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VOL. 5. VANCOUVER, B. C., SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1902. No 9

THE CARD SYSTEM AND THE BUILDING TRADES.

The job on the Princess street Methodist church is still unfair.

That the card system is a huge success is now an established fact.

All the unions connected with the building trade are doing a big business.

Over 300 active members are represented at the Building Trades council.

A committee of the Building Trades council are always on hand at Union hall every evening.

Requests to unionize small jobs in the city are being made daily, there being no big non-union jobs.

It is expected that the teamsters recently organized will be represented at the Building Trades council.

Applications are coming into the unions in large numbers, there being over 60 to be voted on by the carpenters.

Buildings throughout the town are being unionized every day and very shortly a non-union job will be a very interesting novelty.

Mechanics of the building trade who desire to join the union governing their particular trade, can obtain all information on applying to the agent at Union hall, corner Dunsmuir and Homer street, city.

The Western hotel, which was tied up for a few days owing to the electrical workers declining to work with non-union carpenters, resumed operations on Thursday morning, union men supplanting non-union men.

The movement now on foot to introduce the card system in the building trades in this city is moving smoothly and swiftly along. So very little friction has occurred since its enforcement commenced that the general public practically are unaware that any such movement is on foot.

The unions sending delegates to the Building Trades Council are: Painters, Brotherhood of Carpenters, Amalgamated Carpenters, Bricklayers, Wire-Workers and Plumbers. The Building Laborers elected delegates at the last meeting of the union. Elections of representatives to the council by the Stonecutters' and Woodworkers' unions are pending.

Mr. C. T. Hilton is the regularly appointed agent of the Vancouver Building Trades council. He is a member of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners. He was formerly a member of Lodge No. 343, International Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, of Winnipeg, during which time he was an active officer of his union, taking a prominent position in the carpenters' strike of May, 1899, which was finally brought to a successful termination.

Chas. Hilton, the business agent, is a very busy man these days unionizing different jobs and receiving applications from workmen who desire to be square with the union. In Bro. Hilton the unions have a faithful and painstaking representative, who at all times is prepared to do what is just and right by both employer and employed. And it is a gratification to know that he has their fullest confidence, as the increasing large membership will show. He may be seen at almost any time during the day at Union hall.

TO THE BUILDING TRADES.

In your daily work you are exposed to all sorts of weather and to dangers of life and limb. The trade causes great wear and tear to your clothes, while the loss of tools in one way or another amounts to a considerable sum each year. Besides, it is necessary that you must be well fed with the best of food to be in condition to work when you get a chance. How much pay do you get to live on? In many, many cases you do not and cannot earn enough money at your trade, which has cost you years to acquire, to keep you and yours at home as you ought to be kept. We know lots of families in this new and great province of ours who can not depend upon the head of the household to provide the necessaries, and mother and children must buckle down and bring in a few dollars to keep things going, as it were. Men are loth to acknowledge this fact, and want to have the honor of supporting their home, when in reality they are dependent upon their family for a living. Is it right and just, non-unionist and unionist, too, to be so indifferent as to allow your craft, without at least an effort to prevent it, to drift on and on with the current of affairs, through which keen competition of trade and commerce gets in its work of distinction until you have become nothing more or less than abject slaves? Are you content to always live from hand to mouth? Haven't you any ambition to demand your right to the full value of your labor? If you have no consideration for yourself, why be a man and have some for those depending upon you? One man said the other day that he was all right in his old days anyway, that his son would provide for him, that he was a good tradesman and it was nothing but right that he should provide for the old man. A father should be willing to give his son a show. Without unity among workers the great majority of tradesmen are at the mercy of the whims and caprices of contractors and bosses. Then why should you not get into your union? Some men will hem and haw when asked this question and say that so and so who is a union man does such and such a thing that should not be done, and consequently are unfit to associate with. As a rule when you hear this kind of argument, it comes from a person whom you should feel sorry for. He moves in a narrow sphere and has been so tied down that he has become contracted in his views. To such we say get out of the rut, your intelligence has become depraved and needs fixing. Broaden out a bit. Get into the union. One word more, if men of money find it absolutely necessary to organize to advance their interests, then have not the men who must work for a mere pittance for a living far more reason to go and do likewise?

JAPANESE DISMISSED.

On Wednesday morning half a dozen Japs were started to work in the C. P. R. shops. The white employees did not look upon this innovation with favor and plainly gave the officials to understand this. And in about half an hour the said Japs were given their walking tickets and the air is once more cleared. This should be a warning to all mechanics in this city, as no doubt a further move will be made hereabouts to employ the little brown men. It is alleged that were Japs allowed to become familiar with the working customs of this place that ere long a horde of the mongol mechanics from the Orient would soon fill the places of the men now engaged here. Already considerable of the repair work of the Empresses is done on the other side of the Pacific.

VICTORIA'S BLACKSMITHS.

A meeting of the Victoria Blacksmiths' union was held on Tuesday night. Seven new members signed the roll, and the union affiliated with the International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths. The local organizer of the A. F. of L. initiated the following officers: President, S. A. Virtue; vice-president, Wm. N. McLatchie; financial secretary, James Dougall; treasurer, R. J. Martin; recording secretary, J. T. Skipsey; sentry, J. D. Hepworth; delegates to trades and labor council, W. J. Ledingham and J. Russell.

NON-UNION MEN STRIKE.

The non-union men employed by McDermott as stevedores went out on strike yesterday morning. They had been working at the Coleman, Evans & Coleman dock when they learned that their employer was working union men on the Ganges, now at No. 3 shed, which cargos oats for South Africa. Sixteen quit work, but in the course of a couple of hours four weakened and went back to their old job.

E. H. Higgins, of Denver, Col., paid The Independent a visit on Tuesday. He is general organizer of the Journeymen Bakers' and Confectioners' International union of America, and is an active member of local union, No. 26, of his city. He has been in every city and town on the coast, and reports the bakers well advanced in union matters. He left for Victoria on Wednesday, and will return to his state via Seattle and Butte.

Mr. Alfred Parr, or Ymir, ex-secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, called on The Independent on Tuesday on his way to the capital. He says the Progressives in the interior are gathering in large numbers and are sanguine of success at the next elections.

THE OCEAN COMBINE.

The world is no longer governed by sovereigns and statesmen, but by financial "operators." The most cruel wars of modern times have been made at the behest of these greedy gamblers. The question as to whether there is to be immediate peace in South Africa largely depends upon them, for they control the government of the two hemispheres and can prevent any power from giving expression to the sympathy of its people with the Boers by intervening on their behalf. A concrete example of the way in which the financiers control even the great American republic was afforded when the extradition treaty with Russia was ratified at Washington. No other treaty to which America has been a party was ever so universally and indignantly condemned by the American people. It is simply a treaty sanctioning the use of the powers of Anglo-Saxon justice to deliver up Russian refugees in the United States to the Czar's government to be tried without jury, counsel, publicity, or appeal. But the public protest availed nothing. The federal executive refused to defer to it.

The Reason

was, as the best of the American papers boldly hinted at the time, that the oil combination forced the authorities at Washington to barter the character of the United States as a political sanctuary in return for a concession from Russia to aid the oil kings to monopolise the world's markets. The promoters of the great American oil combination were the first to learn the trick of crushing out competition by monopoly and they played their cards with the utmost skill and unscrupulousness. The result of the operations of these experts in legalized robbery is that, while they have made huge fortunes for themselves, the world has become poorer and not richer by the discovery of the enormous wealth which the bounty of nature had treasured up for us in her oil wells. Before the combination was formed oil was sold for

A Few Cents a Barrel.

Busy towns sprang up in the lonely valleys of Pennsylvania, new industries were organized, and everything promised well for the workers. But now that Messrs. Rockefeller & Company can daily chalk down on the blackboard of the New York produce exchange the price at which all the world must buy its light, a vast amount of the outflow of oil from the earth has been shut down, the human energy that tried to turn it to human use has also been largely shut down, freight rates to the general public have been increased, many rivers and canals have been closed, inventors of new processes have been smothered, and the American people excluded from the free and equal use of the docks, storehouses, and other terminal facilities of the railroads in the harbors of export. The guiding spirits of the oil trust have conspired

To Create Monopolies

for their own benefit and to the loss of the community in various other directions. Their latest exploit is the great Atlantic shipping combine, the effect of which will probably be to transfer the ocean carrying trade from the British to the American flag. Of course, Mr. Pirre, who is described as the British "Morganeir" of the £34,000,000 shipping trust, tries to make out that the combine will be a good thing for British shipping and for shipping generally. He has been good enough also to express the belief that when the full details of this new capitalistic dodge become known, ninety-nine Englishmen out of every hundred will rejoice over it. The promoters of the oil trust bamboozled the American people with the idea that they were patriots and philanthropists at heart, but what they played up for was dividend. It will be the same with the shipping trust. All the

British Ship Owners

who have joined it are, of course, patriots, but if they can get better dividends by sailing under the American rather than under the British flag their patriotism will not refuse to take them. The financier knows no country—the world is his parish—to pursue his own interest is his one object in life. It is only in trade and finance that such a rule is tolerated. Supposing that family life or that citizenship were based upon such a principle, what would become of society? Is there no hope that a time will come when the true principle of business—the law of all for each and each for all—will be adopted? We do not despair of that time coming, far off as it may be. Commercial trusts and combinations are at least opening the eyes of the public to the fact that even the capitalists see that the competitive system has broken down. The problem for the future is to decide whether monopolies should be run by private persons for the enrichment of the few or by the community for the benefit of all.—Reynolds.

THE BELGIAN UPRISING.

America is the country famed for electioneering swindle, but the Belgian clerical, reactionary government has just succeeded in playing off a trick which beggars the efforts of Tammany and makes them second-class and unenterprising. Briefly, the Belgian people have demanded universal suffrage. Universal suffrage means the downfall of clericalism, the introduction of compulsory education and free schools, and an approximation (at least) to an incorrupt ministry. The May elections are approaching. M. Woeste, therefore, and his government determined to organize some mock riots, to show the world in general and the voting classes in Belgium in particular, how unfit the Belgian working men are to enjoy the suffrage. A few agents-provocateurs were sent among the demonstraters in Brussels. A stone was thrown, and without a word of warning

The Police Charged,

shooting and slashing with bare sabres among the unarmed populace. In a moment the street was clear save for the human forms writhing and twisting on the ground. The rest of the wounded were helped away by their friends. This highly Christian and clerical performance was repeated for several nights, despite the protests of one of the chief officers in Brussels, who on one occasion sent the police back, saying that only the citizen guard was necessary. His protest was useless. The police were forced on him and proceeded with their bloody work with grim pleasure. The movement spread to the provinces. Then came the comic interlude in the tragedy. The government found that they were going too far. Instead of filling the middle classes with fear of the proletariat, they had filled them with sympathy. The citizen guard refused to fire on the people, crying,

"They are Our Own,"

and they hooted the police in their butchery. The army, which is drawn from the poorest classes, favored the popular cause. The government became afraid and gave orders that all police should be withdrawn. Only the citizen guard were left to keep order. The vote in the chamber was taken which excluded the reopening of the question of universal suffrage in the present parliament. The strike began and, for want of funds, ended. And, despite all the fearful tension on the popular nerves, no single "riot" occurred after the withdrawal of the police except at Louvain, and there the citizen guard, composed of young bloods of the clerical party from the university there, wreaked its hatred on the people just as the police had done in Brussels. Belgium has not yet got universal suffrage and, perhaps, will not have it for some time, but the day is past when the really intelligent bourgeoisie were blinded by such tricks, and this time the ruse will recoil on the heads of the government. Sooner or later clericalism is doomed, and the sooner for its work of the last two weeks.—Gracchus.

A SOCIALIST'S CHALLENGE.

H. Gaylord Wilshire, the socialist candidate in West Elgin, has sent this challenge to his opponents, Angus McCrimmon and Finlay G. McDiarmid: "I herewith challenge you to debate with me in St. Thomas upon the issue of the campaign. I will agree to pay all expenses of the meeting and let you name terms and date. If you accept this challenge I will contribute $100 to the Amasa Wood hospital. If after the debate, one-third of the audience decide you to be the more fitting representative for this constituency I will contribute an additonal sum of $100 to said hospital."

He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife.—Ben. Jonson.

Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman, rules us still.—Moore.

NEW SOCIALIST PARTY

The Seattle Socialist prints the following in its last issue:

With respect to British Columbia, from the best information obtainable, we are convinced that the workingmen of that province are all ready for a revolutionary socialist movement, but that Ernest Burns, the secretary of the "Socialist party of B. C.," does not represent such a movement is well known. He had a letter in The Socialist a few months ago regarding the "revolutionary jargon" of some socialists, and the platform of the party is composed of "General Demands," the strongest of which is this: "The public ownership of all industries controlled by monopolies, trusts and combines, and ultimately of all the means of production, distribution and exchange."

In contrast with this step-at-a-time platform, we print the following, which we hope signifies the foundation of a real socialist party in Canada. Nanaimo comrades are nearly all miners and have heretofore been in touch with the "Socialist party of B. C." Nanaimo is the home of Ralph Smith, the Gompers of Canada, and is a fitting starting point for a genuine working-class party:

PLATFORM OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SOCIALIST PARTY OF CANADA.

The Revolutionary Socialist Party of Canada in convention assembled affirms allegiance to, and support of the principles and programme of the international revolutionary proletariat.

The irrepressible conflict of interest between the capitalists and wage earners is rapidly culminating in a struggle for possession of the reins of government.

The capitalists now hold possession and are thus able to maintain their economic dominion over the workers.

The workers are about to take possession for the purpose of enforcing their economic programme by becoming masters of the wealth they produce. To continue the capitalist class in possession of the legislative and executive powers of government, means to but prolong the wage slave system with its terrible consequences to the workers.

The capitalist system with its profits for masters and wages for slaves, can give to the latter only an ever increasing measure of misery and degredation. The capitalist system is based on the one fundamental proposition of "Capitalist ownership of the means of wealth production for profit."

Stripped of all sham and hypocrisy, this is the political and economic programme of all political and economic parties except of the revolutionary working class. The interest of the workers lies in the direction of setting themselves free from capitalist exploitation, by the abolition of the wage system.

To accomplish this necessitates the transformation of capitalist property, in the means of wealth production, into collective or working class property.

We therefore call upon all wage earners and other decent citizens to organize under the banners of the Revolutionary Socialist Party of Canada, with the object of conquering the public powers, for the purpose of setting up, and enforcing the economic program of the working class, as follows:

1. The transformation, as rapidly as possible, of capitalist property in the means of wealth production (natural resources, factories, mills, railways, etc.) into the collective property of the working class.

2. Through the democratic organization and management of industry by the workers.

3. The establishment, as speedily as possible, of production for use in lieu of production for profit.

4. Candidates for public office, upon the ticket of the Revolutionary Socialist Party, shall, by the acceptance of said nominations, stand pledged to the unqualified support of the principles and programme herein set forth. They shall, in case of election, use every legitimate means within their power, to further such principles and programme, and contest, and prevent if possible, theadoption of any measure in contravention thereto.

The Revolutionary Socialist Party of Canada proclaims itself the political exponent of working class interests. It will deviate neither to the right nor the left of the line laid down in its platform. It will neither endorse nor accept endorsement. It has no compromise to make.

The pathway leading to our emancipation from the chains of wage slavery is uncompromising political warfare against the capitalist class, with no quarter and no surrender. For further information address

C. KILBY, Sec. R. S. P. of C.,
Nanaimo, B. C.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP NOT SOCIALISM.

It is settled that "public ownership of monopolies" is not socialism. Without a single dissenting voice, the socialist press, which may be assumed to represent pretty accurately the sentiment of the socialist party, has agreed on the point. The latest to speak is Wilshire's Magazine for May, which but echoes the chorus with the leading article on "The Fallacy of Public Ownership." It is in response to this universal and imperative sentiment that the Appeal has taken down that headline which it has persistenly and consistently carried at the head of its first page since 1897.—Seattle Socialist.

A. W. PUTTEE, M. P.,
The Popular Labor Member in the Dominion House for Winnipeg.

The Toronto Telegram asks why should people look for free newspapers any more than they look for free cigars, free umbrellas, free walking sticks, free collars, free cuffs or free beefsteaks? Every copy of a newspaper is a product which costs money. The tailor, the tobacconist, the gents' furnisher or the grocer is not called upon to supply free copies of the products which they handle. The people who are aggrieved if they cannot get a free copy of a newspaper would not think of struggling for a place on the free list of a grocery store, a dry goods store, or butcher's shop? It is the principle more than the cost of the free newspaper idea which is repugnant to all sound business notions. There is scarcely a newspaper in the country which does not maintain a free list for the benefit of people who are well able to pay, and who would not think of accepting from their grocer, or butcher, or baker the hand-out which they expect from their favorite newspaper office.

TRADES COUNCIL AT DAWSON.

The workingmen at Dawson, Y. T., have organized several unions and a trades and labor council, with representatives from the Typographical, Carpenters, Cooks and Waiters, and Sheet Metal Workers' unions. George J. Dorfner, of the Metal Workers, has been named as temporary chairman, and J. J. Filbin, of the Typographical, secretary. The new organization was launched by the appointment of committees on permanent organization and constitution, the following making up the two committees: J. G. Taylor, Carpenters; J. Connelly, Cooks and Waiters; E. K. Sargison, Typographical; Geo. E. Toms, Metal Workers. Upon the reports of these two committees being received and adopted, the council was declared regularly organized, and under the by-laws the first election of officers took place on Tuesday evening, April 29. The painters have also formed a union, and will send delegates to the new council.

THE RACES.

Great praise is due the officials of the Vancouver Jockey Club for the excellent meet of yesterday afternoon. The list of horses is the longest ever presented to a Vancouver audience, and this is due in a large measure to the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Robt. Leighton, the secretary of the club. He has just returned from an extensive trip to the coast cities and the turf centres. This afternoon's programme is a first-class one.

POWER OF SILENCE.

The Splendors and Glories of Heavenly Life.

IMMORTAL HALF HOUR OF RECESS

Rev. Dr. Talmage Counsels Silence in Many Cases Where We Are Assailed and Misrepresented—Do Right and Leave the Results With God—Lessons of Patience.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1892, by William Barry, of Toronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Washington, April 6.—In the following discourse prepared by Dr. Talmage before his illness, a vivid glimpse of the splendor and glories of heavenly life is presented; text, Revelation, viii, 1, "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

The busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the centre from which all good influences start; it is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions mounted or charioted. But my text describes *a space when the wheels ceased to roll* and the trumpets to sound and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reined in their charges. The doxologies were hushed and processions halted. The hand of arrest was upon all the splendors. "Stop, heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop as other cities for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, *for its inhabitants never* fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows or sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, between the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. *But that was all a guess*, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was, and I do not care when it was, but of the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place I am certain. "There was silence in heaven about the space of *half an hour.*"

And, first of all, we learn that God and all heaven then honored silence. The longest and widest dominion that ever existed is that over which stillness was queen. For an eternity there had not been a sound. World making was a later day occupation. For unimaginable ages it was a mute universe. God was the only being, and as there was no one to speak to, there was no utterance. But that silence has all been broken up into worlds, and it has become a *noisy universe. Worlds in upheaval*, worlds in congelation, worlds in conflagration, worlds in revolution.

If geologists are right—and I believe they are—there has not been a *moment of silence* since the world began its travels, and the crashing and the splitting and the uproar and the hubbub are ever in progress. But when among the supernals a voice cried "Hush!" and for half an hour heaven was still, silence was honored. *The full power of silence* many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned "he answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Oftentimes when we are assailed and misrepresented the mightiest thing to say is to say nothing and the mightiest thing to do is to do nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves *set right accomplish nothing* but their own chagrin. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or *domestic* or *political injustice*. Stronger than any bitter or sarcastic or revengeful answer is the patient silence.

Learn also from my text that heaven *must be an eventful and active* place from the fact that it could afford only thirty minutes of recess. There have been events on earth and in heaven that seemed to demand a whole day or whole week or whole year for celestial consideration. If *Grotius was right and this silence* occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, that scene was so awful and so prolonged that the inhabitants of heaven could not have done justice to it in many weeks. After fearful besiegement of the two fortresses of Jerusalem, Antonia and Hippicus had been going on for a long while, a Roman soldier, mounted on the shoulder of another soldier, hurled into the window of the *temple a firebrand, and the temple* was all aflame, and after covering many sacrifices to the holiness of God, the building itself became a sacrifice to the rage of man. The hunger of the people in that city during the besiegement was so great that as some *outlaws were passing a* doorway and inhaled the odors of food they burst open the door, threatening the mother of the household with death unless she gave them *some food, and she took them* aside and showed them that it was her own child she was cooking for the ghastly repast. Six hundred priests were destroyed on Mount Zion because the temple being gone, there was nothing for them to do. *Six thousand people in one cloister* were consumed. There were 1,100,000 dead according to Josephus, Grotius thinks that this was the cause of silence for half an hour. If Mr. Lord was right, and this silence was during the Diocletian persecutions, by which 844,000 Christians suffered death from sword and fire and banishment and exposure, why did not heaven listen throughout at least one of those awful years? No! *Thirty minutes! The fact is that* the celestial program is so crowded with spectacle that it can afford only one recess in all eternity, and that for a short space. While there are great choruses in which all heaven can join, each soul there has a *story of divine mercy peculiar* to itself, and it must be a solo. How can heaven get through with all its recitatives, with all its cantatas, with all its grand marches, with all its victories? Eternity is too short to utter all the praise.

In my text heaven *spared thirty* minutes, but it will never again spare one minute. In worship in earthly churches where there are many to take part we have to counsel brevity; but how will heaven get on rapidly enough to let one hundred and forty-four thousand get through each with his own story and then one hundred and forty-four million and then one hundred and forty-four billion and then one hundred *and forty-four trillion? Not only* are all the triumphs of the past to be commemorated, but all the triumphs to come. Not only what we know of God, but what we will know of Him after everlasting study of the deific. If my text had said there was silence *in heaven for thirty days, I would* not have been startled at the announcement, but it indicates thirty minutes. Why, there will be so many friends to hunt up, so many of the greatly good and useful that we will want to see so many of the *inscrutable things of earth* we will need explained, so many exciting earthly experiences we will want to talk over, and all the other spirits and all the ages will want the same, that there will be no opportunity for cessation. How busy we will be kept in *having pointed out to us the* heroes and heroines that the world never fully appreciated—the yellow fever and cholera doctors who died, not flying from their posts; the *female nurses who faced pestilence in* the lazarettos; the railroad engineers who stayed at their places in order to save the train, though they themselves perished. Hubert Goffin, the master miner, who, landing from the bucket at the bottom of the mine just *as he heard the waters rush in* and when one jerk of the rope would have lifted him into safety, put in the bucket a blind miner who wanted to go to his sick child and jerked the rope for him to be pulled up, crying, "Tell them the water has *burst in and we are probably lost*, but we will seek refuge at the other end of the right gallery," and then giving the command to the other miners till they digged themselves *so near out that the people* from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth we will want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a *half hour. That* half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven *is measured off, none of the years*, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past and the millions of ages to come not one is especially measured off in the Bible. But the *half hour of my text is made immortal*. The only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text. Oh! the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or *months* or days of your life, but what of the half hours? Tell me the history of your half hours and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in *thirty minutes*, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate.

Look out for the *fragments* of time. They are pieces of eternity. It was the half hours between shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith, the half hours between *professional calls as a physician* that made Abercrombie the Christian philosopher, the half hours between his duties as schoolmaster that made Salmon P. Chase chief justice, the *half hours between the shoe* lasts that made Henry Wilson vice, president of the United States, the half hours between canal boats that made James A. Garfield president. The half hour a day for good books or bad books, the half hour a day for *prayer or indolence, the half hour* a day for helping others or blasting others, the half hour before you go to business and the half hour after you return from business—that makes the *difference* between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain *half hours*. The half hour when in the parsonage of a country minister I resolved to become a Christian then and there, the half hour when I decided to become a preacher of the gospel, the half hour when I first realized that my son was dead, the half hour when I stood on the top of my house in Oxford street and saw our church burn, the half hour in which I entered Jerusalem, the half hour in which I stopped on Mount Calvary, the half hour in which I stood on Mars hill and about ten or fifteen other half hours are the chief times of my life. You may forget the name of the exact years or *most of the important events of* your existence, but those half hours, like the half hour of my text, will be immortal. I do not query what you will do with the twentieth century, I do not query what you will do with this year, but what will you do with the next half hour? Upon that hinges your destiny, and during that some of you will receive the gospel and make complete surrender, and during that others of you will make final and fatal rejection of the full and free and urgent and impassioned offer of life eternal. Oh, that the next half hour might be the most glorious thirty minutes of your earthly existence!

Again, my text suggests a way of studying heaven so that we can better understand it. The word "eternity" that we can handle so much is an immeasurable word. Knowing that we could not understand that word, the Bible uses it only once. We say, "Forever and ever." But how long is "forever and ever?" I *am glad that my text puts under our* eye heaven for thirty minutes. As when you see a great picture, you put a sheet of paper into a scroll and look through it or join your forefinger to your thumb and look through the circle between, and the picture becomes *more intense*, so this masterpiece of heaven by St. John is more impressive when we take only thirty minutes of it at a time. Now, we have something that *we can come nearer to grasping*, and it is a quiet heaven. When we discourse about the multitudes of heaven, it must be almost a nervous shock to those who have all their lives been crowded by many people and who want a quiet heaven. For *the last thirty-five years I have been* much of the time in crowds and under public scrutiny and amid excitements, and I have sometimes thought for a few weeks after I reach heaven I would like to go down in some quiet part of the realm, with a few friends, and for a little while try comparative solitude. Then there are those whose hearing is so delicate that they get no satisfaction when you describe the crash of the *eternal orchestra, and they feel like* saying, as a good woman in Hudson, N.Y., said after hearing me speak of the mighty chorus of heaven, "That must be a great heaven, but what will become of my poor head?" Yes, this half hour of my text is a still experience: "There was silence in heaven for half an hour."

You will find the inhabitants all at home. Enter the King's palace and take only a glimpse, for we have *only thirty minutes for all heaven*. "Is that Jesus?" "Yes." Just under the hair along his forehead is the mark of a wound made by a bunch of twisted brambles, and his foot, on the throne has on the round of his instep another mark of a wound made by a spike, and a scar on the palm of the right hand and a scar on the palm of the left hand. But, what a countenance! What a smile! What a grandeur! What a loveliness! *What an overwhelming look of kindness* and grace! Why, he looks as if he had redeemed a world! But come on, for our time is short. Do you see that row of palaces? That is the Apostolic row. Do you see that long reach of architectural glories? That *is Martyr row. Do you see that im*mense structure? That is the biggest house in heaven; that is "the house of many mansions." Do you see that wall? Shade your eyes against its *burning splendor, for that is the wall* of heaven, jasper at the bottom and amethyst at the top. See this river rolling through the heart of the great metropolis? That is the river concerning which those who once lived on the banks of the Hudson *or the Alabama or the Rhine or the* Shannon say, "We never saw the like of this for clarity and sheen." Pass down those boulevards of gold and amber and sapphire and see those *interminable streets built by the Ar*chitect of the universe into homes, over the threshold of which sorrow never steps and out of whose windows faces, once pale with earthly sickness, now look rubicund with immortal health.

"Oh, let me go in and see them!" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those who would never consent to *let you come out again*. You say, "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No, no! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to earth before *this half hour of heavenly silence* breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance when this half hour of silence is ended. The *day will come when you can see* heaven in full blast, but not now. Remember we are mortal yet and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour. Hark! The clock in the *tower of heaven begins to strike, and* the half hour is ended.

But how will you spend the first half hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay? *After your prostration before* the throne in worship of him who made it possible for you to get there at all I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in receiving *your reward if you have been* faithful. I have a strangely beautiful book containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English Government in honor of great battles. These medals are pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of *the army on great occasions*, the royal family present and the royal bands playing—the Crimean medal, the medal of the mutiny, the Victoria Cross, the Waterloo medal. In *your first half hour in heaven in some* way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the royal house of heaven and receive the insignia while you are announced as victor over the drafts and freshets of *the farm field*, victor over the temptations of the Stock Exchange, victor over professional allurements, victor over domestic infelicities, victor over mechanic's shop, victor over *the storehouse*, victor over home worriments, victor over physical distresses, victor over hereditary depressions, victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the *presence of all the galleries*, saintly, angelic and divine. While all heaven chants, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Widow Jason's Hogs

By PAUL CAREW

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Widow Jason was the relict of Farmer Jason, and she carried on the farm after his death with even more wisdom than he had shown himself possessed of. She was still on the brighter side of forty, fair to look upon and was at peace with all her neighbors until the one to the east of her sold out and a stranger moved in.

He was a man of middle age named Chisholm, and, being a widower, his sister managed the house for him. If the Widow Jason was one of those who wondered what sort of man he was, she was the first to find it out. Among her live stock that year were a dozen hogs, and it was the fault of her hired man that there were holes in the fences through which they made their way into the potato field of the new neighbor. She had just finished her breakfast one morning when Chisholm was announced. He had the courtesy to lift his hat and give his name, but he also had the bluntness to add:

"Madam, your infernal hogs have rooted up half an acre of potatoes for me, and if you can't manage to keep 'em home I'll shoot every one of 'em!"

She looked at him and saw that he was above the ordinary and felt that had she been introduced in the conventional way she would have been pleased to make his acquaintance. But his rude greeting angered her, and, being a woman with a mind of her own, she at once replied:

"I can pay for all the potatoes on your farm, and if you come here to threaten me you'll find a woman who don't scare!"

"Well, you keep your hogs at home."

"And you keep yourself in the same place."

That was the first tilt. The fences were mended and the hogs were in despair when a high wind blew a gate open, and the drove spent the night in the same potato field. Next morning Chisholm drove ten of them home and said to Widow Jason:

"Madam, there are dead hogs belonging to you in my field. Will you have them removed or shall I bury them?"

"You killed them, did you?" she asked.

"I did. I told you I would, and I did."

"Then I'll have the law on you."

"Go ahead."

She went to law, and there was a suit, and she was ingloriously beaten.

JOSH FOUND HIMSELF A LICKED MAN.

Womanlike she felt pretty bitter over it, but at the same time she had to give Mr. Chisholm credit for lack of any bitterness. He stated his case in the mildest manner and even spoke highly of her as a neighbor. When she returned home after the lawsuit, she said to her hired man:

"Josh, if that man Chisholm comes on my land again I want you to throw him off."

"Yes'm, I'll do it," replied the sturdy Josh.

It wasn't a fortnight before Chisholm came. He was on his way to the house when Josh headed him off and ordered him back. He refused to go, and Josh laid hold of him to do the throwing act, but found himself a licked man in about three minutes. While he sat on the ground with a handful of grass to his bleeding nose the victor passed on to the woman, who had witnessed the fracas from the front steps. Lifting his hat, he said:

"Madam, those hogs of yours have been at it again—this time in my corn field—and I've had to kill another."

"Have you dared to kill another of my hogs?" she demanded as her cheeks flamed and her eyes flashed.

"I have. Shall I bury him?"

"Sir, you are a scoundrel!"

"And you are a charming widow!"

She drove to town at once to see her lawyer. There was $10 in the case for him, win or lose, and he advised her to sue. She sued and got beaten again. The defendant referred to her in the highest terms, but he also proved that her fences were out of repair. The lawyer saw $10 more in it, win or lose, and advised Josh to prosecute for assault and battery. Josh brought his swollen nose and black eye into court and was beaten by several lengths. He had provoked the encounter, and if he had got the worst of it the law couldn't help him.

It was a month before anything further happened. The fences around the hog lot were thoroughly repaired, and for four weeks the porkers had to make the best of their sad lot. Then Josh left the bars down one night, and as the widow was getting breakfast she heard the crack of a rifle. Half an hour later Mr. Chisholm appeared to say:

"Good morning, Mrs. Jason. Those wretched hogs of yours rooted up my garden last night, and this morning I killed another of them. If you want another lawsuit, I'll drive you to town in my own buggy."

"And you—you've shot another?" she gasped.

"I have."

"Then I'd like to shoot you! You are the meanest man in the state of Ohio!"

"Yes'm," he replied, with a bow as he turned away.

Widow Jason drove to town to consult her lawyer again. There was $10 in it for him, win or lose, but this time Mr. Chisholm was arrested for malicious persecution. In his testimony he referred to the plaintiff as "that lady" and exhibited no animus whatever, but he also proved that he was the one persecuted. The widow's hogs would not let him alone. She was beaten again, and this time a stout pen was built, and the hogs were shut up. The farmers had of course taken sides. Some contended that Chisholm had exhibited a mean and unneighborly spirit and others that the widow had been derelict in not mending her fences, and there was much talk and discussion. It occurred now and then that the two principals met on the highway or at the crossroads meeting house, but while Chisholm lifted his hat and bowed as if there was nothing on his mind the widow, except for her blazing eyes, seemed carved of stone.

That pen held the hogs for a long six weeks, but hogpens have their weak points, and patience and perseverance will seek them out. The hot sun warped a board and made an opening, and the industrious swine enlarged it until one night they all passed out and headed straight for the next farm. They fetched up among the cabbages, pumpkins, squashes, melons and carrots, and during the long hours of darkness they ran riot. They were missed from the pen early next morning, and the widow sat down on the doorstep and cried. She cried because she was vexed, and she cried because she was a woman. Every minute she expected to hear the crack of Chisholm's rifle, and she fully realized that any further appeal to the law would be wasted. She was vexed at the hogs, at Josh and at Chisholm. Her tears were still falling when the new neighbor stood before her and bowed and said:

"Mrs. Jason, those blamed hogs of yours damaged me a hundred dollars' worth last night."

"And how many more have you killed?" she asked.

"None. I've just driven 'em home."

"But why—why"—

"Because I see how it is. I must either kill off your whole drove or build a pen myself. I shall come over tonight to talk to you about it."

He appeared an hour after supper, and it was 11 o'clock before he went home. Even then the "talk" was not finished. As a matter of fact it required a great many evenings and was only concluded one winter's night when she laid her head on his shoulder and said:

"If you are really sure that you love me, then the farm, the hogs and I are yours, and we'll be married New Year's day."

A Fenimore Cooper Letter.

An autograph collector of Philadelphia has in his possession the following letter written by James Fenimore Cooper to his publishers in 1831:

"I hope you will be wrong in anticipating a bad reception for 'The Bravo.' I cannot tell you much of its reception in Europe, though Gosselin says it is very decidedly successful in France. America is, of all countries, one of the least favorable to works of the imagination. In Europe or, rather, in England, where there has existed a necessity of accounting for some success in the very teeth of their prejudices and wishes, it has been the fashion to say that no writer ever enjoyed so favorable an opportunity as I because I am an American and a sailor. As to the sailor part of the business, it is grossly absurd, for what advantage has an American sailor over any other? They know the falsehood of what they say in this respect, for I can get £3,000 for a nautical tale that shall celebrate English skill tomorrow. For myself, I can write two European stories easier than I can write one American. Why, Europe itself is a romance, while all America is a matter of fact, humdrum, common sense region from Quaddy to Cape Florida."

German Students and Beer.

To speak of the pleasures of the German student and make no mention of beer would be like the play of "Hamlet" with the part of the melancholy Dane left out. As the student strolls about the country or the city, in the music halls and theaters, at his social gatherings of all kinds, at dinner or at supper, he steadily drinks his beer. The code of health drinking and the etiquette of the drinking bout are complicated and most punctually observed.

All university functions include a great drinking bout—jubilees of renowned professors, club anniversaries, ceremonies in honor of a retiring professor. Any and every ceremony is incomplete without the formal knelpe with toasts. He has attempted to throw a poetical glamour around beer, to invest it with the charm of tradition and to hallow it with old associations of college days.

In Europe the American prefers to drink water, and this is a great mystery to the Germans, who cannot possibly understand how they can prefer this to beer.—Detroit Free Press.

Buying a Razor.

"I need a new razor," said the man who shaves himself.

"Better let me get it for you," suggested the reformed barber, who, now that he is a trolley car conductor, regards himself as a distinguished member of society. "All cutlery stores are filled with razors of the class known as 'dead ones.' When a barber buys a razor, he takes it with the understanding that he is to try it out, and if it doesn't work well he takes it back and gets another one, keeping this up until he gets one that suits him. Buying a razor, you know, is a lottery in which the prizes are few and far between. When the ordinary citizen goes to a cutlery store, he picks out what he thinks is a good razor, pays for it and takes his chances. He picks one out, too, from the bunch of 'dead ones' that barbers have tried and found wanting. That's why I advise you to let me get it for you. Then if you don't like it I can keep exchanging it until you get a good one. They needn't know I've quit the business."

The Woolsack.

Back during the time of Queen Elizabeth an act of parliament was passed prohibiting the exportation of wool. This product was one of the great sources of the natural wealth of England at that time, and in accordance with the economic notions of the age the authorities attempted to keep it in the country, imagining that if it went abroad, even though something more valuable or desirable were exchanged for it, the country would be the poorer.

In order to hold the importance of this commodity before the minds of the national legislators woolsacks were placed in the house of lords, where the judges sat. Hence the lord chancellor, who presides over the house of lords, "sits on the woolsack." The woolsack, according to a printed description, is a "large square bag of wool without back or arms and covered with red cloth."

"Faints."

Fusel oil, or "faints," as it is commonly called about the distilleries in England, according to the London Lancet, is a primary amyl alcohol mixed with primary and secondary propyl alcohols. In England it can be obtained gratis at some distilleries. It is used locally as an external application for rheumatism. It is obtained from fermented grain or potatoes by continuing the process of distillation after the ordinary spirit has all "come over." It is an oily liquid, with a burning, acrid taste and an odor said to resemble jargonelle pear. It has intoxicating and poisonous properties considerably more powerful than ordinary spirits.

A WRONG IDEA OF THE NERVES.

The Action of the Heart, Lungs, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys Depend on the Nerve Force—Extraordinary Results From the Use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

There is not a single organ of the human body that can perform its functions without a liberal supply of nerve force—the motive power of the body.

The nervous system should never be thought of as a separate part of the body. Its branches extend from the brain and the spinal column to the tips of the fingers and toes. Just as the blood is carried by the arteries to every nook and corner of the system, so the nerve force, by means of nerve fibres, is distributed and nerve force is just as important to life as is good, rich blood.

When the nerve cells are wasted, by over exertion, worry or disease, more rapidly than they are replaced, the action of the heart becomes slower, the lungs begin to weaken, the stomach fails to do its duty, the liver and kidneys falter in their work as filters and the excretory organs get feeble and inactive. You may be a sufferer from weakness and exhaustion of the nerves and may have been attributing the trouble to the stomach, kidneys or other organs. Nervous exhaustion is marked by restlessness, disturbed sleep, languid, weary feelings, headache, dyspepsia, and bodily pains, inability to concentrate the thoughts, absent-mindedness, weakened memory, twitching of the muscles and eyelids, sudden startings and jerkings of the limbs in sleep, dizziness, irritability and gloomy forebodings.

Through the medium of the nervous system Dr. Chase's Nerve Food carries new life and energy to every organ of the body. It strengthens the action of the heart, invigorates the stomach, makes the kidneys, liver and bowels more active, and builds up the entire system.

If you experience any of these symptoms of nervous exhaustion, you can rely absolutely on Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to cure you. It does not stimulate, but thoroughly cures by forming new, red corpuscles in the blood and creating nerve force.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE C. O. D. MAN.

TELLS OF MANY STRANGE EXPERIENCES WITH COUNTY OFFICIALS.

They Get Him In Jail Occasionally and Treat Him Well, but He Always Manages to Get the Best of the Law and Comes Out Ahead.

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"I HAVE had more or less to do with county jails in my time," observed the C. O. D. man as he pocketed the coin extended to him, "and while it hasn't hurt me any I believe it has been for the benefit of the jails. It is held out in the rural regions that a tramp ought to be in jail on general principles, and they don't always stop to figure the difference between a tramp and a dilapidated gentleman. When a new sheriff is elected, he signalizes the event by rounding up the tramps in his county, and deputies and constables are always on the lookout for fees. It would be strange if I hadn't been caught in the net a few times; but, as I said, I don't think my reputation suffered very much.

"I got my first county jail in New Jersey. I was placidly tramping over the country when a farmer offered me work at picking berries. He had twenty hands at work at an average of a dollar and a half a day, but he wanted me to buckle to at 50 cents. I didn't object to the work, but, to the price, and he had me arrested as a vagrant. A constable happened to be handy, and I was run in, kept in jail for four days and then brought out for examination. I made my first kick on the jailer. I demanded the fare and the sleeping accommodations allowed by the law, and he shoved me into a dark cell as a reward. I asked to argue my own case before the justice, and I almost upset the state of New Jersey. I had the farmer in a box within ten minutes. The constable had arrested me without a warrant, and I soon had him shaking. Under the law I should have been examined within twenty-four hours, and when I went for the J. P. he grew pale. The jailer had not only received me without a commitment, but had withheld my legal privileges

"I PRIED OFF THE RUSTY BARS."

and illegally punished me. I made all these things so clear that there was consternation. I was offered my liberty, but wouldn't take it. I was offered apologies, but waved them aside. I held them on the ragged edge for a whole day, and when I finally decided to continue my wanderings I had $40 in my pocket and was looked upon with considerable awe. They didn't collar a tramp in the county for the next three years.

"The average justice of the peace is a czar when a tramp is brought before him. He hears the testimony of a farmer and the statement of a constable and imposes a sentence of thirty or sixty days without reference to the prisoner's right. I have always felt it a duty to bring them down off their perch. I had been run in down in Ohio under the vagrant law. The complainant was a farmer who had offered me work, and his honor had imposed sentence and was looking self complacent when I arose and demanded my legal rights. I made the farmer acknowledge that he had no work for a man and no money to pay him if he had worked, and I exhibited a felon on my finger as proof that I couldn't work anyhow. I defied them to prove that I had asked anywhere for food or that I had slept in any one's barn and that I was meditating evil. They put up the prosecuting attorney against me, but he dropped the case in ten minutes and advised the farmer to settle with me. I got a suit of clothes out of it and let him off, and the justice did me the honor to pat me on the back and call me a smart man.

"Under the law in every state a sheriff gets so much per head for feeding prisoners, and in most cases their rations are specified. It is the object of the sheriff to make all he can, and prisoners in most jails do not get half their allowance. They had me in jail in Indiana for stealing turnips. I took them right enough and had no kick coming, but the first meal in jail showed that the sheriff was starving the prisoners for the benefit of his pocket. I called him up and quoted the law, and he hauled off and knocked me down. I got little besides bread and water during my fifteen days but I left the jail to go before a court and secure a warrant for assault and battery. Then I also began a suit against the sheriff for failure to comply with the law and for personal damages. There was a good deal of chaffing at first, but it was suddenly cut off. The sheriff was the most surprised man in Indiana when he learned that he had no legal right to assault an inoffensive prisoner. He had always supposed that he could knock prisoners about as he listed. He was convicted and fined $10 and costs, and the other suits never came to trial. By the advice of his friends he bought me off, and the dilapidated gentleman had cash in his pockets for the next three months.

"They thought they had me dead to rights once in Michigan, but they burned their fingers. I worked three days for a farmer for an old silver watch, and two days later I was arrested on the highway by an overzealous constable as a thief. I didn't do any worrying, as the jail happened to be a decent one, and the officer went at it and worked up a beautiful case against me. Two farmers who had been robbed 'almost believed' that my watch was part of the plunder, and a third one was dead sure of it. It was testified that I had been seen skulking here and there, and a young man swore positively that I had tried to highway rob him on a certain night. They had a regular state prison case against me when I came into court, and I was advised to plead guilty and ask for mercy. I had to send sixteen miles for the farmer who gave me the watch, but he came forward like a man. I knocked that case cold in twenty minutes, and the judge got up and basted the witnesses for the prosecution in a way that made them turn pale.

"There's a law against breaking jail, you know, though it seems a funny thing, and in Iowa I once broke the law. After being in the coop for twenty days I pried off the rusty bars of the window and took French leave. I was arrested next day, and my defense was that the jail was unfit for human habitation and I was justified by the laws of health. The county supervisors were in session at the time, and they investigated my statements, and after going over the place their verdict was that it was not a fit place to keep a hog in. The court jury acquitted me without leaving their seats, and the prosecuting attorney gave me half a dollar toward a new pair of shoes. Yes, I've seen a jail or two in my time, but that's to be supposed. One can't be a dilapidated gentleman and ride over the country in a barouche."

M. QUAD.

Interesting Horologes.

A very "timely" conversation was carried on recently between a hostess and a fair young guest. The hostess was entertaining the company with descriptions of her trip abroad and of the wonderful things she had seen. Among other things she mentioned the clock at Strassburg.

"Oh, yes," remarked the girl, "I have heard all about that. And did you see the watch on the Rhine too?"

The Guyed Guide.

The guide was guiding a guy. As the guide guided the guy the guide guyed the guy until the guy would no longer be guyed by a guide whom he had hired not to guy, but to guide. So the guyed guy guyed the guide. No wonder every one guyed the guyed guide guiding a guyed guy.

Gentle, but Firm.

"You little dear!" exclaimed the gushing young woman. "You must give me a kiss."

"I beg your pardon," said the Boston infant. "There is some mistake. I am neither a hero nor a piano player."

Boston Beaux.

Jackson—I wonder how Tom happened to marry Miss Verriplane.

Johnson—Everybody who has seen the bride says he married her for her money.

Sensitive.

Dr. Proctor—Ah, Casey! Still on the beat?

Patrolman Casey—No, sir; I've reformed, sir! I wouldn't aven schwipe a bannanny anny more!—Chicago News.

Consequential.

"I wanter see Mr. Roosevelt."

"Who shall I say called?"

"Why, me, ye blamed fule!"

Thrifty.

He—Why did you keep me a week in such dreadful suspense before giving me your answer?

"Because I thought you might save enough in dinners in that time to get married on."

The Giggling Girl.

If you tell her she's modest or tell her she's vain,
She'll giggle;
She heeds not the fact that it gives you pain—
That giggle.

Though you may address her in a serious key,
Make speech that presents no occasion for glee
Or even for smiling, her answer will be
A giggle.

She runs to the door when her Chawley boy rings
And giggles.
While helping him take off his cold winter things
She giggles.
When seated for sparking within the bright rays
Of dollar per gas of the grate's cheery gaze,
She answers the sugary things that he says
With giggles.

In church, if she catches a girly chum's eye,
She giggles.
There's no provocation, she doesn't know why;
Just giggles.
She'll arch up her eyebrows like back of the cat
That stands off the dog in the rear of the flat
And give her eyelashes a humorous bat
And giggle.

If called to the bier of a dead, silent friend,
She'd giggle.
If Gabriel's trump should bring time to an end,
She'd giggle.
If up to the great judgment bar she were led
To list to her fate with the quick and the dead,
She'd think it was funny and shake her fool head
And giggle.

—Denver Post.

TOLD IN JERICHO.

WIDOW HARRIS' HOG GETS LOOSE AND CAUSES LIVELY DISCUSSION.

The Village Postmaster Tells the Trouble It Brought About and How It Found Its Way Into the Pound and Later Starved to Death.

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

ABOUT all that Sam Harris left his widow when he died were a house and lot and a hog. It was a hog he had in the pen and was going to turn into pork that fall, but during the widow's grief the hog got out and ran at large, and for the next year he was rooting around the streets of the village. It was against the ordinance for live stock to run at large, but everybody felt sorry for Sam's widow, and the hog was not disturbed. It was only when Josiah Flint was made village marshal that the old black porker was driven off to the pound one day. There were folks that said it was right and folks that said it was wrong, and there was so much feeling about it that after two or three days a public meeting was called. There was a big turnout, and the first speaker was Squire Flatbush. The squire always starts every one of his speeches with the landing of the pilgrims and gradually works down. It was so in this case, and he worked up hogs and pilgrims in pretty good shape. He was for the law. He was sorry for the widow and sorry for the hog, but law was law. If the Widow Harris' black hog could run at large, then the same privilege must be granted a widower's cow. He had no personal feeling in the matter at all, although he had stumbled over that hog on a dozen different dark nights, but he must range himself on the side of the law.

THE OLD BLACK PORKER WAS DRIVEN OFF TO THE POUND.

Abraham Fuller came next. Abe had an undelivered Fourth of July address that he had been holding on to for several years, and he had determined to ring it in on this occasion. He began with the battle of Lexington, and he got clear down to Benedict Arnold before he brought in the hog. From that time until the colonies won their independence, liberty and the Widow Harris, the American eagle and that black hog were sandwiched in to make a powerful speech of it, and when he closed it was amid applause. Had a vote been taken then the hog would have been released, but there was a delay of two or three minutes, and it was fatal. Moses Taylor got his feet under him and rose up and began on that speech of his about the rise and fall of the Roman empire. He had got it off a dozen times before, and it had always weighed a ton. Moses was the only man in Jericho who was way up on the Roman empire, and he knew it and made the most of it. In eleven minutes he created and destroyed the empire and knocked out the widow's hog, and his oratorical effort was decided to be equal to anything of Clay's.

Philetus Schemerhorn was next to plead for the hog. He said he didn't want to mix hogs and widows up together, but on this occasion it was difficult to separate them. On the one hand we had a widow sitting by her desolated hearthstone and weeping over the loss of a porker and on the other hand a porker in the village pound grunting and wailing over its lost liberty. He went back 6,000 years to prove that widows had always been objects of public sympathy and had been given more latitude than other folks, and he took the early history of Egypt to prove that hogs had been allowed to run at large without protestation. The carriages of queens and empresses had turned aside for hogs lying in the roads, and kings and emperors had stumbled over them as they lay stretched out on the sidewalks. It was a telling speech, and public opinion wavered again.

Ebenezer Schoolcraft had ranged himself with the antihog-antiwidow party. He had resurrected a political speech he made when General Grant was a candidate for a second term, and when Philetus sat down Ebenezer rose up. Everybody was wondering how he could swing the hog into the speech, but he did it as handsome as you please and made it tell. It was over half hog, and had there been a campaign on it would have elected a whole county ticket. When he had concluded and sat down with a broken suspender, there was a general feeling that the widow's hog would never emerge from the public pound until the fees had been paid in cash.

It was then that the prohogs put forth their last card. They had got hold of a barbed wire fence man who could talk the top off a liberty pole, and he rose up with his ears working. His speech was a happy combination of Napoleon, Washington, Judas Iscariot, American independence, the Missouri compromise and the widow's hog, and he didn't give anybody time to rest. He was as gentle as a baby and as savage as a meat ax by turns, and some of his thunderbolts made the shingles rattle. He was being paid $5 in cash for his speech, and he wanted to introduce his brand of barbed wire into our community, and his shirt collar was wilted in the first four minutes. A windmill man or a sewing machine agent wouldn't have had one show in a thousand against him. Every time he jumped two feet high and came down to bang on the desk with both fists at once he lifted two-thirds of the audience off the benches, and when he sunk his voice to a whisper and softly waved his arms about the melted hearts. There were ten men shedding tears and feeling for that hog when the man sat down, and for two or three minutes everybody chewed tobacco and kept his feet still. A vote was about to be taken as to whether the hog should be turned loose and permitted the freedom of the town during the rest of his life or held for the fees and turned into the pork barrel when Lish Billings came sauntering in. Lish is always a little late at public meetings, but his opinion goes a good way.

"We'd like to hear from Mr. Billings on this case," says the chairman.

"What's the discussion?" asks Lish.

"It's about the Widow Harris' hog."

"What's he done?"

"The village marshal has got him in the pound. Being he's a widow's hog, there's some as wants to let him out free of fees."

"I move we do!" yells one.

"I move we don't!" yells another.

"As to the Widder Harris," says Lish when order was restored, "she's a mighty nice woman. She'd have had that hog in the pork barrel long ago if she hadn't been too busy makin' rag carpets. As to the hog hisself"—

"What's your idea?" asked the chairman as Lish paused.

"I hain't got none. While you have been arguin' the latter he's starved to death in the pound, and if there's any more talk here it had better be about savin' his bristles."

M. QUAD.

WARMING UP A COLD HORSE.

How the Farmer Got a Fast Gait Out of His Old Nag.

"I picked up something new in natural philosophy the other day," said the commission man who had been out among his farmer customers. "I was hanging about a village when I noticed a farmer's horse shivering with the cold as he was tied to a post. I was feeling to pity the animal when the owner came out and heaped snow on its back.

"'Why in the name of common sense do you do that?' I asked.

"'If you were real cold, what would you do?' he queried in reply.

"'I'd take a run and warm up,' I replied.

"'It's the same way with a horse. It's a drive of six miles home, and I want to make it in twenty minutes. This old nag will dig in for the first three miles to warm up, and after that the whip will keep him going. He's ready to start now, and you watch my smoke.'

"It was a complete success," continued the commission man. "The old horse was shivering from nose to tail as he started, and he was so anxious to warm up that he threw a cloud of snow ten feet high and knocked two men down as he started. His gait was eighteen miles an hour as he set off, and I'm sure the driver made his six miles in twenty minutes if his old sled held out."

M. QUAD.

Quite Right.

"Isn't it funny that they call this a plum pudding," said the first man at lunch, "when there isn't a plum in it at all?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the other. "Webster defines a plumb as 'a little lump or weight of lead.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Sad.

"This passion for dueling brings so much unhappiness into the world!"

"Ah, yes; that's very true! My wife's first husband was, I regret to say, killed in a duel."

More Than Love.

"Whew! The temperature's pretty low this morning."

"Low! It's positively vulgar!"

Must Know So Much.

Patience—Really half the time he doesn't know which end he's standing on.

Patrice—Oh, nonsense! His feet certainly can't seem as light as his head.—Yonkers Statesman.

Willing to Concede It.

"Don't you think she has a queenly figure?"

"I never saw a queen, but if they weigh 200 pounds and have double chins I guess she has."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Good News For Husbands.

[Housekeeping is better exercise than golf, tennis or bicycling.—Exchange.]

Come in off the links, put your clubs on the hook,
Let your racket rest back of the door;
Now, wives, for your health say you learn how to cook,
To sweep and to polish the floor.
Just pass up the tennis, the baby to mind,
Or on bright days the windows to clean;
It's great for the health, so the scientists find—
The health of the husbands they mean.

Forget the nine holes, the strokes and the clubs
And take the advice of men wiser;
A match game each week can be played on the tubs,
And the stove is a great exerciser.
For building a figure there's naught like a broom,
Every muscle is called into play,
And a wife can grow strong in her own little room,
At least so the scientists say.

—Detroit Free Press.

ZEB WHITE TREED.

TELLS OF AN OCCASION WHEN BRUIN ACTED AS RETRIBUTIVE AGENT.

The Old Possum Hunter Goes Bee Hunting on Sunday Instead of to Camp Meeting With His Good Wife and Is Punished by a Bear.

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

"I'D heard they was gwine to hev a camp meetin' over at Snicker's grove," said old Zeb White, the possum hunter, "but I hadn't paid much heed to it, when one Sunday mawnin' my old woman says to me:

"'Zeb, we'll take a walk over to that camp meetin' as soon as I git the dishes washed up, and we won't come back till night.'

"'It's fo' miles over thar,' says I.

"'Yes, I know.'

"'And it's a hot day.'

"'Yes.'

"'And hard walkin'.'

"'Yes.'

"'And it would be time throwed away.'

"'But we's gwine right along jest the same,' she says. 'We's gwine to take front seats when we git thar, and we's gwine to mix in with other folks and let the Lawd know that we've got souls in our bosoms. Better be gittin' ready.'

"It was jest the season to watch wild bees and line 'em to a tree," explained Zeb, "and I'd figgered on puttin' in the day at that. I told the old woman so and asked her to go on alone, and she turned on me with:

"'Zeb White, if yo' reckon to cheat the Lawd and come out all right yo'll git left. Nobody ever did it in all this world. If yo' steal his day, sunthin will shorely happen to yo'.'

"'But we want honey in the fall, don't we?' says I.

"'What's the good of honey if yo' lose yo'r soul?'

"'Nobody's gwine to lose his soul on account of huntin' up a bee tree.'

"'Mebbe not. Mebbe he'll jest break his neck or a leg or wildcats will claw him or b'ars roll him about. The Bible tells about the fate of the stiff necked and obstinate, but yo' won't heed it. Jest go right along arter yo'r wild honey, Zeb White, and I'll go to camp meetin' by myself. I reckon yo'll find out the power of Providence befo' sundown.'

"She went away without another word to me, and fur half an hour I was a good mind to foller on. I didn't feel right about it 'tall, and my old dawg slunk away from me as if he was ashamed of his master. I didn't want to give in, however, and bimeby I shet the doah and strolled off to look fur bees. I was makin' fur a place about two miles away, but befo' I reached it I stopped to look at a big chestnut tree with a holler in it. That holler was big 'nuff fur fo' men to stand in, and I was lookin' in and wonderin' why I had never seen the tree befo' when I heard sunthin movin' behind me. I wheeled about, and thar was a whoppin' big b'ar sneakin' up on me. I could tell by the looks of his eye that he meant bizness, and it was no use to try to bluff him. One jump

"HE JEST MISSED MY HEAD."

carried me into the holler, and he rushed and jest missed me. I had no gun, but I did hev my knife along, and when the b'ar tried to foller me into the tree I slashed him fo' or five times. He was no fool. He seen I had the advantage, and he jest backed off and sot down to wait. I kept purty quiet fur an hour, thinkin' he'd git discouraged and go away, but he had other plans on hand. When I stuck my head out and waved my arms and yelled at him, he growled a few times, but he didn't cum a foot nigher.

"At fust I looked upon him jest as a common b'ar, but bimeby I begun to wonder if he hadn't bin sent to punish me fur dodgin' the camp meetin' and breakin' the Sabbath. The idea kinder scared me, but made me mad as well, and two hours had gone by befo' I made up my mind to anything. Then I thought to crawl out and make a fight fur it, but that varmint was on to me like a streak of lightnin'. He jest missed my head with a blow of his paw, and I was satisfied that he had me boxed up. It was 10 o'clock in the mawnin' when I jumped into that holler, and at 3 o'clock in the arternoon I was hungry and thirsty and feelin' mighty serious about things. At that hour a sheep and a calf cum wanderin' along together and clus behind 'em he hawg; but, though the b'ar licked his chops and looked arter them, he didn't move away.

"It was plain that I was in a bad way," continued the old hunter, "but I didn't see what I could do about it. I was in the holler, and the b'ar was outside, and thar was no show fur me to cum out till he went away. It cum sundown, and it cum night, and he was still thar. I saw I was in fur all night, and I went to sleep. I woke up once and saw his eyes shinin', but he let me alone. I was awake soon arter daylight, and he was right thar. Not to worry yo' with perticklers, I passed two nights and two days and a half in that holler tree, and at last I'd hev given my left arm fur a drink of spring water, to say nothin' about my hunger. I was no longer a match fur the b'ar. I was weak and flighty, and he'd hev a big advantage over me. However, I was tryin' to work up my courage to crawl out and do the best I could and hev it over with when Abe Holden, who was lookin' fur his lost mewl, cum that way, and the varmint made a sneak. My voice wasn't much stronger than a baby's, but I managed to make Abe hear, and he pulled me out and helped me home. The old woman sot on the doorstep singin' a hymn, and as we cum up she looks at Abe and says:

"'Good evenin', Mr. Holden. Kin I take it that yo'r old woman is peart?'

"'Fairly peart—fairly peart, Mrs. White,' he replied.

"'And yo' 'pear to hev a stranger with yo',' she goes on.

"'No, ma'am. It's Zeb, yo'r old man.'

"'Indeed! The last I saw of my old man he was gwine out to find a bee tree. Did he find it?'

"'He found a holler tree, ma'am.'

"'Yes?'

"'And a b'ar.'

"'Yes?'

"'And the b'ar has kept him in that tree since Sunday mawnin'.'

"'Shoo! Mr. Holden, would yo' mind askin' Zeb what he thinks about camp meetin's?'

"'He dun dotes on 'em, ma'am—dun dotes.'

"'And has he got a soul?'

"'He has. Yes, he's got a soul as big as a hoss blanket.'

"'And what does he think about cheatin' the Lawd outer his Sunday?'

"'He'll never do it ag'in, ma'am, and as I'm in a right smart hurry yo'll excuse me if I pass on.'

"He passed on," said Zeb, with a sorrowful smile, "and the old woman made me some chicken broth and tucked me into bed."

M. QUAD.

Encouraging.

Missionary — How did you like my predecessor?

Umbi-ji-ji.— Really, I'm hardly in a position to say. You see, I barely got a taste.—New York Journal.

There Are Others.

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

Little Willie (son of the host)—We don't either.

Reassured.

He—I've tried my best not to make love to you.

She—Well, you know what Browning says—that the only true success is constant failure.

A Business Killer.

"Business is frightfully dull today," said the junior partner of the tailoring firm.

"No wonder," said the senior partner angrily. "Who wrote our ad. for the papers today?"

"I did. Why?"

"Because it says: 'Do you need an overcoat? Try our melton and frieze.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Composite.

Dashaway—Quilldriver seems to be a fellow of extremes, one who writes awful slush and sublime prose and who is at the same time an idiot and a genius.

Cleverton—Where did you get such an idea?

Dashaway—I've been reading the reviews of his latest book.—Harper's Bazar.

His Discovery.

"Mary," said the young husband in hollow accents, "did you get the recipe for these biscuits out of the cookbook?"

"Yes, dear," she replied nervously. "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing, pet—er—only I didn't think cookbooks were such heavy literature."—Baltimore News.

How He Explains It.

Stephen—So it is all over with Miss Bolter? How did it happen that she threw you over?

James—I don't know for certain, but I suspect it was because she wasn't hopelessly in love with me.—Boston Transcript.

Slow.

Lawson—Waite is a sort of an eleventh hour man, isn't he?

Dawson—Worse than that. You can't depend on Waite's getting around until the twelfth hour.—Somerville Journal.

Her Sympathetic Friends.

"She says her face is her fortune."

"Dear me! I guess we'll have to get up a subscription list to keep her out of the poorhouse."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Just as She Likes.

"Yo' Ephie! D'yo' want me to hafter holler mahself black in de face 'fo' yo' answers?"—New York Journal.

In Doubt.

"Did the size of her pile make you hesitate?"

"Yes; for a long time I didn't know how much she had."

Nothing Left.

Wife—Wake up! There are thieves in the house!

Husband—Go down and show them your new bonnet, and they won't waste any time looking for money here.

THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE MASSES

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SATURDAY... .. ..MAY 24, 1902

CURTIS OR EBERTS.

Discussing Mr. Curtis' Trades Unions Protection bill in the legislature the other day Attorney-General Eberts showed his true nature when he said that the object of the bill was to protect the American Federation of Miners, which had brought on a ruinous strike at Rossland, from which that section of the country was suffering to-day. This society was registered in Denver, Colorado, and operated in the sourther portion of British Columbia, said he. "The Western Federation of Miners is operating in that portion of the country, and is not registered in British Columbia," he continued. Through its efforts all the strikes in that part of the country had been brought on. Actions had been brought against the association, and the bill was designed to make it that these actions would have no effect, so he alleges.

His whole speech is a sequence of misstatements—or to put it more plainly, lies. The bill is not particularly for the protection of the American Federation of Miners; neither was that body responsible for the strikes that took place in the Kootenays. They were brought about by alien mine managers who employed the most disreputable thugs to be found on the continent to perform their dirty work. This can be proven beyond dispute.

THE LATEST FLOP.

By remodeling the railway policy the provincial government has virtually saved to British Columbia not less than nine millions. This will be readily seen when it is understood that the land is worth at least $1 an acre, besides the additional value attached to the coal lands, which would probably bring the total value up to a sum nearer the twenty-million mark. The change of front on the part of the government under pressure, and to save its skin, as it were, only shows how utterly outrageous the first proposals were. Even now there is good reason to think that the subsidies offered are quite too large. For we are informed that one set of promoters have offered to build the Coast-Kootenay line for $500 a mile less subsidy than the amount offered in the government bill. It should also be noted that the subsidies now given are to be in provincial stock at par value, instead of stock taken at the market value, which latter way would mean a big depreciation. Hence, the new proposals are a good many thousands better than the old ones in this respect. Another proof of the utter folly of the first proposed arrangement. The present one, however, needs a lot of investigation yet. It's a job on the province by the boodle brigade, however you look at it.

Union men should ask for the union stamp when they buy boots and shoes.

It's agin' the law to drink "hootch" now after 1 a. m. and before 5 a. m.

At the ballot-box the workers have the power; at the bread-box the capitalists have the power.

There could be no better place selected to demonstrate the "boycott" than in the ballot box.

There is more political courage and manhood in Smith Curtis' little finger than in Eberts' whole carcass.

The Dunsmuir government has eliminated the land bonus from the Canada Northern job and now Greenshields is hot.

Three things every workingman should do: Join his union, pay his dues, and educate himself economically and politically.

One thousand children between the ages of 6 and 14 years are employed in five cotton mills which stand within a mile of the state capital of South Carolina. The factories in which these children are employed are earning handsome dividends for their owners. With a full knowledge of the conditions under which the little ones work, and the poverty and want that prevails in their homes, the legislature recently defeated a bill to prohibit the employment of children under 12 years of age in the mills and factories of the state. —Ex.

If infiltrating water can blow the head off a volvano, what can it do to a joint stock company?

Only one ox survived the St. Pierre disaster, and that unfortunate animal will hardly escape the beef combine.

The Methodists have been in conference here for some time past, and yet there has been no eruptions of the mountains opposite.

It is said there are 100,000 "suckers" in America who accept Dowie and his leadership. He has collected hundreds of thousands of dollars and has his mitt out for more.

The press gave the council a roast anent the firemen's salaries and now an increase has been recommended. How does this jibe with the way they do it in London, Ald. Wylie?

There is this infinite difference between capital and labor: Capital is inanimate property, that can wait for a buyer, while labor is human flesh and blood, that must be sold at a forced sale.

Some of our legislators are very much excited over youths smoking cigarettes. If some of them would set examples in other respects the boys would not have so many excuses to offer for their offences.

An eastern clergyman urges the formation of a "Fathers' Club" as a remedy for the neglect of the children. Our opinion about it is that dad's hand will usually be found heavy enough without the use of a club.

The trades unionists of the province should watch the vote on Mr. Curtis' Trades Unions' bill. Mr. Martin also has a bill on the same subject, which we print in another column. Read and compare them, and we believe trades unionists will conclude that Mr. Curtis' bill is by far the best.

Mr. Eberts doesn't think much of the characters of the members of the Western Federation of Miners. If there is a member of the latter body whose character isn't on a peer with that gentleman, then, indeed, that body should be dissolved. Of course Eberts himself is all right from the head up.

Labor organizations of all kinds should be pushed earnestly everywhere; members of these organizations should be alert and earnest in bringing new members into the fold; not only this, but all questions bearing upon labor and wages should be carefully discussed.

Recently a Toronto printing concern sent circulars to many of our local merchants, which stated that their agent would call on them in due time, and offering all sorts of inducements. In the past many of our patriotic (?) citizens have sent their work east. Will they continue to do so? We hope not. The obdurate ones should be given a taste of the boycott.

It would be a good idea if the City Council would discharge all its committees and appoint itself as a sort of standing committee on everything. This would shut off doing committee work all over again at the regular council meeting. Another pointer: If the rules of debate allowing an alderman to speak once only upon a question, were enforced, it would facilitate matters considerably.

The Railroad Telegraphers says. "The cost of living among the workers of Manhattan is being investigated by the United States labor bureau. Why is it that the working people are always the ones investigated? Why not have an investigation of the living expenses of Carnegie, Rockefeller, Morgan, Schwab, and the other great employers of labor? Such data, if given publicly, would raise such a furore that the wage-earners employed by these men would have the sympathy of the public when next they asked for an increase in wages of 10 cents per day. By all means let us investigate what the employing classes expend for their living. A comparison is only just."

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.

Remember, woman is most perfect when most womanly.—Gladstone.

Oue greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.—Confucius.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of THE INDEPENDENT:

Sir,—The appeal sent out by the Nanaimo Trades and Labor council, as published in The Independent, May 8th, to similar councils throughout Canada, regarding Oriental immigration, and the advisability of the Dominion government accepting the recommendation of its royal commission to exclude this class of labor from Canada altogether, is most opportune. It certainly is the most cruel tyranny of a government to subject its well-disposed working citizens to such degrading imported competition. Not only shall the agitation be kept up against this horrible yellow scourge, but at the present moment thousands of the best citizens of the country are now ready to take up arms to rid themselves at once and forever from this capitalist-produced curse to the toiling masses of British Columbia. Warnings in abundance have been given the government of the danger to the peace of the community caused by the great influx of Orinetals. Perhaps the most important warning was from the grand jury assembled at New Westminster before Justice Martin. If our present representatives are too stupid or cowardly or disloyal to the white citizens of Canada to remedy this dangerous evil then let them take the consequences. Canada for Canadians and not for the Orientals; down with all who oppose or act otherwise.

WORKMAN.

Vancouver, May 21, 1902.

MR. HYNDMAN ON SOCIALISM.

A crowded international meeting was recently held at Christ Church hall, Hanbury street, London, recently. Mr. Hyndman, who was the principal speaker, said that fourteen years ago M. Clemenceau said to him that socialism was impossible in France. Frenchmen were too much attached to private property. He knew the French peasantry well—he had doctored them for nothing, his father had doctored them for nothing, his grandfather had doctored them for nothing—they cared for nothing but their little plots of land, and the French peasant is the republic. Yet the French republic was to-day dependent upon socialist votes. As to Belgium—though he did not approve of the general strike as a weapon, and certainly he did not approve of the socialist appeal to the King, a man of notorious bad character—he gave his hearty adherence to Belgian workers in their heroic battle. The revolt of the Russian workers and peasants was full of hope for the future in its magnificent heroism. He trusted that soon that giant despotism, the main support of reaction in Europe, would be overthrown. In Austria the socialists were fighting the battle of freedom of thought against clericalism and anti-semitism. In America the spread of trusts and combines meant the victory of socialism. On the whole he felt more confident in the future, old as he was, than ever before. The revolutionary social democratic party held out its hand to the workers of the world and its triumph was close at hand.

WAR CASUALTIES.

The war office has issued a return showing the losses since the commencement of the war until April 30. The total number is 95,435. Detailed statistics are as follows: Officially admitted, 95,435; in hospitals and rest centres in South Africa (government figures), 14,000; colonial invalids, 4,000; civilian deaths, 2,000; casualties, including returned invalids, since May 1, 3,000; total, 118,435. In addition, the Boers captured and released about 30,000 British prisoners.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

What a heavy burden is a name that has become famous.—Voltaire.

If every year we should root out one vice, we should sooner become perfect men.—Thomas A. Kempis.

There never was any party, faction, or sect in which the most ignorant was not the most violent.—Pope.

Understand this first, last and always: The world wants the best thing. It wants your best.—Francis E. Willard.

I stand here, friends, to urge that a new leaf be turned over—that the laboring class, instead of idly waiting for better days, shall begin at once to discuss the means of controlling circumstances and commanding their conditions by study, calculation, foresight and union.—Horace Greeley.

Have faith, then, O you who suffer for the noble cause; apostles of a truth which the world comprehends not; warriors in the sacred fight whom it yet stigmatises with the name of rebels! Tomorrow, perhaps, this world, now incredulous or indifferent, will bow down before you in holy enthusiasm. Tomorrow victory will bless the banner of your crusade.—Mazzini.

New Black and Colored Dress Goods

Cold type and printers' ink afford but little satisfaction in describing the Dress Goods we are showing this season, nor does the reading of prices convey an accurate idea of values.

The goods must be seen to be appreciated, and those who come always find something worth seeing. We believe our showing is bigger and better than ever, and that the fabrics are what women of taste and style demand. Our goods were chosen from reliable sources, and are guaranteed by the makers to be reliable. All we ask is the privilege of showing you our fine goods. We'll do that cheerfully, even though you don't think of buying right away.

If you can't come to the store, write for samples. We'll gladly send them.

DRYSDALE'S

170 Cordova St., Vancouver.

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.

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

M. Bantley, 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.

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

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Savoy Barber shop, Cordova street.

Smalley's barber shop, Cordova street.

Oyster Bay barber shop, Carrall street.

Union barber shop, Carrall street.

A. O. McCutcheon, Mount Pleasant.

Boulder barber shop, Cordova street.

O. K. barber shop, Hastings street, east.

UNION BAKERTES

W. D. Muir, Mount Pleasant.

W. Murray, Prior street.

Robt. McDonald, Avenue Bakery, Westminster avenue.

Montreal Bakery, Westminster avenue.

F. Adams, Scotch Bakery, Hastings street.

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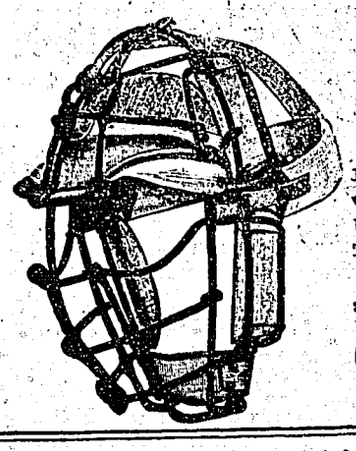

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Call for them and see that you get them.

THE CIVIC SOLONS.

There was a full board at last Monday night's session of the city council.

T. H. Cross, secretary Trades and Labor council, wrote stating that it had been reported that the building inspector employed by the city has been using his influence to induce men to return to work on a building, which has been adjudged unfair to the interests of organized labor by the different unions affected. That the said inspector should confine himself to his own duties, and not interfere in any way with matters which are outside the business which the city has engaged him to perform. Referred to board of works.

Lionel Yorke, secretary Brockton Point Athletic club, wrote asking for a meeting of the council, at which a deputation of his club could discuss the erection and establishment of a gymnasium. Request granted.

Edwin Machin, secretary library board, wrote that the board's attention had been called to this very serious disregard of the plans under which the contract for the new library was awarded. The whole utility and design being materially interfered with. Laid over for special meeting of council, which was held after the adjournment.

F. Straubs wrote asking permission to locate a merry-go-round in Stanley park. Referred to park commissioners.

The Trades and Labor council wrote supporting the request of the civic firemen for an increase in their salaries. Police committee.

D. G. Macdonell wrote stating that the title to Stanley park and Deadman's Island was still in litigation, and the prospects were that it would be for years to come.

There is a prospect, however, of getting the whole matter settled amicably, and all the rights of the dominion and province in these lands ceeded to the city, provided it would agree to execute a lease to Theodore Ludgate. Would the council be willing to execute such a lease if the city gets a deed of the park and island from the dominion and provincial governments? A resolution of the council was asked for on the matter.

The report of the fire and police committee was read. Ald. Brown took decided exception to the following clause: "That a special meeting be called for Tuesday next at 3 p. m. to take up the matter of salaries and in the meantime that the city clerk write to the chief of the fire department, Victoria, with a view to ascertaining the amount of salaries paid to each grade of firemen from the chief down." He said when the council met he wanted it to fix the whole of the salaries.

Ald. McGuigan objected to the resolution of the Committee re the nightwatchmen. Instead of adopting their resolution he suggested as an amendment that the two watchmen in question, Purdy and Calbick, be taken on the force again.

Ald. Wylie stated that the offer of the two lots adjoining the Police Station for $2,600 was referred to the Council with the recommendation that it be purchased.

Ald. Wood did not understand the thing of springing on the Council of buying two lots. There was no necessity for it so long as the present buildings were being used. The Chairman of the finance committee can get the money if he wants to, and if not, he can do the other thing.

Upon the reading of the report of the Board of Works, Ald. Wood referred to the fact that the board was dealing very liberally with bicycle path matters, but he failed to see any action being taken in regard to the promised bicycle path on Westminster avenue, from Harris street to Seventh avenue. He also stated that the path at present on Westminster avenue was in a very bad state of repair.

He also pointed out that although the board had taken up the question of completing the sewer system included in the last Sewage by-law, it had failed to consider the Mount Pleasant section, although recommending the completion of the West End and Westminster avenue sections. He contended that the question of completing the whole of the work included in that by-law should be taken up.

Ald. Bethune replied to Ald. Wood by stating that last year's Board of Works had given them a whole lot of trouble. First of all, Ald. Wilson came and said that his ward was promised the first bicycle path this year; then Ald. Foreman came along with the same statement, and now Ald. Wood said the same thing. Respecting the sewer matter, he stated that the Board had only $11,000 at its disposal, and it could not do all the sewer work with this.

In reply to Ald. Wood, the city solicitor state dthat he could not say offhand whether or not owners of property included in the Sewage by-law, but which had not yet been included in the system would have good grounds for an action for damages against the city on that account.

In reply to Ald. Foreman, the city solicitor stated that a man holding cattle by a rope and allowing them to graze by the roadside was not amenable to the Pound by-law, but would come under the police jurisdiction on the matter of street obstruction, if obstruction was caused.

Ald. Brown called attention to a statement in the press and elsewhere that the enforcement of the Sunday Closing by-law had been suddenly sprung on the licence-holders, without due notice, they having previously had a tacit understanding that as long as things were carried on quietly and orderly no action would be taken.

Mayor Neelands thought that these remarks must have reference to previous years.

"Joe" Fortes was appointed swimming instructor at English Bay for the season.

Ald. McGuigan remarked that Mr. Fortes should have received the Royal Humane Society Medal for saving life.

Ald. Foreman favored paying him only $25, instead of $70.

Ald. Brown said the City can't afford to pay $70 or $80 a month to teach people to swim. Those who want to learn to swim should pay for it.

Ald. McQueen brought up the Closing by-law again, by moving that the by-law, as amended at the last meeting of the Council, be further amended by changing the hours of closing from 12.30 to 6 a.m., to 1 to 5 a.m., and also that the clause referring it to the electors to be voted upon by them be struck out.

Ald. Bethune seconded the motion.

On the vote being taken, it resulted in a tie, those in favor of the amendment being Ald. McQueen, Wylie, Bethune, Brown and Foreman.

The nays were Ald. Wood, McGuigan, Wilson, Blackmore and Cook.

His Worship gave the casting vote in favor of the amendment, and the by-law passed its third reading.

Ald. McQueen gave notice that at the next meeting he would introduce a by-law to re-arrange the ward system of the City; also a by-law for the wholesale beer and spirit licences.

TILLETT'S REPORT.

Mr. Ben Tillett was one of the labor delegates despatched by Sir Alfred Jones to Canada and the United States to report on work and wages. He has just handed in his report. Mr. Tillett says: "I noticed on the other side a very buoyant and hopeful demeanour on the part of the workers, a frank and more business-like relationship between capital and labor than obtains at home, trade unionism becoming a rapidly-growing force, 500,000 members having been added to the unions last year. American employers are more scientifically methodical in the use of productive facilities, and the American worker has not, like his British brother, to give a maximum service for a minimum wage. Whereas in this country the highest quality, and skill, and energy is claimed by employers to constitute average ability, superior proficiency in America receives extra remuneration."

Advertise in The Independent.

WILFRID LAURIER, STATESMAN.

R. L. Borden, conservative leader, at Ottawa, said recently, in parliament:

"I think we should know what policy Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposes as the policy of the government with regard to all the subjects which have been mentioned by the secretary of state for the colonies as proper subjects for discussion at the coming colonial conference in London. We want to know if the government, while claiming for Canada full control over the expenditures of Canada for imperial defence, is or is not prepared to discuss a system of imperial defence. We want to know whether the government, while retaining for Canada the full control of all her public moneys and her system of defence, is prepared to discuss with the imperial authority a system of imperial defence."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in statesmanlike language, replied as follows:

"It is no use whatever, at this stage of the proceedings, standing on the floor of the Canadian parliament, to try to deceive ourselves as to what is intended by the subject of imperial defence. If it be intended simply to discuss what part Canada is prepared to take in her own defence, the land in which we were born, to which we owe our allegiance, in which all the hopes of our people are centered, certainly we are always prepared to discuss that subject. Nor do we believe we need any prompting in the matter, or that our attention should be specially called to it. Even this very session the government has given its pledge to the house that it is prepared to consider, and, to the fullest extent, carry out its duty on this score, and in that declaration the government received the support of both sides of the house. But there is a school abroad, a school in England and Canada, a school which is, perhaps, represented on the floor of this parliament, which wants to bring Canada into the vortex of militarism, which is now the curse and blight of Europe. I am not prepared to endorse any such policy. But the Canadian delegates will give a respectful hearing to all the propositions that may be made, and it is in this spirit I speak, and speak with candor."

VALUE OF THE LABOR PRESS

By M. H. Whittaker.

The value of the labor press cannot be overestimated; in fact its value is inestimable, for as education and enlightenment gives strength to a nation, so does it also to the labor momement. You cannot measure a nation's power by its resources, but by its knowledge of how to use its resources. Some of the savage states of Africa are as rich in natural resources as is this country, but in a conflict between equal number of our troops and the savages, mark the easy victory of the soldiers, and why? Because of their superior intelligence and discipline. It is thus also in the commercial world. The educated and trained mind is victorious over the ignorant. The same rule holds good with organized labor. The more intelligent, and

The Better They Understand

the conditions and resources, the better they are trained in all the moves necessary to success in carrying on or inaugurating a movement for higher wages or better conditions, the surer they are of success. The labor press is the educator along these lines just as the political press is the educator in politics and the daily press is the educator on general topics and conditions of trade, commerce and national doings. And the labor press does still more than this. By getting it circulated amongst the unorganised and unbelievers, it teaches them wherein they are wronged, opens their eyes and understanding to the rights and wrongs, and the true conditions of the workers, and gets them interested in the movement and adds them to the ranks of organized labor. It reaches thousands that can never be induced to come to a meeting because of

Blind Prejudice,

and who could not be reached in any other way. By circulating the labor press it also reaches many of the business and professional men and manufacturers and overcomes their prejudice, which comes mostly from ignorance of the subject and it makes many friends out of former enemies. And, again, in a community where there is a labor paper published, it has a very noticeable effect on the daily press. They do not publish so many damaging misrepresentations of the acts of organized labor or of conditions which cause the trouble between employer and employee, because they know that the labor press will publish the facts and their misstatements will have the effect of a boomerang and rebound with more damage to the thrower than the object of their malice. The labor press is one of the most effective

Weapons of Defence

as well as offense and will, if properly supported, achieve more good than a whole corps of lecturers because, as before stated, through it you can reach thousands that can not be reached in any other way. Many people are averse to being approached on the subject of organization by an individual and are easily offended when approached, even in the most friendly and conciliatory manner, but many of these people can be converted and their prejudice overcome by the judicious use of a few copies of a labor paper. I will venture to assert and without fear of contradiction that the labor press represents more than half the

Strength of Organized Labor.

That is if there had been no labor press that organized labor would not to-day be half so strong as it is; and if this is a fact—and we know that it is—would it not also be true that if we had twice as many labor papers, or if the circulation of the labor press was doubled that it would still further increase our strength in a like proportion? To my mind the value of the labor press is inestimable and whenever the laborer realize this fact and support the labor press in preference to the plutocratic capitalistic papers there will be such a revulsion of sentiment in favor of the producers of the wealth that no power will be able to long withstand it. The labor press is the backbone of organized labor. Let us stand by the labor press and not allow our back-bone to be broken.

THE COAST.

The June number of the Coast, of Seattle, has arrived. This monthly magazine is one of the best in the west. Among the contents of the current issue are the following: "Back in Twenty Minutes," by See M. Smoke; "A Western Man in the East;" "The Test of Psycometry;" by W. S. Haskell; some very interesting original stories and coments.

SALMAGUNDI.

The callousness and even the grim humor of condemned criminals is well exemplified by the following story: On walking to the scaffold in solemn procession, an old country criminal once called to the governor of the prison: "Just oblige me, guv'nor," he said, "by telling me the day o' the week?" "Monday!" answered the surprised governor. "Monday!" exclaimed the prisoner, in disgusted tones. "Well, this 'ere's a fine way of beginning a week, ain't it?" And he marched on with disgust imprinted on every line in his face.

A passenger on the Fairview tramcar remarked to Conductor Pearey at the end of his usually fast run: "That was a very long graveyard we passed through." "Graveyard!" said the other, in surprise. "We haven't come through any graveyard." "Oh, yes, we have!" replied the passenger. "Where all those tombstones were in a row." "Oh, those weren't tombstones!" rejoined the worthy conductor. "They were telephone poles."

Little Willie—"Say, pa, what's a crank?" Pa—"A crank, my son, is a specialist in any line in which you are not interested."—Chicago Daily News.

"And do they never quarrel?" asked the girl in white. "Never," replied the girl in blue. "Then, what's the use of being engaged?"—Post.

Gayman—"I wanted to thank you for the handsome beer-mug you sent on my birthday." Mrs. Goodart—"Of course, you'll understand I meant it to be used only as an ornament." Gayman—"Oh, my wife keeps it full for me all the time." Mrs. Goodart—"She doesn't, really?" Gayman—"Yes, full of temperance tracts."—Press.

Mrs. Parke—"What kind of servants do you prefer—white or black, Irish or German?" Mrs. Lane—"I've gotten beyond that. I'm looking for servants that prefer me."—Puck.

Convict—"Ah, mum! if I'd only got de girl I loved I never would hev come to such an end as dis." Philanthropist—"You would not?" Convict—"No, mum. She killed de guy dat got her in less'n two weeks after de ceremony."—Judge.

"De water-cure is somet'ing dat's got to be stopped," exclaimed Meandering Mike. "It's too cool and unusual to be stood." "Do you know what it is?" asked Plodding Pete. "'Course. I've been froo it. I hadn't been in jail fifteen minutes before dey make me take a bath."—Washington Star.

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PROVINCIAL PROGRESSIVE PARTY.

Following is the platform adopted at the Kamloops convention of the Provincial Progressive Party:

That this party lays it down as a first principle that they will nominate, endorse or support only such men as will place their signed, undated, resignation in the hands of the convention which nominates or endorses them; that this resignation be sworn to; that this resignation may be handed in to the lieutenant-governor in council whenever a majority of the convention shall consider such action advisable.

1. That we gradually abolish all taxes on the producer and the products of the producer, shifting them on land values.

2. Government ownership of railways and all means of communication.

3. That the government establish and operate smelters and refineries to treat all kinds of minerals.

4. That the franchise be extended to women.

5. The abolition of property qualifications for all public offices.

6. Farm improvements, implements and stock not to be taxed, and wild lands to be assessed at the price asked for them by speculative holders.

7. No land or cash subsidies. Lands to be held for the actual settler.

8. Ten per cent. of all public lands to be immediately set aside for educational purposes and education of all children up to the age of 16 years to be free, secular and compulsory, text books, meals and clothing to be supplied out of the public funds where necessary.

9. Compulsory arbitration of labor disputes.

10. Restriction of Oriental immigration by a law on the lines of the Natal act, and if said law be disallowed, it be repeatedly re-enacted until the end sought is attained.

11. That to protect us from Asiatics already in the province the government insert a clause in all private acts to this effect: "This act shall be null and void if the company fails to enter into an agreement with the government as to conditions of construction and operation," and that the house pass a resolution to prohibit the employment of Asiatics on all franchises granted by the provincial house.

12. Conservation of our forest riches, pulp land leases to contain a provision for re-foresting so as to produce a perennial revenue and make pulp manufacture a growing and permanent industry.

13. That the act compelling the scaling of logs by government scalers be enforced.

14. Absolute reservation from sale or lease of a certain part of each known coal area, so that state owned mines, if necessary, may be easily possible in the future. All coal leases or grants hereafter made to contain a provision enabling the government to fix the price of coal loaded on cars or vessels for shipments to B. C. consumers.

15. Municipalization and public control of the liquor traffic.

16. The right to a referendum where a valuable subsidy or franchise is to be conferred.

17. That all transportation companies be compelled to give free transportation to members of the legislative assembly and supreme court and county judges.

18. Election day to be a public holiday, and provision made that every employer shall be free from service at least four consecutive hours during polling time.

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.

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

He who can conceal his joys is greater than he who can hide his griefs.—Lavator.

Union Directory.

THE VANCOUVER TRADES AND Labor Council meets first and third Thursday in each month, at 7:30 p. m. President, W. J. Lamrick; vice-president, F. J. Russell; secretary, T. H. Cross; financial secretary, J. T. Lilley; treasurer, C. Crowder; sergeant-at-arms, C. J. Salter; statistician, J. H. Browne.

JOURNEYMEN BARBERS' INTERNATIONAL UNION, No. 120—President, G. W. Isaacs; vice-president, Fred Haw; corresponding-financial secretary, J. A. Stewart, 51 Cordova St; recorder, C. D. Morgan; treasurer, E. Morgan; guide, N. A. Bradley; guardian, P. J. Bennett; delegates to T. & L. Council: G. W. Isaacs and Fred. Haw. Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Union Hall.

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

VANCOUVER TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, No. 226 meets the last Sunday in each month at Union Hall. President, C. S. Campbell; vice-president, W. J. McKay; secretary, S. J. Gothard, P. O. Box 56; treasurer, Geo. Wilby; sergeant-at-arms, A. F. Arnold; executive committee, F. W. Fowler, G. E. Pierrott, W. Brand, Robt. Todd; delegates to Trades and Labor Council, W. Brand, S. J. Gothard, F. Fowler; delegates to Allied Trades Council, F. A. Fowler, W. J. McKay and C. J. Marshall.

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, H. A. McDonald; vice-president, John Gardiner; secretary, A. G. Perry; treasurer, H. Vanderwalker; conductor, Geo. Lenfesty; warden, D. Smith; sentinel, J. Dubberley; delegates to Trades and Labor Council: H. A. McDonald, J. C. Barton, C. Bennett, Robt. Brunt and A. G. Perry.

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.

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, J. Arnell; vice-president, J. R. Edwards; recording secretary, A. J. Thirtle, address, Vancouver, P. O.; financial secretary, H. J. Littlier, 573 Hastings street; east; treasurer, E. Timmins; conductor, S. H. Bossisstow; guard, F. Coughlin.

JOURNEYMEN BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS' International Union of America. Local No. 46, Vancouver, B. C. President, Wm. H. Barnes; vice-president, Fred. Jay; recording secretary, Sam Walker, 1042 Seaton street; financial secretary, N. McMullin, St. George street, Mount Pleasant; treasurer, W. A. Woods.

CIGARMAKERS' UNION NO. 357—Meets the first Tuesday in each month in Union Hall. President, A. Koehel; vice-president, P. Crowder; secretary, S. 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, W. Halliday; recording secretary, E. Crush, 757 Eighth avenue, west; financial secretary, A. Gothard, 822 Howe street; treasurer, H. McSorley.

JOURNEYMEN TAILORS' UNION OF AMERICA, No. 178 — Meets alternate Mondays in room 1, Union Hall. President, F. Williams; vice-president, Chas. Whalen; recording secretary, H. O. Burritt; financial secretary, Walfred Larson; treasurer, W. W. Toombs; sergeant-at-arms, J. McPherson.

THE RETAIL CLERKS' INTERNATIONAL PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION meets in O'Brien's Hall, the first and third Tuesdays of each month. D. McLean, president; W. J. Lamrick, secretary, 248 Princess street.
labor ..galley 7.

VANCOUVER FISHERMEN'S UNION, No. 2. Meets in Labor Hall, Homer street, Saturday, May 31st, at 8 p. m. Steve Dames, president; Chas. Durham, secretary pro tem.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF Electrical Workers, Vancouver Local 213.—Meets second and fourth Tuesday in Union hall, room No. 4. President, Geo. Cowling; vice-president, R. P. Irwin; recording secretary, A. D. Hotson, 635 Richards street; financial secretary, John Dubberly.

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During her postgraduate course at Brown she made a special study of history. She also devoted a large part of her time to languages—Latin, Greek, Hebrew and German—in which she received the degree of Litt. D. and in 1900 L. H. D. at Amherst.

PRESIDENT WOOLEY.

Previous to her presidential appointment she was for five years a member of Wellesley faculty, being the head of the department of Biblical history and literature. When at Wellesley, she took an important part in the administration of college affairs.

Miss Wooley was a pioneer in profiting by the opening of the colleges for the higher education of women and in her own person has demonstrated the success of this movement.

She has always endeavored by her work and literary efforts to promote advanced education for her sex at home and aboad and to that end is one of the most important members of the Rhode Island Society For Collegiate Education For Women.

The Modern Restless Girl.

There was a time when sweet and twenty used to be considered typical lightheartedness, mirth and innocent merriment. Girls of this age were supposed to have hearts of feather weight; to them all the world was young. A life was clear and bright, everything was novel, and what perhaps was grandest of all was their large and undimmed faith in everybody and everything.

Girls had at all times their faults, of course, though they were no less lovable and sweet and charming on that account, but there seems on the part of the modern girls a tendency to despair and mope which their predecessors never displayed. The fault is not altogether theirs. Their mothers are most to blame for it, they in turn being the victims of that spirit of unrest which pervades modern life.

As a matter of fact, the girl of the period is overfed with excitement, and then, like the little boy at the school treat, she cries because she cannot have more. Perpetual change is what she wants. She wants to shirk all the duties that girls of other generations accepted as a matter of course and in which they found rest—the duties, for example, of home life.

The thoughtful mothers must teach their daughters to secure happiness in the simple joys of life at home and in the duties which belong to womanhood.

Nothing Like a Couch.

A feminine authority on house furnishing has recently delivered herself as follows: "A room without a couch of some sort is only half furnished. When the head throbs and the soul yearns only for endless, dreamless rest, ten minutes' respite on a couch 'that fits' means physical and mental salvation. A comfortable, convenient sofa is a positive means of grace. There isn't a doubt that the need of a nap is often mistaken for a longing to die.

"In nearly every reception or living room, of course, there is an article of furniture that answers to the name of sofa, but it is not worth the space it covers or the time taken to keep it in order, so far as real comfort is concerned. The raison d'etre of the two armed velvet tufted yard and a quarter sofa continues to be as much of a mystery to me as the domestic economist's motive in purchasing those limber legged, carpet faced 45 degree lounges one sees 'marked down' in front of cheap furniture houses. To make a home truly homelike give me the broad, low, hospitable couch, whose very presence is an invitation, a benediction, a delight."

Being a Good Hostess.

A woman may possess wealth untold, she may have the kindest of hearts and the brightest of minds, but unless she has absolute control of her feelings there will be some time in her career as hostess that she will display annoyance or flurry, and the contagion, spreading to her guests, will die out in an undisguised failure.

A model hostess must to all appearances be made of stone, so far as disagreeable happenings are concerned. Even though a guest or careless waiter inadvertently breaks a bit of china which can never be replaced, she must smile as though the loss of the whole set would but emphasize the pleasure of the evening. Her well bred calm inspires her guests with a feeling of confidence, and, though in her heart she may be very dubious about certain important details of her dinner or dance, if she does not show her anxiety everything will pass off to a happy conclusion.

A flurried hostess or nervous host whose countenance but badly conceals the worry felt can do more toward making the guests uncomfortable than if the soup were served stone cold and the salad dressing was ruined by a too bountiful quantity of vinegar. An imperturbable calm and a ready tact are the two important factors in the making of a model hostess.

The Use of Peroxide.

Peroxide is antiseptic and healing. Its bleaching qualities make it feared by the average woman. In the hands of those who are familiar with its virtues and the many uses to which it can be put it is most excellent. Raw flesh will heal quickly under its magic touch, and pimples will disappear without leaving scars. A weak solution suitable for toilet purposes can be purchased by the ounce, but unless it is kept in a dark colored bottle and away from the light it loses some of its power. Some women prefer to buy it in sealed packages and full strength and dilute it one-third with water when using it.

It can be applied to any part of the skin, but should be kept away from eyebrows, lashes and hair about the face because of its bleaching power. For superfluous hair upon the skin it can be used with profit, as it takes out the color by repeated application and when used often enough will weaken the hair.

Mistakes In Furnishings.

An error which the inexperienced house furnisher often makes is to put two reds of different tones in rooms that open into each other. A hall, perhaps, will have terra cotta on the walls, and there will be red in the dining room to which it leads. This is wrong. Put a negative color on the hall, a tone of buff or mastic, with a small broken figure in self tones, that there may be no suggestion or strong contrast to the red of the adjoining room. If blue is to be used in the dining room, not too light a yellow may be put on the hall. It is these jarring arrangements in adjacent rooms that may destroy wholly an effect in either apartment that by itself or properly complemented would be altogether charming.

Dishcloths.

The modern housekeeper understands that rags for a dishcloth are neither cleanly nor profitable. The shreds get into the plumbing, often with expensive effects, and a dishcloth so worn that it will not bear regular laundering in the weekly wash is one that cannot receive proper care. In all well regulated houses dishcloths are as distinct and separate a provision of the household economy as napkins or pillowcases. Material for the purpose is sold in the shops, and the cloths should be hemmed as carefully as any bit of the household linen.

Room Doors.

It is a mistake, according to an artist, to discard doors too generally in a suit of apartments, replacing them with portieres. Retain some of them and, where it seems possible, hang a picture on one or decorate it with a brass ornament or two set above. In using the portieres, too, do not have them all hanging in straight lines. Introduce one or two soft silk hangings that may be looped back to break the monotony.

Chafed Skin.

The constant chafing of the skin by clothing, as the rough edge of a neckband, may cause an eczema on the tender skin of a child most difficult to cure. The cure is the removal of the cause of irritation and a liberal use of healing powder. Applications should be frequent until the skin is healed.

Keeping Foods.

Food articles that are damp should never be left in ordinary paper. Paper is made of wood pulp, rags, glue, lime and similar substances intermixed with acids and chemicals. When damp, it should not be allowed to come into contact with things that are to be eaten.

An Ash Sieve.

A good substitute for an ash sieve is a piece of board placed on a slant against the wall. Throw the ashes upon this, and the fine material will adhere to it, while the unburnt coal will roll down to the bottom and off at the sides.

A harmless and cleanly way to drive away mice is to saturate a cloth with cayenne pepper in solution and stuff it into the hole. Dry cayenne thrown about will keep ants and roaches away.

Nice tablecloths and napkins should not be allowed to become much soiled, so that they will require vigorous rubbing with soap or in hot water.

To stop shoes creaking pour a little linseed oil on a dish and place the soles of the shoes in it over night.

Woman's honor is nice as ermine—will not bear a soil.—Dryden.

DRESS ACCESSORIES.

Trifles Which Every Well Dressed Woman Should Possess.

Many are the dainty trifles which increase the beauty of a costume. Collars of pearls are still as stylish as ever, and a single string of them is worn looped over the top of the collar. Dog collars made of strands of the narrowest velvet ribbon are smart additions to a decollete gown. The ribbons are held together by jeweled slides to match the ribbon.

FRONT FOR VELVET COSTUME.

Huge jeweled flowers are taking the place of the omnipresent rosette. Wreaths of baby roses are worn by those who are still young, and they give a quaint look to a pretty face. Bunches of marabou feathers are smart for matrons. Draperies of jeweled tulle are held together by jeweled buttons and form smart evening sleeves on dinner and dancing frocks.

Smart sashes of Persian chiffon or panne have the ends embroidered with black lace butterflies, and the girdle proper is run through slides of jet.

Many fancy fronts are being worn with dressy tailor mades. One of the prettiest of these is shown in the illustration. It is made of pale blue chiffon over liberty satin. The square yoke is collarless, and from this three bands of guipure run the length of the waist. There is a yoke of tucks, and the fullness is held into a folded belt of pale blue velvet.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

EVENING GOWNS.

Leaf and Flower Designs Ornament the Richest of Them.

Handsome gowns are made of white and black mousseline de sole. A favorite way of trimming the white gowns consists of stamping them with floral designs. These designs are outlined with silver spangles, and the inner shading is done with washes of gray water color. This gives a very shimmering and dainty effect. A gown recently made by Worth for Minnie Maddern Fiske carried out this idea. It was relieved by touches of turquoise blue liberty satin.

OF WHITE AND SILVER.

The beautiful evening gown in the illustration is made of sheer white all over lace. It has two linings, the upper one of mousseline and the under one of taffeta. The skirt and waist are covered with leaf applications of black mousseline outlined by silver spangles. The stems joining these leaves are also of silver spangles. Here and there is placed a fluffy pale yellow rose made out of chiffon, with a flower center. The belt is of folded panne. The sleeves reach to the elbow and consist of two small shoulder capes, into which are gathered soft transparent puffs of mousseline.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

DRESS TRIFLES.

Parasols, Tea Jackets and Embroidered Waistcoats.

Parasols can be bought almost for nothing at this time of the year. White sunshades are always fashionable, and Persian patterns promise to be all the style.

Tea jackets are very fashionable in the marquis style with embroidered waistcoats, and embroidering these constitutes a dainty bit of fancy work. These embroidered waistcoats are also much used with tailor mades which have open front jackets.

Several well known society women have the pretty fad of always wearing a certain kind of flower no matter what time of the year it is. This idea can be carried out by the girl in moderate circumstances if she uses artificial flowers on her evening dresses. It is a chic French notion to loop in ribbons or silver cord with the flowers, and a dainty bunch of artificial blossoms so arranged goes far toward renovating an old evening dress.

WORN IN "FROCKS AND FRILLS."

The creation in the sketch is worn in "Frocks and Frills." It is an empire robe of black point d'esprit over silver gauze, with an applique of ivy leaves in cut out velvet. The gown is finished at the bottom with masses of pink chiffon frills and chiffon roses. The little simulated bolero is of drawn and wired silk, a couple of pink tulle rosettes being placed immediately in front, from which depend little tassels.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

EVENING GOWNS.

Floral Trimmings Combined With Lace and Ribbon.

The evening sleeve of the moment is a matter of taste. It is made with one single puff to the elbow or tight fitting a la Marie Antoinette with a frill. Some sleeves are composed of seven or eight accordion plaited frills. On many gowns there are no sleeves at all, only shoulder straps composed of jeweled chains or ropes of flowers. If a woman has good arms, she should display them; if not, there are transparencies of chiffon and sheer effects.

FOR A YOUNG GIRL

Frocks of gray chiffon are worn by those who are in half mourning and by many who are not. There seems to be a craze just now for these soft pale gray frocks. They are relieved with violets or pale blue flowers.

Floral trimmings are much the style and with dainty touches of lace and ribbon form admirable trimmings for evening frocks. Roses, tuberoses and orchids are made so natural that they almost defy detection.

The French dress in the illustration is of pale yellow mousseline. The skirt has a double tunic effect, the edge of each tunic being embellished with a hand painted design. The decollete waist is held in place by narrow straps of velvet, and the half sleeves are of lace and mousseline. There is an odd tunic overdress effect of cream guipure lace. The corsage is daintily finished with a cluster of tinted yellow blossoms.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Japanese as Walkers.

A great walking competition in Tokyo, in which most of the competitors were jinrikisha men, resulted in a fiasco, none of the men completing the minimum of seventy miles. This excited some surprise, as the jinrikisha men have immensely developed legs. The result is attributed to their want of staying power.

SEPARATE WAISTS.

They Are Marvels of Daintiness and Are Worn With Velvet Skirts.

Irish lace is being much revived, and not merely the fine specimens, but all manner of crochets, coarse alike and fine. The fish net laces are being much used for evening gowns, and they are enriched with wonderful applications of all sorts. The coarse, rather open patterns of lace make most effective blouses over a soft lining of pale colored liberty satin or chiffon.

RUFFLED DANCING FROCK.

One of the latest ball gowns is shown in the picture. It is made of pale yellow chiffon dotted in silk. The entire costume, both waist and skirt, is laid in tiny ruffles edged with the narrowest silver ribbons. There is a sash of pale yellow liberty satin and a huge shaded yellow poppy forms a corsage ornament. The dress is made up over pale yellow net, which allows the occasional gleam of a satin lining. The skirt has a wide flounce added invisibly beneath the ruffles to give the proper flare about the feet.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

FANCY DRESS MATERIALS.

For Ordinary Wear Hairy Weaves and Zibelines Are Ultra Smart.

There is a great variety in fancy cloths this winter, especially in long, hairy materials, which are made with the idea of imitating fur as much as possible. Some are spotted with what is known as the snow effect, others are striped, and still others are quite plain, blue, deep red and gray being the favorite colors. Plain faced cloth, however, has more adherents, especially among stout women, as hairy materials increase the size of the figure.

Zibeline has now assumed a zebra-like appearance in blue and black. Its only trimming is white passementerie buttons, which are placed in three rows down the waistcoat or chemisette under the coat, jacket, bolero or bodice. A recent costume made of this cloth had a short round Eton, with the belt and strappings of blue panne heavily stitched on in yellow silk. The skirt, which was walking length, just escaped the ground. Blouses with bishop sleeves are worn beneath the jacket of these short suits.

CHILD'S PARTY DRESS.

The dressy child's frock in the illustration is made of pale blue louisine silk. The waist has a yoke made of lace insertion and tucks, and the sleeves are also of the tucking and insertion. The rest of the waist is of the plain silk, with two rows of lace falling in cascades down the front. The belt is of stitched ribbon, with a lace rosette directly in front. The skirt is laid in pin tucks until it nearly reaches the knees, where it is allowed to flare. A small ruffle around the bottom further completes the fluffy effect.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

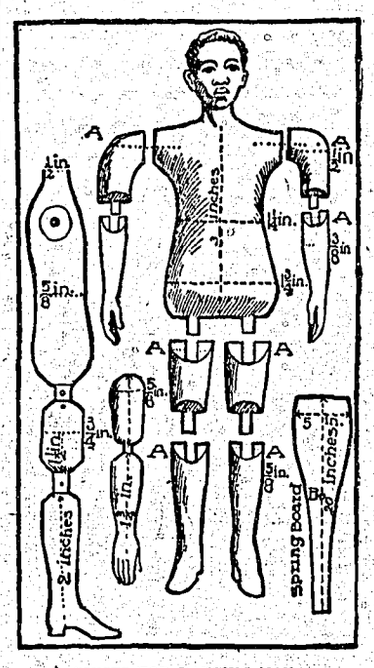
For Little Folks

A DANCING MAN.

How You Can Make One Out of Soft Pine Wood.

Get out your jackknives and see if you can make a dancing man.

Obtain a piece of soft pine and with your jackknife whittle out the sections as shown in the picture. The dimensions given are a good size to make them. When these are finished, put the joints together, being very careful to see that they work easily and that all parts move backward and forward at a little jar. Dotted lines marked A show pins which act as axles. The head, which should be a darky doll's, may be obtained at some doll store for a few cents.



PIECES FOR DANCING MAN.

When the man is completed, he may be dressed to suit your taste, being careful that his clothes are very loose. Then make a springboard of the shape shown in the picture three-sixteenths of an inch thick and fasten a wire in it at point marked B. Hold the man erect about two and a half inches from the large end, bend the wire up and secure it in his back, and then your dancing man is completed.

To make him dance sit on the small end of springboard. Tap on it, and he will at once begin to dance in a wonderful manner.

Game of Cable Dispatches.

A certain man went to Europe, leaving his family at home. He was either too indolent or too busy to write often. But he could not afford to cable long dispatches, so he wrote his wife that he would condense each into a single word by using only initial letters. The first message he sent was B R O W N. While he was congratulating himself upon outwitting the cable company by sending five words in one the family at home were distracted over their varying interpretations of the message. His daughter thought it meant "Bought ring on Wednesday night" and began guessing just what kind of a ring it was. His wife in her anxiety read it, "Big rain; out; wet; neuralgia." Other guesses at the intended meaning differed as widely.

In playing the game any word may be used instead of "Brown." Let the leader, who is supposed to be the traveler, announce the word, keeping the meaning to himself, and let each player write his guess of the intended meaning on a slip of paper. If there are prizes, the one who offers the nearest guess wins. The game may be varied by supposing that the message is sent to mother or son or to wife or to business partner or from some particular city, as London, Rome or Jerusalem.—New York Tribune.

Fool's Cap Scarecrow.

Holland farmers play a trick on the crows which keeps the thieving birds away from their grainfields. They make small cornucopias of stout paper, smearing the inner side with birdlime or some sticky substance. These are filled with a few grains of corn and stood about in the field by sticking the points into the earth. Down comes Mr. Crow, thinking himself in great luck to find so much corn ready for him. He tries to peck at it. Lo, a fool's cap sticks to his head. He cannot get it off. His friends are scared, too, as they see him scrambling and staggering about, for he cannot see which way to go. After he tears the sticky cap loose he vows that he will never go near that field again. This method of keeping crows away is better than shooting them, as they are at all times very interesting birds, and the damage they do to the growing corn is insignificant compared to the great good they do all through the year by destroying millions of injurious insects.

New York Newsboys' Lodging House.

On Chambers street, New York city, is located the Brace memorial, or the Newsboys' lodging house, erected as a home for newsboys by Charles Loring Brace. A visitor to this place says that when she entered early one morning she found two or three boys sweeping the dining room floor, several more making beds and still others with mops and pails washing the hall floors. A little later boys were found in the kitchen doing kitchen work, and other boys were setting table. On the top floor is a gymnasium, and here the little fellows spend most of their spare time.

The boys housed here have no other homes. They are taken care of for a small sum, 15 cents a day.

THE INDEPENDENT

VANCOUVER, B. C.

At the Throttle.

Far, far down the track is a dark spot, over which hovers a great cloud. The engineer sees it, hauls out his watch, glances at it, then resumes the business of looking out of the window. He was to meet an eastbound freight at that point. He did not know if the switches were in place; he did not know but the passenger train would dash into that freight and the death of many people follow. There was no way for him to know except that it was the duty of his fellow employees to see that the switches were right. He did not slacken his speed. Rapidly the huge mogul on the sidetrack loomed up. A roar and a dash, and No. 57 flew past the waiting freight, passing within three feet.

A man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like sweet bells which ring out sweet music and which, when touched, accidentally even, resound with sweet music.—Phillips Brooks.

ATLANTIC PULP AND PAPER COMPANY, LIMITED.

The prospectus of the recently organized Atlantic Pulp and Paper Company, Limited, is being sent out this week by the brokers, Messrs. Sutherland & Cameron, Ottawa. The capital stock of the company is $3,000,000, and its property is situated on the Little Cascapedia river, at New Richmond, on the north of the Baie des Chaleurs. Prospectuses and application forms may be had from any office of the National Trust Co., Limited, Toronto or Montreal, or Sutherland & Cameron, Brokers, Ottawa, Canada.

The man who cannot break the bonds of experience, but holds only to the region of sensible facts, may be an excellent observer, but he is not a philosopher, and can never reach the principles that bind the facts of science together.—Tyndale.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—After suffering for 7 years with inflammatory rheumatism so bad that I was 11 months confined to my room, and for two years could not dress myself without help. Your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT in May, '97, and asked me to try it, which I did, and was so well pleased with the results that I procured more. Five bottles completely cured me and I have had no return of the pain for eighteen months.

The above facts are well known to everybody in this village and neighborhood.

Yours gratefully, A. DAIRT.
St. Timothee, Que., May 16, 1899.

Not one life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not be purer and stronger thereby.—Owen Meredith.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

How small soever your lamp may be, never give away the oil which feeds it but always the flame which crowns it.—Maeterlinck.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

Use your gifts faithfully, and they shall be enlarged; practice what you know, and you shall attain to higher knowledge.—Thomas Arnold.

A DINNER PILL—Many persons suffer excrutiating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia.

The entire nature of man is the garden which is given him to cultivate.—Gladstone.

Love
Will catch the likeness of the thing
beloved.—H. Coleridge.

Your : Comfort

Is assured if you

TRAVEL

VIA

Canadian Northern Ry

Lowest Rates to all Points in the

EAST, WEST, AND SOUTH.

Daily Solid Vestibuled Train, with Sleeping Cars, to St. Paul and Minneapolis.

OCEAN STEAMSHIP TICKETS

Full particulars on application to any agent Canadian Northern Ry, or

GEO. H. SHAW,
Traffic Manager, Winnipeg.

If You Could Look

into the future and see the condition to which your cough, if neglected, will bring you, you would seek relief at once—and that naturally would be through

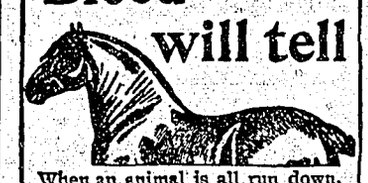
Shiloh's Consumption Cure

SHILOH cures Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Lung Troubles. Cures Coughs and Colds in a day. 25 cents. Guaranteed. . . . . .

Write to S. C. WELLS & Co., Toronto, Can., for free trial bottle.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the Blood

Blood will tell



When an animal is all run down, has a rough coat and a tight hide, anyone knows that his blood is out of order. To keep an animal economically he must be in good health.

DICK'S BLOOD PURIFIER

is a necessity where the best results from feeding would be obtained. It tones up the system, rids the stomach of bots, worms and other parasites that suck the life blood away.

Nothing like Dick's powder for a run down horse.

50 cents a package.

Leeming, Miles & Co., Agents, MONTREAL.

Write for Book on Cattle and Horses free.

Every day I see more how necessary it is to be consistent, uncompromising and gentle; but often, perhaps, when a word would not be borne, an act of forbearance or self-denial might be remembered in a cooler moment.—A. Hare.

HEALTH IN SPRING

NATURE REQUIRES ASSISTANCE DURING THESE MONTHS.

To Help Throw Off the Impurities That Have Accumulated During the Winter Months—Purgatives Should Not Be Used—It is a Tonic That is Needed.

In this climate there are many reasons why people feel all out of gear in the spring months. Perhaps the chief of these is the long hours in imperfectly ventilated offices, shops and houses during the winter months. You may feel that there is nothing serious the matter; you are only a little tired after slight exertion, or perhaps your appetite is fickle, or little pimples or eruptions on the skin show that the blood is not as pure as it should be. If you feel this way, not only your comfort but your health demands that you take proper steps to cleanse yourself of the blood impurities that are responsible for your condition. You need a tonic, blood purifier, nerve strengthener and general up-lifter of the entire system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People meet all these requirements more perfectly than any other medicine. These are tonic pills and not violent and weakening like purgative medicines. Nature does not require a violent measure in spring, but a helping hand to throw off the impurities which have accumulated during the winter, and so toning and strengthening every organ and function that a condition of perfect health will prevail. Everyone—old and young—ought to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the spring. There is no other medicine will do you so much good. Mr. James Salmon, postmaster, Salmon Creek, N. B., says: "Last spring I was feeling decidedly unwell. I was weak, dizzy at times, and continually felt tired. My appetite was poor and I was losing weight. I tried several medicines, but nothing did me any good until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and a few boxes of these made me feel like a new person. I would advise all who feel run down and out of sorts to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also effective in the cure of all diseases due to poor, thin, watery blood or weak nerves. Do not take a substitute for these pills—it is a waste of money and a menace to health to do so. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The only faith that wears well and holds its color in all weather, is that which is woven of conviction and set with the sharp mordant of experience.—J. R. Lowell.

MARKET REVIEW.

WHEAT.

Manitoba wheat has been dull all week. The cool weather we are having is causing apprehension that navigation at Fort William may not open so early as previously anticipated, and this has a great deal to do with the trading in Manitoba wheat at present and in the near future, as until the block in the wheat movement is relieved by shipments going east by the lake, the congested state of the traffic remains and gets worse, if that is possible. It is reported chat the first vessels of the season have cleared from Chicago. Prices have declined to the point where buyers do not care to buy, and holders are unwilling to sell. At the close of the week prices were No. 1 hard, 72½c; 1 northern, 69¾c; and 2 northern, 66¾c in Store Fort William, Port Arthur or Duluth, delivery first half of April, and ¾c over these prices for May.

Country Wheat—Market nominal, owing to bad roads.

Liverpool Prices—No. 1 northern spring wheat sold at Liverpool on Saturday at 6s 1d.

FLOUR-Ogilvies Hungarian Patent $1.95 per sack of 98 lbs.; Glenora Patent, $1.80; Alberta, $1.60; Manitoba, $1.40; Imperial XXXX, $1.20

MILLFEED—Bran, in bulk, per ton $14.50; shorts, $16.50. Delivered in bags, the prices are $1.50 higher.

GROUND FEED—Oat chop is quoted at $27 per ton delivered to the trade; barley chop, $22 per ton; mixed barley and oats, $25 per ton; oil cake, $27 per ton.

OATS—Sellers are asking 45 to 50c per bus. for seed oats; 35 to 36c bushel for feed grades in car lots on track in Winnipeg. Prices being paid to farmers at country points for No. 2 white oats range around 28 to 31c, Brandon rate of freight.

BARLEY—Supplies are light and the price has gone up 1 to 2c per bushel for feed barley, which is now quoted at 38 to 40c per bushel for suitable barley. Seed barley is worth from 40 to 42 cents per bushel.

HAY—The floods in the country districts have destroyed large quantities of hay, and the price has advanced accordingly. Baled hay is worth $6 to $6.50 per ton.

DRESSED MEATS—Beef, city dressed, 7 to 8c per pound; country, ½c under these prices; veal, 8 to 9c; mutton, 8c; lambs, 8c; hogs, 7½c.

BUTTER—Creamery—There is very little creamery to be had as milk is scarce and local factories are only making a very small quantity of butter, not enough for their regular customers. Winnipeg buyers are paying 24c per lb. net for their supplies at present.

BUTTER—Dairy—Wholesale dealers are paying 22 cents per pound, commission basis, for fine butter in tubs, bricks or prints; 16 to 18c for ordinary qualities, while seconds are only worth 10 to 12c per pound, and some of the receipts do not bring that much.

POULTRY—Fresh killed chickens 11 to 12½c per pound, delivered here; ducks and geese, 10 to 11c; and turkeys, 12½ to 14c.

CHEESE—Jobbers are getting 11½ to 12½c per pound for cheese. Stocks now in hand are from Ontario.

EGGS—The market is steady, at 12c per dozen, commission basis, which means 9 to 10c per dozen to farmers at country points.

POTATOES—Farmers' loads, delivered in Winnipeg, are worth 20 to 30c per bushel.

HIDES—No. 1 inspected hides, 6½c per lb. delivered in Winnipeg; No. 2, 5½c; No. 3, 4½c; kips and calves, same price; deakins, 25 to 40c; horsehides, 50c to $1.

WOOL—Market nominal.

TALLOW—The local price for tallow is 4½ to 5c per pound.

LIVE STOCK.

CATTLE—Beef cattle are scarce all over the country. Buyers are paying as high as 4¾c per pound for fat cattle for their regular trade, and the range of prices is 4 to 4¾c, according to quality, off cars here. Stockers are worth $14 to $16 per head for yearlings, and $18 to $20 for two year alds.

HOGS—The market is steady at 6c per pound for choice packing hogs delivered at Winnipeg.

In all contentions let peace be your object, rather than triumph; value triumph only as a means of peace.—Sydney Smith.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Every right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.

Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

The great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; it is an effectual medicine.

Mankind born in its lowest state has always discovered that Superior Mind acts in the universe.—Francis W. Newman.

Monkey Brand cleans and brightens everything, but won't wash clothes.

LUMBAGO CURED.

A SERIOUS CASE OF THIS PAINFUL DISEASE IS RESTORED TO GOOD HEALTH.

Satisfactory Improvement Leads to a Continued Treatment Which Results in a Complete Cure—An Interesting Story Which Will No Doubt Profit Anyone Suffering With Lumbago.

Holyrood, Ont., April 14.—(Special)—Mr. Bat. Pinnell, of this place, has for the past two years been a great sufferer with that most painful and stubborn disease—Lumbago.

The pain he suffered was almost beyond description and many were the medicines and treatments he used to try and get some relief. However, nothing he could find seemed to help him in the least, and he became very downhearted.

At last someone suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Mr. Pinnell, although very skeptical, thought he would make one more trial for a cure, and began to use them.

The first box did not do him very much good, and after he had used part of the second he began to feel a change for the better, so he kept on until he had used in all seven boxes, when he was delighted to find that every symptom of the Lumbago had entirely disappeared.

His general health is much improved and he fells better today than he has for years.

To say that Mr. Pinnell is pleased does not begin to express it. Only those who have suffered as he did with this very painful disease can understand the extreme satisfaction of one who has found a complete cure and restoration to health and strength.

Lumbago is a direct result of disordered kidneys, and should always be treated as a Kidney Disease.

Efforts to cure or even relieve by outward applications are invariably unsuccessful. Rubbing may in itself for the time being produce a little relief, but in order to secure a complete cure it is absolutely necessary to go right to the root of the trouble.

The Kidneys must be restored to their normal condition. This is just what Dodd's Kidney Pills do, and this done the lumbago very soon leaves, for without diseased kidneys there can be no lumbago.

If you wish success in life make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—Addison.

FOR EVERY MOTHER.

A Manitoba Mother Gives Practical Advice on the Care of Babies.

It is well known that nearly all infant troubles spring from a disordered stomach. Indigestion in a child will cause at first peevishness and sleeplessness, but other more serious troubles will follow fast, such as colic or cramps, constipation in some cases, diarrhoea in others, with fatal results in many cases. The mother who neglects having constantly at hand the means for treating these ills takes an awful risk. Mrs. R. L. McMillan, Logoch, Man., is one mother who is particularly well fitted to give advice on the care of babies. Her standard medicine for the minor ailments of her little ones is Baby's Own Tablets, and she says: "They are the best medicine I have ever used for infant ailments. I have given them to my baby for indigestion and stomach trouble and they are prompt and thorough in making a cure. No mother should be a single day without the Tablets in the house."

Baby's Own Tablets are for children of all ages, and will cure such troubles as constipation, colic, sour stomach, diarrhoea and simple fevers. They are invaluable for teething children, and will break up colds and prevent croup. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. Dissolved in water they can be given with perfect safety to a new-born babe. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

No law can be sacred but the law of our nature.—Emerson.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

The wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, and by which he is loved and blesses.—Carlyle.

No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adapted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

Affliction is the heaviest soil that patience has to furrow, but it is also the most fruitful.—James Buckham.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

A Common Dilemma.

"How do you like your new cook?"

"Ever so much, but I'm afraid to let her know it."

"Why?"

"She'd want more wages."

"Then why don't you appear dissatisfied?"

"Because then she'd leave."

A Sinecure.

Mrs. Flynn—An' phwat's yer son Moike doin' now, Mrs. Casey?

Mrs. Casey—Shure, Moike ain't doin' annything, Mrs. Flynn. He's got a government job.

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

Eddy's Parlor Matches

For Sale Everywhere

Try our Parlor Matches. They produce a quick LIGHT without any objectionable fumes. : : : : : : : :

THE E. B. EDDY CO., LIMITED, HULL, CANADA.

WHEN BUYING WHY NOT GET THE BEST?

STEPHENS' The Quality of the Oil Is the Life of the Paint

Made with Manitoba Pure Raw or Boiled Linseed Oil

PURE READY MIXED **PAINT**

PAINT FOR ALL PURPOSES

Sold and Guaranteed by MacPhail & Co., Vancouver, B.C.

MANUFACTURED BY

G. F. STEPHENS & CO., Limited, - - - - WINNIPEG.

IF YOU HAVE A FARM FOR SALE either improved or wild land, write us; we will sell it for you.

THE NORTHERN FARM LANDS CO., Bank of Ottawa Building, Winnipeg

EVERYBODY who plants seeds of any kind either in the home or market garden will secure the best results from using **SEEDS** from J. M. PERKINS, Seedsman, 220 Market St. WINNIPEG. 1902 Seed Annual free.

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"THE" ROUTE TO

Australasia And the Orient

CANADA'S SCENIC ROUTE

Travel by the C. P. R. and be assured of SOLID COMFORT.

First-class C. P. R. Sleepers on all through trains.

Through Tourist Sleepers -- the best.

Tourist Rates quoted to all points

East, West, South, The Old Country, The Orient, The Antipodes.

Those desiring information in regard to any part of the world reached by the C. P. R. or its connections are requested to apply to any C. P. R. representative or to

C. E. McPHERSON
Gen. Pas. Agt., Winnipeg.

Antiquity of Glass.

So far as research has been able to determine glass was in use 2,000 years before the birth of Christ and was even then not in its infancy by any manner of means. In the Slade collection at the British museum there is the head of a lion molded in glass, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty. This is the oldest specimen of pure glass bearing anything like a date now known to exist. The invention now known as "bleezing," the mode of varnishing pottery with a thin film of glass, is believed to date back to the first Egyptian dynasty. Proof of this is found in the pottery beads, glass glazed, found in the tombs of the age above referred to.

Quite Proper.

"I'm thinking of sending my little girl to the conservatory," said the woman next door. "All those tunes you hear her playing she picked up by ear."

"Then she ought to be," replied Mrs. Kostique.

"Ought to be sent, you mean?"

"No; picked up by the ear."—Exchange.

Nothing more exposes us to madness than affecting to make ourselves different from others, and nothing assists more to maintain our common sense than a life spent in the common way amidst general society.—Goethe.

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

Patience and strength are what we need; an earnest use of what we have now; and all the time an earnest discontent until we come to what we ought to be.—Phillips Brooks.

Totally Deaf.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear, and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I warmed the oil and poured a little of it in my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

The man is hateful to me as the gates of the death kingdom who hides one thing in his mind and utters another.—Homer.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

The Morals of Animals.

It may be questioned whether animals have any conception of morals as we understand the term, but in a general sense it would certainly seem that they have. In the social sense there is no doubt as to the answer. To take a well known instance, the ant family have evolved a most complicated social system which apparently works to perfection, and that is more than can be said for any human system. In order, cleanliness, care of offspring, provision for future wants and military discipline no civilized society can compare with theirs. They are slaveholders, it is true, but they treat their slaves with every kindness and consideration, and the warrior ants defend them in time of danger.

Another excellent example is furnished by the beaver. During summer it leads a solitary life, but at the approach of winter communities are formed, building operations commence, stores are laid up as soon as the dwellings are completed, and every individual of the community recognizes clearly that the interests of the family and the colony come first. In their family life they, in common with many other animals, offer an example which might well be copied not only by savages, but also by civilized communities.

Grief and Thrift.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich once received a pathetic letter in a feminine hand announcing the death of a little daughter and asking if he would not send in his own handwriting a verse or two from "Babie Bell" to assuage the grief of the household.

Aldrich sent the whole poem and not long after saw it displayed in the shop of an autograph dealer, with a good, round price attached thereto.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

One ounce of Sunlight Soap is worth more than two ounces of impure soap.

REDUCES EXPENSE

$5,000 Reward will be paid by LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration, or any injurious chemicals.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR 5

CORSETS

We have just opened a big shipment of CORSETS to retail at

50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25.

This is a special opportunity which will pay you to investigate at once. It is not a job lot of broken sizes, but a shipment of various kinds and in all sizes. Come and see them.

G. W. KENNEDY,
(Successor to Scott & Kennedy)
303 Hastings Street, Vancouver, B. C.

OXFORD... ...SHOES

Ladies and Gentlemen will find our stock complete.
We want your business.
Give us a call.

THE PATERSON SHOE CO., LD
301 Hastings St.

NEWS OF THE LABOR WORLD

The situation of striking machinists of the locomotive works at Kingston, Ont., is becoming acute.

Some 300 iron moulders and helpers in the C. P. R. foundry at Hochelaga, Que., are on strike. Their demand for a minimum rate of wages of $2.50 a day had been refused.

Last week all the gardeners and laborers at Spencerwood, the Quebec residence of the lieut.-governor, went out on strike and deserted their employment because higher wages have been refused them.

The annual convention of the Western Confederation of Miners will be held in Denver, Colorado, on May 26th. C. H. Towns, who attended the recent labor party convention at Kamloops, will represent the Phoenix Miners' union.

No settlement has yet been reached in the strike of the Structural and Architectural Iron-Workers, at Toronto. Ten painters who were at work on the grand stand at the Woodbine race course refuse dto work with a couple of iron-workers who could not show the union card. The strike lasted only a short while, however.

AMERICAN.

The union label won in an election at Terre Haute, Ind., a few days ago.

The Bartenders' Association of Greater New York is preparing for a general demand for a ten hour workday. A strike is threatened if this demand is not granted.

Mark Hanna has been invited to visit Chicago and unionize all newspapers refusing to employ union men and pay union wages.

None but union men are to be employed in the construction of the big printing plant of the International Correspondence school, at Scranton.

A State Federation of Labor has been formed in Oregon. A conservative estimate of all the men in the state affiliated with unions is 13,000.

William O'Brien, late president of Rossland Miners' union and John P. Hennessy are in Spokane from Butte. They report things in the great camp as being slow.

The Chicago Junction railway proposes to establish the largest provision, produce and fruit market in the world on its 200 acres on the south branch of the Chicago river.

Efforts to bring about a satisfactory adjustment of the differences between the union carpenters and Master Builders' association at Birmingham, Ala., have proved fruitless, and the indications point to a prolonged and bitter fight. The carpenters demand 35 cents an hour, and the builders have offered 30 cents, but refuse to go further.

The tinners of Fort Worth, Texas, are out, the employers having refused to sign their contract for the ensuing year. No advance in wages was asked and the men are at a loss to sign.

George F. Chapman, of Newark, N. J., will succeed E. P. Vining as general manager of the United Railroads of San Francisco. He was general superintendent of the North Jersey Street Railway company.

Butte labor unions will build a labor temple, which will be the finest structure of its kind in the country. It will provide a home for Butte unions under a roof raised by concerted action of the labor organizations of the city.

The fight against the Chinese is being taken up by the unions of Butte with renewed vigor and a determination that it shall not cease this time so long as one Chinaman remains to do the work that should be done by white labor.

A union will be organized by the employees of the Los Angeles Railway company and the Los Angeles Traction company. An agent is said to be here seeking to form a branch of the car operatives' union that succeeded a short time ago in winning the strike in San Francisco.

FOREIGN.

Maidstone is to petition for leave to construct a local tramway system at a cost of £22,150.

Visitors to the National Gallery numbered 478,346 last year and to the Tate Gallery 185,434, states a parliamentary return.

The system of official sweating in England has driven the telegraph operators and other post office employees to organize for the redress of their grievances in that government department, with an aggregate membership of 50,000.

A meeting was held under the auspices of the Lambeth Trades and Labor council to protest against the action of the Lambeth Borough council in spending £300 of the ratepayers' money in decorating Westminster-bridge-road for the coronation.

It is estimated that in Newcastle-on-Tyne there are about 10,000 people for whom better and healthier houses are needed. The corporation have a scheme on hand to deal with the matter. As a commencement three sets of buildings, accommodating 2,500 persons, will be erected in central portions of the city. The rents are to be 2s. 6d. a week for one room and 4s. a week for two rooms.

Herbert Spencer is now 82. He spent thirty-six years of his life (1860 to 1896) in elaborating his system of philosophy, which is described in ten volumes. Now, in his old age, he lives in Brighton and the state of his health practically prevents him from adding anything more to his famous literary output. Mr. Spencer is opposed to the war and three-fourths of the leading authors and philosophers of the country take the same view that he does of our South African policy.

The annual statistical report of the northern section of the Co-operative Union contains some interesting figures relating to the position of the co-operative movement in the North of England. The districts embraced in the section are Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and the North Riding of Yorkshire. It embraces 153 societies and a total membership of 246,071 and a share capital of £3,746,526. There are 7,159 hands employed in distributing societies and the amount paid in salaries and wages totals £418,495. The trade during the year reached £9,260,125, this being an increase of £638,342, compared with the previous year. The net profit amounted to £1,596,946.

The Salt of Life

is business. We want more of it. We'll get it if an out and out bargain will fetch it.

How is This

A two-quart Hot Water Bottle
or
Fountain Syringe
75c.

The McDowell, Atkins, Watson Co., Ltd. Liability
UP-TO-DATE DRUGGISTS.

TRADES UNIONS BILLS.

Following are the two acts respecting trades unions, submitted respectively by Messrs. Curtis and Martin, to the house at Victoria:

MR. CURTIS' BILL.

No. 10: An Act respecting Actions against Trades Unions and Kindred Associations.

His Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, enacts as follows:

1. This Act may be cited as the "Trades Unions Protection Act, 1902."

2. No trade union, whether registered or not, nor any kindred voluntary association of workmen, artisans, laborers or employers, shall be enjoined, nor shall it or its funds be liable in damages for any threat or act of intimidation or conspiracy made, done or caused to be made or done by any officer, member, agent or servant for any such act, if he would be otherwise liable in damages, or to be enjoined for the same.

3. No trade union or association shall be enjoined, nor shall any officer, member, agent or servant of such union or association nor any other person be enjoined, nor shall its funds nor any such officer, member, agent, servant or other person be made liable in damages for communicating to any workman, artisan, laborer, employee or person facts respecting employment or hiring by or with any employer, producer or consumer or distributor of the products of labor or the purchase of such products, or for persuading or endeavoring to persuade by fair or reasonable argument, without unlawful threats, intimidation or other unlawful acts, such last-named workman, artisan, laborer, employee or person, at the expiration of any existing contract, not to renew the same with or to refuse to become the employee or customer of any such employer, producer, consumer or distributor of the products of labor.

4. No such trade union or association or its officer, member, agent or servant, or any other person, shall be enjoined or liable in damages, nor shall its funds be liable in damages for publishing information with regard to a strike or lock-out, or proposed or expected strike or lock-out, or other labor grievance or trouble, or for warning workmen, artisans, laborers, employees or other persons against seeking or urging workmen, artisans, laborers, employees or other persons not to seek employment in the locality affected by such strike, lock-out, labor grievance or trouble, or from purchasing, buying or consuming products produced or distributed by the employer of labor party to such strike, lock-out, labor grievance or trouble, during its continuance.

5. This Act shall be retrospective in effect, and shall be considered as declarative of the existing law, but in the case of any action now pending against any union or association, or against any person, which is not maintainable on account of the passing of this Act, the defendants in such action, or any of them, may apply summarily within a reasonable time to the Court or a Judge for a discontinuance or dismissal of such action against the applying defendant or defendants, and shall be entitled to have such discontinuance or dismissal upon payment of the taxed costs of the plaintiff, or, where all the defendants do not apply, upon payment of a proportionate part of such costs, such proportionate part to be fixed by the Court or Judge. Where no such application for discontinuance or dismissal is made within a reasonable time, the action shall be tried and decided as if this Act had never been passed; provided, however, that where the action includes other causes of action outside of the purview of this Act, the action may be discontinued or dismissed, so far only as it is affected by the foregoing Sections 2 to 5 inclusive, and the costs to be paid shall, in such case, be varied accordingly as the Court or Judge may direct.

MR. MARTIN'S BILL

reads as follows:

No. 80: An Act to amend the law relating to Trade Unions.

His Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, enacts as follows:

1. No action or other proceeding at law or in equity shall be maintainable against any trade union, or against any persons in their representative capacity as officers or trustees of any trade union, for any wrongful act committed by any officer, trustee, servant, agent or member of such trade union in furtherance, or purporting to be in furtherance, of any strike, lock-out or trade dispute between employers and workmen, unless it be proved that the council, committee or other governing body of such trade union expressly authorised or were privy to such wrongful act.

2. For the purposes of this Act the term "trade union" means a "trade union" as defined by Section 2 of Chapter 131 of the Revised Statutes of Canada.

MISS M. C. WALTON.

For some weeks Miss Marianne Carr Walton has been suffering from a rather severe attack of influenza, but she is now convalescent, and hopes soon to be able to fulfil her various musical engagements. Miss Walton is a graduate of the famous Sainton-Dolby Vocal Academy of London and Boulogne, and was for six years a member of August Mann's choir of the Crystal Palace, which ranked only next to Sir T. Barnby's in all London. This modest little gentlewoman is well and favorably known in Vancouver for the purity and brilliancy of her voice, and for the intelligent interpretation and faithful execution of all she undertakes. She sings fluently and correctly in the five classical languages of music, has an extensive repertoire, and by competent judges is held to be the ablest exponent of oratorio and the more serious, that is the highest, class of concert music on the Pacific coast.

MAKE A MOTION AT THE NEXT MEETING OF YOUR UNION TO INSTRUCT THE SECRTARY TO COMMUNICATE THE NEWS CONCERNING YOUR CRAFT TO THE INDEPENDENT.

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.

CUSTOM TAILORS — TAILORS' UNION — ORGANIZED 1883 — JOURNEYMEN TAILORS UNION OF AMERICA — REGISTERED — UNION LABEL

Hunt, Cambie street.
Morgan, The Tailor, Granville street.
Dan Stewart, Cordova street.
Clubb & Stewart, Cordova street.
W. Murphy, Cordova street.
McRae & McDonald, Hastings street, east.
E. Larsen, Hastings Street.
J. Carrell, Cordova street.
Simon & Co., Cordova street.
Johnson & Higgins, Cordova street.
S. McPherson, Cordova street.

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

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.

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

That will do what a wood or coal stove can do.

That's the kind you want, isn't it.

Come in and we will show you how much you can save on your fuel bill and at the same time tell you how cheap they are.

VANCOUVER HARDWARE CO.
LIMITED.
339 Hastings Street.

SNIDER'S SHOE STORE
632 GRANVILLE STREET,
Carries a full line of
UNION LABEL SHOES.
The Union Label guarantees fair wages and good workmanship.
No scab labor.

If you wish your
PAINTING, PAPERHANGING, KALSOMINING, GRAINING, ETC.,
Done satisfactory try
GAULEY & DAVIS,
The Practical Painters,
410 Cambie Street. Opp. Court House

Gold at a Discount

Is no more a Bargain than a $65 Cleveland Bicycle at $45.

We have just a limited number of both Ladies' and Gent's Models—1901 make—regular $65.00 wheels, which go while they last at $45.00. This is the greatest wheel bargain in years.

Wm. RALPH, 126 Hastings St.
SOLE AGENT

M-u-r-a-l-o

This high grade WALL FINISH is in greater demand this year than ever. BECAUSE it mixes easier, works easier, looks better and lasts longer than any other finish manufactured.

Ask for the best and the best is MURTLO.
Made in twenty-four shades and white.
Sole Agents,
McLennan, McFeely & Co
122 Cordova Street., Vancouver, B.C.
Phone 44. Phone 1053.

Going Away?

The season of travel is here. Preparations are already making for the annual outing. Why not go away in style? A nice new TRUNK or VALISE or CLUB BAG or SUIT CASE makes a good impression wherever it goes—gives the owner an entree that is unmistakably cordial. Our trunk store at 127 Hastings street, opposite Ralph's, is filled with an assortment of Traveling Requisites that cannot be equalled in this city.

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.**

J. M. HENTON
Photo Engraver and Stereotyper.
Artistic Newspaper Books Catalogues Illustrated Advertising Cuts Estimates Given
152 Cordova Street Vancouver B. C.

What a Wreck.

Just on account of neglecting his eyes, the man in Davidson's window was brought to this. Let it be an example to you. Never put off till to-morrow when you should have a pair of spectacles to-day. Don't wait—have your eyes examined by our doctor of optics at once and get relief.

DAVIDSON BROS.,
The Jewelers and Opticians,
146 Cordova St.

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.

Table Cutlery

Just now we have some special offerings in Table Cutlery of all kinds.

Dinner and Dessert Knives and Forks.

Tea, Dinner and Dessert Spoons, and a full line of CARVERS.

This is a real Cutlery snap.

R. G. BUCHANAN & CO.
CROCKERY AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS,
Telephone 9-4-5. 409 Hastings Street.

We wash flannels perfectly—send them home sweet-smelling, clean and as soft as a baby's face.

PIONEER Steam Laundry
PHONE 346. 910 - 914 RICHARDS ST
DOWNTOWN OFFICE, No. 4 ARCADE.
WHITE HELP ONLY.

: GEO. HAY :
Vancouver's Pioneer Clothes Renovator, makes a suit new.
Dyeing and Repairing.
216 CAMBIE ST., VANCOUVER.

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

Meeting.

F. O. E.—VANCOUVER AERIE, No. 4, meets Wednesday evenings; visiting brethren welcome. Bert Parsons, W. P.; J. G. Ure, W. S., Arcade.