallibility; (3) Alleged Immoralities, Barbarities and Absurdities in the Bible; (4) The Inspiration of the Bible; (5) The Supremacy of the Bible Above Other Sacred Books; (6) The Authority and Value of the Bible in Modern Life.

Questions placed on the collection plate will be answered the following Sunday evening. You are invited to attend these services. All seats are free. Make yourself at home.

IS THE REFERENDUM A GOOD THING?

One hundred and ninety-eight locals of the International Typographical union failed to vote on the important questions ordered referred to the membership at large by the recent convention at Birmingham. A general idea may be had of the importance of these questions to that organization from the fact that there are 13 propositions, chief among which were to grant stereotypers and electrotypers leave to withdraw from the I. T. U. and form a separate international union; to fix the salaries of the president and secretary of the I. T. U. at $1,800 per annum each; to abolish the present organizing districts; and place the appointment of organizers exclusively in the hands of the general president and executive council, and to abrogate the tripartite agreement between the pressmen, bookbinders and compositors.

NEWS OF THE LABOR WORLD

Canadian.

W. R. Baker and F. Sharp have been elected president and secretary respectively of the Carpenters and Joiners' union of Rossland.

R. Hallam has just been elected president of the Civic Employees union of Winnipeg. The union has 200 members and a surplus of funds.

Two local divisions of the Brotherhood of Railway Trackmen have been instituted recently by Organizer Stamper, on the M. & N. W. and G. N. W. C. branches of the C. P. R., to be known as the Yorktown and Minnedosa divisions B. R. T. of A.

The Trades and Labor council of Winnipeg has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, A. G. Cowley; vice-president, J. C. Lane; financial secretary, A. M. Gossel; recording secretary, H. T. Bush; statistician, J. Bye; warden, H. Gollan.

The Typographical union of Winnipeg is still moving in the matter of scale revision. The eight-hour day proposition was not favorably received by the employers, and some other proposal has been submitted. Organizer Hayes, of the International union, has arrived in that city to assist in the negotiations between the union and the employees.

At the regular meeting of Nanaimo Typographical union, No. 337, held last Sunday evening, the following officers were duly elected for the ensuing term: E. C. Beard, president; R. J. Lukey, vice-president; R. D. R. Ramsay, financial and recording secretary; Wm. H. Hopkins, treasurer; delegates to the Trades and Labor council, Geo. E. Norris, Thos. R. McLay, and E. C. Beard.

American.

The New York Sun is feeling the pricks severely. They are now suing some of the members of the printers' committee for libel.

A Bostonian has invented an automatic telephone exchange and the telephone operator is no longer needed. A successful test of the invention has been made on a one hundred phone circuit.

At a recent annual meeting of the miners of Massilon, Ohio, district resolutions were adopted asking for a monthly holiday to enable the miners to assemble, and demanding public ownership of mines.

The Rev. George L. McNutt of Boston, has undertaken to solve the problem of the toilers by becoming one of them. He gave up his parish and went into a factory town with no resources but his factory wages of $1.35 a day.

Prof. Small, of the Chicago University, boldly declares that no man ought to receive less than $1,000 or more than $50,000 per year as wages. An exchange adds that Prof. Small need not be surprised by a hint to resign when Mr. Rockefeller hears of his rashness.

A child labor bill has been introduced into the Georgia Legislature which prohibits the employment in mills of children under ten years of age; provides that children under 12 cannot work unless they have indigent parents; and forbids the employment of children under 14 unless they can read and write.

In 1879 the people of California were asked to express their sentiments on the Chinese question at the polls. With the protection of the secret ballot, California cast 154,638 votes against Chinese immigration and 883 in its favor. The next year a similar test was made in Nevada, and the vote was 5,114 against the admission of the Chinese and 13 for it.

The semi-annual convention of District No. 1, United Mine Workers, meets at Wilkesbarre, Pa., January 13th next. Over 400 delegates, representing 75,000 miners, will attend. Among the important issues before the convention will be that of card inspection, the eight-hour day, and the bringing into the organization of the Stationary Firemen and Engineers, in accord with the principle laid down at the recent conventon of American Federation of Labor.

We have received from the Iron Trades council of San Francisco a communication stating that the strike of the pattern makers, boiler makers, iron ship builders and helpers, steam fitters and helpers, core makers, molders, ship joiners, machinists and helpers and apprentices of San Francisco and the Pacific coast for a nine-hour day is still on, newspaper reports to the contrary notwithstanding, and requesting all workmen in these trades to refuse to accept position in that region in any capacity.

The Chinese are preparing to make a hard fight against any exclusion law. It is reported that the Six Companies have levied an assessment upon every Chinaman in this country and a vast sum will be spent in "arguing" the matter at Washington.

SOCIALIST MEETING.

R. P. Pettypiece, of the Lardeau Eagle, Ferguson, has been spending a few days at Victoria, gave an instructive address to a good audience in the socialists' hall Wednesday evening. He dealt at length with the present-day concentration of wealth and effort on every hand, and the benefits of co-operation rather than competition, and explained the mission of the new socialist movement now becoming so widespread in Canada, more especially in British Columbia. The British Columbia Socialist party have now some 20 leagues established with an organizer still in the field. A per capita tax is being levied upon members, which is furnishing ample funds to extend organization and circulate propaganda literature. It is not the immediate object of the British Columbia Socialist party to place candidates in the field, but rather to perfect organization and educate the people to recognize the necessity of preparing to take over the trusts which are to-day proving the practicability of the theories of socialism. The ultimate aim of socialists is, however, to secure the collective ownership and control of the means of production and distribution. With these objects in view Mr. Pettypiece has been asked by the members to establish an official newspaper for the party, at some convenient point in the province, a proposition which he is now investigating. At the close of last night's meeting several new members were enrolled. In fact the movement throughout the province promises to become a live issue in the near future. —Colonist.

A MATTER OF EDUCATION.

Lord Grey, in opening the Miners' orphanage for boys at Bolsover, recently delivered a speech on the crisis in British industry, in the course of which he maintained that the theory that the amount of employment to be obtained was a fixed quantity, and therefore it was desirable in the interests of the community to spread it over as many workers as possible, was eating the heart out of British industry, and deteriorating the characters of the working classes. What was the remedy? Not the abolition of trade unionism, but the education both of workers and employers. He believed that the trade unionist who advocated restriction of output was honest in his belief that he was thereby rendering a service to his class. He was no worse than the landowners who in times past had advocated protection, the effect of which was to enrich themselves at the expense of the community. The trade unionists were also advocating a policy of protection, unconscious that its effect would be to bring more suffering upon the working classes than upon any other section in the community. Free trade had not ruined the land-owners. Freedom of effort would save the operative class from ruin. What was wanted was education, conferences between the representatives of employers and employed, and a full knowledge of the cost of production both in this and other countries.

THE BLACKSMITHS.

Mr. D. R. Winson, of this city, writes as follows to the Blacksmith's Journal: "Everything in connection with the Blacksmiths' union is going on lovely, as you will be pleased to learn. Dues come in very regularly, and all the boys are capital union men. Brother Johnston (William), our honored treasurer, has left town and is now in the employ of the C. P. R. at Revelstoke Station, B. C. He will be in a position to look after our work in that part of British Columbia, as there are a great many of our members there who have not got the initiation work. At our last meeting it was resolved to make Brother Johnston organizer for British Columbia."

Ex-President William Mackenzie, of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, was particularly glad during this campaign week. Not so much over the elections—far from it. A new 12-pound son arrived on Sunday to brighten his household. Congratulations.

SELLING GIRLS IN NIGERIA.

Dealers Push Business Just Like a Horse Dealer.

Business connected with the sale of some silver took me one day to the house of a slave dealer who had some twelve or fourteen very engaging females to dispose of. Entering the house through the heavy pillared, low be-matted porch, I found myself, when my eyes had grown accustomed to the subdued light and the fleecy smoke of the burning spices, in a large, square, hall-shaped room. The young women were squatting about on skins and mats, doing up one another's hair, touching up one another's eyes with kwolli (black antimony powder), laughing, talking, singing, and to all appearances thoroughly enjoying themselves, notwithstanding that they had only recently been torn from the bosom of their families. When the dealer had looked at the silver I brought with me he directed my attention to his stock, and, after a few observations relative to their place of origin, called up two or three of the girls and tried to push business, expatiating upon their points just as a horse dealer might do in this country. One was cunning in the preparation of the perfumes of the country, in the blending of civet and frankincense and myrrh, just the wife for a wealthy Ba Ture (white man) like me. Another could sing and dance; all were clean and well favored. After listening to the dealer for some time I told him very plainly that I did not require a female slave. "Ah," he replied, "then I know what you want, and have just the article to suit you." And a girl, half Arab, half Sudani, was immediately produced from a different room. The dealer was sure she would suit me — he was aching to get that silver without paying currency for it — he would let me have her cheap; she wasn't everybody's money. "No! she is not," I readily admitted, adding rather more forcibly, "she isn't mine, for instance." — Empire Magazine.

The Australian Commonwealth.

The following statistical table of the conditions in 1899 has been compiled from figures issued by the Victorian State Premier for the year 1900.

	Population.
New South Wales	1,356,650
Victoria	1,163,400
Queensland	482,400
South Australia	370,700
West Australia	171,600
Tasmania	182,300
Total	3,726,450
	Revenue.
New South Wales	£9,572,912
Victoria	7,396,944
Queensland	4,174,086
South Australia	2,731,208
West Australia	2,476,811
Tasmania	943,970
Total	£27,295,931
	Gold Production. Oz.
New South Wales	495,196
Victoria	854,500
Queensland	947,626
South Australia	22,430
West Australia	1,643,887
Tasmania	83,992
Total	4,047,631
	Imports.
New South Wales	£25,594,315
Victoria	17,952,894
Queensland	6,764,091
South Australia	6,884,357
West Australia	4,473,532
Tasmania	1,769,324
Total	£63,438,513
	Exports.
New South Wales	£28,445,466
Victoria	18,567,780
Queensland	11,942,858
South Australia	8,388,396
West Australia	6,985,642
Tasmania	2,577,476
Total	£76,907,618

Two Incidents in a Career.

Two incidents stand out in relief in the career of Col. Joseph Frederic des Barres. He was the instructor in navigation of Captain Cook, and it was into his arms that Wolfe sank dying from the fatal bullet at Quebec. Des Barres was acting as Wolfe's Aide-de-Camp during the battle, and was in the act of making a report when the General fell. Previously he had served in the Indian frontier wars and at the taking of Louisbourg, and he was later the directing engineer at the restoration of the fortifications of Quebec to a condition of capable defence. Subsequently he was engaged in surveying the harbors and inlets of the shores of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and, in fact, the whole of the North Atlantic coast, where navigation was till then extremely dangerous, and it is upon his labors as a hydrographer that he is now remembered. In 1784 he was appointed Governor of Cape Breton and subsequently of Prince Edward Island. He attained to the extraordinary age of 102, dying on October 24, 1824.

Regained Speech and Hearing.

A remarkable case of a man regaining both speech and hearing has occurred at Barking. Jean Matfurfin, when a sailor, fourteen years ago, was shipwrecked off the coast of Asia, and fell from a mast into the sea. He was unconscious for fourteen days, and on recovering was unable to speak or hear. For some considerable time he has been in the employ of Mr. Joslin, a market gardener, at Barking. About a week ago he received a fright from a gun going off accidentally, and ran home in a very excited state. A few days afterwards his hearing returned, and then his speech. He can now hear perfectly, and speak fluently in Italian, French and Portuguese, and somewhat imperfectly in English.

A Boon to Cyclists.

In Lincolnshire the magistrates are impressing upon holders of public house licenses the legal obligation to supply tea and coffee to cyclists and tourists.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Wha wad for honest poverty
Hing down his head, an' a' that,
The coward-slave, we pass him by—
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that;
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that,
For a' that, for a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
What struts and stares an a' that.
Though hundreds worship at his word
He's but a coof far a' that;
For a' that, and a' that;
His ribband star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind.
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he manna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
And come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that!

—Robert Burns.

HOW BULLETS SOUND.

Noises Like the Wailing of a Lot of Distant Cats.

We are getting accustomed to the squib-like report of what we felt sure must be explosive bullets, as they went off like large crackers among the rocks in front of the trench; but I feel bound to say there is a doubt whether it was not the splash of the soft-nosed bullets used by the enemy—a bullet I believe to be also illegal—as the sudden impact of such a missle fired at short range would immediately burst the bullet, the heat evolved being sufficient to melt the lead inside the hardened coating, and give an appearance in the dark as if a number of small shells were bursting around us. Indeed, on the night attack some days later the effect of these flashes of flame and sharp cracks made some of the men certain they were explosive; but I still think it may have been simply the result of the impact. Besides these sounds, the air was full of the weirdest noises — the whirr of the spent bullet from a long range, the chirp of those at high velocity when fired from the rocks directly opposite—one single shrill chirp exactly like the high-pitched note of a small bird. The "ricos," too, made the most extraordinary sounds; pieces of bullets that had struck some obstacle — forced, I suppose, by their irregular shapes to take trajectories of all forms — made noises like the wailing of a lot of distant cats. All these made the air seem alive with flying and screeching forms. Occasionally—but very occasionally — a puff of smoke would show where some antiquated Boer had been indiscreet enough to use black powder, and it was a pure joy to have something to aim at from our trenches; but hardly ever were two shots delivered from the same position.—Chambers' Journal.

Dr. Finsen's Experiments.

Prof. Niels R. Finsen, the inventor of the lupus cure by rays of light has just returned to Copenhagen, says The London Daily Mail. Our Copenhagen correspondent has just had a long chat with the professor, who told him all his plans. He is a shy and rather weakly young man, full of enthusiasm for his great work.

"I hope that I and my assistants will succeed in making far greater use of the rays of the sun and the electric light. From practical experience we go to scientific experiments, which in their turn are put to practical use.

"The sun was my first teacher. I was weak as a child, sometimes sick unto death, but I always kept careful watch on myself and noted the unmistakable healing influences of sunlight upon the whole of my organism. I tried to find the explanation of this fact in scientific works, but failed. Then I thought either I or the scientific works must lack something, and thus I was gradually led to the study of the chemical influence of rays of light.

"After six years' study I succeeded in the winter of 1895-6 in curing in four months an eight-year-old case of lupus vulgaris by local treatment with light.

"There are illimitable possibilities in future when the scientific basis and the full chemical nature of rays of light are fully known, but we know already that not only are light baths good for local treatment, but they have a healing effect upon the whole body."

An Engineering Feat.

An interesting engineering feat was accomplished recently in Redheugh Bridge, between Newcastle and Gateshead. A new bridge was built in exactly the same position as an old one while traffic went on uninterruptedly. New piers were erected round about the old ones, and spans and a roadway built a little above and 4½ feet to one side of the old roadway; then the old piers and roadway were removed, the new roadway lowered into position, and the work of moving it into place was accomplished. The weight moved, 1,600 tons, was pushed over by hydraulic jacks exerting a pressure of 1,500 pounds to the square inch.

The Work It Did.

The English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children secured the conviction and punishment of nearly 3,000 culprits last year.

Ice From Norway.

Norway sends Great Britain 180,000 tons of ice a year, valued before shipment at 7s a ton.

"THE TYRANT INCOME."

The Whole Matter Summed Up by Hon. Mrs. Austruther.

For several numbers past of The Cornhill Magazine instruction has been given in the art of living on incomes ranging from £78 to £10,000 a year, and now the whole matter is summed up by the Hon. Mrs. Austruther under the title of "The Tyrant Income."

"The truth is this," she says. "The secret of financial happiness lies in your own personal attitude toward your income. If you treat it as a friend, on whose generosity you may rely to help you in time of need, then will you be doomed to disappointment, for few incomes have great souls — they are mean and shrinking things, incapable of heroic expansion! But if, from the very instant that you and it foregather, you treat it as your natural enemy, then may your life be a happy one. Conquer it, or it will assuredly conquer you, and become your tyrant. Yet only in one way can it be humbled and brought low, and happy is the man who discovers the way to do this early in his career. Keep it hidden, for publicity is to it the breath of life, and once the glare of publicity falls upon this unlovely Galatea, it will rise up and mercilessly will it trample upon you and your most precious possession—your independence. Therefore hide it. Never let your nearest or your dearest suspect its real height, or breadest suspect its real height, or breadth, or length, or power. Keep it as secret as you would the knowledge of some hideous crime; guard it from the public gaze as you would the most appalling skeleton that ever sat in family cupboard! Should searching questions be put to you anent its size, do not hesitate to lie right royally in your responses. Swear it is but a small, weak thing, worthy of no consideration, incapable of sustained effort, and thus by your cunning words force it to sit cowering in the darkness of private life, not daring to assert itself or to tyrannize over you in that horrid fashion already partly hinted at by a previous writer in these papers."

A PLANT WHICH DINES.

The Sundew, Common to Boggy Ground in England.

Among the insectivorous plants there is hardly one of greater interest than the sundew (Drosera rotundifolia), which is common on boggy ground in many parts of Britain. The leaves of this plant says "Chamber's Journal" are supplemented by highly sensitive glandular hairs or tentacles which secrete a viscid fluid; and when any small insect inadvertently alights on these, it is held fast while the tentacles gradually bend down and hold it in a close embrace until its digestible parts are incorporated within the substance of the plant. The entire process has recently been photographed by Mr. A. E. Goodman, and the pictures are reproduced in the pages of the "Amateur Photographer," under the quaint title of "A Tragedy in Six Scenes." In the first of these pictures we see a small fly, an aphis, settling upon the treacherous and sticky points of the plant which is destined to devour it; and in the subsequent photographs, which were taken at intervals of from thirty to forty minutes, we see how the victim is drawn nearer and nearer to its doom. In this interesting photographic experiment we are told that the digestive process lasted for about three days, when the tentacles once more resumed their extended position; but they remained dry for about 24 hours, and thus allowed the remains of the repast, the indigestible portions of the aphis, to be carried away by the first puff of wind. After that the glands once more began to secrete their viscid fluid, and were ready again to act as fly-traps.

Some Remarkable Statistics.

A compilation made from the files of a prominent pro-Boer Parisian journal shows some remarkable statistics. It has reported 1,101 battles, the principal results being: Boer losses — Killed, 181 men, including 23 officers; captured, 300 men and 17 officers. British losses: Killed, 3,189,180 men, including 60,000 officers; captured, 190,000 men and 8,000 officers. Boer guns captured, 14; horses and mules, 30; provision trains, 42. British guns captured, 2,160; horses and mules, 7,000; provision trains, 813. Decisive Boer victories, 1,094. Decisive British victories, 7. Boer forces pursued by British, 121 miles; British forces pursued by Boers, 26,118 miles. Boer generals killed, nil. British generals killed, 71, including five who were killed three times, and one (General Methuen) who was killed seven times during the first four months of the war. General Kelly-Kenny had his head blown off in three separate engagements, succinctly described by the paper's correspondents; and before leaving for home General Lord Roberts had lost five legs and nine right arms. Up to the beginning of October Lord Kitchener had been assassinated three times by his own men in revenge for the harsh discipline he kept on enforcing.

A Novel Fire Alarm.

A novel fire alarm has been fitted up in the big recreation room of the London fire brigade headquarters. It takes the form of a 4.7 shell, which has been converted into an electric alarm signal for a general "turnout" in the event of fire. The shell was sent by Commander Wells as a souvenir from South Africa, and the chief officer has had it converted to this novel purpose. It makes a resonant fire signal.

A Gyle as a French Speaker.

The Duke of Argyll is said to be one of the most fluent and accurate speakers of French in the United Kingdom.

Silver in Britain.

Silver in Britain is legal tender up to 40s., pennies up to a shilling, and farthings only up to sixpence.

SPRINGS IN THE SEA

FRESH WATER STREAMS THAT BURST FROM THE OCEAN'S BED.

The Origin of the Underground Rivers That Have an Outlet Under the Persian Gulf Has Never Been Satisfactorily Explained.

Along the shallow bottom of the ocean, not very far from the land, a number of openings have been discovered in various parts of the world through which water as pure and fresh as that of any bubbling spring mingles with the salt water of the sea. Another remarkable class of fresh water springs is those that sink out of sight or perhaps never come to the surface, but follow hidden channels under the land and under the sea until they finally come to the open air on an island. Both of these types of underground rivers are perhaps most remarkably illustrated near and on Bahrein Island, in the Persian gulf, a place that is also noted as one of the chief sources of pearls.

Bahrein Island, the largest of the group of islands bearing that name, is about twenty miles off the coast of Arabia in the Persian gulf. As the island has almost no rainfall it is a dead level of sandy desert relieved only by palm groves and patches of vegetation where water springs to the surface from the mysterious underground channels. In many places the water does not reach the surface, but is found by sinking wells, the water being raised to the surface by donkeys and bullocks and poured into the channels from which the date palms and other crops are irrigated. These springs cannot possibly be derived from the island, and it is no more likely that they come from the sandy wastes of neighboring Arabia. The Arabian shore as far as can be seen is low and devoid of water except at El-Katif where similar springs are found.

Arabs say that these streams come straight from the Euphrates river through an underground channel by which the great river, in part, flows beneath the Persian gulf. Geologists, however, have dismissed this theory. Though the origin of the springs has not yet been satisfactorily explained, the most favored theory is that they come from the well watered slopes of the Persian mountains far to the north. If this theory is correct, it means that the rainfall sinks into the earth's crust until it reaches impermeable rock strata along which it is carried for a great distance to the south out under the sea until the rock, sloping upward, again brings the water near the surface on Bahrein Island. Some of the wells that are thus supplied are enormous, and one of them, the Adari, serves for the irrigation of many miles of date palms through a canal of ancient construction. The Adari well is one of the great sights of Bahrein, being a deep basin of water 22 by 40 yards in size. The fact that it comes from a far higher source is shown by the force with which it enters the well. Divers, driven back by the strong current, are unable to reach the bottom.

There being no wells within miles of some of the coast towns of Bahrein, they obtain water from springs that issue from the bottom of the gulf not far from the shore. These springs of course have the same origin as the wells. Divers, with goatskins under their arms, dive through the salt water and fill the skins with the cold, fresh liquid at the bottom. The water obtained in this way usually contains a slight admixture of salt water, so that the mixture is just a little brackish. At some of these openings at the sea bottom the head of water entering the sea is so strong that when hollow bamboos are pushed down into it the water rises through the tubes, delivering the fresh water directly into vessels that are held by men and women who are sitting in the boats that brought them from the land. The force of some of the streams as they come from the earth is so considerable that it pushes back the salt water, and the spring is not mixed with the sea water for quite a space around the place of entrance.

It has been practically determined within the past few years that the waters of a small river in West Africa which disappeared in a fresh water swamp that has no visible outlet find their way by an underground channel into the Atlantic and mingle with the sea through an opening in the bottom that has been discovered a few miles from Cape Verde. A channel has been found on the sea floor which, apparently, was cut by some fresh water stream. During some soundings that were made in 1895 for the purpose of finding and raising a broken cable the vessel engaged in the work was surrounded by swamp vegetation that was continually rising to the surface. It was evidently brought through the underground channel from the swamp.

The breaking of a cable off the mouth of the Rovuma river in East Africa has been attributed to the destructive action of a strong current of sweet water entering the sea level several miles from the land. Another remarkable example of a submarine river is found to the north of the city of Arica on the Pacific coast of South America. A river from the Andes that is gradually swallowed up in the sand has been found to make its way invisibly into the sea, with which it unites some miles from the land.

Brain Weight.

It is stated by an authority that the weight of a man's brain has nothing to do with his mental power. It is a question of climate, not of intellect. The colder the climate, the greater the size of the brain. The largest heads of all are those of the Chinese, who live very far north, and next come the heads of the Lapps.

The Tugboat Captain.

A tug lay hard by, and the captain added his bit to my sociological nocturne, as I sat in the pilot house and peered out on the water, where red lights and green lights, with many of yellow and white, dripped zigzag fashion down from the wharfs and ships.

"Where do you sleep?" questioned I.

"Why, here," he replied, "in this very pilot house on that nice fluffy bunk you're a-settin' on; an' sometimes I sleep at that wheel, a-steerin' this boat, sir. Can't be helped, sir. The hours we work would stave in a trained nurse an' send a sentinel to be shot. Why, man, I've seed the time when I've stuck by that wheel twenty grim hours at a stretch. Once it was forty-two hours. And when you read in the paper about towin' a big propeller clean through a dock or jammin' her into her next door neighbor fer keeps don't you say us tug folks are Johnnie Raws. Just say we're worked and worked till we sleep at the wheel. For that's God's truth, sir."

Military Term.

"BREAKING RANKS."

One Who Felt Strongly.

"How do the people in your neighborhood like rural free delivery?" wrote the congressman who had been instrumental in having it established in that particular locality.

"They like it so well," wrote his influential constituent in reply, "that they don't come to town half as much for their mail as they used to do, and my trade has fallen off 25 per cent. You've had the last vote for congress you'll ever get from me, darn you!"

An Easy Mark.

"John, did you split the kindling?"

"Yes, dear."

"Is the coal in?"

"Seven buckets full."

"Now come and help me get the children to bed, and when the house is perfectly quiet you can have the dining room to yourself and write a short story to pay the house rent and a poem or two for the gas and water bills, and see if you can write a love song that you can sell for enough to pay the milkman and the washerwoman."

Johnnie Wanted to Know.

"Pa, what's a bookworm?"

"A bookworm, my boy? It's a species of worm that is found in very old books."

"Is it bad for dogs?"

"For dogs? I guess it wouldn't do 'em any good."

"Then I'm sorry I let Fido eat the insides out of that old book that you said was worth more'n forty dollars."

Easy to Correct.

"Is it true that Rhymster wears a celluloid shirt bosom?"

"Yes, but merely as a matter of business. It's so much easier to revise a poem written on that kind, you know. Words and lines can be rubbed out without trouble."—Chicago Post.

CARDS AND BIBLES.

The Queer Stock In Trade of a Peddler In Kentucky.

"Not long ago," remarked a traveling man, "I went up picturesque Kentucky river on a little steamboat which runs from Louisville to Frankfort. By the way, there isn't a wilder or more beautiful stream in the whole country than that same Kentucky river. The boat passes through eight or ten government locks during the trip. On the boat I encountered a queer old customer, a long bearded, grizzled Kentuckian, who was full of interesting reminiscences.

"'Once on a time,' he said, 'I made a heap o' money up an' down this little ole river—a-peddlin'.'

"'What did you peddle?' I asked.

"'Keards,' he answered; 'playin' keards an' Bibles.'

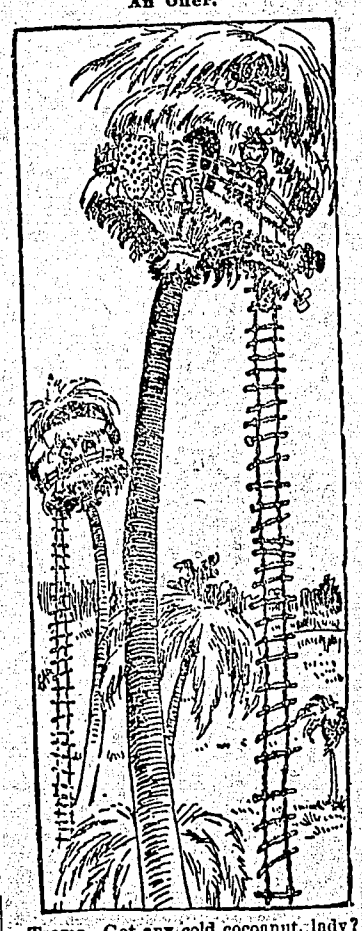
"'That was a queer stock in trade,' was my comment. 'How did you happen to have such a mixed lot as that?'

"'I bought it at a auction down t' Loo'sville,' he explained. 'The auctioneer lumped 'em, so I had to take 'em. But I got rid of 'em—yes, siree, ev'ry one of 'em. People along this river is allus wild for playin' keards. I sold 'em playin' keards fer two dollars a pack. They went off rapid, ev'ry one of 'em, yes, siree, an' I didn' have nary Bible left on hand nuther.'

"'How much did you get for your Bibles?' I asked.

"'Laws,' the reminiscent Kentuckian explained, 'them Bibles went off rapid too. I give 'em away with th' keards.'"

An Offer.



Tramp—Got any cold cocoanut, lady?

Mrs. Wooln-Wooln—No; but if you'll take the rugs down and give them a good shaking and bring them up promptly I'll give you some cocoanut hash.

Theory and Practice.

Towne—You know Greenleaf believes in the theory that we all become what we eat.

Browne—But he's a vegetarian, isn't he?

Towne—Yes.

Browne—Then how does he account for his having become such a lobster?—Philadelphia Press.

Her One Request.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "there is one favor I want to ask you. I hope you will realize it is for your own good and not get angry."

"What is it?"

"I want you to solemnly promise me that you will never bet on a horse that isn't going to win."

Another Dear Old Theory Shattered.

"You can't," he argued, because he thought he was a philosopher, "get something from nothing."

"Oh, I don't know about that," she replied, picking a long yellow hair from his shoulder. "This is pretty near it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Partly Accounted For.

Bizzer—Where does that man Flimmer get all his money?

Buzzer—Well, I loaned him five dollars two years ago

It is claimed that dentistry prolongs life. As has been said of matrimony, it certainly makes it seem longer.

No man can build character by trying to raze that of others.—Nashville Banner.

COLD SETTLES ON THE KIDNEYS

Deep-Seated Kidney Disease often the Result of a Neglected Cold —Then Come Great Sufferings from Lumbago and Backache.

Few people realize what a vast proportion of serious illnesses arises from cold settling on some delicate organ of the body. The kidneys and liver, as well as the lungs, are very easily affected by sudden changes of temperature, and the results are often suddenly fatal. It is a common experience with farmers, teamsters, railroad men and laborers to have a cold settle on the kidneys and throw these organs, as well as the whole digestive system out of order. There is usually backache, pains in the sides and limbs, deposits in the urine, pain and scalding with urination and irregularity of the bowels.

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

So many thousands of cases of serious kidney disease have been cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills that they have come to be considered an absolute cure for all kidney derangements. They are purely vegetable in composition, prompt and pleasant in action, and thorough and far-reaching in their effects. They are endorsed by doctors, lawyers, ministers and others, and are beyond doubt the most efficacious treatment obtainable for diseases of the kidneys and liver. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box; at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

IT'S SUNSHINE AND MUSIC.

A laugh is just like sunshine;
It freshens all the day;
It tips the peak of life with light
And drives the clouds away.
The soul grows glad that hears it
And feels its courage strong;
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along!

A laugh is just like music;
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart,
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet;
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet!

—St. Louis Republic.

THE MAN FROM NOWHERE

By M. QUAD.

Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.

I had arrived in Philadelphia from a small town in the state of New Hampshire to see a man with whom I had been in correspondence about a business affair. As he was stopping at the Bingham House, I went directly there from the depot, and as I expected to remain at least overnight I went to the office to register. I started to write my name, but as the pen touched the page my identity went from me as quick as the snap of your finger. There was no shock, no sudden giving away, but I could not for the life of me recall my own name.

"Anything wrong?" asked the clerk as he looked at me with a smile.

"Only that I have forgotten my name," I replied, with a silly laugh.

"Well, most any name will do so that you don't forget to pay your bill."

I sat down in the office and tried to recall my name, but to my horror I found that I had also forgotten the name of the town I came from and the name of all my friends. I could not tell who I came to see or the name of the city I was in. I suppose I must have looked pale and scared, for the clerk came out to me and said:

"It is one of the cases we read of now and then. The sense of memory is dead for the moment. I'll send you up to a room to lie down for an hour, and you'll probably come out all right. Where did you come from?"

"I can't remember."

"You know you are in Philadelphia, don't you?"

"No."

"You must have come here on some sort of business. Can't you recall what it was?"

"I cannot. Philadelphia! Philadelphia! Is it a large or a small town, and what state is it in?"

"You go and lie down and fall asleep if you can. The more you puzzle over it the worse you will get mixed up."

I went to a room and tumbled on to the bed, but there was no such thing as falling asleep. I was nervous and frightened, and things became more confused instead of clearer. I looked for letters or cards, but found none. I had a satchel with me, but neither that nor my linen was marked. Before I went back down stairs I realized that I had been blotted off the face of the earth. You may fail to appreciate the situation, but I can assure you that it was worse than if a doctor had told me I was a lunatic. It was as if some one had died and I had been suddenly called on to take his place without knowing anything about him. I hadn't lost my reason, and I could see, hear, taste, smell and feel. I could also remember as far back as walking into the hotel. Beyond that all was darkness. When I went down to the clerk, he saw that I was still troubled. He must have been a good natured man, for he left his duties to say to me:

"Still groping, eh? Well, don't get flurried. Go out on the street and see if the sight of some particular object won't bring it all back."

As a matter of fact, I had been in Philadelphia a dozen times, and there was no sight I had not seen twice over, but when I stepped out on the street things were as strange to me as if I had been set down in Peking. I read the signs on the street corners, on the cars and over the doors, but they recalled nothing. I wandered up to Wanamaker's, around the city hall and over to the Chestnut street depot, but it was as if I had never seen them before. A sort of panic seized me. I became afraid of myself and broke into a run and gave no heed to the pedestrians. As a consequence I was arrested by a patrolman and taken to the police station.

The charge against me was disorderly conduct, and I was locked up for the night, and it was owing to the police surgeon that I was set at liberty by the judge next morning. The surgeon came down to the cells to see a man who was ill, and I stated my case to him. He came back at a later hour and talked with me for a long time. I think he was perfectly satisfied that I was off in some manner, but the case was beyond him and not in his province. He spoke to the judge in my favor, however, and after a warning I was set at liberty. I had $27 in money and was free to go where I willed, but where should I go? One place was the same as another to me, as I had no name and no business. I finally decided to go back to the clerk of the hotel and get his advice.

"Don't try to rush things," he said in a kindly way. "Hang around the office for a day or two, and perhaps you'll see some face you'll remember."

For three long days I scanned the face of every man who entered the hotel, but all were strangers. Then the clerk called in a reporter, who talked to me for an hour. The result was that my case was widely circulated in the newspapers. That was before the days of illustrated daily journalism, and no picture accompanied the sketch. Friends who had known me from childhood read the story, but did not connect me with it. Several doctors came to see me, and it was generally agreed that I ought to go out into the country for rest and quiet. When I had but $5 left and no hope of discovering my own identity, I set out for the country and finally hired out to a farmer 30 miles away to assist in the haying. When the haying was over, I staid on. I staid because I did not know where else to go or what else to do. They gave me a name, and I answered to it because all names were alike to me.

I had been with the farmer nearly two months when memory came back, and it came as suddenly as it departed. We had been digging potatoes during the day, and my mind had been worried more than usual. When we reached the house, half an hour before sunset, we washed up and were about to sit down to the table when my name came to my tongue, and I shouted it out and began dancing around the room. No shock took it away, and no shock brought it back. There was no breaking of a dish or other accident, but the steam was quietly turned on, and the wheels of memory began to revolve again. In my exultation I ran out and shouted my name to the cows in the barnyard and the pigs in the pen, and with chalk and pencil I wrote it down wherever I could reach. The name came first, and then I remembered where I lived and my journey to Philadelphia. I could clearly recall my arrival and everything up to the moment I started to write my name on the register. I left the farm next morning for home with memory as clear as a bell, and they said my facial expression had so changed in a single night that they could not recognize me as the hired man John.

I had been advertised for, hunted for and given up for dead, and you may guess that my return created a sensation. As a matter of fact, I had been dead. I had lost my own identity and taken that of a stranger. I do not know the feelings of a madman, but if they can be stranger than the nightmare oppressing a man who has lost himself and been blotted out I do not wonder that they mumble and curse and cry out in their despair.

A Fable With Two Morals.

Two young men once started in life with equal prospects. One of them had a yearning to see the world, but the other had no desire to stray far from home. He said his native township was good enough for him.

The man who wanted to see things started out, and after many years and much traveling, during which he had looked upon most of the wonders of the globe, he was arrested one day as a tramp, and because he had neither money nor friends he was "sent up" as a common vagrant.

The man who said home was good enough for him sat around most of the time and played checkers with old people who had nothing else to do. He never went to a circus or the county fair for fear some villain of the deepest dye might pick his pockets, and he wouldn't haul his crops to market because he thought it was more than likely that he would be cheated if he did.

The farm he worked was very poor, but he wouldn't move from it to a better one because he said he was used to it and might not get along well in new surroundings. At last he quit putting out crops, for he saw that it was only a waste of good seed, and one day the overseers took him to the poorhouse.

Moral.—A rolling stone gathers no moss and inaction brings stagnation.—Chicago Herald.

When the Queen Was Undressing.

Guizot, the French historian, told the following incident of his first visit to Windsor castle:

"On Wednesday evening at Windsor castle the queen retired at 11 o'clock. We stayed behind talking for half an hour. At midnight I set out to find my own apartment, and I lose myself in the galleries, saloons and corridors. At last I slowly open a door, taking it for mine, and I see a lady beginning to undress, attended by her maid. I shut the door as fast as I can and begin again to search for my own room. I at last find some one who shows me the way. I go to bed.

"The next day at dinner the queen said to me laughingly, 'Do you know that you entered my room at midnight?'

"'How, ma'am? Was it your majesty's door that I half opened?'

"'Certainly.' And she began laughing again, and so did I.

"I told her of my perplexity, which she had already guessed, and I asked whether if, like St. Simon or Sully, I should ever write my memoirs she would allow me to mention that I had opened the queen of England's door in Windsor castle at midnight while she was going to bed. She gave me permission and laughed heartily."

Blue and Other Eyes.

An optician is thus quoted in the Philadelphia Record: "Nine-tenths of the railroad men, pilots and men in whose business keenness and correctness of vision are a necessary adjunct possess blue eyes. Haven't you ever noticed the penetrating quality a glance from an azure tinted eye seems to have? The cold, steady look from such an eye appears to read you through and through. In a great many years of practice I've discovered that very few blue eyed people are compelled to wear glasses. Blue eyes are very attractive, but brown eyes are the most beautiful. Intellectuality is usually denoted by gray eyes, and hazel eyes indicate a talent for music. The commonest eye is the gray eye, and the rarest is violet."

TO A TORTOISE.

Paludal, glum, with misdirected legs,
You hide your history as you do your eggs
And offer us an osseous nut to crack
Much harder than the shell upon your back.
No evolutionist has ever guessed
Why your cold shoulder is within your chest,
Why you were discontented with a plan
The vertebrates accept, from fish to man.
For what environment did you provide
By pushing your internal frame outside?
How came your ribs in this abnormal place?
Inside your rubber neck to hide your face
And answer not? To science you're a sphinx,
A structural epitome of missing links,
And, when decapitated, still you swell
And kick and claw and scramble just as well.
But I'll not plague thee. Even here I find
A touch of fellowship that makes me kind.
Sometimes a poet who has lost his head
Will keep on scratching when he should be dead.

—Chauncey Hickox in New Lippincott.

A CONFESSION IN ARCADY.

Which Recites the Pleasure of Poaching.

By ATHOL FORBES.

"Every man as lives in the country has a hankerin' after it. It's in the nat'ral blood, I says, and when a man fairly gets the taste of it in his system, why, it's worse to leave off nor drinkin' and gamblin'. Skittles and dominoes is all very well, but ponchin'—ah, that's the sport!"

The old man shook his head sagely after this bit of moralizing and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Try some of mine," I said, passing him my pouch. I saw the ex-poacher was inclined to be talkative, and as time hung somewhat heavily on my hands in Arcadia I settled myself down to listen.

"How did I begin? Why, I was always at it, more or less, ever since I could remember. As a boy bird snarin' was my amusement—many's the whackin' I got for that and truant playin' from the schoolmaster. I was a dead shot at a runnin' cat at forty yards with a flint. You can practice on them in daylight. Then in the evenin's I used to knock over rabbits with a stone. Lor', I could knock 'em over tew," and he smiled as he recalled his boyish prowess and pranks.

"I remember well the first time I went out with a gun. It was with old Tompkins—'Methody Tompkins,' as we call him. He's livin' now and never got copped. It were like this: Him and me wur in service with the old squire up at Hind's farm. We was eatin' our bread and cheese, and the plump pheasants was struttin' about in and out of the wood that was by the field we was harrowin'. I 'ad never tasted one, and Billy Tompkins he says to me, 'Ever tasted one o' 'em?' 'No,' I says. He larfs. That was 'ow it 'appened.

"'There's more there than squire can eat,' says a voice inside like, and the Almighty he gave us the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea. I 'ad never seen the sea, never 'ad no 'ankerin' after it, but I might as well have my share o' t'other things.

"Just at that time Billy says, 'I can borrow a gun.' I looks at him. 'Right, lad,' I says, for we understood each other, and that night we went out. There was no moon, but we knew our way. I war a bit narvous like, especially when some squirrels squirmed away in front of us as we got through the gap in the 'edge into the plantation. Curious things them little animals is. I've seen them many a time brushin' the dead leaves away with their tails and then turnin' around to pick up the nuts. Ah, the way of the Almighty be wonderful! Just think of him pervidin' the little beasts with brushes, as if they was Christians.

"Well, that night I was a bit skeered, and no mistake. Suddenly Billy lifts his gun. Flash! bang! it goes. I thought I should 'a' died. In a minit the whole place was alive with wings flappin' in all directions. I turns to bolt, but Billy he collars ho'd of me and says, 'Doan't be a fule; hold the bag, and mind tew do exact as I says.' Well, you never 'eard such a huproar; all the birds in the plantation wanted to know what was up and come out o' their nests to see and hear all about it. A big cock pheasant screeched in my ear, and tiny birds dashed about like mad without thinkin' where they was goin'. It was a spree, if you like.

"We bags two big birds, then we off's 'ard as we could lick, before the keeper got on our track. But we was in our cottages, snug in bed, I bet, before they 'ad their eyes open.

"Next mornin' we went to work as usual and heard all about the scare of the night before. Keepers and dogs was out, and squire suspected some pitmen from a colliery about five miles off. We listens, and we says nothin' and agrees that pitmen are a wicked lot.

"After that we got more boldlike and fearless, and two birds did not content us, for we soon saw there was money in it. Yes, many a night I 'ave made a week's wages, and I put by a tidy bit each season. Then Jim Cowles joined us, but he spent all his takin's in drinkin' at the Blue Pig. However, he put us up to sendin' the birds to Lundun, where we could get tiptop prices and no questions asked.

"One night we gets nabbed—Jim and me. Billy didn't go with us, though I 'eard afterward he was suspected, but what does the sly old dog do but goes off to a prayer meetin' t'other side o' the Dene and proves an alibi. His gal was in service at the hall, and she tells him as how special keepers and a party at the hall was goin' to hunt for the poachers, so the wily old fox he goes to his meetin' and lets us get copped without givin' us a word's warnin'. They suspected us, you see. There was a struggle, and Jim he lets off his gun, whether by accident or not I cannot say, but he struggled hard an' got away. He had a bit o' money, and he makes a clean bolt of it to Amerika, where he is now. I hears from him occasionally. He was afraid he 'ad shot one of the keepers, and it was years before I 'ad a letter from him. But to go on with my story.

"'That's you, Trindon,' says the squire.

"'Yes, sir,' I answers. The keeper had 'old o' me tight.

"'You shall answer for this,' the ould gentleman says.

"I says nuthin', for it would only 'a' made matters wus.

"'Go home to you're wife, and we'll deal with you tomorrow,' he says.

"Off I goes, without being told twice, and tumbles into bed, where I lay a-tremblin'. The wife there," here he nodded to his spouse, who sat knitting at the other side of the fireplace, "she says, 'What is it?' and after a time I tells her. She bursts out cryin', and the kids heard 'er, so they sets up a-howlin', and we was that miserable that I cussed Jim and Bill and the rest of them.

"Next mornin' I did not go to work, but Bessie she goes off to see t' person, leavin' me a-bed. You see, she had been in service at the vicarage, so she felt at home like in goin' up. Down comes parson and lets out at me somethin' cruel. 'Go up at once to the squire and ax his pardin', he says. By gum, the old parson be a rum 'un. He got me at a disadvantage, bein' in bed, and he makes up for lost time, and my wife there, she stands by and puts in a word here and there. 'Get them trousers on,' says the parson, and he chucks my breeches on. Then he stands over me while I gets my clothes on.

"Well, I walks up to the hall humble like and axes to see the squire, and the footman he puts me in the gunroom and tells me to wait. 'Parson 'as sent me,' I says.

"'It's quod for you,' says footman in reply, grinnin'.

"Presently the old gentleman comes in. I salutes him very humble, but afore I could get a word in he lets out at me. He stormed and cussed somethin' shockin', but I keeps my eye on 'im, and when he gets too near I edges away, all the time a-axin' pardon, as the vicar had told me. When 'e cools down a bit I said as 'ow I 'ad been led astray, and for the future I was goin' to be respectable and go to church, and I did mean it at the time.

"The old squire he swears and growls a bit more, but in the end he agrees to make it up. You see he was a passionate man, and when in a tantrum he would say and do anything.

"'You will let me drink your 'ealth, squire, before I goes,' I says, 'just to show there's no ill feelin' on my part.'

"But before you could say Jack Robinson I was off, for the old gent 'e rushes at me like a mad bull, but when I got into the passage I got mixed, so I dives under a table and stays there awhile. He rushes past mad blind like. A minute afterwards I 'ears the squire's lady a-laughin', and presently he sings out, 'Triadon, go round to the servants' hall and get your beer.'

"That was the first time I was nabbed," added the old man.

"You still went on with your poaching, then?" I remarked.

"Yes, sir. You cannot break it off. It was ten years afore I was caught again. The old squire was just dead—God rest his soul!—and new squire gets another keeper, some man as 'ad been in the foreign wars with him as his servant. Bless your soul, he knew nothin' about birds, but he did about a gun, by gum he did.

"One night I was out with two others. We was busy with the net, when suddenly there was a bang, and I felt somethin' smartin' in my leg. 'What's up?' I says. 'It's the new keeper, that's what it is,' says one of my mates. Presently bang came the gun again from another direction, and my mates sings out that they are hit. We all drops down on the grass scared and waits, but there was nothin' more. It was a business gettin' home that night. I could scarcely walk for the pain in my leg. This shootin' was a new dodge and not fair at all, but the man didn't know his work, and he had been accustomed to go out when he liked and shoot Rooshins.

"Next day we 'ad to go to the doctor's to get the shot corns taken out of us. I had three in my leg—there are some there yet—and it was as black as that kettle, and the doctor took them out of my mates in handfuls.

"The new keeper, he be a cute 'un. He goes round to the surgery and gets all our names, and the policeman serves us with a summons, so this time we appears before the bench of county magistrates. Seein' that there was no other convictions against us, we got off with seven days each, for which we thanked the worships.

"As soon as I was out young squire and parson comes round to see me, and both of them sat and laughed as I told them all about it, and I tells them about the time when I hid under the table from the old gentleman, and they laughs more.

"'Didn't you carry my father to the church?' said young Captain Rowley—the squire's name was Rowley Eden.

"'Yes,' I says. 'God bless him, he wur a good 'un, your father, but he would 'a' killed me that day in the gunroom. Lucky I wur too quick for 'un. He had a 'ot temper, but a good heart.'

"The young man he sits quiet a time and then drops a tear, and the parson and he looks out of the winder. I did a bit of a cry, myself, too, for the old maister was as good as gold, takin' 'im all round.

"'You refused to take the sovereign that was given to each of the pallbearers,' said the young squire, swingin' round suddenly and facin' me. 'Why did you do that? Here, I wish you to have it,' and he puts down a golden sovereign on that table.

"'No offense, sir, nor disrespect,' I says. 'He wur a good squire; never a better lived. I was proud to do him the last sad duty, sir, and as we carried him to his last restin' place I would ha' given a good bit more'n that (meanin' the sovereign) just to 'a'telled him so before he died. So I just contented myself wi' sayin', 'Good old maister, good old squire,' only in a whisper like, with my cheek against the coffin, thinkin' that his spirit might somehow hear.'

"The young squire, he says softly and kindly, 'You don't bear me any ill will for sending you to jail?'

"'No, sir; I may be a poacher, but I am not ungrateful to the old stock up at the hall, sir,' I says. 'Many's the bird I have 'ad, which cost your father a pretty penny to rear, and seven days was cheap for all I done in my time.'

"Next day the young maister comes round, and offers me the post of under keeper, and I held that until my eyes failed me, but that wur not until I wur near seventy. And now, why, I wants for nowt, and often the young squire looks in, and sometimes he brings gentlemen from the hall just to have a crack, and sometimes they drops in, just as you 'a' done. The old woman and myself are just waitin' now until the Almighty has time to attend to us. Old squire's gone and his lady, the vicar and his, and I often says to the missis our turn will soon be comin' round. Poachin' is the worst thing I have to answer for, and as both of us shared in the money we shall have to hear what will be said up there about it, eh, lass?" And the wife nodded her assent.—Golden Penny.

An Impractical Suggestion.

"Always think before you speak," said the prudent man.

"I can't possibly arrange it," answered the young politician. "I'd have to disappoint too many audiences."—Washington Star.

HAWTHORN AND LAVENDER.

I send you roses—red, like love,
And white, like death, sweet friend;
Born in your bosom to rejoice,
Languish and pine and end.

If the white roses tell of death,
Let the red roses mend
The talk with true stories of love
Unchanging to the end.

Red and white roses, love and death;
What else is left to send?
For what is life but love, the means,
And death, dear heart, the end?

When in what other life,
Where in what old spent star,
Systems ago, dead vastitudes afar,
Were we two bird and bough or man and wife,
Or wave and spar,
Or I the beating sea and you the bar
On which it breaks? I know not, I!
But this, oh, this, my very dear, I know:
Your voice awakes old echoes in my heart,
And things I say to you now are said once more,
And, sweet, when we two part
I feel I have seen you falter and linger so,
So hesitate and turn and cling, yet go,
As once in some immemorable before,
Once on some fortunate yet thrice blasted shore. * * *
Was it for good?
Oh, these poor eyes are wet!
And yet, oh, yet,
Now it comes back, I would not, if I could,
Forget!

—W. E. Henley in North American Review.

A MAN NAMED MORIARTY

"The question is," said the stout gentleman, emphasizing the last word and pausing effectively, "who's to be the scapegoat of this affair?"

"There must be one, you think?" said the thin man with the gray beard as his anxious eyes searched the other man's face.

"Of course," the stout man answered, with an air of finality. "You don't want the papers to get hold of the truth, do you? You don't want it to leak out that we're manufacturing explosives with inferior chemicals—to say nothing of dangerous processes, long ago condemned as murderous, which we've employed to cut corners and boom the dividends. You don't want that going the rounds, do you?"

"No, indeed not," the thin man said eagerly.

"Ergo, the scapegoat," said the other.

"I don't see where you'll find one," the thin man observed wearily.

"Well," the stout man began, and his voice was full of vigor and determination, "when you run a business of this sort and in this manner, when you do almost anything to tickle the stockholders, when you cut down the expenses to the point of holding human beings over eternity on No. 30 cotton thread, you've got to be prepared for almost anything, and when that 'anything' comes, as it will sooner or later, you've got to take a day off and smooth things over with the public. The public is inquisitive, and it has a way of finding more things out than you want it to. Now, what we've got to do is to square the public. We've made money this past year. We've saved so much through cheap stock and risky processes that it's a small matter if the old shack on the 'plains' has gone up with a bang. Let it go. It's a loss, to be sure, but it's nothing to what the loss will be if the true inwardness of that bang becomes common gossip. If it should get out just why the works blew up, you'd never put another ounce of product on the market, and your stock wouldn't be worth the paper it's engraved on. In fact, you'd be lucky to get off without a long term for manslaughter."

"Well?" said the other as he shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Fix the blame on some one. That will satisfy 'em. Don't bother about dollars and cents just at present."

"And the—the—er—scapegoat?" suggested the thin man.

"As I said, when you run things in this way you have to be prepared for anything. There's two things to be thankful for. First, it's God's own mercy it didn't happen in the daytime. Thirty killed and forty wounded—something like that in scare type. That would have been serious. Second, that a man named Moriarty was loafing round the building somewhere. There's your man."

"Moriarty—Moriarty!" said the thin man, as if endeavoring to place the name.

"Yes, Moriarty," said the other. "The same one that grafted us for twenty more per month when somehow—Lord knows how—he got on to the fact that we were taking long chances."

"Oh, yes," said the thin man, his face lighting. "Where is he?"

"Well, I should say he was cumbering the earth at several points, unless they've collected him," the other said grimly. "Low down, I suppose, to take advantage of a man when he's dead. Still, it's bound to be somebody, and we may as well use him who first used us."

"Are you sure he's dead?" the thin man asked.

"You've never seen an explosion like that, I imagine," the stout man said dryly.

"Anyhow, how will you fix the blame on him?" the other inquired.

"Easy enough. Reporters will be round today to interview us. Well, there's only one way we can imagine it happened. On several occasions we've been out to the works at night. Moriarty was smoking—see? Threatened to discharge him if we heard of it again. Particularly trusty man otherwise and long in our employ, so we hated to part with him. Must have tried it once too often last night. Shocked at such a horrible thing, of course, but we'd so often cautioned him, and so forth—see?"

The thin man arose.

"You're a genius," said he. "It's the very thing."

"'Tisn't genius," said the other shortly. "It's a case of have to."

* * * * * * *

On the evening preceding the above conversation the Commonwealth Explosive works in the dingy little village called the Plains had verified its name by sailing skyward in the midst of a vivid pyrotechnical display, accompanied by a roar like several concentrated Fourth of Julys, which had shaken the earth for miles around. Several hours after the explosion, in a little belt of larches some rods away, a heap of wreckage stirred uneasily and finally broke apart. From the wreckage came a thing which wabbled about the ground in its vain attempts to rise. Finding this impossible, it began to crawl through the grove toward a light which showed in a window some little distance beyond. The thing, made progress painfully, sometimes creeping, sometimes worming, but always groaning weakly. The light seemed leagues away, and, moreover, it bobbed about in a wonderful fashion and showed all variety of color from blood red to pale blue. Sometimes it was lost to sight completely, and the thing would utter a sound between a gasp and a moan, but it always crawled until at last the light showed its kaleidoscopic hues close at hand. Then the thing, after numerous attempts, found a feeble voice and sent out a frail shout, while the light swung around in huge circles and dripped green sparks in its trail. Some one came running and, bending down, said, "Good God!" in a voice that rang and jarred like heavy bells—then darkness.

It was late in the next afternoon when the thing opened its eyes, and even as it moaned in its pain the presses in the neighboring city were running out in their first editions the account of Moriarty's affection for his pipe.

* * * * * * *

Now, to bring into the semblance of a man a thing which had soared through the air in company with loose boards, stray girders and miscellaneous debris takes some little time and a vast amount of surgical skill. Of time there was a plenty, and there was no lack of other requisites at the hospital to which the thing was finally taken. The two in conjunction worked wonders. Out of the battered mass of broken bones and lacerated flesh came slowly but surely the likeness of a human being—a very sorry human being it was, scarred and disfigured and bristling with splints and bandages. Still, through it all it clung to life with a tenacity which was little less than marvelous.

After many weeks it was able to sit up every day in a chair. About this time this much bandaged man began to read, and, chancing to come across a bundle of weeks old papers, he read therein the account of thoughtless Moriarty. It pleased him immensely. He chuckled and grinned and read the account several times. Then he folded the paper and put it under the pillow of his cot. Moriarty's troubles seemed to be a powerful tonic for him. He improved rapidly and nearly drove the doctors insane by asking them how long it would be before his condition would permit him to go out.

One visiting day he dictated a note and sent it out by the nurse. In the afternoon three men were shown to the bandaged man's ward, where he sat wrapped up in his chair.

"Denny," cried the foremost of the three as he caught sight of the shrunken figure.

The bandaged man favored them with a grin, which the crosses of adhesive plaster on his face and the absence of six front teeth rendered particularly hideous.

"Sit down, sit down," he said jovially. "Look at the product of bad chemicals, will you?"

The trio sat down and chatted away until a white capped nurse gently hinted it was time for them to leave. Then the bandaged man turned to the visitor nearest him.

"Dan," said he, "did you ever see me smoke?"

"I don't think I ever did, Denny," the man addressed replied.

The patient turned to the next in order.

"Tom," he said solemnly, "did you ever see me smoke?"

"Sure not," said Tom.

"Did you, Jim?" the patient went on, addressing the third, who shook his head.

"Well, then," said he, "remember that, will you? It's money in your pocket to keep that in mind." And when the three reached the street they agreed there was something wrong with Denny's mind.

* * * * * * * *

It was a bright September day when the patient left the hospital. He entered a carriage and drove to one of the office buildings down town. He hobbled into a spacious office on the seventh floor, his crutches making a vigorous thumping on the tiling as he swung past a stout man at the desk in the outer room and entered a smaller one, where a thin little man, with a gray beard, bent over a pile of letters. The man from the hospital still wore bandages swathed about his neck, and there was yet enough adhesive plaster on his face to make his grin rather pronounced.

"Good morning," said he pleasantly, sinking into a chair. "Don't let me interrupt. My business can wait."

"Well?" said the other sharply.

"Are you ready?" the intruder asked. Then he grinned, and the thin man experienced a shock. That grin would have startled a mummy.

"I think I'll smoke," said the man with the crutches.

"Well, why don't you?" the thin man queried after waiting for some moments for the other to produce his weed.

"No hurry," was the calm response. "I've got to learn first. Want me to learn, don't you?"

"Want what—I want what?" said the thin man.

"You want me to learn to smoke, don't you?" the other went on. "'Course you want me to," he added insinuatingly.

"Now see here," began the thin man, but the other interrupted him.

"I don't mind learning to smoke, but it's expensive. Costs a lot of money to smoke. I wouldn't undertake it less'n ten thousand dollars."

"What are you driving at?" growled the thin man. "What do I care whether you smoke or not?"

"Oh, if you don't care," the man beside him said easily, "we'll make it fifteen thousand. I'll smoke for that. I'll smoke all my days if I get that."

"Great heavens! I don't want you to smoke. What in thunder"—

"Fifteen thousand and I smoke."

The thin man had lost his temper.

"Fifteen thousand!" he roared. "What's your name? What'd I give you fifteen thousand dollars for? Why should I give you the price of a two-fer even?"

"Because," said the man with the crutches, as he grinned again and laid a hand confidentially on the thin man's coatsleeve—"because," he purred, "my name's Moriarty."—Boston Transcript.

Most Fascinating at Forty.

An English writer declares that not until a woman reaches the age of forty does she reach the maximum of her power over susceptible members of the opposite sex. "Her face," says the writer referred to, "may have lines that 'sweet and twenty' regards with dismay; her figure may be fuller than 'sweet seventeen' deems graceful; it may even be that art has to step in where nature fails in the matter of hair and complexion, but it is manner which tells. In carriage, in interest, in thought, the woman of forty at the present day is as young as her daughter less than half her years, but her mind is better balanced, her judgments are clearer."

THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE MASSES

BY

THE INDEPENDENT PRINTENG 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.

SATURDAY.....JANUARY 11, 1902

LABOR'S REAL ENEMIES.

The Independent has just now no hard words to throw at the monopolistic dailies. It is naturally their policy to do the work of their owners and the class to which these belongs. That these journals should take any course other than that they follow is impossible. Viewing their sources of life and information, their fairness on the whole has been remarkable. Therefore our reproaches are reserved for those who more justly deserve them—for the workers who alone are responsible for their own lack of press representation and who cannot by any species of reasoning shift that responsibility on to other shoulders. Therefore, if labor is misled by the dailies, it should not blame them; it should bear its own back for flagellation. It is the toilers' inertia, stupidity, and thirst for beer which has made mental serfdom the chief factor in the maintenance of wage-slavery. When labor is beaten politically or industrially, it is simply because it either lacks brains or has not the energy to use the little with which it is gifted. And if it be not considered advisable that such a condition of things should endure then let those take acton on whom circumstances press heavily, who resent environment, who believe in the rule of the producer. For it is useless to expect that wrong will become right merely because we will it so. Change must on our part be preceded by strenuous effort, by daily sacrifice, by indomitable perseverance, and never-ending straining towards our goal. Our ends cannot be gained either by abusing our enemies or by crying out: "Woe is me"—either in public or private. It is the daily journals on the whole which mould public opinion. On the side of monopoly, through ownership, prejudice, early training, and class bias, it is their aim, consciously or unconsciously, to bolster up the conditions which benefit the few at the cost of the many. And the audience to whom they appeal is in the main so ignorant, so nose-led by racial dislikes and sectarian hates, that it requires little skill to divide labor into opposing camps at election times and during seasons of industrial dispute. And it always will be thus until labor owns its own journals which view questions from the workers' standpoint while just enough to admit that there are two sides to every question. It is very probable that if we owned such a paper or papers that at the next general election this province would return an absolute majority of labor members. It is also more than probable that if such a paper or papers existed that a vast majority of the workers of this country would belong to industrial unions instead of as now only about a third of the entire number. It is also most unlikely that if a paper or papers of wide circulation existed to lash the senile follies and disgraceful class selfishness of the local government this body would continue to thwart the will of the people and play such tricks in the face of high heaven as might cause the angels of heaven to weep and all the demons in hades to chuckle with approval. But for these things and all other evils and injustices, labor should not blame its rulers and oppressors, but those of its own house whose drunkenness, ignorance, stupidity, sectarianism, and intolerance furnish the sole obstructions to the car of reform.

Money, observes a local politician reflectively, is something which you don't always need to spend on an election, but which you always need to have, and you take awful risks of losing if you don't circulate it freely.

Mr. Carter-Cotton is the hero of the hour. Mayor-elect Neelands' supporters say that it was he who led the multitude on to victory. "This life is one of ups and downs," says the man with the wooden leg.

Have you broken all your pledges yet?

Will it be a "union label" council this year?

Nothing like a change of administration.

The legislature will meet on February 20th.

Did you hear anything drop on Thursday?

The laws will now be enforced to the letter. That's right.

It costs the workingman too much for the privilege to work.

What elementary proposition of ethics governs the ordinary aldermanic conscience?

Young Canada stands solidly on a platform of "public ownership."—Citizen and Country.

A word to the council-elect: Do your duty and don't make a fuss about it. It's the empty wagon that rattles.

The "whisky lords" are a greater power in the land than are the "railroad kings"—according to Carrie Nation.

The miners seek gold in the veins of the mountains—the capitalist gets his gold from the veins of the workingmen!

American millionaires seem to be talking the place in England that used to be filled by retired Indian nabobs and Australian sheep-raisers.

From past experiences in this city it is difficult to say which has done the most mischief—a council with the best intentions or one with the worst.

A Chicago parson gives away chromos to those who attend his church. Elsewhere salvation is free, but in Chicago you get a premium with it.

The citizens are to be congratulated upon passing the two by-laws for the purchase of the Cambie street grounds and the proposed new hospital site.

And may the politicians not forget that the Flack block needs, and is entitled to, a letter box. We are all for the man that will help us out.—Ledger.

The big three—Ald-elect William Brown, James McQueen, and William Skene. Dear readers, don't expect too much right off the reel. Give them time.

Officially organized labor was not behind Mayor-elect Neelands, but we're morally certain that he got his big support from this section of the community.

The original mince pie was made of mutton, says an exchange. The modern article is said to be made of equal parts of meat, suet, raisins and sudden death.

Taking the personnel of the council-elect into consideration many hold that it is not an improvement on the old one. Any old thing will do, so long as it's not any worse.

How would it do to enforce the milk inspection by-law, as a starter? No insinuation is herewith intended to Jim McGeer, chairman of the defeated candidate's committee.

If the new city council fails to carry out all its pledges—and they are many—it will not be because the people voted wrong; it will be because that new body is not equal to the task.

P. M. Russell may be described as a "cheap labor" leader of the coolie class—with the accent on the "cheap." That Toronto interview elsewhere in these columns is a daisy.

Whoever suggested it, or whoever is entitled to the credit of working out the details, the pleasing fact remains, that the hard-working employees of the C. P. R. have received a substantial increase in their wages, through the department of railways and canals.—Ex.

The hon. the minister of mines has issued a leaflet and map giving full particulars of the recent gold discoveries on Horsefly river, Cariboo district, which should be obtained by all interested. It is thoroughly reliable and the provincial government should be commended for its prompt enterprise.

The decisions of the speakers of the house of commons of Canada since 1867 have been collected by L. G. Desjardins, clerk of the legislative assembly of Quebec, and issued in a small volume, well printed and well bound. The book will be exceedingly useful to all students of parliamentary institutions.

A circular letter signed by H. D. Helmcken, of Victoria, and Denis Murphy, of Ashcroft, has been sent to the members of the Provincial legislature not declared supporters of the government, calling the promised convention. It is to be held in New Westminster on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 15th.

If you have been benefitted through the instrumentality of trades-unionism, inform your non-union friend of the conditions and send him The Independent, or some other good union literature if you cannot reach him otherwise. A thorough-going union man is ever ready to elevate not only his own class but all other men of whatever class.

One speaker during the municipal campaign, which was brought to a glorious close on Thursday, said in gesticulating tones that he "was in favor of more industries." The audience applauded and said "Hear! hear!" Is there a single individual in Vancouver who is not in favor of them, providing they are for the white man? We are a wonderful people.

As soon as capital finds that the votes of the workingmen can be cast for the benefit of their own class, capitalists will respect the laborer. At present labor is divided—and the rich use the workingmen's votes to blast the workingmen and their offspring. The workingmen have an opportunity in this country to defend themselves that those of other lands have not—let them form labor voting organizations.

The greed and avarice of those who have a little of the world's goods cause them to forget that all are entitled to nature's bounties. In the mad scramble for wealth and pleasure, law, order, justice and right take no part as between the capitalist and the laborer. The former robs, murders, and plunders the latter—both openly and in defiance of all law. Usury, extortion, and the force of the military are the means employed.

CURRENT OPINION---ALL SORTS.

Same Here.

We want no croakers, knockers, or backcappers in the camp during 1902. The Lord knows we had an all sufficiency of the scourge in 1901.—Slocan Drill.

Dye in Demand.

Corporations will not employ a man when he gets old. Do you know why men are buying so much hair dye? Because they are afraid of losing their jobs!—Mayoral Candidate Maclean, of Toronto.

Individualism.

Each man, a world—to other worlds half known—
Turns on a tiny axis of his own;
His full life orbit is a pathway dim
To brother planets that revolve with him.

—McClure's Magazine.

Don't Know Nothin'.

Of all the provinces of Canada British Columbia is making the greatest mess of its home government. The people in this province do not seem to know any better than a spoiled child what they do want.—Ladysmith Leader.

A Bouquet.

The editor of the Ladysmith Leader will have a more difficult job on his hands than the fellow we read of who once upon a time moved a mountain, if he still persists in scribbling away at George Bartley, of The Independent, on labor matters. George handles the theme of "workingmen's rights" in a fearless and learned manner. The Independent is strong as the rock of Gibraltar in advocating what it considers the needs of those who labor.—Vancouver Ledger.

An Honest Man.

Mr. Hawthornthwaite says that labor and liberalism are quite separate and distinct, that he is not a liberal but a labor representative, and that he intends to remain true to his salt. Well done, Mr. Hawthornthwaite. It is indeed a pleasure to find that British Columbia contains still another man who is not afraid to speak his mind. The labor men of Nanaimo will look around for a long while before they get another man so honest and straightforward as their present representative, who is every inch a man compared with two gentlemen we have mentioned.—Ladysmith Leader.

No Chinese for "Us."

We would be obliged if any of our subscribers who employ Chinese or Japs would let us know, and forthwith discontinue taking our paper, without waiting to settle any arrears. We want none of your money and we want no quarrels. Our remarks from now on will actually offend employers of the greasy, filthy Orientals, so we want them off our books and thus avoid trouble. They are out now, we intend to keep them out. Starve those in here now and a united front will keep the rest out. Stand together, boys.—Klondike Miner, Grand Forks, Y. T.

New Dress Goods For Winter

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.

Among the Upper Ten.

There is a movement on in town to organize a hard times minstrel company to give a great spectacular and musical production for the benefit of the hockey team during the carnival. The services of J. P. Morgan, J. J. Hill, John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie will be retained, to act as end men.—Sandon Paystreak.

PIONEER EDITOR DEAD.

The death occurred Monday afternoon of Mr. George Norris, editor and proprietor of the Nanaimo Free Press. As late as Friday the deceased gentleman was at his desk. That evening he was seized with the illness that proved fatal, his condition becoming critical on Saturday morning, and passed away quietly Monday. Mr. George Norris was born in London 57 years ago and came to Ontario when he was still young. He was one of the pioneers of British Columbia, first setting foot in the province in the early sixties. In 1868 he married Miss Amanda Gough, of Nanaimo, and retiring in 1874 from the position of foreman on the Victoria Colonist, on the staff of which paper he had been employed almost continuously from his first arrival in British Columbia, he came to Nanaimo and established the Free Press, and remained there up to the time of his death. To the bereaved family of the late Mr. Norris The Independent tenders its sincerest sympathy, and with the people of Nanaimo generally regrets the loss of a fellow townsman who has done much during a busy and useful life to advance the interests of the Black Diamond city.

A SURVEY OF SOCIETY IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1902.

(Written for The Independent.)

Yes, sir, men are mostly human,
Or, perhaps, they're something less;
But, sir, both the man and woman
Are more failure than success.

Men and women daily scrapping
For a paltry crust of bread,
Each one round his shoulders wrapping
Grave clothes, till they all are dead.

What a picture for a painter
Who could paint things as they are—
Heaven getting fain and fainter,
Deepest hell the centre star.

Factory-chimneys, sunken faces,
Opulence, and idleness—
Few things in their proper places—
Putrid souls and dainty dress.

Little children, old and wrinkled;
Weak men, with a strong man's load;
Structures fine, with blood besprinkled;
Few may reap where many sowed.

Creed 'gainst creed, and all for Mammon;
Dirty party-politics—
Each 'gainst each, with naught in common.
Talk of love and swapping kicks!

Yes, sir, as at first I hinted
Most are asses, some are swine,
Hate on each one's face imprinted
While they talk of things divine.

—Samuel King.

January 11, 1901.

J. W. Grier, an old-time newspaper man of this province, arrived from the interior Thursday, and will remain in the city for some time.

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

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

Every working man should remember that Blue Ribbon Tea is packed in this country by white labor only. Are you drinking it?

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.

BEAUTIFUL WATCH FREE

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

DO YOU WANT TO EARN A BEAUTIFUL WATCH (for men or ladies) by using only a few moments of your spare time? Everyone wants a watch and we offer a BEAUTIFUL ONE ABSOLUTELY FREE for introducing our Miracle Pills. Boys or girls can earn these watches by spaning a few moments of their time after school. Send us at once your name and address and we will send you one dozen boxes of our Miracle Pills, which we have advertised so much. Sell these at 50c. a box and send us $6.00 by registered mail and we will send you FREE the watch which we know will please you. Everybody who has received one has been delighted. The watch is filled case and fully guaranteed for one year. Our pills are the best remedy known for Dyspepsia, Heart Trouble, Constipation, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Blood Diseases, etc. "They are easily sold." Do not delay, but send your name at once and we will send you the Miracle Pills and full description of the beautiful watch. WRITE TO-DAY SO AS TO BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO BEGIN WORKING FOR US.

To those wishing to get the watch with the pills, if they send us a money order for $5.00, being a reduction of $1.00 we will send both the pills and the watch. WRITE PLAINLY.

R. COTE & CIE,

Bic, Rimouski County, Quebec.

SPECIAL OFFER—Should you desire to see a sample box of our pills we will send a full 50c box to everybody sending us 10c in stamps. Mention this paper.

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.

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.

PATRONIZE UNION CLERKS.

All members of the R. C. I. P. A. can show this card. Ask for it when making your purchases.

ENDORSED BY THE A. F. OF L.

ONE-THIRD ACTUAL SIZE.

COLOR IS CHANGED EACH QUARTER.

Good only during months named on right hand corner and when properly signed and STAMPED with the number of the Local.

UNION BAKERIES.

W. D. Muir, Mount Pleasant.
W. Murray, Prior street.
Montreal Bakery, Westminster avenue.
F. Adams, Scotch Bakery, Hastings street.
W. D. Kent, 56 Cordova street.
J. Oben, Hastings street.
Minchen Co., Granville street.
Barnwell Bros., Granville street.
Largen & Tupper, Granville street.

The Independent wants a report of each union meeting and news concerning the members of every organization. Such reports and news will do much to sustain and create interest in the organizations. Secretaries are especially urged to send in these reports, but news from any member of an organization will be received with pleasure.

What You Get Here Gentlemen Is Comfortable Foot Service

Because we make it a point to see that our shoes fit your feet perfectly. Shoes that fit well will always feel easier, look better and stand more wear than those that don't. Call at

THE GOLDEN BOOT STORE, 13 Hastings St. E.

And ask for the Clerks' Union Card,

H. A. URQUHART,

Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Etc.

51 Hastings Street East.

PUBLIC HOUSE TRUST.

Gracchus, in Reynolds' newspaper, of London, discusses the public-house trust. The public-house trust has come to stay, not for ever indeed, but for a period long or short, until public opinion decides to entrust the control of the people's refreshments to the people's elected representatives. At present the trust, developed on similar lines in various counties, is mainly in the hands of aristocrats, tory dukes, whig earls jingo bishops, South African millionaires, and such like. Why should a really good move be monopolised by men whose political games in other directions are distinctly suspect? I want to see working-class leaders taking a share in the reformation of

The Public-House System.

and that is why I appeal to clientele of this paper, and especially to temperance men, to join the new crusade. What is the trust doing? First of all, it forms companies of shareholders to purchase or lease public-houses and to apply for fresh licenses where such are liable to be given to private individuals or firms, in consequence of the increase of population in any district. Having obtained a public-house anywhere, it remodels and reforms it. A rule is made that persons even slightly intoxicated are not served. The private publican is not very strict on this point. Good tea, coffee and cocoa, unobtainable at most "pubs," to-day, are to be on sale at all the houses of the trust. Eatables of the best quality are to be provided, in order to encourage the habit of taking food and drink together, instead of the usual practice, which is to stand up at a bar and imbibe glass after glass of alcohol by itself. When the ordinary "tied" house puts food on its counter, it is little more than a few dry stale sandwiches or some indigestible cakes. The trust promises real counter attractions. It is advisable that

The Managers

in charge shall have a commission on the sale of food and non-intoxicants, but no commission on alcohol. Another necessary condition is that dangerous, fiery chemically adulterated, and poisonous liquor shall not be sold. Instead of bars, the trust encourages taprooms and inn-parlors. Instead of advertisements of various drinks, the idea is to put on the walls pictures or notices of interesting local events to come. Fresh filtered drinking water is to be always ready free. Although no efforts will be made to pile up big profits, the trust recognises that profits are bound to accrue, as long as the people find it suits their convenience and comfort to use the public-house for social purposes. These profits, after five per cent. has been paid to the shareholders, are to be devoted to useful purposes in each district. The Northumberland trust has a capital of £100,000, divided into 20 deferred shares of 1s. each, and 99,999 ordinary shares of £1 each. The dividend on the ordinary shares may in no case exceed five per cent. All

The Other Profits,

however large, go to the holders of the 20 little deferred shares, and these holders have half the voting power of the company. It follows, of course, that the deferred shares are only allotted to very well-known persons, who can be trusted to spend the money on beneficial enterprises of the locality. The holders of the deferred shares are, in short, simply trustees. As to the directors, it is worth noting that no one interested in the manufacture or sale of alcohol is allowed, according to one of the articles of the trust, to become a director, unless his interest is simply in some undertaking run on similar lines to those of the trust. Let us see what has been done already with the profits made by reformed public-houses. The Hill of Beath Tavern society has spent its surplus profits on a reading-room, a bowling-green, a football club, electric light, a singing class, some jubilee celebrations, etc. At Kelty £50 has been voted to the local library, a certificated nurse has been obtained for local invalids, and a pavilion will be built for the village. A similar policy will give us in the future baths, gymnasia, public gardens, and other boons—all of them suggesting methods of enjoyment away from the liquor. Surely the most hard-boiled teetotaller can see that this is

A Great Step

towards the abolition of persistent "soaking" and the substitution for it of pleasant evening meals. Cold meat and pickles, even with a glass of beer, cannot appear so fearful a menu to teetotallers that they would rather retain the aspects of the modern gin palace, some of whom have announced that they will fight the public house trust, thereby really blocking the way to reform. Mr. Gladstone said seven years ago that he was of opinion that "the principle of selling liquor for the public profit only would offer the sole chance of escape from the present miserable predicament which was a disgrace to the country."

EXCLUSION OF CHINESE.

A dispatch from Washington, D. C., says that the senators and representatives of the Pacific Coast, who have been considering a bill for Chinese exclusion, have perfected a measure which simply provided for excluding Chinese or re-enacting the Geary law. This bill under consideration does not limit itself to any term of years, as did the Geary act, but if passed in its present form would be perpetual, unless repealed. The bill declares that all Chinese, other than citizens of the United States, or those who are secured in coming to and residing in the United States under the present treaty with China, shall be refused admission and returned to the country whence they came at the expense of the transportation company bringing them. The only Chinese persons permitted to enter the United States under the act are those who have become citizens by birth and naturalization, and officials of the Chinese government, teachers, students, merchants, travelers for pleasure or curiosity, returning laborers who must have a certificate or domiciled merchants. No Chinese except diplomatic or consular officials are allowed to enter the United States at any other ports than San Francisco; Port Townsend, Wash.; Portland, Ore.; Boston, New York, New Orleans, Honolulu, San Juan and Manila. Ports may be designated on the Canadian or Mexican boundary after contracts have been made with transportation lines to comply with the act. Provision is made for the registration of all Chinese now in the United States to be completed within six months after the passage of the act. All registered Chinese shall have a certificate with photographs attached and those without certificates at the end of six months shall be deported.

THE DEPUTY MINISTER OF LABOR CRITICIZED.

The Rossland World says that "judging from his report, W. L. McKenzie King, deputy minister of labor, has a remarkable idea of his functions. When the deputy minister arrived at Rossland he found that the union was quite ready to submit the whole strike difficulty to the department, but that the mine managers, fearing an expose of the real facts of the case, declined to be a party to any enquiry whatever. He has taken the full benefit of every statement made to him by the union except on two important points. (1) The open violation of the alien labor act, whereby several hundred men were fraudulently imported into Rossland; and (2) the fact that every other mining company in the province, except the four or five in Rossland, directly interested in the fight against organized labor, were paying the scale of wages asked for by the local union. Mr. King is silent on both these subjects, and also on the contention of the managers, though he had long and frequent interviews with them and their representatives during his stay here." The World continues: "Whatever he might have reported to his superior in office his report as it appears in the Labor Gazette is looked upon by the local union men as an exceedingly unfair document."

The executive of the miners' union are preparing a strong protest to the department at Ottawa on Mr. King's action in the matter, and in due course the statement will appear in the press.

LACKED "HOSS" SENSE.

Out of a total vote of 23,716 cast for mayor at the late Toronto municipal contest, the socialist candidate received 627. The courage thus displayed by the plucky socialist is somewhat admirable, but the absence of prudence is most flagrant. During the construction times of the C. P. R. an old Indian chief of the prairies decided that he would lasso the great "iron horse" or locomotive. He induced one of his "braves" to do the job. The "brave" succeeded in getting his slip-knot over the smoke stack. The result, as may be imagined, was magical. Cayuse, buck and snaring apparatus were seat flying helter-skelter, dragged, and things in general knocked to smithereens. There was nothing accomplished by the attack. The locomotive went along just as though nothing had happened. In this case as with the doughty socialist at Toronto, the "savage" Indian must be commended for his energy, pluck and perseverance, but the lack of good sound judgment, or even common "hoss" sense, displayed, to say the least, was deplorable in the extreme. Anybody can run for office, but unless conditions and circumstances are reckoned with, no good is likely to be accomplished. Fanatics delight in being odd, and seldom accomplish anything themselves. The Sandon Paystreak, referring to the Toronto campaign, says that "socialists have a fine faculty for getting off wrong. This is clearly exemplified in Toronto just now. W. F. McLean, of the Toronto World, is running for mayor on a policy of municipal ownership of public utilities, such as gas, electric light, street railways, etc., and the socialists have put up a man to run against him. Billy McLean is a socialist himself, and had it not been for his pronounced socialistic tendencies might have been leader of the conservative party in the Dominion parliament. The mere fact that he had tendencies sufficiently radical to make him unacceptable to the conservative party should recommend McLean to Toronto socialists."

TRUST NOTES.

The Merchants' association of Berlin, Germany, has sent a memorial to the federal council of the empire advocating a law to permit and regulate trade combinations.

The American Sewer Pipe company has been successful in forming a pool that will control the sewer pipe trade. Arrangements are now pending to reach an agreement with the concerns west of the Mississippi.

A $10,000,000 hardware combination has been formed by San Francisco capitalists and incorporated in New Jersey under the name of the Pacific Hardware and Steel company.

The Market street railway system of San Francisco has passed into the hands of the Baltimore syndicate, which controls street railway systems in many other cities.

Two more national banks in Boston will merge; also two in Newark, N. J.

The Everett-Moore syndicate has just added the Toledo and Maumee Valley and the Toledo, Waterville and Southern to its inter-state system.

Dividends of the Panhandle railway system, now owned by the Pennsylvania, are increased from 2 per cent. to 3. No news of a corresponding advance of wages.

The Lake Shore railroad has acquired the Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, a short but very profitable line.

The Chicago, Iowa and Dakota Railroad has been absorbed by the Chicago and Northwestern.

The three national banks of Lowell, Mass., have combined.

Five of the largest importing and jobbing houses in Boston, handling toys, fancy goods, and druggists' sundries, have consolidated.

All records as to capitalization of companies in Ontario has been broken by the passing of an order incorporating the Algoma Tube works, limited, with an authorized capital of $3,000,000. This is another of Clergue's many industrial enterprises at Sault Ste. Marie.

The Lumber Transit company, a vessel-owning trust of the great lakes, is in process of formation. Its capital is $2,500,000, and application for a charter has been made in Maine. The boats to be purchased will be paid for partly in stock and partly in bonds. If the promoters succeed in getting from fifty to sixty vessels enrolled on the trust's books they will consider themselves masters of the situation. The movement for the consolidation of lumber carriers began a year ago.

The plaster manufacturing plants of the United States are to combine, with a capital stock of $10,000,000.

DANGER IN LITTLE LEARNING.

A recent Paris dispatch says that in the opinion of Maitre Henri Robert, the most active and most prominent lawyer in Paris, the increase of youthful criminals is due mainly to compulsory education, though alcoholism and physical degeneration are also partly responsible. Maitre Robert insists that the meagre instruction the state forces the lower classes to undergo is only sufficient to awaken their immature and corrupt minds to the inequalities of society, transforming a formerly contented and law-abiding class into a restless body that envies the property acquired by others. Maitre Robert said he did not believe compulsory education was any more of a success in the United States than in France. "In fact," he concluded, "the United States is the best illustration of my views."

TOWNLEY ON MAXWELL.

At the last meeting of the city council, speaking to a motioin of Ald. Cook, extending thanks to Mr. G. R. Maxwell, M. P., for services rendered to the city, Mayor Townley expressed hearty approval of the same: "I think," said his worship, "that Mr. Maxwell has done yeoman service for the city, and although politically opposed to him, am willing to attest to what he has done."

If you want a good insurance policy call on Horace Williamson.

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.

Pay up your subscription to the Independent. It does not cost you much and you should not hesitate about giving your support readily to a labor paper.

PREDICTS GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

Paul Morton, vice-president and general traffic director of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, predicts that one of three things in the railroad business is sure to happen within the next few years: (1) The legalizing of pooling, whereby railroads can make enforcable contracts among themselves for a division of the traffic; (2) The unification of ownership; (3) The taking over of the ownership of the railroads by the government to own and operate them, as is done in Germany and other parts of Europe.

Britain spends $9,500,000 a year on foreign gloves.

UNION BARBER SHOPS.

The following is a complete list of union barber shops in Vancouver. Is your barber on the list?

Elite barber shop, Hastings street.

Bon Ton barber shop, Hastings street.

Porcelain Baths, Cambie street.

Harvie & Ellis, Cambie street.

Savoy Barber Shop, Cordiva street.

Smalley's Barber Shop, Cordova street.

The Whittier Barber Shop, Carrall street.

Oyster Bay Barber Shop, Carrall street.

Union Barber Shop, Carrall street.

Army and Navy (Oscar Heylandt)—Granville street, under Trorey's.

A. O. McCutcheon, Mount Pleasant.

Boulder Barber Shop, Cordova Street.

UNION CIGAR FACTORIES.

Following is a list of the Union cigar factories in British Columbia who use the blue label:

W. Tietjen, No. 1—Division No. 38, Vancouver.

Kuntz & Co. No. 2—Division No. 38, Vancouver.

Inland Cigar Manufacturing Company, No. 3—Division No. 38, Kamloops.

B. Wilberg & Co., No. 4—Division No. 38, New Westminster.

T. Woxstock, No. 6—Division No. 38, Vancouver.

Kelowna Shippers' Union Company, No. 8—Division No. 38, Kelowna.

Wright Bros, No. 9—Division No. 38, Rossland.

Kootenay Cigar Manufacturing Company, No. 10—Division No. 38, Nelson.

Mears & Johnson, No. 2—Division No. 37, Victoria.

M. Bandley, No. 5—Division No. 37, Victoria.

Island Cigar Factory, S. Norman, No. 6—Division No. 37, Victoria.

Province Cigar Co., No. 7—Division No. 37, Victoria.

A. Schnoter & Sons, No. 8—Division No. 37, Victoria.

P. Gable, No. 9—Division No. 37, Nanaimo.

J. Lery, No. 11—Division No. 37, Victoria.

M. J. Booth, No. 14—Division No. 37, Nanaimo.

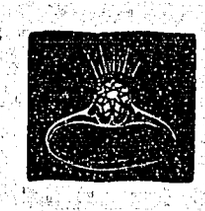
C. G. Behnsen—Division No. 37, Victoria.

T. F. Gold, Capitol Cigar Factory, No. 12, Victoria, B. C.

Harris & Stuart, No. 5—Division No. 38, Revelstoke.

J. Martin, No. 7—Division No. 38, Sandon.

Fhelin & McDonough, No. 12—Division 38, Nelson.



We are offering great bargains in oak goods, carving sets and small sterling goods that arrived too late to open Xmas. Call and examine them.

DAVIDSON BROS.

THE JEWELLERS.

P. O. BOX 296. '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.

VANCOUR 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. 113, 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 the last Saturday in each month at 8 p. m. Ernest Burns, 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, 356 Ninth Ave., Mt. Pleasant; corresponding secretary, F. Rawlings, Barnwell Bros., Granville street; master to 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. Nellson; 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

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 India.....Dec. 30
Athenian.....Jan. 13
Empress of Japan.....Jan. 27
and every four weeks thereafter.

SAILING FOR HONOLULU AND AUSTRALIA.

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

For further particulars as to time rates etc., apply to

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

A WISH.

So let me hence as one
Whose part in the world has been dreamed out and done—
One that hath fairly earned and spent,
In pride of heart and jubilance of blood,
Such wages, be they counted bad or good,
As Time, the old taskmaster, was moved to pay,
And having warred and suffered and passed on
Those gifts the arbiters preferred and gave,
Fare, grateful and content,
Down the dim way,
Whereby races innumerable have gone
Into the silent universe of the grave.

Grateful for what hath been,
For what my hand hath done, mine eyes have seen,
My heart been privileged to know;
With all my lips in love have brought
To lips that yearned in love to them and wrought
In the way of wrath and pity and sport and song—
Content, this miracle of being alive
Dwindling, that I, thrice weary of worst and best,
May shed my cues and go
From right and wrong
And, ceasing to regret and long and strive,
Accept the past and be forever at rest.
—W. E. Henley in North American Review.

THE OLD BLUE JAR

Before Clementine went down to Milltown for the summer she made up her mind that she would bend all her energies to wheedle Aunt Phœbe out of the old blue ginger jar that Uncle Julius had brought home from China, little thinking that the old slant eyed, fat sided mandarin would take such a jocular interest in her joys and sorrows.

The old blue jar had perched for many years on the corner of the high mantelpiece in the old fashioned country parlor, and Aunt Phœbe knew that if she gave it to Clementine she would have a dreadfully lonesome feeling every time she stood on a chair to dust the old clock, the shells, the peddler vases, the leather fans and other companions of its lofty abode. But Clementine was an accomplished wheedler, and the fond old aunt finally said she might have her wish.

When Aunt Phœbe gave over to Clementine her right and title to the old blue jar, Randall was leaning in the window and idly sifting rose leaves from the old climbing vine through the meshes of his tennis racket. He sympathized with her lively admiration for the antique and unique in china and was glad that she had attained her heart's desire, but a more absorbing interest possessed his manly breast.

Clementine was going home in the morning, and he had been trying in vain for several days to get the feeble courage of his ardent convictions up to the declarative point. She was such a lively, fun loving girl, and love, you know, is such intensely serious business. Several times Randall fancied he had found her in a sober and properly receptive frame of mind, when with a trifling jest she would defeat his intention and put the little god to flight.

Now, however, when the slant eyed mandarin on the blue jar winked at him through the vines, Randall said to himself enthusiastically:

"Well, old boy, that's the very thing! Thank you for the bright idea! Are they all as clever as you are over in China?"

That night, in his room under the eaves, he constructed an eloquent letter to Clementine and in the early morning sneaked into the parlor and deposited it in the robust bosom of the old blue mandarin.

"If she finds it before she goes home, it is all right," said the timorous, adoring fellow, "and if she doesn't find it until afterward it will be all right too."

But the mandarin felt a little funny that day, so when Clementine packed her trunk he inspired her to stuff the ginger jar full of her silken hose, that the precious article might take no risks of breakage in its voyage. So when Randall parted from her at the station she made no sign of knowing anything in particular, and his hopeful heart decided that she would surely find the letter when she reached home, and he would then hear from her.

Now, Clementine was a girl who always had a great many things on her mind, and when she had unpacked the treasured jar and placed it on a dainty table in her pretty parlor—with a self congratulatory thought that it was so respectable to have things that one's relative had brought from China—she wholly forgot the curious load that the mandarin had on his breast. She missed her silken hose, of course, and pestered Aunt Phœbe with messages about them.

In Milltown, as you may imagine, Randall waited for the answer to his letter. Awhile he waited patiently, then impatiently awhile, and then dived into his law books with that "composure of settled distress" which lovers have known in every age and clime. He did not dream that the slant eyed mardarin would be guilty of the ungentlemanly trick of intercepting a love letter.

But the fun loving mandarin knew what he was about. He was not without experience in these matters, and he wanted to punish Clementine a trifle and bring her to the proper condition of seriousness.

And Clementine was feeling the situation with all the sobriety that was desirable. She had suspected all summer that Randall had a tender feeling for her which she felt qualified to reciprocate, but she was a proud girl and could not by a feather's weight influence the balance of his attentions. Therefore behind her smiles she had been not a little wounded that he had allowed her to come home without having given expression to his sentiments.

So she, too, now took on a sober countenance and banished thought and regret by joining several new clubs and taking membership in two or three more charitable organizations.

Just before Christmas Randall one day experienced in his breast a sort of imperative intimation—perhaps direct from the slant eyed mandarin, who knows?—that he might hear of something to his advantage if he should go down to the city and call upon Clementine; so after some futile resistance to the message he betook himself thither.

He was graciously received by Clementine—that is, graciously enough for a young man who had played the trifler with her invisible affections—and he seated himself in a cozy chair near the pretty table which held his old friend—the blue jar.

As he talked with Clementine, a little constraint being apparent on both sides, he toyed with the lid of the jar, and the slant eyed mandarin appeared to wink at him three times very knowingly.

Under some occult but imperative pressure Randall removed the lid and touched with his finger the silken texture of some mysterious contents.

Curiosity further constrained him, and he pulled from the bosom of the now jubilant mandarin a pale blue article of singular description for a parlor ornament, and, following it, he extricated a pale pink strip of similar shape and structure.

Turning to Clementine for explanation of these unforeseen apparitions, he found her speechless with wild eyed astonishment, and without a word or gesture she seized the old blue jar and hurried from the room.

Randall smiled the first real, soul felt, refreshing smile that he had indulged in for several months and vowed by the pigtail of the old slant eyed that he would stay rooted to the spot until Clementine returned.

What she said to the genius of the jar as she flew up stairs with it only the mandarin can reveal.

As Randall paced the parlor, pulling his mustache and wondering if Clementine's keen sense of humor would carry her safely through the trying hour, she came shamefacedly into the room, bearing in one hand the blinking old mandarin and in the other the pleading letter he had borne so long hid in his clever old bosom.

Randall met the dear girl more than half way, and as she whimpered gently on his shoulder he promised never, never, never to tell.

And when they were married, if you believe me, that ridiculous old ginger jar accompanied them on their wedding trip, and Randall packed the bosom of the grotesque mandarin full of Clementine's bridal roses, there to fade and there forever to remain.

Now, as Randall never told and Clementine never told, the entire responsibility of this revelation lies between you and me and the ginger jar.

The Big Ships of the Past.

Gigantic as are the sea monsters devised by the modern shipwright, we have not reached the dimensions of the Mannigafual of Frisian legend, whose masts were so high that a boy sent aloft to "bear a hand" came down a gray headed man, whose deck was so spacious that the captain had to gallop about on horseback to give his orders and whose length was so great that when swinging in the channel her stern scraped the cliffs of Albion white, while her bowsprit swept the forts at Calais.

But we have exceeded in some respects the dimensions of Ptolemy's great ship, which was 420 feet long, 57 feet broad and 72 feet in depth of hold and which carried 4,000 rowers and 3,000 mariners, besides unnumbered soldiers and passengers. Of the great ship of Hiero, king of Syracuse, the dimensions have not been recorded, but she was at least as large as Ptolemy's, considering that her freightage was "60,000 measures of corn, 10,000 jars of salt fish, 20,000 talents' weight of wool and of other cargo 20,000 talents, in addition to the provisions required by the crew," and that she was so large no harbor in Sicily could contain her.

This problem of harbor accommodation is one that is already troubling the owners of modern steam monsters and is placing a limit on their growth. —Monthly Review.

About Sneezing.

We frequently hear the expression, "God bless you!" uttered after some one has sneezed. The expression, if we can believe Clodd in his "Childhood of the World," dates back to the time of Jacob. We are told in Jewish literature that previous to his time men sneezed but once in a lifetime and that was the end of them, for the shock slew them. Jacob prevailed in prayer and had the fatality set aside on the condition that among all the nations a sneeze should be hallowed by the words, "God bless you!" In the "Jataka," one of the books of the Buddhist Scriptures, we read that the expression was, "May the blessed Lord allow you to live!"

Buddha on one occasion while preaching to his disciples happened to sneeze. The priests gave vent to the exclamation, and Buddha lectured them for interrupting his discourse.

"If when a person sneezes," he asked, "and you say, 'May he live!' will he live the longer?"

"Certainly not!" cried the priests.

"And if you do not say it will he die any the sooner?"

"Certainly not!" was the reply.

"Then," said Buddha, "from this time forth if any one sneeze and a priest says, 'May you live!' he shall be guilty of a transgression."

If Men Only Would.

If the young men who are measuring tape and laces would surrender their work to the young girls who are seeking employment and turn their attention to the pursuits of agriculture, there would be less misery and more contentment in the land; there would be more independence and less servility; more men and fewer creatures; more happy wives with comfortable homes, healthful children and cheerful tempers.—Southern Farm Magazine.

THE PASSING BAND.

A lone, deep drone
Thrummeth a resonant monotone;
Up searcth the horn with an undulant flare
That dies, is reborn—just a flash of an air,
Through the rumble of drums, as their throbbing beat
Sends a rhythmic pulse down the winding street.
Then a streaming pennant of sound is outflung,
Flamboyant from wall to wall it swung.
Near—and more near—the harmonies clear
Build skyward a ponderous tower; then sheer
It breaks in a clarion clash of sounds,
An ululant tumult, that bounds and rebounds:
A voluminous groan
From the blaring tombstone
And a clangor of brass
As the cymbals pass;
Then the drum's lone boom as the melodies fly
Forward—and waver—and faint—and die
Into murmur amphoric,
Sweet blending, choric,
To a faraway swell
Till at last they mell
In a note long drawn—
Are gone—on—on.
—London Academy.

BUNKOED BY A GREEK.

.....BY M. QUAD.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY C. B. LEWIS.

The pair of us had been in Athens three or four days when a party of English excursionists who were making a tour arrived. Among them was an antiquary who was looked up to and respected for his knowledge of ancient history and ruins, and each evening there was a gathering in the parlors of the hotel to hear him give a sort of lecture on what he had seen during the day. Professor Hempstead, as he was named, had been charged to pick up all the old Greek manuscripts to be had for money, and it was his inquiries for such documents that doubtless led to our undoing. One day a man named Talanti, who had somewhat the manners and dress of a gentleman, brought the professor two ancient manuscripts as a present, and to show his further good will he announced a valuable discovery which had just been made on the island of Ægina, about 40 miles distant. He was the owner of the island, and while his workmen were getting out stone they had come across some rare treasures in art, but had developed only a small portion of them. They had partly uncovered a stone box which he

A BATTERED OLD SCHOONER.

believed held a large number of manuscripts and valuable coins, but he had delayed the opening of it that some of his friends might be present. Three or four of them were going to his island home on the morrow, and he would be glad to have as many of us foreigners go along as could make it convenient. The voyage would be made in his schooner, and there would be no trouble about feeding and lodging all who chose to go.

Aside from the English party, there were Americans, Germans and Frenchmen to the number of 20 in Athens, and when the list was made up we numbered over 40, of whom 10 were ladies. When we came on board the schooner, there was considerable surprise at finding her the craft she was. She was nothing more than a trader, and her accommodations were of the most primitive character. Mr. Talanti's friends, who were supposed to be eminent professors, turned out to be a common looking lot and not inclined to be sociable, but we were out for a jaunt and might expect a few drawbacks. We had a favorable wind for the voyage, and the professor and others felt that it would be the event of their lives. As the weather was pleasant and we had brought lunch from the hotel, our noonday meal was a sort of picnic. For an hour or two after the meal Professor Hempstead entertained us with a historic lecture, and time passed pleasantly for all hands.

My friend could speak Greek, but when he attempted to enter into conversation with Mr. Talanti's friends he found them surly enough. This excited our surprise, as they were supposed to be gentlemen. When we came to look them over, we began to get a little suspicious. Their language and manners did not correspond with their dress, and they did not seem to be at their ease. We also caught one of them exchanging a wink and a grin with one of the common sailors, and this caused us much worriment. In a quiet way we reported the fact to one of the English party, and he quietly replied:

"Do you know, I've got a suspicion that this is a put up job and that we shall hear something drop as soon as we land at the island."

"But why should Mr. Talanti deceive us?" we asked.

"In the first place, is he what he represents himself? Who made any inquiries about him? In the next place, you never saw an aristocrat with such big hands and feet. His skin is coarse, his language full of slips, and you may notice a sort of roll to his gait, as if he had been at sea for years. I believe the man's an impostor."

"But Professor Hempstead seems to be perfectly satisfied with him."

"That counts for nothing. The professor may be up on ancient Greece, but he is way off on confidence games. I believe we are in for some sort of a skin game, but it's nonsense to worry over it. We have walked into the trap like a lot of idiots."

The island was fairly well covered with trees, and yet it did not have a hospitable look. As we made a closer approach we could see a couple of rude huts and a primitive jetty, but Mr. Talanti explained that his castle was hidden by the forest and that he was landing at that point to save us a long walk. It was as we were drifting in to make fast to the wharf that others in our party became suspicious. The noble Greek was neither crafty nor diplomatic. He let the mask slip and betray him or at least aroused wonder and distrust, but the most suspicious of us were hardly prepared for the climax.

As soon as the craft was made fast the three eminent friends of Mr. Talanti suddenly produced pistols and knives and took their stations by the gangway. The sailors divided into two parties, and, handling their naked knives in a menacing fashion, they drove the people into line. When Professor Hempstead had rubbed his eyes, scratched his head and got it into his brain that something not down on the programme was going on, Talanti mounted a box and smilingly observed:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are now about to pass ashore to behold my wonderful discoveries, but each one of you is required to leave behind you all money and jewelry. I will see that everything is safely cared for."

"But what—what does it mean?" asked the bewildered professor as he looked around him.

"It's robbery!" cried three or four voices in chorus.

"Do not mar the harmony of the occasion with hard words," continued the chief villain. "I simply borrow your purses and jewelry. The term robbery does not sound well. As time flies let us get to work. Antonio, you may begin with the professor first."

The men cried out in anger, but what could they do? I do not think there was a firearm among them, while the Greeks seemed overanxious to use their knives. There were protestations and threats of the law, but Talanti only smiled at them and ordered the work to go on. Each man in our crowd was regularly held up—that is, his pockets were thoroughly searched, and everything of value was taken. The women were requested to hand over, and each one had her watch and rings in hand as she moved up. In the course of half an hour the last one was ashore, and then Talanti took off his hat, made a sweeping bow and sailed away with his piratical crew. He had no sooner gone than a gang of half a dozen villainous looking men came down from the huts. They told us they were fishermen, but their actions belied the statement. Their first move was to demand cash, and great was their indignation and disappointment at being told that Talanti's crowd had taken the last coin. When sure of this, they left us, and an hour later two genuine fishermen came ashore in their boat. There were a dozen vessels within five or six miles of us, and a dollar would have been big pay for them to sail out and notify the nearest craft of our situation; but, realizing our helplessness, they demanded the sum of $100. As there was no money to pay them, they were finally prevailed upon to take an I O U signed by all the men of the party.

It was almost dark when a battered old schooner came sailing up to take us off, and the terms were $3 apiece, to be paid in Athens. We spent a dreary night on deck and landed in the city at noon next day. Immediate notice was given to the various consuls and to the Greek government, but no one had any faith that anything would be accomplished. The government made loud promises and seemed to be making all possible efforts, but as a matter of fact Mr. Talanti was not even pursued. He never could have put up and carried through such a job without a number of officials standing in with him, and each and every one of them doubtless shared in the plunder when it was divided. It was said that the money and jewelry amounted to about $6,000, and the only consolation any of the victims had was the privilege of abusing a country where such things could be carried out.

The Leather of the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians were skilled in the art of tanning leather and manufactured it in various ways and for various purposes besides that of furnishing covering for the feet. Indeed it is to those builders of the pyramids that we are indebted for the first artistic forms of footwear, and so far as can be ascertained from history and the researches of archæologists the Egyptians were the first shoemakers who were worthy of the name.

It is a fact, too, that tanners of today employ very much the same methods as did the ancients. About the same materials are used, and the processes are almost precisely similar to those in vogue hundreds of years ago. It is true that tanners of the present day have found means of greatly shortening the time required to convert a hide into leather and that steam power and modern machinery have done much to expedite and improve the processes of finishing the leather; but, after all, the principles of tanning remain the same as they have been from the first.

The Kind He Wanted.

"Young man," said the fortune teller going into a trance, "I can see you in the near future with an airship"—

"Make it an, helrship to a million, can't you?" eagerly exclaimed Ardup, slipping another half dollar into her hand.—Chicago Tribune.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

Ah, hear the moaning over there,
The sudden, bitter cry of pain!
The smell of [illegible] is in the air,
Death's shadow on the wall is plain,
And by the window, stooping down,
A nurse with fluffy locks and brown
Looks in the face of one who dies
Half propped in many a snowy fold
And, blushing, holds a willing ear
Close to his eager lips to hear
A story that is ages old.

The doctor gravely shakes his head
And bends above an ashen face;
A widow, wailing for her dead,
Is led half fainting from the place,
And over there a jeweled hand
Is weakly raised to give command
And weakly falls, and through the halls
Death paces slowly, loath to leave,
While still the nurse beside the cot
Bends lower, listening to what
Exultant Adam told to Eve.

Death stooped last night behind that screen
And smoothed a martyr's weary brow
Where one with new hope looks between
Soft pillows at her baby now,
And over there beside the door
Lies one whom pain shall reach no more,
Whose work is done, who ere the sun
Goes down shall soar or dumbly rest,
And she that blushing bent above
Yon cot goes dreaming dreams of love
To cross two hands upon a breast.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald

Why Tom Crowder Re-enlisted

By JOHN H. RAFFERTY.

Six months of soldiering in the Philippines had taken all the edge off Tom Crowder's military ardor. In a year the sight of a khaki uniform hurt his eyes, and he began to realize that in all the world no village was so fair to look upon as Sugar Creek, Ills., the home town where Crowder & Sons kept store and where the event of each droning day was "traintime." When two years had almost passed, he began to dream of swinging under the elms in the old front yard at home and wondered as he nibbled at the everlasting hard tack how many pitted cherry pies he could eat at one sitting in the dining room at home.

When a young soldier's mind begins to dwell on the pies that mother used to make, he cannot flourish on sow belly. But when he begins to decorate his tent wall with the photographs of Tillie and Sue and "the folks" he's fit for nothing but furloughs and sick leave, and if there's anything of the quitter about him he's in imminent danger of forgetting to answer roll call some dark evening when the music of the sea beyond the jungle lures him with false songs of home. Tom heard the siren voice all right, but he didn't lure a little bit. His term of enlistment was almost at an end, and he satisfied himself with blotting each dull day off the calendar, writing doggerel verse about Tillie and making himself a nuisance generally to his bunkie.

He used to swear roundly that he meant to "hike back" to Sugar Creek as fast as ship and train could carry him, and hoped by all that was holy that once he was mustered out he'd never see a soldier again. He got to be the worst "knocker" in the company, and he wrote so many letters that his comrades began to ask him why he didn't write a few to himself.

"If you got such a good home and swell people, why don't some of 'em write to you?" sneered his tent mate one night. "You can't be very strong with Tillie, or she'd write you at least once a year."

Now the latter question was a sore one with Tom, because nobody wrote to him except his mother, and her letters seldom reached him during the final months of his campaigning in the interior. He had quarreled with his brother so many times that no love was lost between them, and his father didn't write for the good reason that he didn't know how. As for Tillie, the young soldier had no reason to expect letters from her. When he left home, she was only 16, and his "affair" with her was of the long distance, mooning, mental sort peculiar to boys and girls just out of high school. If Tom had been perfectly fair in his introspection, he must have admitted that there was nothing very tangible in his hopes with regard to Tillie. He told himself a thousand times that she was "the one girl," and coddled himself with the belief that his fealty to her was little short of heroic, and that by some mysterious telepathic sympathy she must by this time be pining away for his return.

He wasn't "in love" when he enlisted, but he had her picture and his mother's, and by a natural process of longing for home he developed quite a fierce and yearning passion for Tillie. A hundred times he began a letter to her, but he never had the nerve to send it. He cut her initials on trees, fences and tent poles and wrote her name a dozen times on every scrap of paper that he could find. He sang it, spelled it and whistled it till his soul was in a fine frenzy, and he knew by heart the long speech of proposal that he meant to whisper into her little pink ear the first time he could get her alone in the swing or on the narrow seat of dad's spring wagon.

So when Tom got back to Manila and "regular mails" he was stirred by an unreasonable hope that there would be at least one letter from Tillie. He was disappointed, but not disheartened, to find nothing but three old missives from his mother, in which there was not a word of his heart's delight and a volume of motherly advice about the care he should take of himself, the things he should eat and drink, the comrades he should avoid and the prayers he should say. Her latest letter was full of the "time they would give him" when he got home, and it concluded with the hint of a "great surprise" that was in store for him. Of course that put new zest into his "honing for home" and his hatred for the army rose in proportion.

The whole town was at the station when Tom swung off the train steps at Sugar Creek. The Silver Cornet band, with old Bill Tomlinson, shako and all, at its head, was standing on the platform playing "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." Great flags waved above the depot, and yards of bunting stretched clear across the street from Crowder's grocery store to the town hall. Tom almost fell into the arms of his mother. Even his brother Jim seemed to have forgotten all differences and hugged him. But, best of all, there was Tillie, quite a woman now, prettier than ever, blushing furiously and holding his hand as she had never held it before and holding up her radiant face to be kissed as often as he liked. The small boys yelled "Hooray for Tom Crowder!" old man Crowder shed tears of joy, prominent citizens wearing badges marked "Reception" ushered the hero into a carriage, and as Tom was whisked away to the mayor's residence for a brief carnival of speech-making and handshaking the band played "There'll Be a Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight."

But it all seemed too long to the returned hero. He felt very proud and happy of course. He bowed to the judge and shook hands with everybody and tried to make a speech, but all the time his eyes were seeking Tillie, and his heart was aching for another chance to greet her. At last the guests withdrew, and Tom and Jim and Mr. and Mrs. Crowder and—wondrous luck—Tillie all piled into the big carriage and were driven up to the Crowder home.

"And now, my son," said the proud old father, "now comes the greatest surprise of all. Tillie, bring him out."

And Tillie, all blushes, ran into the bedroom only to reappear in a moment with a bundle of muslin and lace that looked like a small bolster.

"Allow me, Tom, to introduce you to your nephew, Tom Crowder, the second."

Then they all laughed and clapped their hands, except poor Tom and the baby.

"Whose kid is it?" asked Tom faintly as his white face turned from the child's to Tillie's.

"Why, it's Tillie's," laughed the mother, "Tillie's and Jim's. They were married a year ago, but we thought we'd keep the secret awhile."

"We thought it'd make you homesick, mebbe," said Jim.

"Do you want to hold him, Tom?" whispered Tillie, holding out the baby. "You're his godfather, you know."

Tom held his little namesake for awhile, but he didn't seem to know just what to say. They laughed at him, teased him and praised him till his mother suggested that he looked worn out and should go to bed.

Tom re-enlisted last week in spite of the combined objections of Jim, Tillie and the old folks.

"No use kickin about it, dad," he said. "I got the fever, and I can't shake it. You don't need me in the store, an I guess they ain't more than enough to split 'tween two families. I'll get along all right; but honest, dad, I just couldn't live here in Sugar Creek another week. Tell Tillie to write to me about the kid."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Story of Lincoln.

During Mr. Lincoln's practice of his profession of the law, long before he was thought of for president, he was attending the circuit court, which met at Bloomington, Ills. The prosecuting attorney, a lawyer by the name of Lamon, was a man of great physical strength, and took particular pleasure in athletic sports, and was so fond of wrestling that his power and experience rendered him a formidable and generally successful opponent.

One pleasant day in the fall Lamon was wrestling near the courthouse with some one who had challenged him to a trial, and in the scuffle made a large rent in the rear of his unmentionables. Before he had time to make any change he was called into court to take up a case. The evidence was finished, and Lamon got up to address the jury, and, having on a somewhat short coat, his misfortune was rather apparent.

One of the lawyers, for a joke, started a subscription paper, which was passed from one member of the bar to another as they sat by a long table fronting the bench, to buy a pair of trousers for Lamon, "he being," the paper said, "a poor but worthy young man." Several put down their names with some ludicrous subscription, and finally the paper was laid by some one in front of Mr. Lincoln on a plea that he was engaged in writing at the time. He quietly glanced over the paper and immediately took up his pen and wrote after his name, "I can contribute nothing to the end in view."

The Sense of Smell.

Experts in the manufacture of perfumery say that the sense of smell can be developed just as acutely as the sense of sight, hearing, taste and touch. This would seem paradoxical, for it is a well known fact that after smelling five or six different perfumes the uneducated nose so loses its power that ability to distinguish odors is entirely lost. This to a degree is true of the educated nose, but its power lasts longer. An expert is able by putting a drop or two of perfume on a bit of cotton to tell what it is and just what extracts enter into its composition.

To Preserve Meat.

Meat of any kind may be preserved in a temperature of 80 to 100 degrees for a period of ten days after it has been soaked in a solution of one pint of salt dissolved in four gallons of cold water and one-half gallon of a solution of bisulphate of calcium. By repeating this process the preservation may be extended by the addition of a solution of gelatin or the white of an egg to the salt and water.

THE INDEPENDENT

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Mostly Fortissimo.

Hunt—It seems strange to me to hear you criticise your wife's reflections as harangues, in view of the fact that in the earlier days of your married life you spoke of your wife's voice as the very soul of music.

Blunt—That's all right, too, but you see, she's drifted from the Italian to the Wagnerian school.

The Only One Eligible.

Papa—So, Bobby, you're the president of your bicycle club. That's very nice. How did they happen to choose you?

Bobby—Well, you see, papa, I'm the only boy that's got a bicycle.

A statistical item of interest to women is that today women are two inches taller on an average than they were twenty-five years ago.

Lampblack mixed with turpentine to a consistency that will flow readily from the brush makes a good marking ink.

For Tired Eyes.

Eyes will be greatly strengthened by putting the face down into a glass or eyecup of water the first thing in the morning and opening them under water. This is somewhat difficult to do at first, but if the water for two or three days be tepid and gradually made colder by imperceptible degrees until it is no shock to put the face into quite cold water it will soon become quite easy and is very invigorating and refreshing.

If done regularly every day, this treatment alone will preserve the sight into quite old age. There is a right and wrong way of wiping the eyes after this, too, and the right way is to pass the soft towel very gently from the outer angle inward toward the nose.

If after a long day the eyes feel so hot and tired that they seem dim when one tries to read or to do a little necessary sewing for oneself, they should be bathed with cold tea from which the leaves have been removed.

It Jarred Him.

"Pleasant offices you have here," said a policy holder who visited a life insurance office in the Postal Telegraph building in New York to pay his premium. The windows overlook the City Hall park and the Nathan Hale statue.

"Yes," replied the insurance man, "but the inscription on that Hale statue, patriotic and inspiring though it is, strikes a discordant note in the soul of one who is underwriting risks on men's lives. Look at it—'My only regret is that I have but one life to give in defense of my country.'"

Dealing In Futures.

Mr. Newed—I have an option on that Blank avenue house. How would you like it for our home, my dear?

Mrs. Newed—Oh, it's a pretty place, but you know it is said to be haunted. Mamma says she wouldn't set her foot inside the door for any amount of money.

Mr. Newed—That settles it. I'll close the deal for it the first thing in the morning.

Arab Music.

Arab music has been described as the singing of a prima donna who has ruptured her voice in trying to sing a duet with herself. Each note starts from somewhere between a sharp and a flat, but does not stop even there and splits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time.

Jas. McKee,	Linwood, Ont.
Lachlin McNeil,	Mabou, C. B.
John A. McDonald,	Arnprior, Ont.
C. B. Billing,	Markham, Ont.
John Mader,	Mahone Bay, N.S
Lewis Butler,	Burin, Nfld.

These well known gentlemen all assert that they were cured by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The man who owns but one shirt is, necessarily, short of change.

Your neighbor's baby is a crying shame.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Woman is less suspicious of flattery than any other animal.

Eve invented temptation, but men have monopolized it ever since.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough; there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

The seedy looking man is probably ready to admit that all flesh is grass.

People who only believe half of what they hear generally believe the worst half.

SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH 25c

Life's pleasures are not so numerous that you can afford to snub one.

YEARS OF SUFFERING

HOW RELIEF CAME TO THOMAS FINDLAY, OF PETROLIA.

He Had Suffered for Forty Years From Dyspepsia—Food Became Detestable and Stomach Cramps Made Life a Burden.

From The Topic, Petrolea, Ont.

Few men in Petrolea are better known than Mr. Thomas Findlay, who has resided here nearly forty years. In 1862 Mr. Findlay came here, and before the railroad connected with Petrolea he drove a stage coach, bringing the early oil men. When the railroad came here Mr. Findlay engaged in the oil business, but later he suffered from a gun accident, that disabled his hands permanently. After recovering from his Mr. Findlay was appointed constable and night watchman for the town, which office he has held during thirty years past. This accident was by no means Mr. Findlay's worst misfortune. From early youth he had been a martyr to dyspepsia, which finally became so bad that he looked forward to death as a merciful release. Happening to hear that Mr. Findlay had found complete relief from his lifelong foe, a Topic reporter waited on him to find if this was true. Mr. Findlay was only too glad to tell his story, hoping its publication might help some other sufferer. "I am a pretty old man now," said Mr. Findlay, "but I cannot remember the time when I was not in pain from pernicious dyspepsia and stomach trouble until lately. As a young man on the farm I suffered all sorts of pains with it; food would sour on my stomach and violent vomiting spells would follow. As I grew older my sufferings increased. I could not eat anything but the simplest kind of food, and little of that. My system became badly run down and I grew so weak that I really looked forward to death as a release from my misery. One after another I tried doctors and medicines, but could get no relief; then in despair I concluded to quit all and await the end. Meantime my condition became worse. Violent cramps attacked my legs, prostrating me for a time. They became worse and more frequent until they one day attacked my stomach, and I thought my end had come. Unable to move and in agony I was driven home, as I thought to die, but after an injection of morphine I gradually recovered. From that time on the cramps increasing in frequency and violence. Nothing gave me relief except the temporary immunity from pain afforded by morphine. I became so weak from pure starvation that death stared me in the face. Finally a friend said: 'Why don't you try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' 'What's the use?' I said, 'I've tried everything and just got worse all the time.' 'Well,' she said, 'you try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, they cured me, and I believe they will do you good.' Well, I purchased a box and started taking them. After a little I thought they helped me, so I kept on taking them for a couple of months when I felt I was really cured after so many years of suffering. My strength came back, my stomach recovered its power, and I was able to eat anything I fancied, and once more could enjoy life. This is nearly two years ago, but I was cured to stay cured. I have never had a sick day since or known the slightest stomach trouble. I am confident I would be a dead man now if it were not for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—nothing else ever helped me."

The old adage "experience is the best teacher," might well be applied in cases of dyspepsia, and if sufferers would only be guided by the experience of those who have suffered but are now well and happy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, there would be less distress throughout the land. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had at all dealers in medicine, or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Lots of fellows are not satisfied even when they get there with both feet. They kick because they are not centipedes.

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.

Did you ever notice that it is the girl with the pretty foot that has most trouble keeping her shoe laces tied?

Admiration is the daughter of ignorance.—Franklin.

In great attempts it is glorious even to fail.—Longinus.

The one prudence of life is concentration.—Emerson.

The golden age is before us, not behind us.—St. Simon.

Levity in behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.—Seneca.

Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked by children.—Dana.

ONE MAN'S LUCK.

Steered Into a Junior Partnership by a Chance Gust of Wind.

"Speaking of taking in partners," said a downtown business man, "our junior was, you might say, blown in on us, and I saw him started in our direction, though I had no idea of it at the time.

"Going down town one summer morning on a Ninth avenue elevated train I saw sitting opposite to me a young man who caught my fancy, a substantial, earnest, straightforward looking chap, whose looks I liked first rate. He was reading a paper, and presently he tore off from his paper an advertisement leaf that he didn't want and threw it out of a window or tried to, for as a matter of fact it didn't go out. A gust of wind with just the right twist to it came along at just that moment and blew the paper back, to fall on a vacant seat next to him.

"And as it fell something in it caught his eye, and he picked up that part which he had just been trying to throw away and began earnestly to read it and ended up by folding it carefully and putting it in his pocket.

"About four minutes after I'd got in here that morning this same young man walks in and applies for a place that we had been waiting for somebody to fill. Our advertisement for a man for it was in that paper which I had seen this young man try to throw away, and which a gust of wind, by one chance in a million or more, had blown back upon him and in such a manner as to fix his attention.

"As a matter of fact I hadn't liked the young man's act of throwing the paper out of an elevated car window. A paper floating down and around as that would do might frighten horses and lead to no end of trouble and lots of damage, but no one man thinks about everything, and he'd learn better about this, I knew, and so as a matter of fact I took this young man on the spot on my first impressions of him. He far more than made good and in due course of time he came into his junior partnership, literally and truly blown into it.

"Sort o' queer, eh?"

A CORDIAL RECEPTION.

The Book Agent Got One That Wasn't Intended For Him.

There is a farmer living just north of Evanston and a book agent somewhere in the cosmopolitan desert of Chicago each of whom feels that he is a victim of a cruel circumstance.

Last week the farmer had a note from a nephew to say that the boy would visit the farm on Thursday. Uncle and nephew had not met for fifteen years, and the old man drove to the station in his most uncomfortable coat that he might welcome his sister's child. But the young man failed to arrive. After waiting till the last passenger had disappeared the old man drove away, disappointed.

The book agent entered into the dramatis personæ early the next morning. Looking over the top rail of the barnyard gate, he called, "Hello, uncle!"

The book agent never got such a reception before in all his life. The farmer flung the gate wide open, seized the agent's hand and pressed a whiskered kiss on the ironclad cheek.

"Say, this must be heaven," murmured the agent, following the farmer into the house and explaining that everybody at home was as well as could be expected. Not till the agent was full of a boiled dinner and attempted to sell a book did the farmer begin to see a dim light. Charged with impersonating the missing nephew, the agent explained that he greeted all elderly strangers as "uncle;" that he even had a few almost real ones in South Clark street in Chicago.

When last seen by the farmer, the agent was still running, and when the real nephew does come he may find an electric current in the latchstring.

The Best Man.

For the origin of "the best man at a wedding" we must go back many centuries, to days when it was the amiable practice of the budding bridegroom to dispense with the consent either of the lady or her father. He simply waited for a suitable opportunity to capture her and make a bolt with his bride. In this enterprise he found it helpful to have the services of a friend who would assist him in the capture and keep the pursuers at bay until he had got a sufficiently long start. This friend was the prototype of the "best man" of our own unromantic day, when his duties are limited to seeing that the bridegroom doesn't leave the ring behind him or leave the church without taking his hat with him. How times do change!

MUST HAVE HIT THEM.

An editor in Columbus printed an item that the man who was hugging the hired girl had better stop or his name would be published. Next day 25 citizens paid up their subscriptions and told the editor not to pay any attention to foolish stories going around.

BABY'S HEALTH.

The Most Precious Thing in the World to a Mother—How to Care for Little Ones.

No price would be too great to pay for the preservation of the perfect, rosy, sturdy health of a baby. No price would be too great; but, as a matter of fact, the price is very small—simply precaution and the exercise of good judgment.

It is not good judgment to give the tender little infant remedies containing opiates, and the so-called "soothing" medicines, always contain opiates; they do not cure, they only drug and stupefy the little ones. Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiates and no harmful drugs. It is the best medicine for little ones, because it is promptly effective and absolutely harmless. For nervousness, sleeplessness, constipation, colic, stomach troubles, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, and other infantile troubles, Baby's Own Tablets is beyond question the best medicine in the world. The Tablets are sweet and pleasant to take, and dissolved in water can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Mothers who have used this medicine for their little ones, speak of it in the most enthusiastic terms—that is the best proof of its efficacy. Mrs. AlonzoFeltmate, Whitehead, N.S., says: "In my opinion Baby's Own Tablets are unequalled for children. They take it readily, and it regulates the bowels, cures them of peevishness, and is a great helper in teething. I would not think of being without the Tablets." Sold by druggists or sent post paid on receipt of price, 25 cts. a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

When we say that some preachers practice what they preach, it is meant that they rehearse their sermons.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The flowers in the garden may be dead, but there are still lots of blooming idiots.

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.

When a man has a birthday he takes a day off. With a woman it is often a case of taking a couple of years off.

Were it not for the fools in the world, the wise guys would have to turn their hands to honest labor.

The man who doesn't fail isn't always a success by a long shot.

We win to try again and lose; we lose to try again for the same thing.

The difference between men and women who lie is that the women don't mean to; the men do.

A slide down hill seems ten times as swift and fast when you are on it as when the other fellow is.

When women are going to have a club meeting to debate an important question their first preparation for it concerns the lunch and floral decorations.

The one-night stand actors realize that life is but a fleeting show.

The beauty seen is partly in him who sees it.—Bovee.

Good counsels observed are chains of Grace.—Fuller.

Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont - - - - 25c.
Sozodont Tooth Powder - - 25c.
Large Liquid and Powder - - 75c.
All stores or by mail for the price. Sample for the postage, 3c

25c.

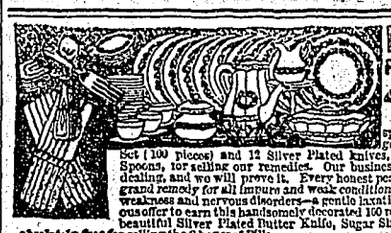
MUSIC FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Our Mr. Hatcher is now in the east selecting a stock of pianos and organs for holidays. Among his selection will be a large number of the latest styles of the WILLIAMS' PIANOS famed for their pure, full and lasting tone. Our new stock will begin to arrive about Dec. 1st and it will be well for those interested to call early. Out-of-town customers will receive our best attention and all enquiries will be promptly answered. We send catalogue and price list on request. We handle several different makes of organs and will be pleased to quote prices delivered anywhere. We have a number of good second hand organs and pianos, in good repair, some as good as new, at very low prices. Your credit is good with us, no matter where you live : : : : :

FORRESTER & HATCHER

Y. M. C. A. Blk, Portage Ave., Winnipeg. Eldredge "B" Sewing Machines.

Quality tells every time! This fact explains why Blue Ribbon Ceylon is fast displacing all other teas throughout Canada.



100 DINNER AND TEA SET PIECE AND 48 PIECES SILVERWARE FREE

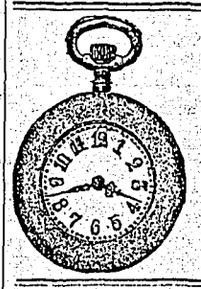
A rare chance. No deception, we speak nothing but the truth. You can get a full size decorated Dinner and Tea Set (100 pieces) and 12 Silver Plated Knives, 12 Forks, 12 Tea Spoons and 12 Table Spoons, for selling our remedies. Our business reputation is for square and honest dealing, and we will prove it. Every honest person who sells only 8 boxes of our New Life Pink Pills (a grand remedy for all impure and weak conditions of the blood, Indigestion, Stomach Trouble, Constipation weakness and nervous disorders—a gentle laxative—a grand tonic and life builder) will receive our generous offer to earn this handsomely decorated 100 piece Dinner and Tea Set and 48 pieces of silverware with a beautiful Silver Plated Butter Knife, Sugar Shell, Pickle Fork and Salt and Pepper Set, which we give absolutely free for selling the 8 boxes of Pills.

Don't Send a Cent. Order to-day and we send Pills by mail, sell them at 25 cents a box. (These are our regular 50 cent sizes.) They are easy to sell. When sold send us the money, $2.00, and we guarantee If you comply with the offer, we send to every one taking advantage of this advertisement, the 12 Knives, 12 Forks, 12 Table Spoons, 12 Tea Spoons and 100 piece decorated Dinner and tea Set will be given absolutely free. We are a reliable concern and guarantee the dishes and silverware full size for family use. We desire to introduce our Pills into every household and are advertising in this way. Write at once. **NEW LIFE REMEDY CO., Box 220, Toronto, Ont.**

Samples of the hundreds of Testimonials we are daily receiving.

NEW LIFE REMEDY CO.—Many thanks to you for the lovely Dishes and Silverware I received, they are very handsome, I beg you to accept my thanks, I will do all I can to introduce your Pills. MRS. BRUCE GRANT, Canterbury St., York Co., N.B.

NEW LIFE REMEDY Co., Dear Friend :—I received my dishes to-day, I am more than delighted with them, I cannot express by letter my many thanks to you for them. You are highly esteemed by me for an honest, reliable company that will do as they agree. MRS. GERALD REID, Lynedoch, Ont.



FREE We are giving away better Premiums than ever before for selling our Pills:—A Lady's or Gent's Nickel Watch, stem winder and setter; a Solid Gold Ring, set with real pearls and garnets, in plush case; Violin and Bow; Autoharp; ten-keyed Accordeon; Lady's or Gent's ten-year gold-filled Watch Guard; Lady's Dress Goods and Shirtwaist, Boots and Shoes, Air Rifles, &c. Simply send us your name and address and we will send you our large illustrated catalogue and nine boxes of the FAMOUS OLD ENGLISH REMEDY, DR. PRICE'S SARSAPARILLA BLOOD PILLS, postpaid. Sell them at 30 cents per box and send us our money and we will send you any one of the above Premiums you select.

Our Pills are the best remedy in the world for impure blood, liver and kidney diseases, rheumatism, stomach disorders and all female troubles.

You take no risk as you may return Pills, if unable to sell them. Remember we are one of the largest medical firms in Canada, and you can rely on our Premiums being exactly as represented. Send your name at once and secure an extra Premium. Mention this paper.

PRICE MFG. CO. 88 BAY ST. TORONTO, ONT.

At Your Door.

Our handsomely illustrated 100 page Catalogue will be sent you on application.

This will place the largest and choicest jewelry stock in Canada at your disposal.

We are doing business on the closest possible margin of profit, guarantee safe delivery of goods and cheerfully refund money if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

Ryrie Bros.,

Yonge and Adelaide Sts.,

DIAMOND HALL. *TORONTO.*

Established 1854.

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, Agent; 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. Apply now. PELHAM NURSERY CO. Toronto, Ont.

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

Love's young dream soon develops into a nightmare when the young wife cannot cook.

CHRONIC DERANGEMENTS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BLOOD are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable pills.

If a man is a chronic grumbler it always makes him happy to find a button off his coat when his wife is busy.

There is no law to prevent a woman kissing a pug dog—but just the same it's a mean advantage to take of the dog.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

A man has a right to express his opinion of the weather, but what's the use.

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.

POOR PUSSIES!

A hundred tons of cat's tails were recently sold in one lot in New York for ornamenting ladies' wearing apparel. This means that no fewer than 1,792,000 pussies had been killed to supply this one consignment, and yet they say that every cat has nine lives.

HE HAS TRIED IT.—Mr. John Anderson, Kinloss, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefit from the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years and have recommended it to all sufferers I knew of, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and incipient consumption."

Many a man who tries to be a rascal finds he is only capable of being a fool.

An Irishman says there is no blessing like health, especially when you are sick.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

When a widow makes up her mind to marry again she selects the man and then proceeds to find out what he likes best to eat.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER 25c

Some people are prepared for any emergency—except twins.

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

When you meet a man with a scheme, proceed to get in a hurry.

Inventory Shoe Sale

We are going to take inventory on January 13th, and we have too many shoes and for the next ten days we will clear out all broken lines at one-third to one-half below their value.

Don't miss this opportunity.

W. J. ORR, 420-422 Westminster Ave

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

Knowdell & Hodgson

512 Granville St., Vancouver.

Dealers in

Stoves, Ranges, Tinware, Graniteware, Cutlery and General Housefurnishings

Prices right. Call and see for yourselves.

MAIL ORDERS receive prompt attention.

HAWTHORNTHWAITE AND SMITH DISAGREE

The Nanaimo Labor party met last Saturday night, G. H. Cross presiding.

Mr. J. H. Hawthornthwaite, M. P. P., at once proceeded to explain his position regarding the propriety of members of the Labor party also being members of the Liberal party, and contended that the two parties were completely separate and distinct. In fact, he was of the opinion that when the party was organized a year ago a motion organizing on these lines had been passed.

Secretary John McLean said if any were present who had not signed the roll it might be thrown open for them to sign it, that any person who objected to signing the roll could not be considered as being actuated by the best feelings towards the party but as no vote on any crucial point was taken the question was not decided.

Mr. Hawthornthwaite asked that his position as announced in the press be endorsed by the party.

This at once precipitated a discussion on what was involved in Mr. Hawthornthwaite's position, many members, including Messrs. Bloxam, Rogers, Challoner, Shenton, McLean, J. M. Davis and others, claiming that to endorse Mr. Hawthornthwaite was to condemn those members who attended the Liberal meeting and voted in the choice of delegates, and this they could not do. Mr. Hawthornthwaite then made a long explanation of his position, claiming that provincial politics were in a very bad state. Bodwell, on the one hand, represented the Great Northern, while Martin, on the other, represented the C. P. R. He didn't want to say anything against any man's private character, but in this respect Bodwell was certainly no better than Martin, and he would never support either of them. The question the Vancouver convention would decide was which of these men was to be leader and he could not understand why Labor party men should take part in it at all. They would have a convention of their own soon; let them send delegates to that. Mr. Bodwell's platform favored land grants and bonuses to railroads, excepting branches such as the Nanaimo-Alberni road, and the speaker could never support such a policy. He favored government ownership of the coal mines in British Columbia, where every mine but one was conducted in a disgraceful manner. Corporations, although they quarrelled sometimes, never fought to a finish. They didn't need to go past their own locality to see that. The C. P. R. had settled with Dunsmuir, and before long the Great Northern and the C. P. R. would come to terms and he believed the Labor porty should not support either of these.

Mr. Shenton pointed out the question of endorsing the idea of a purely Independent Labor party was a very serious one that required much consideration. Could they as a Labor party maintain a man permanently in the position of member, and if not would it be wise to risk defeat by becoming too exclusive. He urged that the decision of this matter be delayed till a later meeting.

It was moved by Mr. Swanson, seconded by Mr. Wm. Martin, that Mr. Hawthornthwaite's position be endorsed.

Mr. Ralph Smith, M. P., said that he regretted that he had to disapprove entirely of Mr. Hawthornthwaite's position, but he hoped that this first public difference would end as amicably as their many private disagreements on matters of policy already had. He thought, in the first place, that if Mr. Hawthornthwaite had felt that members of the Labor party had done wrong he should have laid the matter before the party before airing his grievances in the columns of an opposition paper. He also objected to Mr. Hawthornthwaite attempting to dictate the constitution of the party. The Labor party of Nanaimo, as at present formed, had no constitution or by-laws and for any members of the party to publicly declare that certain principles and no others were endorsed by it was certainly endeavoring to dictate its policy. He also objected strongly to Mr. Hawthornthwaite's criticism of Dr. McKechnie for attending the Liberal meeting. When the doctor associated himself with the Labor party they were all glad of his presence and help and no one had any idea that he was in any way compromising his liberalism. It was quite possible that a labor party on the narrow lines indicated by Mr. Hawthornthwaite very likely would be advisable, but no such position had ever been adopted as yet by the Nanaimo party. He was opposed also to class legislation which Mr. Hawthornthwaite supported. Sometimes class legislation was necessary, but it was far better to have it enacted in the provincial legislatures than in the dominion, where every member should be by all means entirely above local or class prejudices and consider only the common good of all. Mr. Hawthornthwaite's objection to the Liberal party was that it didn't believe in class legislation, his (Mr. Smith's) objection was that it did believe in and enacted class legislation, and in so far as the Liberal party rose above class prejudices he was in favor of it. He could agree with the local member's advocacy of public control of franchises, but he thought class legislation was a bad principle to endorse and he objected very much to the manner in which Mr. Hawthornthwaite had taken his grievance to the public press before bringing it to the party, besides other things he had mentioned. Mr. Smith declared that the Labor party was not committed to Bodwell, nor was he.

The meeting then adjourned till Saturday, Jan. 18th, to discuss the whole question before a full meeting of the party.

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

Get your life insured by Horace Williamson.

SALMAGUNDI.

"Stand or Fall Together."

The New York Herald says that a poem by Mr. Alfred Austin, poet laureate of England, entitled Together, and dedicated "with warmest sympathy to the American people," will be published in the January number of The Independent. Following are the verses:

Who say we cherish far-off feud,
Still nurse the ancient grudges?
Show me the title of this brood
Of self-appointed judges;
Their name, their race, their nation, clan,
And we will teach them whether
We do not, as none others can,
Feel, think and work together!

Both spoke the tongue that Milton spoke,
Shakespeare and Chatham wielded,
And Washington and all his folk
When their just claim was yielded.
In it both lisp, both learn, both pray,
Dirge death, and thus the tether
Grows tighter, tenderer, every day,
That binds the two together.

Our ways are one, and one our aims,
And one will be our story,
Who fight for freedom, not for fame,
From duty, not for glory;
Both stock of the old home, where blow
Shamrock, and rose, and heather,
And every year link arms and go
Through its loved haunts together.

Should envious aliens plan and plot
'Gainst one, and now the other,
They swift would learn how strong the knot
Binds brother unto brother.
How quickly they would change their tack
And show the recreant feather,
Should Star-and-Stripe and Union Jack
But float mast high together.

Now let us give one hearty grip,
As by true men is given,
And vow fraternal fellowship
That never shall be riven;
And with our peaceful flags unfurled,
Be fair or foul the weather,
Should need arise, face all the world,
And stand or fall together.

Jokelets.

'So you are seeking a divorce, are you?' 'Dat's what, suh.' 'How long have you been married?' 'Ever since freedom broke out, suh; but I wants freedom ter break out ag'in!'

Lady Visitor (in prison)—It's a wonder you never thought of looking higher than being a safe-robber. Convict No. 6,172—Well, you see, lady, dere ain't much in second-story work.

A combination needed.—Mr. Botts—I think, my dear, I have at last found the key to success. Mrs. Botts—Well, just as like as not you'll not be able to find the key-hole.

Bilkins—I can tell you something that will tickle you to death. Smilkins—Why, what is that? Bilkins—Swallow a feather.

She—It's no use bothering me, Jack, I shall marry whom I please. He—That's all I'm asking you to do my dear. You will please me well enough.

School Board Inspector—Who is that sits idly by doing nothing while everybody else is working. Bobby—The teacher.

Yarns.

The English papers are full of apocryphal incidents, alleged to have taken place in Canada during the recent royal visit. It is related, for instance, that a proud and touchy resident in the neighborhood of Perth declined to go to Ottawa to see the Duchess because, although he went to see the Prince of Wales in 1860, the royal family had never returned his call. Less ceremonious was the western alderman who, grasping the Duke's hand with firmness and effusion, exclaimed: "I met you old man here forty years ago."

A Tale of Woe.

At a seance the other day, when the lights had been turned low, the medium was describing a tall, dark-eyed, handsome spirit, with long moustache, and hair parted carefully down the centre, that was hovering round a middle aged but elderly looking man, who burst suddenly into tears. Heart-rending sobs shook his thin frame. "George, George," he cried, "why, oh, why, did you leave me to the misery of these past years?" "Then you knew him?" asked the medium. "Knew him?" murmured the down-hearted man. "I saw him daily for months and months. O, George," he continued, "why did you die?" "My good man," pleaded the medium, "you must pull yourself together. Though his loss to you must have been a great one, you may yet meet another friend who will fill his place." "No, no!" he cried. "His place is filled." "Filled! Why, what do you mean?" asked the medium, astonished. "He was my wife's first husband!"

No Sabee.

Sam Lee, Chinese market gardener, was hailed before two Christchurch, N. Z., J. P.'s, the other day, charged with driving over a crossing at other than a walking pace. When the case was called on Sam Lee went up to the bench, handed up his summons, in which were folded two one pound notes, and made for the door. A constable barred his way, to the astonishment of the saffron offender, who considered that one pound each to the presiding mandarins was quite a sufficient amount of palm oil to ensure his immunity from punishment. "No sabbee," he said mournfully. "You have been driving your horse too quick; you sabbee?" "No sabbee," came the helpless answer. The arresting constable gave evidence, but Sam still failed to sabee. "Have you anything to say?" "No sabee." "Well, you will be fined 10s. and costs, 7s. Do you sabbee that?" Sam again attempted to bolt, but was brought back, and 23s. change from his £2 handed back to him. He looked dazed. A court of justice returning money! What could it mean? Then a ray of light flashed across him. It was a trap! Sam got to the door and opened it. Then he turned, hurled the money back into the court, and made tracks for home. Like Mark Twain's rabbit, "long after he was out of sight you could hear him whizz."—Liberal, Otago, N. Z.

ALIEN LABOR ACT.

No more flagrant violation of a law ever took place in Canada than the recent violation of the Alien Labor act at Rossland by the management of the Le Roi mine. Yet none of the men brought in to the country contrary to the provisions of the act nor any of the men who induced them to violate the provisions of the act have been punished. This would indicate that the Laurier government is afraid to enforce the provisions of a law placed in the statutes by themselves. The Tribune is of opinion that the law is a "sop" thrown to the labor men who "boost" for the Liberal party. It has not been enforced and never will be enforced, except possibly on occasion, when some poor individual is made an example of merely as a blind. What is true of the enforcement of the act in Canada is also true of the enforcement of a similar law in the United States. Deportation Agent Bubarry at Buffalo is reported as almost daily sending Canadians back from Buffalo and points near that place for violating the Alien Labor law of the United States. Yet Dubarry has not deported a dozen men and women during all the time he has been in office. In order to hold his job, he makes a showing by trumping up cases against individuals who never existed except in his reports. So with the law in Canada. Few actual deportations take place, and none know this better than the men who are drawing salaries as the officials of the Labor Bureau at Ottawa. The law should be repealed. Labor can get along without legislation that is farcical.—Nelson Tribune.

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

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.

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

C. Ellis, corner Cambie and Cordova streets, is the place you can get your hair cut in an artistic manner.

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.

Horace Williamson will give you the best rates and the best insurance policy that can be had in the city or anywhere else. Union men, when you deal with Horace you are dealing with an old-time unionist.

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

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.

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.

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.

Sale of Overcoats and Suits

This is the month when we sort up our OVERCOATS and SUITS and bring forward upon a separate table all the BROKEN LINES AND ODD SIZES. These goods are all new this season.

BEAVER OVERCOATS, in blues, blacks and browns, double and single breasted; short, medium and long. The original prices were $8.50 to $18.50; they are now from $6.50 to $12.50.

Suits

Broken lines and sizes in CANADIAN and SCOTCH TWEEDS; also finest lines of WORSTEDS. The prices that were $8.50 to $21.50 are now $6.50 to $15.50.

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.**

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

Removal

We are ready for business in our New Store, **409 Hastings Street** next door to Obens to-day, Saturday, January 11, 1902, with a splendid stock of Crockery, Glassware, Tinware, Graniteware, Stoves and a full line of House Furnishings.

R. G. BUCHANAN & CO.

CROCKERY AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS,

Removed from Westminster Avenue to 409 Hastings Street.

Wishing the Citizens of Vancouver a Prosperous New Year

—we again want it known that we are still doing business at the old stand and invite you to make us a call.

Get prices, note quality and be happy for 1902.

FORD'S GROCERY

Tel. 720. 25 Hastings St. E.

Pacific Bottling Works

Importers and Bottlers

GORE AVE. 'PHONE 783.

SOLE AGENTS.

SAVOY THEATRE

McDONELL & SIMPSON.....Proprietors.
ALF. P. JAMES.....Stage Manager.

Week Commencing

Monday, Next

Artistic and Refined Vaudeville.

EVERY ACT A FEATURE.

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.

GEO. HAY

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

Dyeing and Repairing.

216 CAMBIE ST., VANCOUVER.

We Give

—your shirts, collars and cuffs our special attention.

They are carefully handled and and ironed with the latest improved machinery.

The neckbands are ironed with roller machines, which absolutely prevents any stretching.

We will give your linen any finish you may desire—the high gloss — medium gloss or dull finish.

We will always be prompt in calling for and returning your parcel.

PIONEER Steam Laundry

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

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.

2: Georgia St. C.L. Holland, Cutter.