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VOL. 5. VANCOUVER, B. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1902. NO 24

TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL

There was a fair attendance of delegates present when President Lamrick called the Trades and Labor Council to order on Thursday night. Secretary Cross at his post as usual.

Communications were received as follows: Typographical Union; Team Drivers' International Union; Building Trades Council; Electrical Workers; Lord's Day Alliance; Federal Union, No. 23; Amalgamated Engineers; Samuel Gompers; Toronto Typographical Union; Moncton Iron Moulders' Union; Toronto District Labor Council.

The following credentials were received: Andrew McPhee and Hugh Campbell, vice J. H. Watson and A. Blain, Boiler-Makers' union.

The Record Foundry and Machine Company, of Moncton, N. B., the Council was informed, is opposed to organised labor.

PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

Your committee wish to report as follows:

There is a by-law coming before those electors entitled to vote on money by-laws on September 20th, and we think it is desirable for this council to put itself on record concerning the same, namely, The Hospital By-law. And this, in our opinion, becomes all the more necessary as we see the press in certain quarters are, as the saying goes, drawing a red herring across the trail in leading the citizens to believe that if they only pass this by-law we will have more hospital accommodation almost immediately, which is an entirely erroneous idea to convey to the electorate on this question. For the putting into force of the Hospital act simply means this: That the citizens of this city will hand over the control of the hospital to those who subscribe $10 per annum, and as soon as this newly-constituted board, over which we have no controlling power, subscribes $30,000 and decides to erect a new hospital to cost $80,000, then this city has to either give them in cash $50,000, or guarantee their bonds or debentures, as may be agreed upon at the time between the city council and the directors of the corporation of the Vancouver general hospital. So electors will please take notice, that it is not more immediate hospital accommodation they are voting for. But they are saying, that is, all those who vote for this by-law, we are not capable to manage our own affairs; we will therefore hand you over our hospital and give you the means annually to run this institution. And we do not desire to have any control over you at all, so long as you do not refuse to admit a citizen of this city who is a fit subject for hospital treatment, without a sufficient reason. And if you have no sufficient reason all that we can do is to have the council stop the $10,000 agreed to be paid annually to this board. Therefore, instead of writing editorials in favor of this by-law, let the press publish this hospital act, and let the people judge for themselves. But why does not the city of Vancouver publish all the act in the notice of the by-law given in the press. Who can vote intelligently on the information published in that notice. No one. How many of those electors entitled to vote for that by-law know that it puts the control of that institution forever beyond their control, pledges the city to an annual expenditure of $10,000 and $50,000 to the erection of a new hospital, not now, although we need it, but as soon as this new board subscribes $30,000. And all this is handed over to this irresponsible board as far as the citizens are concerned. We believe a new hospital is required at once. We also believe it is the duty of this city to provide the funds to build and equip it at once. In the same manner as we acquired the site on which to erect it. But we do not believe in doing this and handing it all over to a board that is not in the management of the hospital directly responsible to the citizens, that is to say, a body elected by them. Therefore we believe it to be the duty of all men entitled to vote on this by-law to vote solidly against it. All of which is respectfully submitted by your committee.

Report adopted.

The Labor Day committee reported that affairs in connection with the celebration had not entirely been adjusted, and a full report would be made later.

The city council will be requested to have a competent driver put on the city ambulance in place of the infant now occupying the position.

The following committee was appointed to arange some form of entertainment, to be announced later: Messrs. Gothard, Rollings, Brand, Blackstock and Wilson.

A hearty vote o fthanks was extended to the author of the articles and the World for its good advertising of Labor Day.

A hearty vote of thanks was extended to Secretary Cross, who bore the burden of the work on the Labor Day committee, and appreciation for his work was expressed on all sides.

FROM VICTORIA.

A local union of the boilermakers' helpers has been formed. The following officers have been elected: President, George Nell; vice-president, Dan. Beaton; secretary-treasurer, J. C. Walters. A committee will attend the next meeting of the Boilermakers' union to discuss the matter of the affiliation of the organization. The International Boilermakers' and Iron Shipbuilders' Union will be communicated with in

The Typographical Union have given instructions to J. D. McNiven, the union's delegate to the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress. They were to support the principle of international unionism, and to oppose the affiliation of the Central Trades and Labor Council of Montreal with the Dominion Trades and Labor Council. The Central Trades and Labor Council of Montreal are charged with attempting to disrupt unionism in that city. On the matter of compulsory arbitration the delegate was given a free hand to support or oppose the principle.

Representatives from eight unions, whose members work along the waterfront, have decided to form a federation. D. J. Kelly was elected president.

THE PITHEAD VOTE AT NANAIMO.

The result of the vote was to determine whether or not the Nanaimo Miners' union should or should not continue affiliation with the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada. On Tuesday the vote was taken at No. 1 pithead, where the votes for No. 1 and Protection shafts were polled. The result was 181 for affiliation, and 176 against.

On Wednesday the vote was taken at No. 5 shaft, and resulted in a tie, 56 for and 56 against.

Thursday the committe went out to Harewood and took the votes there. When all the Harewood votes had been polled the ballot box was brought into town, opened and the votes counted, which showed a vote of 23 for and 24 against.

These totals added together made the result 260 for and 256 against.

The ballot box was then nailed up, and taken out on Commercial street, where active opponents of congress were busy rustling votes among those who had failed to vote at the pithead.

These votes were placed in the ballot box and when counted proved to be 8 plumpers against affiliation. These votes the committee decided to count, and declared the result of the ballot as follows:

Against affiliation..	264
For affiliation..	260
Majority against affiliation..	4

STRIKE SETTLED.

The machinists' trouble, which took place last week at the Vancouver Engineering Works, has been settled satisfactorily to all persons concerned. The men were out on strike for 36 hours, at the end of which time the company agreed to sign the schedule as asked for by the men. It recognizes the International Association of Machinists as a body. Everything was done in a straightforward business way.

Labor unions have formed the nucleus for every organized effort for more liberty. They have battered every throne and compelled it to concede to the workers more rights. They will yet form the core of the movement to give the world industrial liberty.—Ex.

The labor press will not begin to be the power it should be until the people in whose interests it is published begin to show it a little of the difference and respect that they now bestow upon the press of their opponents.—Ex.

LABOR DAY AT NANAIMO.

Labor Day was fittingly celebrated at Nanaimo on last Monday. Two trains left Victoria, with about 1,000 passengers. And a like number left Vancouver per the steamers Joan and Yosemite. With ideal weather for the occasion everything passed off well. A procession in the morning after the arrival of the excursionists from other places, followed by a programme of sports on the green in the afternoon, and a mass meeting in the opera house in the evening, comprised the day's attractios. The city was well decorated by the merchants and the floats, which were a conspicuous part of the procession, showed a remarkable amount of work in many instances. There were not many union workers on parade, the local miners' union turning out very small. Six bands had places in the procession.

Professor Miller, at the conclusion of the sports, made a successful balloon ascension.

On the Caledonian grounds a very interesting football match also took place between the navy players and the Ladysmith-Extension team. At the conclusion of the time no goals had been scored, and although the game was prolonged twenty minutes it remained a tie with no goals scored. Vancouver intermediate lacrosse players also defeated Nanaimo.

The mass meeting in the opera house in the evening was presided over by Ald. Hodgkinson, president of the local Trades and Labor Council. The speakers were: J. Lamerick, president of the Vancouver Trades and Labor Council; Mayor Manson, J. H. Hawthornthwaite, M. P. P., President R. Smith, of the Canadian Labor Congress, President Chris. Foley, of the Provincial Progressive Party, and E. T. Kingsley, a socialist lecturer.

The committee should be congratulated upon their work.

MUST ENFORCE THE ALIEN LAW.

The Crow's Nest Coal Company is playing the Judas in awful style. Having made a treaty with the men, it is violating the spirit and principle of the settlement by importing aliens from Pennsylvania. The Western Federation will take the strongest kind of measures to have the alien law enforced, and it will soon be seen if the government which willingly filled Fernie with policemen when the miners were breaking no law will now fill the jails with directors when the coal company brazenly breaks the law and scoffs at the authorities. If laws are to be enforced against the miners they must be enforced against the millionaires, or the laboring men of British Columbia will know the reason why. There cannot be one set of statutes for the miners and another for the moneyed men. The mucker is as useful a citizen as the millionaire and should be equal before the law.—Paystreak.

CONSERVATIVE MASS MEETING.

A notable mass meeting will be held on Tuesday night in the opera house, and we suggest that everybody interested in the public questions of the day should attend. Although we differ very materially in the public policy put forth by the leaders of the Conservative party, yet we must respect the men and recognize their ability as such. The speakers will be, among others: Mr. R. L. Borden, K. C., M. P., D. Monk, K. C., M. P., and E. F. Clarke, M. P.

HOW MOTHER JONES STIRS COAL STRIKERS.

Here are several extracts from one of the speeches with which "Mother" Jones electrifies coal miners:

"Judge Jackson wanted to put an injunction on my tongue; but I am 60 years old, and no man has ever got the better of me yet."

"It is just part and parcel of the war being waged against our class. Do you know what the Philippines were bought for? As a place to exile us to when they get the power over us they want. You are in a battle of that war now."

"What we're fighting is not capital, but capitalists! When the fight is won this third element will be missing, and capital and labor will be joned without separation."

Then, presently, she refers to the tendency in some places to return to work:

"If I find out that any man here gives in and goes back to work I'll raise an army of women, and we'll march on the mine and snake him out by the heels. After all our pain and sickness and trouble we don't intend to see you settle your condition on our children. Perhaps you think of us only as those who get your dinner pail ready in the morning, and put on the liniment and bandages when you come home hurt. But you'll see, you miserable, whimpering, paltry apologies for men, if you ever say: 'Mary Ann, you better get my overalls out for the morning as I must go back to the mines.'

"Why should you think you must go back and work when the whistle blows? Does the operator own you? Has he any mortgage on you? If not, why should you want to yield in this battle? You ought to die first. You should starve first. I call upon the women, the mothers of the children for whose future fortunes we are making sacrifices—I call upon them to hunt out the weak-kneed men and rub strengthening liniment on them."

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

The San Francisco Labor Council is actively pushing the demand for the union label on brooms.

The Contractors' Association of San Francisco has granted the cement workers to raise in wages, to begin on September 29.

The San Francisco Labor Council has endorsed the boycott of the Leather Workers against the Wagner Leather Company, of Stockton.

Every labor paper on the coast reports unusual additions to the membership in the various unions.

The oil well drillers of Kern county, near Bakersfield, are organizing a union, which will probably be known as Oil Well Drillers' Union of California.

More operators are leaving the employ of the Western Union Telegraph company, as a result of the arbitrary decision of the company to discharge all union men. The Telegraphers' Union is gradually strengthening its forces despite the hostility of the Western Union.

Licensed officers of sailing vessels have decided to organize an association to create and maintain a standard of wages and to secure a betterment of the condition of the sailing masters and mates. The organization will be similar to the existing association of masters and pilots of steam vessels.

After a fight of 48 hours the union plasterers a few days ago smashed a trust formed by the employing plasterers and backed by the material men. The men demanded $6 a day and the rescinding of a clause providing for members of the Master Plasterers' association. The employers conceded everything.

The 250 Chinese sailors who were brought here from the Orient under contract to work for the crew of the Korea were not permitted to land nor to go aboard the American steamship. They will be deported to China or Japan. The original order allowing them to land in San Francisco was based upon misrepresentations made to the department at Washington, presumably by the Pacific Mail Steamship company.

"MOTHER" JONES.

"Mother" Jones was born in Cork, Ireland, fifty-nine years ago. She had to flee with her father to America when he became concerned in some political agitation for freeing Ireland. She was then eight years old and the flight made a great impression on her mind. The family went to Toronto, Ontario, where she was well educated and early began to develop a talent for debating which has never deserted her. As a young woman she attended public meetings for the discussion of all sorts of subjects. She taught for a time and then married George Jones, a molder and a union man. As a wife she did much to encourage his union, and she got other women interested. She can claim some credit for the founding of the women's auxiliaries, which are now a feature of many labor organizations. After six years of married life her great sorrow came, yellow fever taking her husband and four children within a week. Then she first took an active part in labor matters and soon developed into a full-fledged agitator. She has fought Chinese immigration in California, has studied labor conditions in England, Ireland, Germany, France, Austria, Canada, and in every state in the Union, has worked in the cotton mills of the south to secure practical knowledge of conditions and then fought for their improvement, labored during the great strike in Chicago and marched with Coxey's army.

THE SINGLE TAX.

(By M. Davidson.)

It is but seldom nowadays that one is reminded of Henry George, "the Prophet of San Francisco," and his anti-landlord theories, and yet George was a great man—one of the very greatest I have ever known—who did a great work in his too brief day, and might have done ever so much more. But in his world-renowned work, Progress and Poverty, he made the fatal blunder of attempting an economic defence of usury, and never could be got to acknowledge his error. He even went so far, in his perversity, as to pen a monogram on Moses, of rare insight, but without the slightest allusion to the Hebrew lawgiver's anti-usury enactments!

Still George has his devoted followers and the labors of the English and Scottish Land Restoration Leagues and of the Land Nationalisation Society—which would not have existed but for the fascination of the man and his writings—cannot fail to be of lasting benefit to mankind, however far off the "single tax on land values" may seem to be for the present. The darker the outlook the greater the merit of spreading the light.

Corrupt Oligarchies.

And dark enough, in all conscience, is the outlook. De we find parliament busying itself with beneficial schemes for removing burdens from the back of the weary, heavy-laden toiler? On the contrary, we find it hard at work, not in imposing further taxes on the lords of "unearned increment," but in divesting those who "toil not neither do they spin" of righteous obligations of immemorial antiquity. The late Salisbury government actually succeeded, by its Agricultural Rating and other lands acts, in increasing, in a single session, the capital value of landed property to the extent of £70,500,000 at least, every penny of which is a mortgage on honest industry!

Had the same thing been done by the Sultan of Turkey, every journal in the kingdom, liberal and conservative alike, would have denounced his lawless rapacity. But here, in this vaunted fatherland of parliaments and free institutions, all things are done "decently and in order." You are robbed, but robbed in strict accordance with "law and order." There is, therefore, nothing for it but "grin and bear it." Lord Salisbury could point to his ample mandate from the British working man, at last general election, and you were dumb. He was as much the master of the situation in his and our day as ever was Cecil in the despotic era of the "Great Eliza" or of the "British Solomon." The power of kings has indeed waned somewhat, but there is little abatement of the malign influence of landlordism. The grip of the Norman garrotter is still tight on the throat of the Saxon serf, and, as matter of history, it has tightened rather than relaxed ever since the kings lost control of the barons, at the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, and still more conclusively since the revolution settlement of 1688.

Rent.

In the corrupt and reckless reign of Charles II. the nobles undermined the nation's immemorial and very considerable interest in the soil by divesting themselves of all their feudal obligations and appropriating, by gross abuse of their legislative functions, powers and privileges which had no previous existence. Nevertheless, in 1692, in the reign of William and Mary, the ancient land tax was reimposed, to the extent of 4s. per pound, in recognition of the onerous conditions under which lands were originally held from the crown as trustee for the people. It was called a "tax," but it was really not so. It was the nation's poor little reserved interest in its own territory—its rent. It has all along been fraudulently evaded by the aristocracy by sticking to the valuation of 1692 instead of true annual value, and now the government, by reduction and by the grant of redemption facilities, has practically wiped it out altogether under our very eyes! Our little remnant of "land nationalisation" is gone, and no effective protest has there been from any quarter!

At last, indeed, the "classes" may congratulate themselves that now is consummated the nefarious conspiracy to rob the nation of its most precious possession, hatched by their ancestors in the convention parliament of 1660. And as for the "masses" they may console themselves with the reflection that there is nothing new or exceptional in these high-handed proceedings on the part of their "betters." As the workers to-day are afflicted, so assuredly were their forefathers.

To put down liberty in America and Europe, in case the contagion of revolutionary ideas should spread to Great Britain, the "classes" incurred a "debt" called "national"—159 persons at the time returned 306 members to the house of commons!—which, in 1815, when peace was at last proclaimed, amounted to more than £1,000,000,000! In feudal times the land bore the cost of all wars and there was consequently no possibility of incurring "national debt." But the landlords, as has been seen, have completely legislated themselves out of their feudal obligation to defend the country and hence it came to pass that, not later than 1842, there were no fewer than 1,200 articles in common use subject to most grievous war-begotten taxation.

The government of the "classes" robbed the "masses" right and left, but its hand was heavy indeed on any of its victims who might attempt a little petty larceny on their own account. In 1810 you were hanged for stealing 5s. or 5s. worth, and down to 1839 sheep-stealing was a capital offence. When Bentham and Romilly began to denounce the more than Draconian severity of our criminal code, in the beginning of the last century, there were no fewer than 223 offences (nearly all against property) systematically and callously visited with the halter. The Anglican bishops habitually expressed unbounded belief in the efficacy of the gallows as a moral agent and denounced secular instruction as calculated to foster the growth of infidelity among the "masses." And there is no essential change. The "classes" are still "at it," as with their priestly reason-destroying education bills, and will continue at it, till they are eradicated from the body social, root and branch. They cannot be "mended;" they can only be "ended."

The Plague of Landlordism.

And two magnificent changes have we had of effectually staying the plague of landlordism in our day, and both we missed, through foul treachery, I firmly believe. The first occurred when the house of landlords menaced the franchise bill (1884). Then it was that Gladstone was supposed to have given the word for the destruction of the hoary aristocratic iniquity when he told us that "being in the quarrel he would so conduct himself that the enemy should fear him." The country responded with unbounded enthusiasm, and the G. O. M. held the "lords" in the hollow of his hand and could have crushed them like an egg-shell, for never was there such a chance providentially afforded us of crushing the cockatrice of landlordism for ever, but his party willed otherwise.

The other great mistake was by Charles Stuart Parnell. Had that immensely forceful personage but elected to remain in Kilmainham a few months longer and let the "No Rent Manifesto" do its work completely, the impotence of the Irish administration with every "resource of civilization" to back it would have been made manifest to the whole world. You can neither evict nor imprison three-fourths of a nation in order to please a handful of robber landlords, mostly absentees. But Gladstone and Parnell made the "Kilmainham treaty" between them, and again the cause of suffering humanity was defeated.

No wonder, then, that the lords, with their sons and nephews swarming in the commons, having escaped such perils without the least mishap, are now displaying a confidence in evil-doing, such as they have never ventured to exhibit since the reform act of 1832. For the present, alas, there is but one hope for us, and it is a poor one, that their lordships will outrageously overdo their part and arouse the sleeping dogs of democracy once more. What would not one give to have the legislation of the session put to the referendum? One would then be able to see how far representation represents, and, peradventure, even the eyes of the strictest sect of Fabian Pharisees would be opened.

FREIGHT HANDLERS WIN.

The trouble of the freight handlers at Indianapolis, Ind., with the Big Four Railway company has been settled, and the men will continue to work during the coming year under the agreement that their president, who was discharged, should be reinstated and shifts made at the freight house so as to diminish Sunday labor.

UNCHAPERONED

By Helen Riemensnyder.

"How long ago did you hear it? And where?"

"A few weeks ago. Late one night down by the shore. Now let us drop the subject."

"Do you mean to say you go to the shore alone at night in this awfully lonely region?"

"Well, I suppose it is not quite wise. But I do it."

"You need a nurse, Miss Rankin, to keep you out of mischief—you really do! Or a guardian. A guardian would be better. Or better still, a very masterful, domineering husband, who would lay down the law to you. But about that queer woman—I understood well enough what I heard between her and Dr. Forney! I think," she said impressively, "that she has a claim upon him! And she begged him to let her have their little child and ——"

"'Their child?'" Mira repeated, a puzzled, troubled tone in her voice which of a sudden set Forney's heart to beating thickly as he heard it. "Is that woman his wife?"

"Oh! You everlasting little goose!" laughed Florence. "Of course not. He never would have married such a woman!"

"But you said 'their child.' What are you implying?" she asked, turning her eyes full upon her companion. 'No—I do not believe it! I do not believe any evil of Dr. Forney!"

"But just wait until I tell you what I heard, and you will not champion your hero so enthusiastically—for 'facts is stubborn things,' you know, and ——"

"But appearances are deceitful, too, you know, Miss Hale, and I am sure there must be some explanation of what we have both heard, that would clear Dr. Forney."

"But my dear innocent, you must not think that to have had just one affair of this kind in his life, he would have to be a perfect villain! Why, I have been told," she added confidentially, "that about every man has ——"

"I do not believe it—any way, I don't believe it of Dr. Forney! I believe he is a good man. I am sure there must be some explanation of these strange things we have seen."

"But what makes you so sure that Dr. Forney is perfectly infallible?"

"There are some people that I believe in so completely that no amount of testimony could make me think evil of them– nothing but their own confession. And even then, I should feel there had been palliating circumstances. And Dr. Forney is one of the people in whom I have faith. He has given me a glimpse, once or twice, of his better, nobler self—and I trust him."

"Well, I know as well as you do, that he is awfully good. But I am not so—so pig-headed, my dear, as to deny the evidence of my eyes and ears. At any rate, as I said, I do not at all think that a man is a heavy villain just because he has had a few love affairs in his time with women away beneath him."

"As for this woman we are talking of, she seemed to me to be an educated woman," Mira said, "so perhaps she is not beneath him socially. But, Miss Hale," she added earnestly, "you do not understand Dr. Forney, if you think him capable of playing with his conscience in the way you hint of. He is a man with high standards and noble ideals and ——"

"Oh!" ejaculated Florence. "Those are just the expressions he is always getting off—'standards' and 'ideals,' and that kind of thing! I get so sick of it! But, indeed, Miss Rankin, when you have lived a while longer and have seen more of the world, you will not feel such perfect confidence in anyone; you will grow wiser."

"A doubtful wisdom—to lose faith in people," Mira answered gently. "I heard a sermon once, by Doctor Everett, Dean of the Harvard Divinity School, in which he said (as nearly as I can recall), 'The man who trusts in nothing, who prides himself upon his shrewdness, declaring that nobody shall impose upon him—this man imposes upon himself; he is so sharp that he cheats the man whom he boasts that nobody can cheat, namely, himself. He cheats himself out of the luxury of doing good, out of the luxury of free and open-hearted intercourse with his fellowmen, and of all that makes life worth the living. Charity believeth all things. A dupe, is it? I ask you which is the greater dupe, the charity that believes all things or the selfishness that believes nothing. There are knaves in the world, there are superstitions in the world, there are deceivers and deceived; but one who lives as if these were all, loses the good and invites the evil. Before the cold gaze of suspicion, hearts close themselves as the sensitive flower closes beneath the cloud.' There," she concluded with a laugh, "I have preached you nearly the whole sermon!"

"It seems to me," objected Florence, "that it is simply green to trust people so. I don't trust many people! But I'll tell you what I think about you—you are awfully in love with Forney!"

Forney here suddenly sat up with a start and rubed his eyes. He was near the edge of a short, steep slope of woodland, and he realized at once that the voices came up from the little valley at his side. He drew himself forward a few feet and glanced down. Yes, there they were, sitting under the huge trees—Miss Hale and Miss Rankin! Was he awake or dreaming? He was uncertain.

"Now, aren't you in love with him?" Florence was demanding.

"No!" cried Mira. "Why, I hardly know him."

"You seem to think you know him very well, when you refuse to believe the very strongest evidence against him!"

"But I would not waste time," said Mira, "falling in love with a man who was in love with some one else."

"Do you imagine he is in love with me?" Florence asked, in a tone of interest.

"I am pretty sure of it," she answered. "And yet," she added, leaning back, resting her cheek on her hand, and looking at her companion thoughtfully, "I am sure you and he cannot possibly be very congenial. You are too different."

"Oh, as to that," Florence returned with a shrug, "that is nonsense. Because no matter how congenial you imagine you are before marriage, you are sure to get bravely and beautifully over it when you have been married a little while."

"You are very young," Mira said gravely, "to have such misanthropic views of life."

"Do you call that a 'view of life?' I am acquiring quite a new vocabulary from associating with you and Dr. Forney. Tell me," she said abruptly, "don't you think there is something very stand-off about the doctor? He is the only man I ever met, with whom I am not entirely at my ease. Don't you think he makes one feel constrained?"

"I can see that he would have that affect upon some people. He doesn't upon me. On the contrary," she said, smiling, "he makes me communicative. I do not feel cramped when I am with him, as I do with many people; I am able to take long, deep breaths in talking to him! He gives me space to live'!"

Florence looked at her curiously. "You are awfully different from most girls. And I am perfectly sure that you are in love with Dr. Forney'!"

"You do not know me," said Mira. "I should need a lot of encouragement before I could summon up enough boldness to fall in love with a man! And I have not had any from Dr. Forney, you know!"

"Well," returned Florence, "Dr. Forney aside, don't you know, child," she said patronizingly, "that really the girl has got to make the advances in an affaire du coeur? It is the men that need to be encouraged."

"Dear me! What have we here? A new woman? What would your aunt say to such a 'view' of courtship as that?"

"But indeed it is true. You have got to meet most men more than half way, or they get discouraged."

"I wish that had been my experience of the sex in some cases," Mira answered with a sigh. "It seems to me it does not take a girl five minutes to make a man suppose she is in love with him, and it takes about five years to convince him that he is mistaken."

Up to this point, Forney's rather dazed and half-awake state of mind, his surprise in discovering the girls in his neighborhood, and his interest in their discussion of him and his affairs, had so rooted him to the spot where he lay, that the realization of his part as eavesdropper had not been borne in upon his consciousness. Now, however, he suddenly came to himself, and recognized his duty, for he was full awake by this time, he cautiously rolled himself away from the edge of the slope, collected his hat and book, and quietly stole away.

"Now, how much of all that," he asked himself, as he slowly walked off, "did I dream, and how much did I really hear?"

CHAPTER XV.

For certain reasons, the conversation which Forney had overheard between Miss Hale and Miss Rankin made his role of stoical avoidance of the latter seem very difficult to him. He was not, however, a man to yield to an inclination which he had decided to overcome. Therefore, when one evening, three days later, he found himself strolling on the beach with his little friend at his side, he told himself that it was against his will that he was there with her, and that he had, in fact, come away from the cottage and walked to the shore purposely to get away from her, and thus avoid the temptation that possessed him, to act out in full measure the great yearning of his heart towards her. Thy had met by accident and to the surprise of both. Forney would not however, accept this turn of affairs as a Providential indication that his resolve was an unnecessary self-denial. On the contrary, his face, just now, showed a strengthening rather than a weakening of his purpose. If circumstances combined their forces to render his part difficult, he would, nevertheless, overcome circumtsances, and not let them overcome him. His manner to Miss Rankin was reserved (as it had been whenever they had come into contact in the past few days), and his countenance was gloomy and cold. She was looking perplexed, and a trifle chilled at his strange demeanor. He had grown to dread that innocent perplexity with which she sometimes regarded him, as the strongest assault which his resolution was called on to resist.

She was passing fair to night, he thought, as she walked at his side. She was dressed, as usual, very simply, in white, and somehow, the immaculate purity of her attire, seemed expressive of her character; her soul was as unspotted as her robe—a scroll on which the world, as yet, had left no mar nor blemish. That it would continue pure, though tried by fire, he could not doubt; but that it would come forth unscarred from its ordeal—could he hope for that?

"Have you seen your protege, today?" he curtly asked.

"I was with her and the children all the afternoon. She is doing so well."

"Yes, she will be quite well in a week or ten days. The tumor was fibrous, but I think we cleared out the fibres pretty well."

"It was a horrible operation, though," she said, shuddering. "I saw the wound this afternoon."

He smiled. "It was really a most simple one. Evidently you are not used to illness."

"I never saw anything like this before. How long did it take to do it?"

"Three minutes to the second, from the time my knife touched the flesh ——"

"Oh! hush! It is hor——"

"To the instant when I cut the thread after sewing up the wound."

"You are cold-blooded! I think you are heartless!"

"You are too squeamish—you must get over that."

"You are not in good humor, are you? You have not been for quite a long while."

"Is that why you have been avoiding me the last few days?" he suddenly asked, and then was instantly surrised and provoked at his own question.

"I avoiding you?"

"I never meet you when I go to Mrs. Ryan's," he said, "no matter what hour I choose for my visit. Do you hide behind a tree while I am in the cabin, and come forth only when I am gone?"

"You have seemed to hate me so the last few days, you know," she calmly answered, "that I have considerately kept out of your way, when it did not inconvenience me too much."

"'Hate' is a very strong word," he said, and his effort at reserve made his manner stiff. "I hope you use it metaphorically."

"No. Quite literally."

"You do not understand me."

"I wouldn't be presumin' to', as the Scotch wife said to her husband when he asked her if she had understood the sermon preached at their kirk by a learned London divine."

"Will you be serious for a moment,—just for a moment, until I have—congratulated you."

What for?"

"You may well ask me what for. I would write a big interrogation after the 'congratulate.' Perhaps I had better amend it, and say condole with you—on your coming into possession of a fortune."

"Perhaps 'condole' would be the better word. I have spent some sad hours since I have owned that money."

"The day I found you weeping and wailing in the woods—was that grief on account of your many millions?"

"Yes."

"And your 'great responsibility'—and the 'problems' that have troubled you this summer—the Nevada uncle explains it all?"

"Yes. You see," she said, in a grave, low voice, "it is no small task to have to dispose of so much money in the very best way. And then I have wondered, until I have grown weary with wondering, how I ought to spend my life in order to make the money do as much good as possible."

"Not how you might use it in order to get the most fun out of it?"

"Of course I have planned a great many selfish delights, too. I shall travel, and I shall study music with the best masters that money can command. And I shall go to all the Symphony Concerts in Music Hall in Boston."

He smiled at this last item, so amusing did it seem to him that she could consider it an extravagant indulgence.

"Have you had no one to advise you as to the management of your money?"

"No one. That is why it has been so hard."

"Have you planned your future life definitely?" he asked.

"Not very. Edna Howard and I think we shall travel together. She is my most intimate friend."

"The one to whom you wrote the letter which you sent to me by mistake?"

"Yes," she said, blushing.

"Will you tell me now what you had intended to tell me in the anonymous, typewritten letter you meant to send me?"

"I had written to ask you to take Mrs. Rayn's case, offering to pay you what Dr. Traine would have charged."

"I thought so," he said, smiling. "Now," he added, "do you and Miss Edna Howard propose to travel about the world alone?"

"Edna's brother will go with us."

Forney felt a sudden, jealous dislike of Edna's brother."

"And is he your most intimate friend, too?"

"Clarence Howard?" she asked laughing. "I know him pretty intimately."

"Will he be an agreeable addition to your traveling party?"

"Delightful. I should not be willing to go without him."

"I hate him. I wish he and your millions were both in the bottom of the sea."

"I have often wished that about my millions," she said, gravely. "But I think it is cowardly and lazy of me to be unwilling to assume the care and use of the money. As for Clarence Howard," she asked, looking up at him, "what have you against him?"

"I don't know. I dislike him instinctively. I know I should despise him if I met him. What is he? A lawyer, a preacher, a doctor, or what'?"

"I guess he's what, as yet—seeing he's just ten years old."

"Pshaw! Why did you give me such a shock for nothing? Now I, love the lad. I want to give him a present. Has he a bicycle? I'll send him one."

"Tell me", she said, turning a puzzled glance upon him, "why should you wish to drown all my money in the sea? Pray, what harm did it ever do you?"

"I liked you better when I thought you were poor. There is something about you," he said, moodily, "which I am afraid money will steal from you. It is your rare unworldliness, little girl. I wish you might keep that forever. But I do not see how you are going to manage to, amid the new experiences of the world and of socitey which wealth will be sure to bring you. From one thing I pray that you may be guarded—and that is, a fortune-seeking husband. You could easily be taken in, you know."

"I think," she said, in a very quiet voice, "that I shall never marry."

"Most girls say that 'about once in so often' before they do enter the holy estate. But you are not very much given to saying things you do not mean. Therefore, I don't like to hear it from your lips. Because, you know, if you should adhere to the resolution, some man would miss a magnificent wife — a magnificent wife!"

"A poor adjective to apply to me, I should say. There is nothing 'magnificent' about me."

"Oh, yes, there is. Your abundant hair, for instance."

"It is like my money—too abundant for comfort. I never can keep it neat—I mean my hair. I have an unchristian feeling of vindictiveness towards people with tidy-looking heads, because I am always sure they are disapproving of my tumbled chignon. Now, just see this!" She raised her hand and tried to capture some short, wavy locks that the wind was blowing across her face. "These horrid, short things are the bane of my life."

"They are adorable!" he exclaimed, and impulsively his own hand was lifted to smooth the gold-brown hair from her eyes. "There is something untamed and wild about them, like your own little self; this same self," he sadly added, "which is destined, I fear, soon to lose its native wildness and become a cultivated hot-house flower."

She had started at the touch of his hand upon her forehead, and as he looked at her in uncertainty as to how she would take such a liberty, he saw that her face was flushed and her eyes shining like stars.

"You are an enigma to me, tonight," she said; then she turned to him impetuously: "A few days ago, we clasped hands as friends. It really meant something to me; because I have so few real friends. I am very much alone in the world. And mine is a nature that needs friends—I can not bear heart-hunger! Now did our little sacrament—it was that to me—mean nothing to you? Why have you been so—so different since—since you heard of my miserable old money? Tell me."

He did not answer. When she looked at him, his lips were compressed, his brows contracted, his face very white. He seemed to be exercising a great restraint upon himself. His silence hurt her to the quick.

"Pardon me—I am sorry I asked you—I was foolish!" she murmured.

"You make my duty very hard for me!"

The voice was constrained,—almost husky. She regarded him with wonder.

"Little friend—dearest friend I have ever known among women!" he said, "do you indeed need my friendship and my ——"

The sound of carriage wheels on the sand behind him, made them both start and turn.

"Oh! Heigho!" called Miss Hale: and two prancing horses suddenly drew up beside them. Miss Matthews and her niece were having an evening drive along the beach.

"Do get in and come with us, won't you? Plenty of room for both of you!"

"Will you come?" he asked her.

"Thank you, no. I am on my way back to the cottage."

[CONTINUED.]

No Fun In It.

"And do they never quarrel?" asked the girl in white.

"Never," replied the girl in blue.

"Then what's the use of being engaged?"—Chicago Post.

Not Her Fault.

"I heard the master complaining to the cook that the eggs he had for breakfast were not fresh," said Mr. Cochin China to his wife.

"They were fresh when I laid them," replied Mrs. Cochin China tartly.—Detroit Free Press.

An Idol With Diamond Eyes.

It is a curious fact and one scarcely known outside of Russia, and there hardly ever mentioned, that the famous Orloff diamond was once the right eye of the great idol Serringham in the temple of Brahma. This precious gem was stolen at about the beginning of the eighteenth century by a French soldier who had made a pretense of being converted to the Hindoo religion in order to gain the confidence of the priests and admission to the temple. The Frenchman first sold the diamond for £2,000. On the next turn it was bought by a banker of Constantinople for £12,000. The banker kept it until 1774 and then sold it to the Russian empress for £90,000 and a life pension. The gem has been in the Russian royal family ever since. As it is now set in the imperial scepter of Russia it presents a flattened, rose cut surface and weighs exactly 194½ carats.

Vanity Tickled.

During the early excesses of the French revolution a rabble of men and women were rioting in the streets of Paris. Lafayette appeared and ordered a young artillery officer to open fire upon them with two cannon. The officer begged the general to let him try first to persuade them to withdraw.

"It is useless to appeal to their reason," said the general.

"Certainly," answered the officer, "and it is not to their reason, but to their vanity, I would appeal."

The officer rode up to the front of the mob, doffed his cocked hat, pointed to the guns and said:

"Gentlemen will have the kindness to retire, for I am ordered to shoot down the rabble."

The street was cleared at once, for none could brook the idea of being classed with the scum of the city.

Why He Wasn't Impressed.

The following story is told of a garrulous victim of the Johnstown flood of 1889, who when he reached paradise ascended a cloud that served within the pearly gates as a rostrum and undertook to thrill his new made acquaintances among the shades with an account of the disaster through which he had passed. He was interrupted by a gray bearded old man in the group. "A mere bucketful—a mere bucketful!" the old fellow piped. "Don't waste so much time talking of a small affair like that!"

The Johnstown man resented this and hunted up St. Peter, of whom he asked, "Who is that old codger who seems to think our flood such a trifling matter?"

"That?" said St. Peter. "Why, that's Noah!"

A Church In Wales.

Wrexham parish church is known as one of the seven wonders of Wales. It dates as a structure from the fifteenth century and is cathedral-like in its proportions. A "chained" Bible, now kept under lock and key, is among the curious relics, and beside it is a handsomely bound "visitors' book," sent by the students of Yale university, United States, for the use of Yale students visiting the church. In the churchyard is the tombstone of Elihu Yale, with its quaint epitaph. The soldiers' chapel, which is entered through an exquisite arch, has a beautiful memorial window to the Welsh fusileers who have fallen in battle.

Won't Stay Retained.

This notice appears on a Flushing steamboat: "Passengers should obtain a receipt for all provisions taken on board this boat and are requested to retain the same."

Easier said than done! It reminds us of the old Limerick:

There was a young man of Ostend
Who said he'd hold out till the end,
But when half way over
From Ostend to Dover
He did what he didn't intend.

Hedgehogs and Eggs.

Some years ago, not being able to account for the disappearance of eggs, a wire cage trap was set in a fowl run. After a little time this was occupied—not by a rat, but a fine hedgehog filled to its utmost capacity the trap. It was reset, to be filled in a few days by Mrs. Hedgehog! No more eggs were missed.—London Times.

Rebuked.

Higgins—How is it you are always idling about? I never see you when you have anything to do.

Wiggins—The fact is, it takes so much of my time looking after other folks' business I have none left for looking after my own. Don't you find something like the same trouble yourself?

Poor Closets.

"And, you see, there are plenty of closets," said the flat owner, showing a lady through the apartments.

"Do you call those closets?" replied the lady. "Why, gracious me, they're not big enough to even keep our family skeleton in!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Remembers the Kindnesses.

"He says his proudest boast is that he never forgets a kindness."

"That's right. He never does forget one that he does you, and he won't let you forget it either."

Proof Positive.

"Looney is no judge of human nature at all."

"Why do you say that?"

"He has such sublime faith in himself."

His Failing.

"He always has an excuse ready."

"Yes; he believes more in good excuses than in avoiding the necessity for any excuse."

An affectation is the attempt of poverty to appear rich.

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He—You are worth your weight in gold, dear.

She—Oh, that's old. Give me something new.

"What shall it be?"

"Say I'm worth my weight in beef."—Yonkers Statesman.

Double Vision.

Judge—Have I not seen you twice before under the influence of liquor?

Defendant—If you were in that condition, your honor, you probably did see me twice.—Philadelphia Press.

THE TELLTALE THUMB.

Its Marks and Lines and Its Signal From the Brain.

A tremendous amount of nonsense has been written about thumb marks. It is claimed that the curious skin configuration on the ball of the thumb is never the same in any two people and that it never changes. The first statement is correct, and the same thing can be said of the lines on the palm and the creases on the bottom of the feet. But the assertion that the thumb marks never change throughout life is a decided exaggeration. The alteration may come from a variety of causes—anything, in fact, that will destroy the outer layer of skin.

Another modifying cause is the tendency of the thumb to develop little horizontal creases as one grows old. This is especially true of mechanics and other working people who use tools, and eventually the creases will break up the lines to such an extent that it is equivalent almost to a rearrangement of the pattern. Specialists in nerve diseases by an examination of the thumb can tell if the patient is affected or likely to be affected by paralysis, as the thumb signals this long before it is visible in any other part of the body. If the danger symptoms are evidenced there, an operation is performed on what is known as the "thumb center" of the brain, and the disorder is often removed.

No matter how carefully the individual may attempt to conceal incipient insanity, the thumb will reveal it infallibly. It is the one sure test. If the patient in his daily work permits the thumb to stand at a right angle to the other fingers or to fall listless into the palm, taking no part in his writing, his handling of things, his multiform duties, but standing isolated and sulky, it is an unanswerable confession of mental disease.

POULTRY POINTERS.

A dark comb is an indication of a congested state of the system.

Land that dries quickly after a rain is well adapted to poultry raising.

When one does not care to raise chickens, it is better on the score of economy to keep the layers without cocks.

See that the hens are well developed and not too fat. Mate them to males also well developed, and the chicks will be all right.

When the hens are too fat, reduce them in flesh by giving them shorter rations and give more bulky and less fattening food.

Fowls appreciate good food as well as other animals, but it is unwise to limit them to one kind, be it ever so good or wholesome.

Crude petroleum thickened to a proper consistency with red or brown mineral paint is good to use on the outside of poultry houses and other farm buildings.

Bone and grit of some kind are an absolute necessity to fowls confined in small yards and unable to supply themselves with these little items always obtainable by birds at liberty.

Unnecessary Suffering.

How much wretchedness and misery there is in the world! Do you add to it or do you try to help those with whom you come in contact? Every time you speak, every time you act, you add to some one's happiness or misery. On which side do you throw your influence? Your opportunities may not be great, but do you ever cause unnecessary suffering in a world wretched enough at best? It is worth thinking about. Do you say cruel things when you might say things that would be kind? If you have the habit, doesn't it sometimes occur to you that you should quit it? The writer of this has been thoughtless many times, but as he grows older he tries very hard to avoid giving unnecessary pain.

Fate Wouldn't Supply Funds.

A woman left her husband a short time ago, giving as a reason for it that she had consulted an astrologer and been told by him that it was her destiny to be a great woman, but that in marrying she had committed a serious error. As long as she remained with her husband she would fail to achieve the greatness fate intended for her. She stayed away from home only four weeks, however.

"I see you doubt the astrologer's interpretation of your destiny," said her sister.

"Not in the least," replied the woman, "but neither the astrologer or fate provided the money, and as I had to give up money or fame I chose to sacrifice the latter."

The Love of Nature.

A real love of nature is one of the most valuable possessions which you can have, since it will continue to afford you happiness as long as you live. But in order to have this love you must get it while you are young—while you still have leisure to give it first place in your thoughts. Nature must be your first sweetheart or she will not be your sweetheart at all.

Didn't Reckon Foreigners.

It was a little boy in an American Sunday school who in reply to his teacher's question, "Who was the first man?" answered, "George Washington," and upon being informed that it was Adam exclaimed, "Ah, well, if you are speaking of foreigners, perhaps he was!"

Forgiving and Forgetting.

"Woman," said the crusty person, "may say that she will forgive and forget, but she will never let you forget that she forgave."—Baltimore American.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

One Inventor Has Accomplished It by Harnessing a Cyclone.

It was during the portion of his career when he lived in the valley of the south fork of the Big Sunflower river that Henry Plymshaw, the inventor, made his most notable invention. This invention had to do with cyclones.

One afternoon Inventor Plymshaw saw a splendid specimen of a funnel cyclone coming over the prairie, and he called to me and said he would go out and study it, since it was evident that it was going to one side. The instant the cyclone sighted us it came straight in our direction. We weren't prepared for this exactly, so all we could do was to run. We were just on the point of giving up when a most extraordinary thing happened. Curious thing. Sort of natural too. And there it was. Only one leg, and that down a fifty foot well in the middle of a sheep pasture. If it had had two legs, no doubt it could have scrambled out, but it couldn't make it with one. Couldn't do anything except revolve. And it did do that. I never saw a cyclone revolve like that one. Mad apparently because it had missed Plymshaw and me and got caught. So it just buzzed around like a top. Nothing in the world to stop it.

Most men—mere men of action—would have been satisfied at getting away and not having to revolve with the houses and lots, but not Plymshaw. No. He got to thinking, and what was the result? Put a belt around the stem of that cyclone just at the top of the well, set up a dynamo, strung wire and ran all the machinery and electric lights in that part of the country. Regular Niagara for power. Going yet. Nothing to stop it, you see. Wonderful what a thing mind is!—H. V. Marr in Harper's Magazine.

A DOMESTIC EXPERIENCE.

The Reason One Woman's Cook Was Dissatisfied With Her Place.

"This is a queer age we live in," sighed a young housekeeper. "We've just lost a very good cook for a very absurd reason, I think. She came to us about four months ago and was satisfactory in every way—neat, industrious, respectful and last, but foremost, an excellent cook.

"As she was so very quiet I could not tell whether or not she was as well pleased with us as we were with her, but about six weeks ago the trouble began. She asked me suddenly one day why we entertained so seldom.

"'Ella,' I said, 'we don't care to entertain except a few choice friends now and then. It costs more than we can afford, and we really don't care for it.'

"'Your house is just as handsome as anybody's,' she went on. 'Other people that I've lived with entertained all the time, and their houses weren't near as pretty or as nice as yours. You never have anything but a club meeting once in awhile. Why don't you have teas and receptions, Mrs. Blank?'

"I reiterated my two reasons—that we couldn't spend money in that way and that we preferred simple amusements. Ella didn't seem satisfied, but the matter was dropped. Last Monday she asked to spend a week at home with her sick aunt, and, as I couldn't well refuse, she departed. Today I received a postal card from her couched in these words:

"Dear Mrs. Blank—My aunt is better, but I'm not coming back. I've got a more stylish place."

Three Rules For Fishing.

One day as the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse of London was strolling along a river bank he saw an old man fishing for trout and pulling the fish out one after the other briskly. "You manage it cleverly, old friend," he said. "I have passed a good many below who don't seem to be doing anything."

The old man lifted himself up and stuck his rod in the ground. "Well, you see, sir, there be three rules for fishing, and 'tis no good trying it if you don't mind them. The first is, Keep yourself out of sight; the second is, Keep yourself further out of sight, and the third is, Keep yourself further out of sight still. Then you'll do it."

Didn't Know Her.

"What has become of Miss Blank, who was always such a favorite in your set?"

"Her father failed some weeks ago, and all they had was sold at auction."

"Poor thing!"

"And now they have to live in a little house in the suburbs."

"What a change! How she must feel it!"

"Yes. She is so much changed that even her best friends would not recognize her. I met her in the street today and did not know her at all, poor thing."

Matched Puzzlers.

"Papa," said the inquisitive youngster, "why is it that people rescued from drowning are always saved just as they are going down for the third time?"

"Why is it," returned the father, "that a small boy always picks out unanswerable questions to ask?"

Not One of His Traits.

"A Darwinian, are you?" said Slopay argumentatively. "Then you don't believe we were made of dust."

"I don't believe you were," replied his tailor. "Dust settles occasionally, you know."

Misunderstood.

Borrowell—Here's that dollar you loaned me last week.

Wigwag—What's the matter? Didn't you like it?

A SERMON TO SUIT.

The Folks Who Paid For the Discourse Got What They Wanted.

Many Maine people who live in a certain part of Cumberland county will well remember one Abner—so he was always called in his town. Abner was the wit of the village, and he was commonly selected to take charge of funerals because he was about the only man in town who had time hanging on his hands. A citizen died, a man who never amounted to much, who was never positively wicked, because that would have required more of an effort than he was willing to make. He was, however, far enough from being a good citizen, and Abner knew it as well as anybody else.

Abner was requested to ask a certain minister to conduct the service, and he hitched up his old horse and drove to his house. The minister said he would attend and then tried to get a little information concerning the late lamented.

"What sort of a man was he?" he asked.

"Well, about the same as no sort of a man at all," replied Abner frankly.

"I suppose his loss will be deeply felt in the community?" said the minister.

"They're all bearing up well under it," said Abner slowly.

"Was he a Christian?" asked the minister.

"If he'd been accused of it, the verdict would have been not guilty and the jury wouldn't have left their seats," replied Abner cheerfully.

"Did he attend church?" asked the minister a bit anxiously.

"I never heard of his doing it," said Abner.

"How did he die?" continued the minister.

"Just the same as he lived, sort of naturally," said Abner.

"I don't see how I'm to preach much of a sermon under such circumstances," said the minister.

"The neighbors all said they didn't think they wanted much of a sermon, and so they sent me over to see you," said Abner.

The minister pocketed his wrath and a five dollar bill, and after the funeral the satisfied Abner said, "Well, we got just what we wanted, b'gosh."

POULTRY POINTERS.

Game chickens have more meat in proportion to their height than any other breed of fowls.

When the chickens are growing fast, it is a good plan to mix a little bonemeal in their soft feed.

Smearing whole wheat with kerosene or turpentine and feeding it to the chickens is a good remedy for gapes.

Adding some carbolic acid and putting on hot will secure much better results from the whitewashing of the poultry house.

While it is at no time advisable to keep food of any kind before the fowls all the time, it will be an advantage to keep milk where they can drink all they want.

Fowls do not run together in large numbers. They will always divide into flocks of small size and will select different feeding grounds, always provided they have the opportunity.

A growing chicken, like a growing animal, requires plenty of good, wholesome food supplied liberally and often in order to enable them to grow and mature rapidly and to develop properly.

There Was a Limit.

"I am glad they moved away," remarked the good housewife, speaking of a family of borrowing neighbors who had just left the neighborhood. "I was willing to lend them a loaf of bread occasionally or half a dozen eggs or the washboard or the lemon squeezer, but when they got down to sending the little girl over to borrow pennies to give the organ grinder I began to think it was nearly time to draw the line; and, to cap the climax, one day they actually asked me to come over and take care of the baby while they went out to do the shopping!"

Uncertain About Her Age.

A Boston servant, like many of her class, does not know her age. She has lived with one family eleven years and has always been twenty-eight. But not long ago she read in the newspaper of an old woman who had died at the age of 106. "Maybe I'm as auld as that mesilf," said she. "Indade, I can't remimber the time when I wasn't alive."

An Exchange of Courtesies.

"No, suh," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly, "I nebber sold my vote to nobody."

"But that candidate gave you $2."

"Yassir. I doesn't deny dat. He jes' come along an' gimme dat two, an' when a gemman comes along an' gives you $2 foh nuffin' it ain't no mo' dan common reciprocity to vote foh 'im foh nuffin'."

What She Says.

"A man can't tell whether a girl means what she says," he remarked thoughtfully.

"Of course not," she replied. "If he thinks she does, why she just naturally doesn't the moment she finds it out, and, if he thinks she doesn't, why she does."

Cruelty.

Bill—I hear a man in town was arrested today for cruelty to animals.

Jill—Is that so?

"Yes; the fellow had a tapeworm, and he refused to feed it."

Light mortals, how ye walk your life minuet over bottomless abysses, divided from you by a film!

THE LABOR DELEGATES.

Sir Alfred Jones' Men Are Now Beginning to Turn In Their Reports—What One Says of Canada.

Some little time ago Sir Alfred Jones sent at his own expense a number of influential British labor delegates to Canada and the United States to investigate for themselves conditions and methods of labor. These delegates were selected from thousands of applicants, and they have mostly returned now. No order of tour was observed. Each man went independently of the rest, visited those places most likely to be of use and interest to him with reference to his own particular work, and portioned out his time himself. The reports made by these ambassadors of toil are being collected, and will shortly be published in book form. Advance notices of the book have begun to appear.

One of the first to avail himself of Sir Alfred's generosity was Mr. Abraham, better known as "Mabon," whose influence with miners all over Britain is perhaps greater than that of any other individual. "Mabon's" references to Canada will interest readers.

"No ambitious youth need go elsewhere," is his verdict, says The London Express. "Canada, to enrich itself, wants thousands of sons of toil, with a little capital to enable them to hold out for a year or two, so as to allow time for the maturement of crop and stock. Then would that great country enrich the toilers in return.

"The Canadians are a nation of workers," he says. "Those of them who have acquired positions of wealth and leisure have done so through hard work. They have for their capital very good health, and they seemed to me also to be very happy and highly contented, having congenial homes and an exceedingly brilliant sky."

The coal prospects of Canada attracted him very much. "Sydney, Cape Breton, is one of the most favored regions in creation. . . . Nature, both above and below ground, has been kinder and more propitious there than in any place I have been.

"It is more than probable that the exigencies of travel and trade will call into being a new route: that Canada, and possibly the United States, will make this Sydney their port of call and departure, and then it will become the real connecting link between the two worlds."

HON. M. H. HERBERT.

Sketch of the Man Appointed to Succeed Lord Pauncefote.

The Hon. Michael Henry Herbert, who has been promoted from the post of First Secretary of the British Embassy in Paris to succeed Lord Pauncefote as British Ambassador at Washington is in his forty-fifth year, having been born on June 25, 1857. He was the fourth son of the Right Hon. Sydney Herbert and of Lady Herbert of Lea, who is the author of a number of works of travels and biography. His brother Sidney is the fourteenth Earl of Pembroke and the eleventh Earl of Montgomery and a Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household. An elder brother was the thirteenth Earl of Pembroke. The Hon. Michael Henry Herbert entered the diplomatic service in June, 1877, and went to Paris two years later as an attache. In 1883 he was made second secretary at Paris, and was transferred to Washington in 1888, where he acted as Charge d'Affaires for four months following the withdrawal of Lord Sackville. He was promoted to be Secretary of Legation in 1892, when the Venezuelan dispute was in progress, and was British agent for the commission which settled the boundary. The succeeding year he was transferred to Constantinople, and was Charge d'Affaires in the absence of Sir Philip Currie at the time of the Armenian massacres. For the skill he displayed in this emergency, he was made a Knight Commander of the Bath. In 1897 he was made Secretary to the Embassy at Rome, and was transferred to Paris in August, 1898, when he was appointed a Minister plenipotentiary in the diplomatic service. In 1888 Mr. Herbert was married to Miss Lelia Wilson, a daughter of R. T. Wilson, of New York, and a sister to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr.

Wise Distribution of Time.

Once when dining quite by chance with Dr. Creighton, the late bishop of London, at a certain club Lord Rosebery remarked: "Ah, my lord bishop, what a nuisance this dining is! Two things I absolutely dread—a long dinner and long sermon. I think that a sermon and a dinner, however good either may be, ought never to last more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes at the most."

"Well, well," said Dr. Creighton musingly, "could we not arrange matters this way, my lord? Knock, say, ten minutes off the sermon and put it on to the dinner."—"Men of the Moment."

An Army Almanac.

Some years ago during one of its Egyptian campaigns the British army was suddenly startled by a total eclipse of the sun, for which the troops were not prepared. To prevent the possibility of another such surprise, which might have had grave consequences, the British war office decided to have an almanac regularly produced for the army's guidance. Such an almanac has been published regularly since that time.

The Guest Turned.

A gentleman staying with a vulgarian, was much irritated by his host's habit of telling what this, that and the other thing cost.

The crisis came at luncheon. "This salmon," said the novus homo, laying the knife affectionately upon a lordly fish, "cost 8 and 6 a pound—8 to 6 a pound!"

"Did it?" answered the exasperated guest, and, holding out his plate, he added, "Just give me another 9 penn'orth."—London Globe.

UPSET THEIR PLANS.

The Story of a Hurry Call For a New York Ambulance.

A young physician tells an amusing experience of the days of his ambulance service. A hurry call was received one day, and he with the ambulance was dispatched with great haste to a tenement in one of the poorer parts of the city. He climbed several flights of stairs and found at the top a family gathered in a dismantled room, surrounded by their goods and chattels, evidently ready to move.

The patient had been burned, the doctor knew, but he failed to discover signs of one until the mother of the family explained that she was the victim and amiably volunteered the information that she was ready to go to the hospital at any time. She was a remarkably healthy accident case, and the young physician explained that he would have to make an examination and learn the true nature of her injuries before taking her off.

She demurred somewhat wrathfully at this, but finally uncovered one arm, where was to be seen a bad but not serious burn of a week before. It was not a burn requiring hospital treatment, and the doctor departed, a severe tongue lashing from the would be patient following him as he hurried down the stair, glad to get off with nothing more serious.

The woman's wrath had good cause, he found upon inquiry. The family had been dispossessed, and it had been decided that the husband and children should go for a time to one of his relatives, while the wife would seek refuge in the hospital. In this way they would tide over their troubles, but the doctor's unforeseen refusal to play his part had upset their plans seriously

HELPING OUT THE HERO.

A Realistic Scene That Was Not Down on the Playbill.

In the old days, when a certain Texas city was not exactly the charming place it is now, I was playing in "Monte-Christo" to a crowded house. All afternoon the cowboy of his type of the day had been coming into town for the performance. I could see him well in evidence in the front row of the balcony, his skin jacket shining and his pistols glistening in his belt. The arch villain was facing his fate in the final act, and I spoke my lines, "Your time has come." Suddenly a cowboy stood up in the front rank in the balcony, drew his pistol and drew a bead on the villain of the piece. "If you don't fix him," rang out his voice, "I will!"

There he stood ready to put the threat into execution.

"Kill me quick! Kill me quick!" cried my fellow actor under his breath, trembling at the prospect of a more realistic end from the gentleman in the balcony. But the joke was too good a one for that. I prolonged the duel as much as possible, but presently the arch villain took his first plausible opportunity to expire at my feet.

"That's right; served him right. If you hadn't done it, I would!" came approvingly from the voice in the balcony.

But that circumstance lessened my chances to get any one to play the part later. Actors would come to me for an engagement in the villain's role and ask, "Are you going to play in Texas next year, Mr. O'Neill?"

"Yes."

"Thank you!"

That would be the end of it, for each would say, "Good day!"—James O'Neill in Saturday Evening Post.

A True Poem.

How hard it is to tell what makes a true poem, a lasting poem! When one asks himself what it is, how many things arise, how hard to narrow the list down to a few things! Is it beauty? Then what is beauty? One meets with beautiful poems every day that he never thinks of or recurs to again. It is certain that without one thing there is no real poetry—genuine passion. The fire came down out of heaven and consumed Elisha's offering because Elisha was sincere. Plan and build your poem never so deftly, mankind will not permanently care for it unless it has genuine feeling. It must be impassioned.—John Burroughs in Century.

The Supreme Test.

"You may be a clergyman," said the railway dignitary to the stranger who had applied for a half fare permit, "but you haven't furnished me sufficient evidence of it. How do you pronounce M-e-l-c-h-i-z-e-d-e-k?"

"Mel-kez-e-dek," promptly responded the stranger.

Without another word the railway man made out the permit.

The Way Out.

"How did you ever manage to get out of buying your wife that opera cloak that she wanted so much?"

"Say, Bill, that was easy. I told her that I would buy it for her on her thirty-fifth birthday and asked her to let me know the time."

Culture.

She—But you must admit that society in our village is all the time becoming more cultured.

He—Yes. I hear that at the minstrel show instead of end men they advertise "superior terminal facilities."

Every one ought to know his Shakespeare, for the plays constitute, on the whole, the foremost textbook which our race has given to the world.

You can't be mean and happy any more than an apple can be sour and sweet.

SUPERSTITIONS AT SEA.

Quaint Notions Still Prevail Among the Older Mariners.

It is a mistake, according to a well known young naval officer, to suppose that the sailors of our present navy are free from superstition. "I remember," he said, "only [illegible] years ago when I was in the training ship that the old salts there were as full of old superstitious beliefs as any of their ancestors could have been.

"When at sea in a dead calm, the swaying of the masts in the motionless atmosphere sometimes causes a peculiar wailing sound like distant cries. This, the old seamen assured us, was the moaning of the souls of sailors lost at sea.

"Another one of their pet beliefs is that all sailors that die by drowning are at once transformed into Cape Horn pigeons, or, as they are also called, Mother Carey's chickens. Officers are supposed to find their reincarnations in sea gulls and mews, while the big, solitary albatrosses, following the wake of passing vessels, are the souls of captains who have gone down with their ships. These are the reasons why sailors never kill these birds.

"I remember that these tales impressed me a great deal in those days when I was still a mere boy. On one occasion I was sitting in the forecastle on my watch below, chatting with the boatswain's mate, a real old timer, when our conversation was interrupted by a low wail of agony, louder than that usually produced by the wind. We listened in a deep, awed silence.

"'Boy,' said the boatswain's mate, 'ye hear that? That's a seaman's call wot's been drowned.'

"Again the wail disturbed the silence.

"'Yes,' said the old sailor in an anxious whisper; 'that's some old salt wot's lost his life on board this vessel. Likely he's come for something he's forgot.'

"After awhile I ventured out on deck. The wails were coming from the roof of the forecastle. I climbed up and there found the captain's little son tugging away at the cat's tail, which the poor animal was resenting with the full power of its lungs."

GENIUS AT WORK.

Sarti, the musician, composed only in darkness.

Bossuet worked in a cold room, with his head warmly enveloped.

It is said that Schiller, before composing, put his feet in cold water.

Gretry, to animate himself when composing, breakfasted and took coffee and then applied himself day and night to his piano.

Guido Reni painted with much pomp. He dressed himself magnificently and had his pupils attend him in silence ranged around him.

The historian Mezeray would work only with a candle, even at midday and in midsummer. He never failed to wait on his visitors, even to the street, with a candle in his hand.

Jeremy Bentham jotted his ideas on little squares of paper, which he piled upon each other, and this pile of little papers stitched together was the first forms of his manuscripts.

Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Rubens, passed from the chisel to the pen or the brush. The change rested them from the preceding work, and thus during long life they accomplished marvelous works.

Former Perfumes.

Our forefathers were great people for scents and perfumes, fragrant herbs and spices, and the astonishing amount of seasoning they put with the simplest dishes prepares one for almost any combination. When to make a cherry tart they found it necessary to make a sirup of cinnamon, ginger and "sawnders" and to add rosewater to the icing, one can imagine how they set to work to cook a cormorant. Perhaps if we remind our readers that many chambers were provided with "drafts" which occasionally required cleaning and that rushes took the place of carpets they will realize one of the reasons for the use of perfumes. "Sweet waters" were occasionally sprinkled under the rushes in great houses or for revels or on the mattresses and bedding.

Playing Wagner Upside Down.

A London paper tells a story of Wagner in the days of his youth and poverty calling upon Rossini in Paris and noticing "a little composition" of his own on the piano rack. The reply of Rossini when it was pointed out to him that the music was upside down was perhaps hardly up to the best form of "the polite Frenchman." "You see, I found it sounded better that way."

Bill Nye's compliment to Wagner was in a happier vein. He told the great composer that he had no doubt his music was really much better than it sounded.—London Speaker.

Sweet Sympathy.

Mrs. Youngwed—Yes; Mr. Youngwed didn't feel at all well this morning, so I just made him stay home from the office.

Mrs. Naybor—Indeed! I notice all your carpets are up and your back shed's painted and—

Mrs. Youngwed—Yes; I got Mr. Youngwed to do all that while he was home today.

More Than Tragic.

"You played nothing but tragedies," said the friend.

"They were worse than tragedies," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes as he stopped figuring his expense account. "They were financial catastrophes."

When hope looks backward, it is transformed into regret.

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SATURDAY.....SEPTEMBER 6, 1902

INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION.

The Industrial Arbitration act of New South Wales seems to give good satisfaction in that country. The Sydney Worker publishes every week the proceedings of the arbitration court, which is presided over by a president and two members. The president is a supreme court judge, named by the governor, who may at the request of the president also appoint a deputy president, who shall have all the powers of the president.

The two members of the court are appointed by the governor, one from among the persons recommended by the union of employers, and the other from among the persons recommended by a body of delegates from industrial unions of employees. If any body fails to make such recommendation the governor may appoint such person as he thinks fit.

The board is made up every three years, the members being eligible for re-appointment. A member's salary is fixed at £750 a year and traveling expenses.

Removals from office are liable in such manner and upon such grounds only as a supreme court judge.

Disclosure of profits—The president and members shall not disclose to any person any matters of evidence relating to any trade secret or to the profits or financial position of any witness or party, upon pain of dismissal and a fine of £500 for violation of such oath. At the request of any party or witness the court shall hear their evidence in camera.

Reference of dispute to court—No matter within the court's jurisdiction shall be referred to it, except in pursuance of a resolution of such union specially summoned by notice sent by post to each member thereof.

The president has all the powers of a supreme court judge. The court, or any officer thereof, has the power to enter buildings, mine-workings, ship, shop, etc., etc. Any person obstructing the court or officer is liable to a fine of £5.

Prohibition of strikers or lock-outs—Whoever during the pendency of any proceedings in the court in relation to an industrial dispute does anything to precipitate a strike or lock-out is liable to a fine of £1,000 or imprisonment for two months.

If an employer dismisses an employee for being a member of a union he is liable to a fine of £20. In every case it shall lie on the employer to satisfy the court that such employee was not dismissed for being a member of a union.

The court may fix penalties for any breach or non-observance of such common rule regarding the enforcement of its award, order or direction. Parties affected may apply to the court to be relieved from any obligation. But the court in entertaining and dealing with such application have full powers to act.

Registration of industrial unions—Any institution employing 50 employees, or any trade union or branch thereof, may register as an industrial union. The registrar shall then issue a certificate of incorporation, which shall be conclusive evidence in all courts, until cancelled, that the requirements of this act have been complied with. Nothing renders an industrial union liable to be sued, or the property or any member thereof, other than in the pursuance of the obligations incurred by the act.

Many Vancouver unions would deem it an honor to have President Ralph Smith represent them at the congress.

Ralph Smith received the same treatment from labor as all the other great leaders have been subjected to—ingratitude. He is, however, the most respected man in the Canadian labor movement to-day.

Ralph Smith will leave for the east on Tuesday to open the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada as its president. He was offered credentials in this city, but declined them, saying that if his own union had not confidence in him he would not accept those of another.

The Trades and Labor Council wants the new hospital act published as a guidance to the voters. We agree with it, but think the city should pay for it. The workingmen of this city, however, need not expect to see it published in The Independent, beause this sheet is on the black list at the city hall.

When it is known that Nanaimo is entitled to a seat at the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada this year without paying any extra per capita tax the voting against giving Ralph Smith credentials has but one significance, and that is treachery. A leader has been stabbed with the ingratitude of fastidious labor.

The voters of Nanaimo have decided to adopt the eight-hour system on the civic public works. Also a move in this direction has been made at Victoria. The press had not a little to do in this regard, yet newspaper writers themselves are compelled to work longer hours and harder than they ever did before. They are not organized.

We have too many politicians in this country of ours who imagine they are a whole constellation of bright stars, when they are a poor quality of candle dips—except when they dip deeply, too deeply into the pockets of the people. The working man should take a more active art in politics and not let the politicians have everything their own way, and their own conditions would be improved.

Trade unionists at Macon, Ga., are up in arms against child labor in the cotton mills in that state. One of them placed an infant toiler of six years on the scale and found that she weighed 40 1-2 pounds. This child held a regular position as a spinner and worked from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., with 40 minutes for lunch. She didn't know how much wages she received, as her mother, who worked at the same mill, drew her pay. Father stayed at home and cooked and brought the dinner.

Of course, it wouldn't be quite in keeping with the "good work" of the socialists if the trades unions were not given a slap—a sort of a back-hander, as it were. E. T. Kingsley, the leader of the revolutionary socialist party, when speaking at Nanaimo last Monday night, took occasion to say that socialism would grow in spite of members of trades unions from Samuel Gompers down to his lowest "flunkey." "Flunkey" sounds good to a union man who pays his hard earned money to keep up his organization.

It looks as if the city council were up to some more devilment. A committee has been appointed to bring in a report, no doubt to place the blame on some helpless official, regarding the purchase of the cemetery lots. The council of last year—by the way, a weak institution, but not as cultus as the one in power this year—paid for 43 acres at $427 an acre, but got only 33 1-2 acres. Mind you, the deeds were not made out for 43 acres, but a number of lots therein were specified instead. The opinions of officials of this city for years have never been heeded by the aldermen, who make these big blunders. It is rumored that a prominent official is to lose his job to make room for a "friend" of the council. And this is the course to be resorted to to get it for him. If the council really wants to find out who is at fault in this case, for the good and welfare of the city, why nobody will object, but otherwise, seeing that it is not responsible itself, a strong protest should be made.

Were it not for the labor press the labor movement would not be what it is to-day, and any man who tries to injure a labor paper is a traitor to the cause. If you don't agree with the policy of the paper go to the office of the paper and say so in a manly way, but don't go around throwing insinuation. Perhaps you are wrong and the paper is right. If the paper has made a mistake you can depend upon it that a correction will be cheerfully printed. Corporations will give their organs loyal support and if labor is to be successful in securing justice, labor papers must be supported.—Federationist.

CURRENT OPINION--ALL SORTS.

A Reminder.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, is heading for B. C., which will doubtless remind certain members of the supreme bench of the wisdom of taking cloves or sen sen after theirs, unless they calculate to conduct their conversations with Charley over the long distance telephone.—Paystreak.

A Monument to Maguire.

"Many blessings be on the head of him who selected the first Monday in September for the great annual celebration of the workers," says a labor exchange. Well, the blessings which Labor Day are to the exact character and identical type with which the labor movement usually visits those who devote their lives to its success. Labor Day, as a day on which trade unionists might fraternize and display their strength, was devised by a man named P. J. Maguire, when he was first vice-president of the American Federation of Labor. The first Labor Day on record was celebrated in New York in 1882. P. J. Maguire was secretary of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, an organization which he founded. Opposition to him grew up in the union. Charges, which it is said were never proved, were made against him, and he was expelled. He has made several unsuccessful attempts to have his wrongs righted, and is now a broken-down old man, dependent on the charity of a few friends to keep body and soul together. No great movement takes much account of individuals connected with it. We doubt very much whether there is a carpenter or joiner in New York state who would make Maguire's coffin for nothing because he invented Labor Day. But no doubt when the history of trades unionism comes to be written, a halo posthumous glory will surround his memory. In this, working men do not differ very much from the rest of the human race. We find most of our saints and heroes in the grave. They make no practical demands on our charity or benevolence there. Our contemporary made a mistake. It should have waited till Maguire was dead before it proceeded to canonize him.—Victoria Colonist.

TERRENCE VINCENT POWDERLY.

During the past decade there was no man more widely known in the labor movement than T. V. Powderly. As general master workman of the Knights of Labor, with its membership of more than a million in 1886, he possessed a power and influence, the like of which probably was never equaled in the world. There are those who say it was because of this unique and unusual position that Powderly was finally overcome by his foes in the order, that overconfidence made him unwary and that no man is large enough to long hold all he had in his grasp. He had to contend with traitors, which he learned to his sorrow, as all labor leaders do. He was for a long time the storm centre in some of labor's fiercest strifes, and they were fierce, but when the writer saw him the other day in the New York office of a coal mining company, of which he is the president, there were no scars of battle upon him now, and his smile and kindly look as we talked of the old timers indicated that there is no bitterness in his soul for the wrongs he suffered at the hands of those who were supposed to be his friends. May those who believed they had grievances against the noble master workman—and there were many of these—be as forgiving. Powderly has still a soft spot in his heart for the labor movement, and as the roll call proceeds the reader may detect evidences of his helping hand.

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Meeting.

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AS TO COMPULSORY ARBITRATION.

Compulsory arbitration is impossible. To begin with the term is a misnomer, and to end with, compulsion would mean the taking away of the personal rights guaranteed by the constitution. Without referring to the delivery of the goods guaranteed by the constitution, which is a question which has thus far not been the most satisfactory, it is not out of place to consider a matter that labor organizations must meet as it presents itself, or discontinue their system of collective bargaining. The labor agreement must be observed both on the part of the employer and employee, and once made, must be regarded as binding for the period of its stated operation. There is a compulsory feature in such an agreement that is along the same lines as is suggested in compulsory arbitration, although the former is a voluntary compact arranged by representatives of the men, yet it binds them hard and fast and is a violation of their constitutional rights as understood in the fourteenth amendment.—D. L. Cease, Editor Railroad Trainmen's Journal, Cleveland.

HOME NURSING.

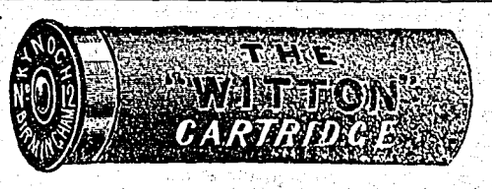
We have recently received a book entitled "Home Nursing," published by the Davis & Lawrence Company, Limited, Montreal. This publication contains practical instructions for the performance of all offices pertaining to the sick. It tells what to do in case of accidents treats with nearly all the diseases to which human flesh is heir to, as well as containing many recipes for preparing solid and liquid food for the sick. No home should be without a copy of it. It is a very attractive book of about 50 pages, and can be obtained upon application to the publishers, Davis & Lawrence Company, Limited, Montreal, enclosing to them 5 cents in stamps to cover the expense of mailing, etc.

THE AIR IS FULL OF UNIONISM.

The spirit of unionism is in the air. It is permeating the human race. It is manifest to everybody who observes the tendency of the times, and its effect is civilizing mankind with a rapidity exceeding that of which we have no record. A new condition in human affairs is present; it is making itself felt all over the world, but particularly in the United States. An era is passing in which the masses of the human race will be uplifted to a condition of freedom and plenty never before attained. Labor and capital have taken the initiative and the middle classes are forced into the former's ranks because of the disregard of human rights by the latter, and that fact is bringing about a better condition to the homes of the toilers.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has 43,376 members on its rolls, according to the report just issued. Members of this order are now agitated over a law passed by the engineers' organization at its recent convention, which is said to have for its purpose taking away from the firemen the engineers now members. Delegates to the forthcoming convention of the firemen at Chattanooga are being instructed to work for peace, and not war, between the two organizations.



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BRASS LAMPS, ONYX and BRASS TABLES, ART POTTERY, ETC.

There is not a thing in the world the matter with them.

We simply will not allow them to conflict with the new goods for the coming Christmas trade.

GEO. E. TROREY,

The Jeweler and Diamond Merchant

COR. GRANVILLE AND HASTINGS STREETS.

Official Watch Inspector of the C. P. R.

H. A. URQUHART,
Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Etc.
35 Hastings Street East.

...For Good Reliable...
Union Made Boots and Shoes
GO TO
R. MILLS, The Shoe Man.

OUR CIVIC SOLONS.

There was a full attendance of members at the regular city council meeting, which met last Tuesday night. The only discussion of interest was that of the police investigation.

Ald. Wood wanted to know why the quarry had been closed down. He said that there was plenty of stone needed on the roads, which in many places were in bad condition. This was especially so in Ward V.

Ald. Wylie said that Ward V had got it shdre this year. "We intend, however," he said, "to fix up Westminster Avenue. I can't see how my worthy colleague could expect any more."

Ald. Wood—How much rock is there for Ward V?

Ald. Wylie—There's a scow load up there now, if you'll open your eyes.

Ald. Wood—We want 20 scow loads and more.

Ald. Bethune—The money is all used up.

Ald. Wood—Ward V has got the worst of the deal. It looks as if Ald. Wylie wants to spend too much money on police and not enough on rock.

Ald. Wylie—You want to make yourself look big by such talk, but you're no bigger than I am.

Ald. Wood wanted to know why the Cambie street bridge was not open, and said that if 16 men were not sufficient to do the work, that more should be employed.

Ald. McQueen said that drinking cups were now provided at the fountains.

Ald. Foreman—And some people won't drink out of them.

Ald. McGuigan—Are they put in front of hotels?

Ald. Wood wanted to know what this stuff was?

Several aldermen—That's the report of the police investigation.

Ald. Wood—This is official dignity, then? Does the police committee think for one moment that we are going to spend our time in reading such a lot of rubbish.

The Mayor—It must be read.

Ald. Cook—It might be laid over.

Ald. Wood—There's no need to lay it over. A full council is present and it should be disposed of now. The police committee has made the council a laughing stock of the city. The evidence alone of the Chinese ex-convicts should condemn the whole report. "If Ald. Wylie and the rest killed all the chickens in Vancouver in swearing Chinese I wouldn't believe their evidence," he said. After spending months the committee recommends the dismissal of Chief North because he is not a scholar. If there is ignorance at all in the police department it is at the head of the committee. The spectacle of the chairman hobnobbing with subordinates and listening to all their little tittle-tattle does not add to his official dignity as an educated person. Chief North has been a good and faithful servant of the city. "I don't believe Ald. Wylie himself would be an improvement as chief," added Ald. Wood. Chief North has not been on the force all these years to be so ignorant. Ald. Wood then moved that the whole matter of the police investigation be filed.

Ald. McGuigan seconded the motion. He said the investigation had been a failure. He, however, did not agree with Ald. Wood in his personal remarks of the committee. He thought the sooner the report was filed for reference the better.

Ald. McQueen—This report has not been read.

Ald. Brown—The remarks of Ald. Wood should be sufficient to have it read. The aldermen should take the report home with them and read it carefully.

Ald. Cook thought they should read it intelligently.

Ald. McGuigan—We will have to read it sometime.

The Mayor—Certainly!

Ald. Wylie said his worthy colleague from ward V. did not know what he was talking about.

It was then decided to read it at a special meeting of the council called for Thursday night.

Ald. Wood moved that the chief be present.

Chief North said he would also like to have the officers who gave evidence present as well. "I have had no show in any shape or form to reply to them," he added.

Ald. Wylie—The chief has had a show. If he is allowed to take part then we must have the whole cheese here.

Ald. Brown moved that a committee be appointed to look into the matter of the cemetery purchase of lots.

Adjourned.

The special meeting of the city council which took place on Thursday night to consider the report of the police investigation has not come off yet. A good big crowd assembled on the street at the city hall waiting for the show to start—but there was no show. City Clerk McGuigan appeared and said that there would be no meeting. By and by Ald. Wood came rushing up and the crowd told him what the city clerk had said. "That's bad," said Ald. Wood and away he went. It has since leaked out that the excuse given was that the evidence in the big report had not all been typewritten, thus an adjournment was taken until to-night. Nobody seems to know if the evidence is being cooked for the occasion or not.

That veteran in the Canadian labor movement, D. J. O'Donoghue, contributes an able article on "Labor's Forward Movement," in Progressive Ottawa, a handsome publication issued by the Allied Trades and Labor Association of Ottawa, a souvenir Labor Day brochure. There is another article on the subject of labor by W. L. McKenzie King, B. A., who deals with "The Department of Labor." Mayor Fred Cook handles in a practical way "A Decade of Educational Progress," and T. W. Quayle treats of "Evolution in Ottawa Journalism." The book contains about 100 pages and about as many cuts, illustrative of the capital.

The city council of Columbus, Ohio, recently adopted a resolution which directs the director of public improvements to employ only union labor men in the shoeing of horses and repair of wagons, and that only such wages as are made by union labor be bought. This action was taken on account of the strike among the blacksmiths.

OVERALL CLOTHING.

UNION TRADE MARK BRAND

Stands Every Test.

The real test of Overalls is wear.

Those that last longest and never rip are the cheapest to buy and the best to wear.

UNION BRAND OVERALLS are the most durable, therefore the most economical. They are made of the best material, cut, sewed, and reinforced by experienced Union Labor.

LOOK FOR OUR BRAND ON THE TICKET.

—THE—

HOOVER MANUFACTURING CO.,
(LIMITED.)
MAW'S BLOCK, WINNIPEG, MAN.

LAUNDRY WORKERS.

In a general way the same conditions that are rapidly forcing other trades to organize have also brought us into line, except that we might credit some apparently trivial incident as being the means to hasten our existence. Such an incident took place on April 22, 1898, which resulted in an organization afterwards known as Local Union No. 8010, American Federation of Labor.

From here, guided by able and earnest men, began the real work of construction.

Chinese labor, sweat-shop and prison labor competition are among the causes that led to the organization of this union. Within the space of one year eight unions were formed in Troy and grouped into a District Council, which took upon itself the work of organizing abroad and issuing a call for the first convention, held in the City Hall, Troy, N.Y., November 12, 1900, where the present name was adopted. The American Federation of Labor immediately granted a charter.

While the progress to this point (January 1, 1901) was slow, since then, despite the opposition from employers throughout the country, we have succeeded in establishing ourselves firmly on a good, permanent basis.

Our reports for 1901 show two lockouts and eleven strikes, directly affecting 3,500 members, and involving an expense of $2,000. Of these members 2,700 gained their object.

We have succeeded in establishing our label, and in gaining better conditions without strikes in seventy-five laundries and seven shirt and collar concerns, thus covering thirty cities. The methods used to secure better conditions through our label deserve consideration, therefore we append the same, to-wit:

Our locals first secured the aid of the other unions in their vicinity, through the central labor body. This done, they created a demand that compelled the employers to ask for the label.

Our aim is to use the label as a means of securing better conditions and establishing a universally equal and just rate of wages in each branch or department in factory and laundry before granting the same.

To establish this wage-rate was the most important work of the convention held in Philadelphia last month. We are making rapid progress, and have been enabled in many cases to adjust disputes without serious trouble during our two years' existence.

THE PLUMBERS.

The United Association of Journeymen Plumbers, Gas Fitters, Steam Fitters and Steam Fitters' Helpers of the United States and Canada was organized at Washington, D. C., October 11, 1889.

The formation of this organization was the result of the second attempt on the part of the Plumbers and Fitters of this country to form a National Union.

The original organization was known as the International Association.

The growth of the United Association from the date of its formation to about six years ago was exceedingly slow, due perhaps to the discouragement of the members generally, as the result of the failure of the International Association. This, coupled with the setback given to our organization and to all others by the financial depression of 1893 and 1894, made the growth of our organization much slower than it would otherwise have been.

However, in the last five years the United Association has doubled in membership and has also doubled the number of its local unions, until now every city in the United States and Canada that has a population large enough to support a Plumbers, Gas or Steam Fitters' Union is represented in the United Association, with the exception of Harrisburg, Pa., and San Francisco. The present number of local unions enrolled on our roster is 335, with a total of 15,000 members in good standing.

JOHN MITCHELL.

At thirteen John Mitchell was digging in a coal mine; at thirty-three, now, he is president of the United Mine Workers of America. Holding now, as he does, the highest office in the gift of the United Mine Workers, his family now lives in Spring Valley, Illinois, in the simplest manner imaginable. Mrs. Mitchell, her neighbors say, "puts on no airs," and they like her the better for it. It is evident that as her husband has grasped good fortune and risen in the world, she has not cared to change her way of living, which is practically that of the better class of miners in the town.

The house which Mrs. Mitchell and her four children occupy is half of a double frame, which she owns. The other half she rents. She has six rooms for her own use. An ingrain carpet covers the parlor floor, and on the walls hang enlarged crayon pictures of members of the family, including a nun, Mrs. Mitchell's sister. Prominent in one corner of the room is an easel, on which is a picture of Mitchell in a wide frame of flowers and grasses. Mrs. Mitchell is a small, slender woman black-haired and grey-eyed, kind, practical and contented. She has worked hard and she shows it.

CONSERVATIVE ...MEETING...

Vancouver Opera House

TUESDAY, SEPT. 9TH

At 8 p. m.

R. L. BORDEN, leader of the Opposition in the Dominion House; Mr. Monk, leader of the Conservative Party in Quebec; E. F. Clarke, H. A. Powell and other prominent eastern Conservatives.

Everybody welcome. Seats reserved for ladies.

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Brands:

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

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

THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER.

We thank thee, Lord, that thou hast
sent affliction to the rich—
Dyspepsia, gout, insomnia and other
Troubles which disturb their souls by
day and night, and cause as much or
more
Of real distress than do the ills that
thou hast sent the poor.

We may not have enough to eat. They
eat too much; and so
Its just about an even thing which hath
the most of woe.
We have no time to rest by day; they
cannot rest at night.
So all in all, it seemeth things are pretty
nearly right.

We can't afford to ride, but there again
their joy we balk,
For, O, thou sendeth them the gout,
and so they can not walk.
Thou sendeth them rich food and drink;
weak stomachs, headaches, wealth,
To us thou sendeth poverty, plain
living, toil and health.

O, glad are we the rich must have, while
living of the fat,
Hay fever and paresis, and lots of things
like that.
And so we're thankful for our joys, the
greater part of which
Is thinking of the many woes thou
sendest to the rich.

—Nixon Waterman

TRADE UNIONS ARE THE PROPER THING.

The trade union system of organization is the most feasible, the most logical and the most natural because it is conducted along the lines of the least resistance. Trade unions are strong and powerful because they have grown up along a correct line and with correct principles, and because they carry no dead weight. They confine their efforts to the legimate and logical field of operation. They do not attempt to do more than is within the bounds of of reason and common sense. They make no false pretenses and do not attempt the impossible. They were not conceived in the clouds, but were founded on solid old mother earth, and, having built a substantial foundation, they will continue to build up—not down—until they have erected a social and economic state in which the workers will live in the enjoyment of the full fruits of their labor. The logic of the past events and the handwriting on the wall all go to show that trade unions, clean cut, pure and simple, will live on, despite all oppositions, and grow in usefulness until they have rescued the workers from their present condition and placed them in a position to live lives of contentment and true happiness.

There are 20,000 breaker boys in Pennsylvania whose torn and bleeding hands attest the greed of murdering capital. I said in open court to a judge down there, who said in low accents, "Labor has its rights," and in thundering menace, "and the operators have their rights, too, and I am going to see that they get them." I said, "It's worse than crucifying Christ, because Christ could have helped himself, and these babes can't."—Mother Jones.

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.

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

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.

BUILDERS' LABORERS FEDERAL Union, No. 39, Vancouver—Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, in room No. 1, Union hall. President, Fred. Collins; secretary, G. Payne, 533 Gore avenue; delegates to Building Trades Council, G. Payne and John Sully.

JOURNEYMEN BARBERS' INTERNATIONAL UNION, No. 120—President, Fred Hawe; vice-president, J. A. Dibden; corresponding-financial secretary, J. A. Stewart, 51 Cordova St.; recorder, E. H. Goodmurphy; treasurer, G. Bower; guide, A. H. Legatt; guardian, G. Bowers; delegates to T. & L. Council, J. A. Dibden and Fred Hawe. Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Union Hall.

WAITERS AND WAITRESSES UNION, Local No. 28. President, Charles Over; vice-president, A. N. Herrington; secretary-treasurer, J. H. Perkins. Meeting every Friday evening at 8.30 o'clock in Union Hall, corner Homer and Dunsmuir streets.

VANCOUVER TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, No. 226, meets the fourth Monday in each month at Union Hall. President, C. S. Campbell; vice-president, H. W. King; secretary, S. J. Gothard; P. O. box 66; 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. W. Fowler.

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, Robt. Brunt; vice-president, Chas. Bennett; secretary, A. G. Perry, 33 7th Avenue; treasurer, F. C. O'Brien; conductor, Ed. Manning; warden, A. J. Wilson; sentinel, J. Howes; delegates to Trades and Labor Council: C. Bennett, Robt. Brunt, Geo. Lenfesty, A. J. Wilson and J. Howes.

UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF CARPENTERS and Joiners—Meets every second and fourth Wednesday in Union hall, room No. 2. President, A. E. Coffin; vice-president, Joseph Dixon; recording secretary, Geo. Dobbin; financial secretary, J. M. Sinclair; treasurer, J. Ferguson; conductor, G. Fingley; warden, G. H. Blair; delegates to the Trades and Labor council, R. Macpherson, J. M. Sinclair, Geo. Dobbin, Jos. Dixon, Geo. Adams; delegates to the Building Trades Council, M. McMullen, Levi C. DeWolfe.

INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF BLACKSMITHS, Vancouver Union, No. 151.—Meets the first and third Monday in each month at 8 p. m., in Union hall, Homer street. President, Robert Gray; financial secretary, George Nesbitt, 1207 Homer street; recording secretary, D. Robinson, box 37, Vancouver, B. C.; delegates to the Trades and Labor council, William Latham, D. Robinson, R. Edwards.

TEXADA MINERS' UNION, No. 113, W. F. M., meets every Saturday at 7.30 p. m. in Forester's Hall, Van Anda. President, D. Jones; vice-president, P. Burt; secretary, A. Raper; treasurer, H. V. Price; conductor, E. Embleton; warden, M. Halliday.

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF Electrical Workers, Vancouver Local, No. 213—Meets second and fourth Tuesday in each month 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 Dubberley.

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

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.

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. Crueh, 767 Eighth avenue, west; financial secretary, A. Gothard, 822 Howe street; treasurer, H. McSorley.

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF Machinists.—Beaver Lodge, No. 182.—Meets second and fourth Monday 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. Littler, 573 Hastings street, east; treasurer, E. Timmins; conductor, S. H. Rossisstow; guard, F. Coughlin.

VANCOUVER FISHERMEN'S Union, No. 2—Meets in Union hall, Homer street, every Saturday, at 8 p. m. Steve Dames, president; Chas. Durham, secretary pro tem.

JOURNEYMEN BAKERS' AND CONFECTIONERS' International Union of America, Local No. 46, Vancouver, B.C. President, T. Baxter; vice-president, J. Ingles; recording secretary, F. W. Bartle; financial secretary, M. MacLean, 2160 Westminster Avenue, Mount Pleasant; corresponding secretary, J. Webster, 2814 Westminster Avenue, Mount Pleasant; treasurer, J. Wilkinson.

JOURNEYMEN TAILORS' UNION OF AMERICA, No 178—Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays in room 1, Union Hall. President, C Whalen; vice-president, F. Logg; recording secretary, F. Williams, 1814 7th Ave. W.; financial secretary, T. Wood; treasurer, W. W. Toombs; sergeant-at-arms, T. Matthews.

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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.

The MERCHANTS EXCHANGE

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

Seymour Streeet,

Advertise in The Independent.

MAJOR CROFOOT, G. P.

DUNNED FOR $4, HE OFFERS THE COLLECTOR A POSITION.

The Major Unfortunately Forgets His Checkbook—The Excuse Does Not Go, However, and the Bill Is Collected by Force.

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

MAJOR CROFOOT, grand promoter and general originator, had reached his office and hunted up a cigar stub left over from the day before and just settled down to enjoy it when his door was banged open and a stranger entered. The stranger was a man of liberal build and aggressive look, and he sat down on a chair without invitation, took a paper from his pocket and bluntly remarked:

"Here's a bill of $4 against you for laundry work, and I want the cash p. d. q."

The major was taken by surprise, and for a minute the room whirled round with him, but only for a minute. Then he rallied, worked up a beautiful smile and arose, with outstretched hand, to exclaim:

"What a coincidence! What a coincidence! Upon my word, but it is one of three or four trifles that had slipped my mind, and I am glad you came in. Have a cigar?"

"I will," replied the collector.

The major felt in his pockets and looked around on the floor at his feet, but found no cigar to offer. This fact didn't put him out, however, and he rubbed his hands and smilingly continued:

"Yes; I'm glad you called, because I want to send word to the estimable woman who runs the laundry that I had carelessly forgotten the little account and am sorry if she has been put to any worry. I wonder where my checkbook is?"

"You haven't got any!" replied the collector in tones so blunt that another man's feelings might have been hurt.

"I may possibly have left it home. If so, I shall have to ask you to wait un-

"SHELL OUT OR TAKE A LICKING."

til I can fetch it. Yes; I think I did leave it. It was my night for giving my landlady a check, you know."

"You are lying to me!"

"My dear man, I trust that I misunderstand your words—I trust I do. This is, as I understand it, a meeting between gentlemen. You have called to collect a trifling account. I stand ready to pay the same. I see no need of acrimony."

"Oh, there is no acrimony," replied the man. "You've simply got to pay this bill before I leave here. I know you for a smooth tongued bilk, and none of your soft speeches will go down. When you are ready to haul out the cash, hand it over."

The major had put on his hat to leave the office. He removed it, sat down, and, working up the same old bland smile, he leaned forward and said:

"Another curious coincidence. I was just wondering where I could find a man like you. Let me tell you something on the quiet. My latest thing in corners—and I have made fifteen of them in the last two years—is to gobble up the entire horseradish crop of the year. This includes Europe as well as America. Yes, sir, I've got the thing dead to rights, and about a month from now there'll be the greatest hullabaloo you ever heard of. Horseradish is used for thirteen different purposes, as you may have heard, and nothing can take the place of it. The world has got to have horseradish or go out of business. You can buy a pound of it now for 20 cents, but as soon as the squeeze takes place the price jumps to 60 and stays right there. That's a clear profit of 45 cents on every pound, and the number of pounds used annually is 33,000,000. Just do a little figuring, will you?"

"I'm figuring," grimly replied the man.

"It will be a trust, of course," resumed the major, "the most soulless sort of a trust, and we may expect a howl from the public. We shall not be swerved by howls, however. Sixty cents a pound or no horseradish. We want an aggressive, determined man for manager, one who will face criticism and stand to his guns. You are the man for us, and you may consider yourself engaged from this morning. Your duties will not be onerous, and as to salary"—

"I couldn't take it."

"And as to salary, we will say $25,000 per year to begin on. If you develop the qualities expected, the sum shall be doubled the second year. Can you take the position at once, or do you want a week to settle your outside matters? In either case here is my hand, and permit me to offer you my heartiest congratulations. It always makes me happy to throw a good thing in a friend's way. If the salary isn't up to your expectations"—

"Oh, the salary is all right," smiled the collector, "but you are a day or two too late. I closed with an offer yesterday."

"You don't say? But you can throw it over, however—you will throw it over?"

"I couldn't do it. I am engaged as the manager of the Old Bilk Collection agency, and I must stick to it for a year. It's to collect debts from men like you, you know. In addition to the salary, there's a good deal of fun to be got out of it. About that $4, major?"

"How would it be if we threw you in $30,000 worth of stock as a present? Your dividends won't be less than 40 per cent. Man, don't miss a good thing when you have it right under your thumb."

"I don't propose to. I shall get 20 per cent for collecting this bill of you."

"Ha!" exclaimed the major as he got up and walked about. "I see how it is with you. I have not offered you salary enough. I don't know what the board of directors will think about it; but, knowing you as well as I do, I shall assume the responsibility of making it $30,000 for the first year, and I believe you will be cheap at that. While we have coopered the horseradish crops and got the bulge over red peppers, the corner must be rightly handled to make a success. I won't even ask you to lend me the $2 necessary to complete the articles of incorporation. My friend, accept my hand and my congratulations. I'll take you right over to the bank and introduce you."

"Not just yet," replied the man as he rose up and pulled off his coat and removed his cuffs.

"Are you too warm?" solicitously inquired the major, though a look of anxiety rested on his face at the same time.

"Not at all. I am simply getting ready to lick that $4 out of you. If you don't shell out within five minutes, I shall turn loose on you."

"My dear man, I fail to understand you. You call here to collect a trifling account. I acknowledge the correctness of it; but, unfortunately having left my checkbook at the house"—

"Will you pay?"

"I will of course hasten to my domicile and get the book and draw you a check, but really I must protest against"—

"You won't hasten anywhere. Shell out or take a licking."

"My dear sir, I"—

"Shell out."

The major shelled. It took him five long minutes to go through his pockets and find $4, and he was left with only 9 cents to face the cold world. The collector signed the bill, put on his coat and cuffs and walked out, with only a wink and a nod. When he had departed, the major sat down and reviewed the case from beginning to end and counted and recounted the 9 cents, and it was with a deep drawn groan that he leaned back at last and whispered to himself:

"That's the first bill I've had to pay in two years, and I don't understand how I came to pay that. I must be losing my cheek." M. QUAD.

Capitalists.

"You are constantly putting some capital in the wrong place," said Mr. Cannox's daughter as she read over one of his letters.

"Well," was the contented reply, "it's lucky I do that in my writing instead of my business; otherwise, my dear, you mightn't be in a position to criticise."—Washington Star.

No Wonder.

"What started the fuss at the milkmen's ball?"

"Some blamed fool asked one of the men if he had brought his pumps along."—Chicago Tribune.

Suggestive.

Jones—Why are you so mad with the doctor?

Mrs. Jones—When I told him I had a terribly tired feeling, he told me to show him my tongue.—New York Journal.

Country.

It 'pears to me that Providence with airth
  is out o' tune;
It freezes us in winter an' burns us up in
  June;
Yit wouldn't swap this country fer the
  icefields o' the moon,
So we'll still shout hallelula in the morn-
  in'!

Thar's allus somethin' bitter in the sweet-
  est o' the springs,
An' politics is jarrin' when a bird in blos-
  soms sings,
But I wouldn't swap my politics fer Saturn
  an' his rings,
So we'll all shout hallelula in the morn-
  in'!

It's hurry an' it's worry from the red
  spring to the fall,
The sweetest apples hangin' just within
  yer neighbor's wall,
But the country's still the country, an'
  the best one o' 'em all,
So we'll all shout hallelula in the morn-
  in'!

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE C. O. D. MAN'S WOES

MONEY HE EARNS GETS HIM INTO A HEAP OF TROUBLE.

He Is Taken For a Millionaire. Escapes Too Much Attention and Subscribes to Improve a Village. He Suffers For It.

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

"I AM no kicker," said the C. O. D. man as he pocketed the quarter extended to him and hitched along to make room on the park bench, "but when a dilapidated gentleman is driven too far he must turn and maintain his dignity. I was making a highway map of Wisconsin one summer when I ran across a village with a new town hall.

"There was some trouble with the painters, and I stepped in and handled

"A WIDOW RECOGNIZED ME."

a brush for fifteen days at $2 a day. I had tramped on for about thirty miles when a farmer who had had an old watch stolen from his vest hanging on a tree in a field had me arrested as the thief. I was rushed to the nearest village, asked a few questions by a justice of the peace and sent to the county jail for ninety days. In jail I was searched and the $30 found on me. This was grounds for 'suspicion,' and I was immediately haled before another justice, who tacked sixty days on to the original sentence and held my cash to await a claimant. I took a week to think things over and then got word to a village lawyer, and when we had consulted together the fun began.

"Our first move was to begin a suit for damages against the farmer who had charged me with theft, and we had him badly scared within twenty-four hours. Then we went for the constable for arresting me without a warrant. We followed this with charges against the justice, who had refused me counsel, and move No. 4 was against the sheriff for not supplying his prisoners with provisions demanded by law. One of the turnkeys of the jail had slammed me around because I had refused to saw wood, and we gave him a suit for assault and battery. A writ of habeas corpus took me out of jail, and the excitement in that county beat all the circuses for twenty years. If the lawyer hadn't been taken with typhoid fever and died, we might have eventually upset the whole state government, and I would have been sure of a place in a dime museum for life. But his death called a halt. After the funeral I was waited upon by a committee, and the result was that I took a night train out of town and never stopped for 200 miles. I took with me $250 in cash and the best wishes of a thriving community, and I suppose those suits have been dropped from the docket ere this. As I said, I am no kicker, but it's well to let people know that even a tramp has rights in law."

"And did you use your money to make a new start in life?" was asked as the story seemed to be ended.

"In a way I did," smiled the C. O. D. man, "but it only brought me fresh trouble. I struck a town I rather fancied, and I bought me some clothes, engaged a front room at the inn and settled down to take a few baths at the mineral springs for my rheumatism. I hadn't put in over three days when the story got around that I was a multimillionaire taking a quiet lay off, and individuals and committees began to call. The subscriptions I was asked to put down for churches, mill dams, railroads, schoolhouses, asylums and so on footed up tens of thousands. I could have stood these off, but the band came to serenade me every night, social parties were given in my honor, and a widow with a good deal of push to her recognized me as her long looked for affinity at first sight. She was a firm believer in the theory that matches are made in heaven and she figured it out to a dot that the angels had killed off her husband and brought me around through the swamps and underbrush that I might take his place. I never was any good at arguing against a widow, and so I solved the matter by taking a skip. It was a mysterious disappearance on my part, and I heard afterward that they dragged the river and hunted through the swamps for my body and that the widow put on rubber boots and was foremost in the search.

"I had a few dollars of the money left, and I was not happy. Raw turnips don't taste good to a man who is financially able to buy roast beef and fried chicken, and it didn't seem to be quite the fair thing by other dilapidated gentlemen. While in this state of mind I struck a village which had six mudholes on its half mile of main street. There were wagons stuck in three of these holes as I jogged into town, and the others were occupied by stray hogs. I asked for the president of the village, who was a grocer, and when I reached his store I asked:

"'How long have you lived in this town?'

"'Forty-five years,' he replied.

"'How old are those six mudholes out there?'

"'Well, I used to paddle around in 'em forty years ago.'

"'And hasn't the town ever made any move to fill 'em up?'

"'It never has. No, them six mudholes have grown up with us and shared our joys and our sorrows, and I suppose they will continue on for another half century.'

"'But they must be a big nuisance,' says I.

"'They surely are.'

"'How much would it cost to fill them up with gravel?'

"'Just exactly $14. I've figured it out a thousand times.'

"'And won't the town vote the money?'

"'Never in this world.'

"'Would it object to my doing it?'

"'I don't think so; but what's your object?'

"'Just to get rid of them. Here's the money, and I'm going to hang around and see the work done.'

"Well, it was done," said the C. O. D. man, "but I got into trouble over it. When those holes had been filled up there was no longer any place for the stray hogs to wallow in, and that made all the hog owners mad. There was no longer any excitement over teams getting stuck, and that hurt the feelings of others. A third party couldn't understand why a tramp should take it upon himself to do such a piece of work, and it was finally decided that I was either a lunatic or a suspicious character. They run me into the engine house, and two doctors and a committee of citizens took me in hand. The doctors probed for evidences of lunacy, and when they had finished they differed in their reports. One of them reported:

"'He talks as sane as any man I ever heard, and it may simply be a case of hereditary aversion to mudholes.'

"The report of the other was:

"'I don't like his talk. He uses more or less Latin, and when asked what lunatic asylum he escaped from a cunning expression came to his eyes. He may not be dangerous, but it would be as well to keep an eye on him.'

"The committee of townsmen fired questions at me for three straight hours," said the dilapidated, "and it ended by their solemnly shaking their heads and declaring that a tramp who had $14 to pay for filling up six mudholes in a strange town must be planning the murder of at least a dozen citizens. I was shoved into the lockup over night, and next morning a constable led me forth by the arm and saw me a mile or so on my way toward the next town. As we walked up the street I saw that all the gravel had been thrown out of those mudholes during the night and that the glad hogs had returned to their wallows. There are some things in this world you can't beat, and one of 'em is a pastoral village with hogs and mudholes picturesquely scattered about."

M. QUAD.

Not After the Military Fashion.

"The sentry was relieved of his watch."—Chicago Tribune.

Analysis.

She—After all, what is the difference between illusion and delusion?

He—Illusion is the lovely fancies we have about ourselves; delusion is the foolish fancies other people have about themselves.—Life.

Vehicle of the Future.

"I hear that Gazzam is thinking of buying a horseless carriage," said Manhattan.

"Indeed?" queried the Brooklynite. "And what have they named the baby?"—Judge.

Only One More.

"Daddy found a snake in his slipper."

"All right. Let him tumble it in his boots, 'long with the rest of 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Look Out.

There's a noisy dragon coming, so, my
  dearie, have a care!
The fate of other boys and girls it may be
  yours to share.
A goggled eyed fanatic, with a thirst for
  blood and power,
Is raging down the highway, seeking
  whom he may devour.
So lose no time, my dearie, for beyond all
  shade of doubt
The auto man will get you if
  you
    don't
      watch
        out!

No tyrant ever sat a throne so witless or
  so cruel.
Oh, woe to little boys and girls who sniff
  too close his fuel!
No shame sits on that brazen brow, no
  law shall say him nay;
His pleasure is the only god that moves
  him, night or day.
So lose no time, my dearie, and take heed
  the warning shout;
The auto man will get you if
  you
    don't
      watch
        out!

—Life.

HONEST ABE, U. S. M.

THE RURAL MAIL CARRIER HEARS USUAL TALE OF WOES.

An Ill Tempered Wife—Advises a Mingling of Cuffs and Love For Her—How the Dispute of Widow Skinner's Rival Suitors Ended.

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

WHEN I got along to Uncle Zeb Scott's on my route the other day, he was at the gate and looking so downhearted that I asked him if any of the family were ill.

"It's wuss than that, Abe, a heap wuss," he solemnly replied. "You know I was married about six months ago."

"Yes."

"Sixty years old and went and married a gal of twenty-two! Folks said I was an old fool, but I went right ahead. They told me that the gal had a bad temper, but I didn't mind it. I thought I could baby her up if she got mad."

"And has anything happened, Uncle Zeb?"

"Heaps of things, Abe, and I want your advice. I've tried love and kindness and all that, but it don't do no good. Only an hour ago my wife flung a stick of wood at my head. She's a regular wildcat, Abe. She flies mad about the least little thing, and it's no use for me to say a word. If I started to jaw back, she'd set the house afire. Lord, but what an old fool I was!"

"And what do you want my advice about?" I asked.

"She's got one of her tantrums on now, and I believe I ought to go in and box her ears, same as if she was a sulky child. I've heard that some wives jest ached to be bossed and was all the better for being cuffed around. What do you think about it?"

"You might try it for a change."

"I believe I'll do it. I believe the best way is to mingle love and cuffs together. Yes, I'll go in and tell her

HE MADE FOR THE BARN.

she's got to walk chalk or take a cuffin', and you might hang around a few minits and see how it turns out."

I waited, but not for long. Uncle Zeb hadn't been in the house five minutes before I heard screeching, and next minute he banged the door open and jumped out and made for the barn. His young wife, having the broom in her hand, was close after him, and from the sounds of thumps and whacks I think she overhauled him in the barn and let him know that she was still boss of the roost. Two miles farther on, at White's Corners, I found Jim Blackburn, White's hired man, and the old man Wilkins, jawing away at a lively rate. Both of 'em wanted to tell me all about it as soon as I came up. It was a case of jealousy. Both of 'em were paying attention to the Widow Skinner, and she hadn't decided which she would marry.

"Jest think," yells Jim as he kicks the frozen mud about—"jest think of an old codger who's had three wives and has one foot in the grave wantin' to marry ag'in!"

"And think of the impudence of the likes of him darin' to look at the Widder Skinner!" howls the old man as he dances around.

"Why, he's got 'leven children!"

"And he couldn't buy shoes for a wife!"

"Go home and take catnip tea!"

"And you go to grass!"

By and by, when they had calmed down a little, I suggested that the widow was the one to decide between them and that they had better walk along to her house in company and have it over with.

"I'll go, of course," says Jim, "but I know she'd never marry no old crow bait like him."

"And she'll set the dog on you!" replied the old man Wilkins as he pulled off his coat for about the twentieth time.

They didn't have to take a walk. As they were still jawing each other the widow come driving along in her one horse wagon, and it was agreed that I should state the case for both.

"Widow Skinner," says I as I met her a few rods away, "here's two men as is ready to die for love of you."

"How beautiful!" laughs the widow.

"Each loves you with all his soul, and if you marry one the other will look for a mud puddle deep enough to drown himself."

"It's really romantic!" she laughs again.

"But what you going to do about it? 'Pears to me you ought to settle it one way or the other."

"So I will," she says, and she beckons 'em both forward and smilingly tells 'em she'd been married to Joe Wheeler two weeks and was just letting out the news. Then she bid us good day and drove away to look over her shoulder and laugh, and after a long time the old man Wilkins leans against the fence and says:

"Waal, by thunder!"

Then Jim Blackburn gets a brace for his wobbling knees and whispers:

"Who'd 'a' thunk it?"

And I heard later on that they stood there looking at each other without speaking a word for a full hour. I drove on, thinking of various things connected and disconnected with the postal laws, and had just turned into the Two Mile road when I overtook Ben Thompson's wife and offered her a lift. I saw that she had been weeping, but I asked no questions, and she presently said:

"Abe, I've left my old man."

"Shoo!" says I.

"Yes, I've left him at last, and I'm going to stop with my sister Polly for a few days."

"What's the matter this time?"

"Same thing, Abe—same thing that's been the matter for twenty long years. I've stood it and stood it, but my patience is gone at last. I don't believe any other woman on earth would have stood it half as long as I have."

"But what burden have you been called upon to bear?" I asks, not having ever heard of any trouble between them.

"Jonah and the whale, Abe—Jonah and the whale," she solemnly replies. "The day we was married Ben asked me if I believed the whale swallowed Jonah. I told him I didn't. He said he did and that I ought to believe with him. He's kept it up ever since. He's got up in the morning and asked me, and he's come in at noon and night and asked me, and there have bin days at a time when he wouldn't speak to me. I'm a determined woman, Abe, and I never would give in that the whale swallowed Jonah."

"But why not?"

"I dunno, but I jest wouldn't."

"But I'd do it if I were you."

"Do you believe that Jonah was swallowed?"

"Can't say, but I wouldn't dispute about it and break up my home. I'd go right back and cave in."

"It would never do, Abe," she says, with a decided shake of her head.

"But why? If you give in, he'd say no more about it."

"That's the trouble, Abe—that's where the whole thing lies. If I gave up about Jonah, Ben would laugh and cackle for about half an hour, and then he'd come at me with the children of Israel crossing the Red sea and with Daniel in the lions' den, and I'd never have another minute's peace. I might as well go now on Jonah's account as to wait and go on Daniel's. This is the house and there's my sister, and I know she'll say I've done right. Good-by, Abe!"

"And shall I say anything to Ben if I meet him?" I asks.

"No—yes; you might say that I'm willing to admit that Jonah was thrown overboard and that a whale made a grab for him; but, as for anything more, I'll stick out if I die for it, and he can get somebody else to make his soft soap this spring!" M. QUAD.

Not Guilty.

"Is your husband a bibliomaniac?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle as she was being permitted to view the treasures in the library of the new neighbors.

"Mercy sakes, no!" replied Mrs. Packenham. "He never bibbles a bit. Oh, of course I don't say that he wouldn't take a little at his meals if the rest was doin' it, but that's as far as he ever goes in them kind of things."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sympathy.

Dudely—I'm really hardly myself since my valet left me.

Miss Cutting—Yes; I should think you'd feel lost without a man in the house.—Chicago News.

Gaining Experience.

"He has been engaged to four different girls."

"Yes; he holds that practice makes perfect."

His Bill.

"Your young nephew William appears to think he knows much more than he really does know."

"Yes; he is a Bill that is stuck up, but not a Bill that is posted."—Boston Transcript.

In Vaudeville.

"Vich vud you rudder do or ride in a ottymopeel?" asked one Dutch comedian of the other.

"Tell me de answer, so I won't know vat you are talking about," replied the other.

Then they both waited for applause.—Ohio State Journal.

A Philosopher.

Perambulating Pete—I'm hopin' that some day somebody'll exclaim, "You look jus' like my long lost boy!" an' they'll gimme a regular square meal.

Languid Leary—Well, I'll bet a good many long lost boys don't look a bit better'n you, Pete.—Puck.

A Way of Putting It.

"How old did you say she was?" looking askance at the strongminded daughter.

"Twenty-two."

"Gracious, but she's young for her age!"—Philadelphia North American.

Out of It.

It causes me grievous distress
  To have to stand up and confess
    That golf, as she's played,
    I have never essayed,
  Though I've heard it discussed more or
    less.

I never developed much zeal
  For steering an automobile;
    I don't think it's fun
    To get smashed in a run
  And then stay in bed till I heal.

At pingpong I never have played
  Nor thought of bridge whist as a trade;
    In fact, when I see
    What this earth holds for me,
  I wonder just why I was made.

—Washington Star.

THE INDEPENDENT

VANCOUVER, B. C.

Louis LVI. was never better pleased than when seated in front of a huge meat pie. Pork pie was his preference. When imprisoned in the temple, his bitterest complaints were with regard to food that was furnished him.

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

The Emperor Charles V. was a most abominable glutton, and was fond of anything he could chew and swallow. He finally died of a surfeit caused by overeating. It is believed by physicians that his appetite was morbid and diseased.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

It is perhaps well to remind that girl whose parents are doing all they can to make her happy, and who is dissatisfied, that some day her happiest moment in life is when the baby is asleep.

The average wife imagines her husband would have remained a bachelor if he had not been fortunate enough to meet her.

In the game of life the one-armed man plays a lone hand.

A man never knows whether a woman's hat is on straight or crooked.

The proprietor of a German menagerie keeps caged together a lion, a tiger, a wolfe and a lamb, which he labels "The Happy Family." When asked confidentially how long these animals had lived together he answered:

"Ten years, but the lamb has to be renewed occasionally."—Philadelphia Times.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs,—While in the country last summer I was badly bitten by mosquitoes—so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your Liniment to allay the irritation, and I did so. The effect was more than I expected—a few applications completely curing the irritation, preventing the bites from becoming sore. MINARD'S LINIMENT is also a good article to keep off the mosquitoes.

Yours truly,
W. A. OKE.
Harbor Grace, Nfld, Jan. 8, 1898.

At Rochester, England, the death has just taken place of Mr. George Thomas Crook, formerly inspector of machinery in the Royal Navy. Mr. Crook, who was seventy-two years of age, was known in the service as "the man who sat on the safety valve," for his plucky action during the Egyptian war of 1882. He then, at the risk of his own life, adopted the heroic expedient indicated in order to raise sufficient steam to lift ashore at Suez, by means of a rickety crane two locomotives which were urgently required on the Egyptian Railway.

SYRUP OF FIGS

ACTS GENTLY ON KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS,

CLEANSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY;

DISPELS COLDS HEADACHES & FEVERS;

OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY.

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS,

BUY THE GENUINE—MAN'F'D BY

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

LOUISVILLE KY. SAN FRANCISCO CAL. NEW YORK N.Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

Some men are so busy looking for a position that they have no time to work.

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

Pope liked stewed lamphreys. Sometimes when visiting he would lie abed for two or three days at a time, unless he heard that there were to be lamphreys for dinner, when he would rise and make his appearance at the table.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Keep Little Ones Well During the Hot Weather Months.

If you want to keep your little ones hearty, rosy and full of life during the hot weather give them Baby's Own Tablets the moment they show signs of being out of order in any way.

This medicine cures all forms of stomach and bowel troubles, which carry off so many little ones during the summer months, and is the best thing in the world for sleeplessness, nervousness, irritation when teething, etc. It is just the medicine for hot weather troubles; first, because it always does good; and second, because it can never do any harm—guaranteed free from all opiates. Mrs. W. E. Bassam, Kingston, Ont., says—"I began using Baby's Own Tablets when my little girl was about three months old. At that time she had indigestion badly; she was vomiting and had diarrhoea constantly and although she had an apparently ravenous appetite her food did her no good and she was very thin. Nothing helped her until we began giving her Baby's Own Tablets, but after giving her these the vomiting and diarrhoea ceased and she began to improve almost at once. I have since used the Tablets for other troubles and have found them all that can be desired—they are the best medicine I ever used for a child."

These Tablets are readily taken by all children, and can be given to the smallest, weakest infant by crushing them to a powder. Sold at drug stores or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

ELECTRICAL LEAKAGE.

One of the Great Dangers Which Threaten Men.

The greatest dangers which threaten man are generally invisible to the victim, and among these none is more productive of disastrous consequences than "electrical leakage," the selfsame leakage used by the natives of all hot climates to lower their temperatures. As no organic function can take place except by means of electrical currents, so it can be easily understood that if these currents leak from our bodies the loss of power must be distinctly harmful. A common instance of this loss of electricity from our bodies consists of what we call a nervous shock, the scientific explanation being that a sudden egress of electricity takes place owing to the violent mental impressions involuntarily forcing a current of power through channels which had not been previously open to receive them.

"This," remarked a scientist, "is but one case among a thousand of the ways in which we uselessly expend our vital power. The electrical waste of a person is entirely due to his surroundings—the seat upon which you sit, the table upon which you write, the floor, the ceiling, the fireplace, the rays and colors of light which surround you, all may be instrumental in absorbing your electricity, to the great detriment of your health. Red or yellow light waves excite electricity within you, blue and violet waves exhaust it, while green waves are practically neutral in their effect.

"The air you breathe places you in direct communication with the walls, windows or hearth of your room; if, owing to the manner in which they are constructed, they place you in electrical communication with the soil on which your house is built, an 'earth return' is formed, and the electricity in man's condenser—the brain—is drawn out of the body. When one stands in the vicinity of a place of electrical exhaustion one ought to face it, as the base of the skull and spine, being the center of the nervous system, are more sensitive to outside influences than is the more covered front of the body. This is why one feels so tired when sitting with one's back to a fire; the flames serve as conductors and extract the force from the exposed nervous centers."

An Obliging Youth.

"Miss Bink seems to be a very sad and serious person," said Miss Cayenne. "Nothing ever seems to make her smile."

"That's too bad," answered Willie Wishington. "I guess I'll propose to her. That seems to be the best thing I can do. It never fails to get a laugh."

Easy to Find Out.

"How absurd it is to say that a man doesn't know on which side his bread is buttered when it's so easy to find out."

"How?"

"Drop it. Any one ought to know that it will fall butter side down."

Vague Pleasantry.

Collector—Can't you give me any encouragement at all about this old account?

Mr. Go-Easy—Why, yes, of course. I will pay you as soon as I pay anybody.

MARKET REVIEW.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

The local market has been quiet but firm all week, with a very small business doing. In the fore part of the week the feeling was somewhat stronger. While buyers were scarce holders were not disposed to reduce prices in order to sell, and on Wednesday No. 1 hard was worth 76¾c, 1 northern 75c and 2 northern 72¾c spot or July delivery, in store Fort William. With the easier markets outside the feeling here is easier too, and at the end of the week prices were practically the same as they were a week ago, viz., 1 hard 76½c, 1 northern 74½c, and 2 northern 72½c in store Fort William spot, July or first half August delivery.

FLOUR—Demand is light and the market is unchanged as follows: Ogilvie's Hungarian, $2.05 per sack of 98 lbs.; Glenora Patent, $1.90; Alberta, $1.75; Manitoba, $1.60; XXXX, $1.25.

MILLFEED — Bran is firm and worth $15 per ton in bulk. Shorts firm at $17 per ton in bulk, delivered, subject to usual trade discounts.

GROUND FEED—We quote: Oat chop, per ton, $28; barley chop, $24; mixed barley and oats, $26; chop screenings, $15.50; oil cake, $30.

OATS—The market for oats is unsettled. Business is quiet and mostly confined to local account. We quote: No. 2 white, 40½c per bushel, for carlots on track here; feed grades, 37 to 38c. At country points farmers are getting 31c to 34c for No. 2 white oats. Street oats are not offering.

BARLEY—All offerings are now being taken for feed at 40c per bushel. The movement is very light.

SPELTZ—Dealers are doing a little business in speltz for feeding purposes at 50c per bushel of 50lbs.

HAY—Demand is fair and the market steady at $7 to $8 per ton for carlots on track here for fresh baled.

ROLLED OATS—Milling companies report their prices unchanged as follows: 80lb. sacks, $2.20; 40lb. sacks are worth $2.25; 20s, $2.30; and 8s, $2.60 with cover. Twolb. packages, $3.60 without case. Granulated and standard oatmeal is unchanged at $2.75 per 88lb. sack.

POULTRY—The market is quiet. Live chickens bring 70 to 75c per pair, and turkeys are worth 11c per pound, live weight.

BUTTER—Creamery—Receipts are fairly large and prices hold steady at 16½c to 17c per pound for choice creamery, f.o.b., factory.

BUTTER—Dairy—Dealers are offering as high as 13c per pound, commission basis, for choice table butter in boxes or tubs, and from that figure the market ranges down to 10c for low grades.

CHEESE—The market is steady and purchases have been made at 8½c per pound. The range of prices is from 8½c to 9c per pound delivered here.

EGGS—Receipts are moderate, and the market holds at 13c per dozen for choice case eggs delivered in Winnipeg.

DRESSED MEATS—Receipts are improving, and the market is easy. We quote: Beef, city dressed, 7½ to 8½c per lb.; veal, 8 to 9c; mutton, 9c; spring lambs, each, $3.50 to $4 hogs, per pound, 7¾ to 8¼c.

HIDES—No. 1 city hides, 6½c; No. 2, 5½c; No. 3, 4½c. Kips and calf the same price as hides; deakins, 25 to 40c; slunks, 10 to 15c; horsehides 50c to $1.

WOOL—Prices range from 6 to 6½c per pound.

CATTLE—The range cattle are now in condition, and shipping for export is commencing. There is a good demand for export cattle, and prices are high, consequently we may expect to see an active movement from now on. There is also a good demand from local buthers for beef cattle. Choice export cattle are worth 4¾c per pound off cars at Winnipeg, and butchers' grades from 3¾ to 4½c.

READING POLLY'S PALM.

I never learned cheirognomy
Nor cheirognomy's lore,
But over one wee, dimpled hand
I dearly love to pore.
I touch the dainty finger tips
And find a wondrous charm
In tracing hidden happenings
While reading Polly's palm.

I care not what the line of life
And line of head impart;
My anxious mind is centered on
The wavering line of heart.
I travel up the sacred mounts
In search of boding harm
And study signs and characters
While reading Polly's palm.

Jupiter's elevation shows
A tyrannizing trend;
Apollo's hillock signifies
A bride that may unbend;
Mars' mount denotes resistance
To my encroaching arm;
Alas, my fortunes rise and fall
While reading Polly's palm.

Venus implies some vanity,
A dear desire to shine,
And Saturn shows a disbelief
In ardent vows of mine.
Cross lines, which foretell obstacles,
Fill me with vague alarm;
My spirits sink to zero mark
While reading Polly's palm.

A mystic triangle portends
A serious setback;
A grille formation indicates
She'll keep me on the rack,
But one sweet sign emboldens me
And tenders healing balm;
The circle promises success
In winning Polly's palm.

Innovation Promised.

"I am a little weary of these conventional stage villains," said the habitual theater goer.

"So am I," answered the actor earnestly. "The next time I play the part of a villain I shall make a radical departure. I shall not smoke a cigarette."—Washington Star.

A RAILWAY MAN.

EXTRAORDINARY UNPLEASANT SYMPTOMS OF KIDNEY TROUBLE IN THIS CASE.

Tortured by all Kinds of Pains and Aches he Tries Everything, but Fails to Find Relief Till a Friend Advises Him to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills—They Have Made a Well Man of Him and he is Grateful.

Ottawa, Ont., July 28.—(Special.)—Frank Chartrand, a railway man, whose home is 130 Little Chaudiere Street, has acknowledged that Dodd's Kidney Pills have done more for him than anything else in the world has ever done. He says: "I suffered with backache and was always drowsy and had a very heavy feeling in my limbs.

"I had frequent severe headaches and more times very sharp pains in the top of my head, which gave me much annoyance in my work.

"My fingers would cramp and I would have an uneasiness in my legs and occasional pains in the loins.

"I was dizzy in spells and short of breath. If I ate a hearty meal I would have a pain in my left side. My appetite would sometimes be very good and sometimes I couldn't eat anything.

"I had a constant soreness and tenderness over the spine and tired feeling in the region of my Kidneys.

"I suffered quite a little with a dragging heavy feeling across the loins.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended to me by a friend of mine who had been cured, and I began to use them.

"Almost from the start I began to feel the wonderful improvement, which continued as the treatment proceeded, till the unpleasant symptoms had on one entirely disappeared.

"Dodds Kidney Pills have worked a wonderful cure in my case and I cannot speak too highly of this great and good remedy."

What Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for Mr. Chartrand they have done for thousands of others, and they'll do the same for you if you give them a chance.

There are many railway men in Canada today who find Dodd's Kidney Pills indispensible. They are the railway man's surest and best friend.

The constant vibration on trains and engines is very hard on the kidneys, and Dodd's Kidney Pills make these organs well and able to resist disease.

The man who borrows money borrows trouble. The man who lends money doesn't need to borrow trouble. He has a good supply with him.

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal. 14

If some knockers were able to make money as easily as they make trouble their wealth would soon become burdensome.

There is a paper published at Sing Sing prison called "The Star of Hope," but no one has ever been known to apply for a permanent position on the staff.

Minard's Liniment is best Hair Restorer.

Everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.

Don't let your heart grow cold, and you may carry cheerfulness and love with you into the teens of your second century, if you can last so long.

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

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle which fits them all.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

With most men life is like backgammon—half skill and half luck.

Faith always implies the disbelief of a lesser fact in favor of a greater.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

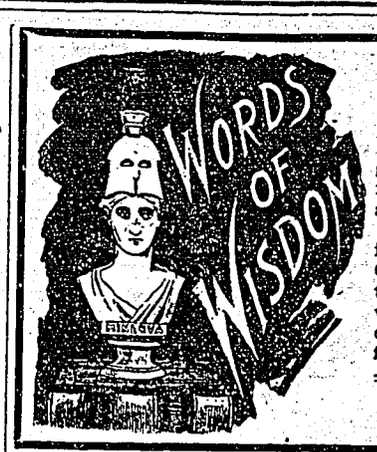
The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge.

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it.

A wooden leg is an amendment to the constitution.

Breathing Disease.

Infectious diseases are breathed into the system from those affected with disease or from bad smells; yet how many women breathe daily the offensive steam from common soaps made from rancid fats, and keep their hands for hours in such solutions, and the clothing from such soap suds is worn next the tender skin. No wonder disease and eczema are prevalent! Users of Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—know the difference between that and the pure, healthful smell from the vegetable oils and pure edible fats in Sunlight Soap. 203



In Flour Buying

It's an old saying that it's easy to give advice, but good advice carefully followed has brought otherwise unattainable satisfaction to thousands. Try this and see if it don't bring it to you: Use OGILVIE'S HUNGARIAN FLOUR and secure all that's good in the best No. 1 hard wheat, and baking days that are as devoid of failures as the changing from night to day.

BY ROYAL WARRANT
Millers to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

Americans are proverbially wide-awake—that is why they are buying Manitoba lands and Blue Ribbon Tea.

Once Used, Always Used.

Those who have tried

Gold Standard Tea

Will have no other.

There are a great many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking and green fruit is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

See The Point?

You pay your money, and we give you the nicest, sweetest cigar made—

LUCINA.

Buy one. You will stay with them.

MANUFACTURED BY
GEO. F. BRYAN & CO.....WINNIPEG

Wilson's Fly Pad
POISON
Will clear your house of flies

A person is always startled when he hears himself called old for the first time.

You may set it down as a truth which admits of few exceptions that those who ask your opinion really want your praise.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

On the programme of human events women are the consolation race.

Some people are born poor, some achieve poverty, and some thrust poverty on other people.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Rainbows never surrender, but always go down with their colors flying.

A billboard may help to swell the actor's head, but a board bill is quite another story.

Travellers change their guineas, not their characters.

IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

The quality standard from Ocean to Ocean. Your money back if not satisfactory.

ROSE & LAFLAMME, Agts., MONTREAL.

HALCYON HOT SPRINGS, B. C.

Without question the best and most effective springs in Canada for the cure of rheumatism, kidney or liver troubles. The medicinal qualities of the water are unequalled. Splendid hotel accommodation; fine fishing and hunting. An ideal spot for the invalid.

FOR ANYTHING WANTED IN
ENGINES AND BOILERS,
MACHINE SHOP OUTFITS,
BOILER SHOP EQUIPMENTS,
PLANING MILL MACHINERY,
SAW, SHINGLE AND LATH MILLS
STEAM LAUNDRY MACHINERY,
MINING MACHINERY,

WRITE

The A. R. WILLIAMS MACHINERY CO., LIMITED,

Toronto, Ont., Canada.

W. N. U. No. 387.

That man who says he never makes a mistake probably doesn't know one when he sees it.

A man may be able to fool himself as to his importance, but it is difficult to fool his neighbors.

SILKS AND DRESS GOODS.

PEAU DE CHENE, colors cardinal, navy, new blue and coral, 50c yard.

BLACK PEAU DE SOIE, BONNET'S MAKE; Prices $1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2, $2.25.

BLACK TAFFETAS—two leaders, one at 75c, the other at $1 yard.

New Tweed Effects; colors, brown, cadet, green and garnet; 46-inch widths; $1 yard.

ZIBELINE CLOTHS; 56 inches wide; in browns and blue greys—extra fine finish, $2 yard.

G. W. KENNEDY'S,

(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

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The Friendly Society of Ironfounders has decided by a majority of two to one to levy its members 1s. per year for parliamentary representation. This will provide an income of between £900 and £1,000 per annum.

The new society for the preservation of the Irish peasantry, of which James McCann, M. P., is president, are making arrangements for starting a boat building industry at Navan in connection with the Meath canalization scheme.

The Glasgow Barbers' union has discussed a demand made by its employees for a minimum weekly wage of 35s. to ladies' hands and 30s. for gentlemen's hands, together with a week of 60 hours in the city and 65 in the suburbs. The employers appear to be disposed to make some concessions.

The report of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners states that two new branches have been opened—namely, Balsall Heath (Birmingham) and Philadelphia, Pa. The membership of the society is now 68,665, with 832 branches, and an effort is being made to close the year with 70,000 members.

The Aberdale Trades and Labor council have arranged to organize meetings in the various districts, to be addressed by Keir Hardie, M. P., during this month, with a view to forming a group of labor members on the Merthyr Board of Guardians. This council has also resolved to place on the agenda of the annual conference of trades councils motions protesting against female labor on pit heads and against the corn tax.

After lasting 15 months, the strike of joiners at Bradford, which at first affected 500 men and, until recently, 200 men, is now ended. The trouble arose at the time of the builders' strike. The master joiners gave notice of a reduction of 1d. per hour and, although this was reduced to 1-2d. per hour, the men declined to accept the terms, with the effect that a long struggle took place, the men being supported by the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners.

UNITED STATES.

The organized bootblacks of New York number 800.

The bakers will hold a national convention in Buffalo in October.

The recently formed agricultural implement trust will dispense with the services of 10,000 employees.

The number of anthracite miners on strike in the anthracite regions at the close of last week is officially estimated at 179,000. Relief is being provided for nearly a million persons.

The Boston bookbinders have won their strike after a contest of three and one-half weeks.

The Blatz Brewing company of Philadelphia has been unionized after a ten years' fight.

About every national organization which will hold a convention in 1904 will meet at St. Louis.

Four hundred telegraph operators on the Northern Pacific got an increase of wages on September 1st.

Oakland carpenters report business as a little dull, owing to the inability of the planing mills to turn out work fast enough.

A very successful co-operative plumbing shop is running in Dayton, O. Fifty men are employed, and the business is increasig.

In the past two years the Iron Moulders' Union has increased its membership by 22,107 members and a net gain of 127 locals.

The president of the Journeymen Barbers' International Union has decided that under the present constituiton no woman can become a member of that union.

Two hundred freight handlers employed at the Erie railroad freight house, Chicago went on a sympathetic strike last week, because five men were discharged.

Secretary Albert Hibbert of the United Textile Workers of America, has issued a call for the annual meeting of that organization at Washington, D. C., on October 21.

The Brotherhood of Bookbinders is discussing the project of establishing a home for sick and disabled members, along the same lines as the Printers' Home at Colorado Springs.

About three hundred of the strikers who quit work in the silk mills of Jersey City in sympathy with the Patterson strikers, returned to work.

The Merchants' Coal company of Tunnelton, W. Va., has signed the scale and granted the miners all they asked for.

The Salt of Life

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

Now is This

A two-quart Hot Water Bottle

or

Fountain Syringe

75c.

The McDowell, Atkins, Watson Co., Ltd. Liability

UP-TO-DATE DRUGGISTS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FAVORS SOCIALISM.

To the Editor of THE INDEPENDENT.

Sir,—At the last meeting of the Phoenix Trades and Labor council, the following resolution, endorsing socialism was passed nem com.: "That, whereas, in view of the hostility to the interests of the workers exhibited by the old parties of Canada, and particularly by the liberal party now in power, as instanced by the non-enforcement of the alien labor law during the Rossland strike, and in various other ways; be it Resolved—That we, the Trades and Labor Council of Phoenix, B. C., in meeting assembled, do hereby endorse the platform and principles of the international socialist party in their entirety, and call upon all working men and women to work for the abolition of the wage system, and to vote for the candidates of the socialist party." The folly of petitioning hostile governments to enforce labor legislation, and of paying so-called labor representatives to lobby in the interests of the working class, was also severely commented upon. I am, sir, yours for justice, W. H. BAMBURY, Sec. Phoenix Trades and Labor Council.

Phoenix, B. C., Aug. 29, 1902.

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

SEATTLE NOTES.

Now that the Elks' carnival is ended a sigh of relief is heaved by many business men in Seattle, who claim their business suffered from it.

The Elks of Everett, Wash., took the palm in Seattle. They had more men in line during the parade, had the only Elks' band in uniform, had the nicest suits, best looking men, and in fact, the crowd in the street hollered and yelled for Everett.

The Independent of August 23 reached Seattle August 30. That is the reason you read in all steamship and railroad time-tables, "Fast, speedy time is the motto on our line." If this was not printed, you would not think of receiving a paper from Vancouver, B. C., in less than a month. Ox teams would make better time.

The Cascade Laundry runs day and night in Seattle.

The Elks' "organized labor" parade was a complete failure, only the carpenters turning out.

It makes old-timers laugh at Blethen, editor-in-chief of the Seattle Times, to read his editorial rant about Seattle and what was done in early days and what Seattle should do now, and giving advice to her citizens, when Blethen himself only managed to get here some time after the Great Northern railroad entered Seattle.

The "thousands of visitors coming to our city during the carnival," failed to show up, and that is why the "grafters" are so worried about, who expected to make a rich clean-up.

The Queenan-Turnet fight at Seattle last week was one of the best ever witnessed in Seattle. Twenty rounds were fought, and the decision was a draw. Most of the spectators are agreed that Turner should have been awarded the fight. Turner is a colored man who hails from California. Queenan is a white man and proprietor of the "Seattle Banjo" saloon.

Two or three barber shops are open all night here.

There is a grocery store in Seattle whose proprietors bear the name of "Glass & Dice." Now, if it were a saloon, the proprietors' names would be more in accordance with the business.

The Butler hotel has an automobile to carry passengers to and from the trains and steamers.

The Union Record, Seattle's popular labor paper, has a good circulation.

Blind beggars are much in evidence here.

J. G. Ure, secretary of the Eagles, Vancouver, was a visitor to the carnival.

"Jack" Brown, the printer or machine operator, well known in Vancouver, who met with a serious accident caused by a fall soon after his arrival in Seattle, is now working in the P.-I. office. He has put away crutches and ambles along with the aid of a cane.

Seattle is building many handsome blocks.

The totem pole is one of the great sights of Seattle to the Eastern tourist.

James Hamilton Lewis is much envied, all for the love of his $100 Panama hat. But "Dude" is a dude.

In Tacoma it is Mount Tacoma. In Seattle it is Mount Rainier. Take your choice. We'll take Rainier—beer.

The Pollard Juvenile Opera company have left Seattle on their return to Australia. They are a smart set of children, and were popular with theatre goers of this city.

H. H. Connors, who was in charge of the machines in the Vancouver News-Advertiser office, has charge of the eleven machines on the P.-I.

Paul and Nellie Underwood, who created such a sensation here by being accused of throwing their three-weeks-old baby into Salmon Bay, will be placed on trial Sept. 22nd.

Total admissions during the Elks' carnival in Seattle were 132,400.

Seattle has a "Murphy, the Kisser." He only kissed one woman publicly, but she called a "copper" to her aid and Murphy was sent to jail.

Seattle papers did not have much to say in praise of the Elks' of Everett when they captured the prizes. Seattle is a jealous town and does not fail to show it.

WASTING MONEY ON DOGS.

Think of paying $545.50 for a section in a Pullman car for the use of seven Japanese spaniels en route from Chicago to San Francisco. If one can believe the wires that was done the other day by a wealthy lady woman who evidently has more money than brains. The railroad company required her to buy a ticket for each dog, as well as the groom that accompanied them, and added enough for delicacies to make the bill an even $600. Such a ruthless waste of money is nothing short of criminal. Children starving for the necessities of life and a little fresh air in the tenements of all our large cities. No matter how great is his or her wealth, no member of society has a moral right to waste money on dogs as in this instance, while human beings are in want.

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.

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

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

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

T. Wiexstock, 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. Bandley, No. 5—Division No. 37, Victoria.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

Advertise in The Independent, official organ of the trades unions.

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

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

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.

PHONE 1220A.

JOE DIXON,

Carpenter and Joiner

516-518 Seymour St.

Between Pender and Dunsmuir Sts.

All kinds of work in this line promptly attended to.

LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION

September 12th and 13th, 1902,

AT REVELSTOKE.

The Convention of the Liberal-Conservative Union of British Columbia will be held at Revelstoke on the 12th and 13th days of September, commencing at 9 o'clock a. m.

All Liberal-Conservatives will be welcome. The right to vote is confined to delegates chosen by Liberal-Conservative Associations or District Meetings convened for this purpose. One delegate for every twenty members of such Association or District Meeting. Proxies can only be used by members of the Union.

J. R. SEYMOUR,
Chairman of the Executive L.C.U. of B.C.
C. J. SOUTH,
Secretary, Vancouver.

Messrs. R. L. Borden, K. C., M. P., F. D. Monk, K. C., M. P., E. F. Clarke, M. P., H. A. Powell, K. C., A. C. Bell, M. P., and other prominent speakers from the East will be present.

: GEO. HAY :

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

Dyeing and Repairing.

216 CAMBIE ST., VANCOUVER.

HOTEL NORTH VANCOUVER.

A delightful summer resort; strictly first-class and up-to-date in every respect. Terms, $3 per day, $10 per week; special rates for families. Saddle ponies, horses and rigs always on hand for visiting the Capilano, well known for its excellent fishing and shooting. Boats for hire any time. Band every Sunday afternoon.

P. LARSON, Prop.

DELICIOUS WINE

MADE EXCLUSIVELY FROM B. C. FRUIT.

FRESH CUT FLOWERS. UNION-MADE DOMESTIC CIGARS.

When making a trip around the Park call on

W. D. Jones Brockton Point Lighthouse

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

Hardwood Mantels

Of the Latest Designs Just Arrived.

We are sorry to have kept you waiting for this lot, but we know it will pay you as they are a beautiful collection.

Sole agents for the Dawson Beauty Grates.

An expert Tile Setter to place Tiles, etc.

Show room second floor.

McLennan, McFeely & Co.

122 Cordova Street., Vancouver, B.C.

Phone 44. Phone 1063.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

There is certainly a great improvement in the new boys' clothing we have just opened up for Fall and Winter wear. We've only space to mention a line of BOYS' NORFOLK SUITS. These are distinctly new and are for boys from 6 to 12 years old. They are made of a yoke and loose pleats—entirely different from the old Norfolk style. We have also the Military Norfolk with front pockets. We want you to see these.

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.**

We Want That Order of Yours

FOR SEVERAL REASONS.

BUILDERS' SUPPLIES,
CONTRACTORS' SUPPLIES,
LOGGERS' SUPPLIES,
BLACKSMITHS' SUPPLIES,
SAW MILL SUPPLIES, ETC.

Because we have the stock to supply you the best.

Because our attention will assure best service.

Because we can save you time and money.

Because one order is a step towards a permanent customer.

Vancouver Hardware Co.,

339 Hastings Street.

Cascade

"The Beer Without a Peer."

Up to the present there cannot possibly be any better beer—few, if any, so good.

We employ the highest skill in the science of brewing.

Nature itself cannot improve on the water (Capilano) nor the grains we use in its manufacture.

Our processes all through are thoroughly scientific.

Our plant—the most modern, the most scrupulously clean it is possible to conceive.

This is backed by a determination not only to make the best there is in beers, but to keep on making it all the time—no "falling down" anywhere.

Vancouver Breweries, Ltd.

Vancouver, B. C.

Your Flannels

—are washed by hand when you commit them to our care.

We have expert flannel washers who do nothing but this class of work and are in sympathy with your desire to keep your flannels beautifully soft and unshrunken.

PIONEER Steam Laundry

PHONE 346. 910 - 914 RICHARDS ST
DOWNTOWN OFFICE, No. 4 ARCADE.
WHITE HELP ONLY.
Parcels called for and delivered.

Take No Chances

You cannot afford to neglect your eyesight when you know that by coming to us you can get a pair of Glasses to suit your eyesight perfectly. Let Mr. Allan, our doctor of optics, examine your eyes and give you the glass you need. Examination free.

DAVIDSON BROS.,

The Jewelers and Opticians, 146 Cordova St.

Advertise in The Independent.