Legislative Lib'y Mar. 1903

JOINT LABOR DAY CELEBRATION AT NANAIMO B. C., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST

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VOL. 5. VANCOUVER, B. C., SATURDAY, AUGUST 16. 1902. NO 21

Manager Buntzen and Pres. Mahon

Deliver Notable Addresses to Organized Labor—Mass Meeting in Union Hall—Street Railway Employees' Union Tenders a Reception to Their President—The Other Speeches.

Last Saturday night we had a flying visit from the distinguished President, W. D. Mahon, of the Street Railwaymen's Union of America, of Detroit. This occasion was taken advantage of by holding a mass meeting in Union hall in the evening, but there was, we regret to say, not a large attendance. The coronation of King Edward was being celebrated as a holiday, and there being several excursions and other attractions, it was impossible to avoid this state of affairs, besides the heat was very excessive. Mr. J. H. Watson acted as chairman, and after a few brief remarks introduced

PRESIDENT MAHON,

who delivered a short but masterly address on trades unions. He complimented those present on the healthy condition of organized labor in these parts. After referring to the healthy condition of trades unions, he said that we hear much criticism of them in this country. When he said that, he meant in Canada as well as the United States. Some critics said that the union was not a religious organization, and consequently no self-respecting Christian could conscientiously support them. The speaker said that the man who criticises along these lines does not know what religion means. The other night he had been talking to a minister on the subject of child labor, who argued that religious bodies were the ones to solve this problem, and not the unions, as it was a religious question. But were the religious bodies doing that? The unions were agitating for the abolition of child labor, yet they were classed as not being religious institutions, which, he thought, they were if the true conception of Christianity were understood. "I have known," said the speaker, "of ministers being sent to jail for stealing horses, yet I did not condemn the church for that." Neither should the union be condemned by our churchmen as being irreligious for the acts of individual miscreants. The trades union was the only institution that has fought consistently and energetically in season and out of season for the abolition of child labor. In one winter in Chicago 176 sweatshops where women and children were employed had been displaced through the efforts of the union. At that time every single society, religious and otherwise,

Were Silent,

till the much-despised trades union arose and said that this slavery of helpless women and children must stop. "Suffer little children to come unto me," said Christ. Now, when we hear men criticise the union as an irreligious body and cannot be supported by them on these grounds, we must naturally come to the conclusion that they are not sincere in their contentions. The active trades unionists are used to the arguments put forth by every crank and every other fellow who want to find excuses to condemn the union. He had always made it a rule never to argue with an old man. One had disagreed with him on the policy adopted by trades unions to accomplish their aims and objects. He had been told that the decalogue of the church was quite sufficient to solve the industrial question, inasmuch as it was the golden rule, do unto others as you would be done by. This old gentleman said if this rule were lived up to he thought that society would be quite different, and things would be all right. The speaker said to him, let's agree to that. If this precept were observed there would be nothing for soldiers, the policemen or the lawyers to do. But we've got them all, though, and they are kept busy, because among the ruling classes the Christian prevails, and we have commercialism rampant all over the civilized world. This fact was not because there were no Christians, but because there was no Christianity. Again we were

Criticised for Strikes.

No trades union wanted to see strikes. With the great majority the strike was the last resort. In this regard it sometimes was amusing and sometimes very annoying to hear about criticism of the union by business men. Yet the strike was only part of the tactics the business community practised to-day. "We are always prepared to defend the principle of the strike," the speaker added. Critics say that the trade union is the work of demagogues and agitators. Sometimes in railroad circles it is said that they (the demagogues) only wanted you to organize for what they can make out of it. Let us go back into sacred history. Old Moses was criticised by the powers that be and he took his union and went into business himself. Old Pharoah didn't know much about up-to-date commercialism, or he would have taken out an injunction and stopped his runaway wage slaves. "We're passed the day," said Mr. Mahon, "when slander and abuse will stop our progress. The very fact that we are growing hour by hour proves that the principles of trades unions are right." Some of our carping critics say that the trades union moves too slow: that its members are too slow and conservative. The trades union does not stand in the way of those who want to go faster. The union stands behind every reform and honest movement. We realize that this is a business world and we realize that the history of the world is one of

Slow Evolution.

Therefore it behooves us to be extremely careful in the position we take to maintain our position. If trades unions bring men together in their several industrial occupations, it remains for the unions to break the fetters which make them the wage slaves of the world today, and thus leave things for our children better than they were when we found them. The union aids and encourages the down-trodden worker. It is the only institution that does. Can we look anywhere else that does? Do you know, friends, said the speaker, that strikes mark the higher and better civilized men of the world. You don't hear of strikes in China, India or darkest Africa, where the price of labor is so cheap. Some of our capitalists say, when a strike is inaugurated, "Let us starve the strikers into submission." No hungry man will rebel; he is too weak. In 1897 when the wages of miners got below the living line, we went among the poorest paid men in Virginia. We couldn't get them to organize; we couldn't even talk to them. Then to talk about

Revolutionizing the World

by men who were poor and starving, he thought, was absurd. The policy of the trades union is to feed and educate men to a realization of their conditions. Then they will fight for and obtain their rights. The speaker spoke on behalf of trades unions from a business point of view. They say, he said, that trades unions interfere with the question of business. Men who talk thusly did not know their subject. The object of trades unions was to find a market for the products of labor. A United States senator had asked why this locking of the gates of Pekin; we want to find markets for our products. The speaker here dealt with the money question, and referred to the panic of 1893. He said that money never created a panic, nor yet prevented one. Money was a big coward and was always ready to run on the slightest provocation. The panic was the result of conditions which prevailed prior to its coming. In 1892, Carrol D. Wright pointed out that the productions of each wage-earner per day were worth $10.50, but he only received $1.35 for them. Then was it hard to see how the panic came on? The speaker was at Chicago in 1893 and standing on the steps of a public building he was conversing with a professor of economics, who said we must have the gold standard to equalize the law of supply and demand. Mr. Mahon pointed out to him that the shelves of every store along the many miles of streets were

Full to Overflowing.

It was said the reason for this was overproduction. He contended that it was underconsumption. The old school of economics said to him that won't go. Here you've got your supply. There, pointing to an army of unemployed, he said, you've got the demand, and besides you've got the gold standard and you've got the panic. The law of money was subject to the demands of trades unions. Give the producer the full value of his services and you have solved the problem of the panic. On these grounds the speaker held that the trades union was a true business institution, and it was a true friend of the masses. It may have its weaknesses, but it is battling steadily away: it was battling for society all along the line to raise the standard of mankind; it was battling against the pernicious sweatshops. The efforts of the union were to organize and educate mankind. There was no force that will stop this great movement of humanity, and its work would continue until it captured the control of the industrial and political freedom of the world. President Mahon resumed his seat amid loud applause.

Harry Cowan moved a hearty vote of thanks to the speaker of the evening. This was seconded by Mr. Wrigley, of the Canadian Socialist, and carried unanimously.

Mr. Mahon replying congratulated organized labor of Vancouver for having procured so magnificent a hall and home.

Last Saturday night will long be remembered as a braw night by the street railway men of this city. The occasion was a reception in Sutherland hall, Westminster avenue, to W. D. Mahon, who was paying a short visit to Vancouver. He belongs to Detroit, Mich., and is the honored president of the International Association of Street Railway Employees of America. Mr. Mahon has been making a tour of the western states in company with the grand old man of labor, President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, and party. Among the invited guests present were: J. Buntzen, general manager B. C. Electric Railway Company, limited; J. B. Rannie, traffic superintendent of the B. C. E. R. C.; President Lamrick, of the Trades and Labor council; and J. H. Watson, the organizer of the street railwaymen's union of this city, and some forty members from the New Westminster division. Besides these, about 100 men of the local union completed the list. It was shortly after the bewitching hour of midnight when all sat down to the splendid supper prepared by Mr. Barnwell, the popular Granville street chef.

ROBERT BRUNT,

the genial president, after all had more than satisfied the cravings of the inner man, set the ball rolling by proposing the health of His Majesty the King, which was heartily responded to.

Next was the response to the toast of the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, by

MR. BUNTZEN.

It is no exaggeration to say that that gentleman received such a rousing reception by the gathering as baffles our discription. During his address he was frequently applauded. After the loud but joyful demonstration had subsided the popular manager, in his own plain business way of putting things, started by saying: "If I had the voice and the eloquence I would make you a good speech to-night" (but nevertheless he made a good speech). There are many companies, he said, where a meeting like the present between the employees' organization and the management would be considered an impossibility. "That is not the case with us," he added. He felt it as a compliment paid him when he was to meet them and their international president, Mr. Mahon. Mr. Buntzen was particularly pleased to meet his men in the presence of Mr. Mahon, because he was satisfied that he

Knew More About the Conditions

of street railway men in this country than any other man living, and the speaker had no fear of asking him his straight opinion on the offer he (Buntzen) had made the union on behalf of the company's board of directors, and, generally speaking, on the relations existing between the company's management and its employees. That morning he had a long and interesting talk on their mutual business with Mr. Mahon in the presence of President Brunt and Secretary Perry. "I found your international president what I expected him to be, an able and thorough exponent of union principles, and

A Strong Advocate

of your rights, particularly your right to obtain the best possible pay for your labor," continued Mr. Buntzen. This right he had never disputed. As manager of this important company he considered himself not only a protector of the shareholders' interests, but he was also there to see that they, on whose careful and good work the company's success so largely depended, got everything that they were entitled to. The shareholder must have a fair interest on his investment, or it will be impossible for the company to raise the capital it requires from time to time for the necessary extensions and improvements of its system, and the employee

Must Have Fair Wages

for his work, or no good work can be expected. And when both shareholder and employee have been fairly treated it is then that he wanted to try the experiment he had explained to them fully in a recent letter. He meant the system of profit sharing. It is too often the case in large companies that the management pulls one way and the employees the other. The directors meet in private and consider the questions before them from their point of view, the men hold secret union meetings and naturally hear only their own side. Now this is the point

Where Danger Arises.

With strong onesided opinions opposed to each other there is trouble in the air. But there is an effective remedy always on hand, and that is to meet and talk matters over. There is the safety valve. "I am always pleased when you ask me to meet you, because I know that I will learn something from you, who know where the shoe pinches, and I hope I can point out to you a few things that may not have occurred to you before," continued Mr. Buntzen. And the one thing that he could never say too often to them was that they

Must Protect the Shareholders'

fair interest on their investment. "Because you work for a corporation it does not follow that you work for rich men," he pointed out. The name "corporation" creates with many an erroneous idea of something large, wealthy, that should be opposed. But when you come to dissect this corporation into its component parts and find 670 individual shareholders in all walks of life, and you remember that the money most of these people have trusted to them is nonthing but saved-up earnings, money they might have squandered away, but that they have

Put Away for a Rainy Day,

every fairminded man amongst you will admit that those people are as fully entitled to protection for their savings as you are when you save up anything and invest it in a house or whatever you may favor. "As to yourselves, I believe in paying to skilled labor union wages, and to unskilled labor the best wages paid locally for that particular class of work, or the best wages paid in any company like ours in cities of a similar population, and where conditions are the same," the speaker continued. "And in addition to this our directors have now agreed to make

You all Share

in the company's success after four per cent. has been paid to the ordinary shareholder." As the secretary, Mr. Perry, put it during their conversation that morning, "we are all like one family." "We may have our family rows—once in a great while—but they are no more serious than that we can always kiss and make up after." And Mr. Perry said this: "If anyone says a bad word against the B. C. Electric Railway company we will all stand up and fight for it." He hoped this was so. With loyal men it is a pleasure to work. Mr. Buntzen was prepared to

Fight Any Outside Enemy

of the company's to the best of his ability, but he could not fight nor work, he said, if he thought that he might be attacked from behind by those whom he trusted, and whom he expected to trust him. He thanked them all very much for asking him to meet them there that night, and he sincerely hoped that their new experiment on profit-sharing lines would prove as great a success as he firmly believed it would. Mr. Buntzen resumed his seat amid prolonged applause.

(Continued on Page Five.)

MAY STRIKE AGAIN.

The day that the strike was called off and the agreement signed by General Manager Tonkin for the company, and by the committee for the Gladstone Miners' Union, No. 76, of the W. F. of M., Mr. Tonkin told the committee that he intended in the near future to draw up a scale of prices which he wanted the committee to sign in behalf of the union. He assured the committee that he would not cut the prices, or, in other words, that the prices would remain as they were. When Mr. Tonkin came here, the very next day he submitted his scale of prices to the union. But to their surprise, there was a general cut of from 5 to 20 per cent. In other words, the prices in Mr. Tonkin's scale are from 5 to 20 per cent. less than the prices paid by the company previous to Mr. Tonkin's arrival. Of course the union refused to sign his proposed schedule. If Mr. Tonkin insists on enforcing his prices, it will leave but one thing for the men to do, that is, to again tie up the mines of the Crow's Nest Pass, either on the first pay day or at the expiration of the two months referred to in the agreement.

PRESS COMMITTEE.

Fernie, Aug. 13, 1902.

LABOR DAY PREPARATIONS.

The committee having in charge arrangements for the joint Labor Day celebration at Nanaimo met in Union hall on Tuesday night, Chairman Crow presiding. The event is to be celebrated on Monday, Sept. 1st, at Nanaimo, where a monster parade will be held. Also a fine list of sports will be pulled off. Addresses will be delivered by prominent men of the province. The Vancouver committee have chartered the steamers Yosemite and Joan to make the excursion to Nanaimo. The fare will be $1.50 for adults and 75 cents for children. The boats will leave the C. P. R. wharf at 8 a. m., returning will leave Nanaimo, Joan at 8 p. m., and Yosemite after the dance. Bands will also be in attendance. A large number have already signified their intention of making the trip, and as but a limited number of tickets have been issued, they should be secured as early as possible from the committee.

Tickets may be procured from the following, besides the committee: At all the union barber shops and The Independent, basement Flack block; Watson & Co., corner of Cambie street; McDowell, Atkins, Watson Co., corner Hastings and Westminster avenue; Nelson, McPherson, Sutherland Co., Palace drug store, Hastings street; Nelson, McPherson, Sutherland Co., Mount Pleasant; Nelson, McPherson, Sutherland Co., corner Robson and Granville strets.

THE C. N. R. STRIKE.

The current issue of the Winnipeg Voice prints illustrations showing accidents to trains on the Canadian Northern railway. It adds: "The roadbed is practically ruined, the rolling stock largely crippled, and wheat has been in transhipment in cars between Morris and Port Arthur since last March. Every siding between here and Port Arthur contains dead engines and disabled cars, as also are a large number of the sidings and yards west of Winnipeg. There is a complete blockade from one end of the system to the other. Confusion reigns supreme in the transportation department. All who are compelled to do business over the road are complaining. And all this during the dead season. What the condition will be when the farmers are ready to ship this season's crop is really frightful to contemplate. If ever a state of things called for legislative intervention in the interests of the province, it is the Canadian Northern railway—'the people's road.'"

Since the Canadian Northern was declared unfair by the Winnipeg Trades Council, the C. P. R. freight handlers, who are solidly organized in Division 70, U. B. R. E., have steadily refused to handle any transfer freight from the Canadian Northern. During the past two weeks several loads have been offered at the C. P. R. sheds, but they were taken away again to find some other route or rest a little longer in C. N. custody. The brotherhood men are living up to their convictions and contract. They deserve and are receiving the warm appreciation of all true union men.

The suggestion is made—and it is one that offers the most reasonable explanation of the conduct of the management of the Canadian Northern railway—that a deliberate attempt is being made to ruin the road, so that it will fall a prey to the C. P. R.

THE U. B. R. E.

It has been stated that a branch of the United Brotherhood of Railway Employees will be organized in this city.

The gain in membership from the Southern Pacific road alone for the month of July is approximately three thousand. On that road also the general committees of the organization to the number of fifty have been in conference with the management for several weeks and wage contracts covering five departments are nearly completed. There has been no wrangling on the part of the company over the principle of recognition, as that point had been voluntarily conceded before the first conference was held.

At Houston, Texas, the committees of the organization representing several departments have been given schedules and an advance in wages of eight per cent.

WATER WORKS EMPLOYEES.

WANT PAY FOR HOLIDAYS.

Following letter was received by the city council and referred to the water committee last Monday night:

VANCOUVER, B. C.,
July 23, 1902.

To His Worship the Mayor and Aldermen of Vancouver, B. C.:

Dear Sir and Gentlemen,—We, the undersigned employees on the water works of the city of Vancouver, humbly petition your honorable body as follows:

Whereas—It is deemed in this city, as well as in others, just and fair to pay employees during the short vacations which civic servants are allowed; and

Whereas—This principle is acknowledged and carried out in our city in dealing with the police and firemen, and in addition the above mentioned employees are furnished with uniforms which materially lessen their expenses for clothes; therefore:

We, the employees of the water works, deem it only fair and reasonable that the permanent employees in our department should receive like consideration in the respect of receiving pay for the short vacation and holidays which are allowed us each year;

We trust that your honorable body will take the matter up and give it your earliest consideration, believing that it needs but to be considered to see the reasonableness of our request and the justice of granting it.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

Signed—William Latham, R. J. Paul, R. J. Moore, J. Stewart, H. L. Lewis, W. Hooper.

The employees of the civic water works department have petitioned the city council for pay for the short summer vacation allowed them. This is but only right, seeing that the other departments are granted similar concessions. All employees of the city should be treated alike. We hope the council will see its way to comply with the request of the men.

THE UNION IS THE ARK.

W. G. Clare, writing from Ruby Creek, B. C., to the Trackmen's Advocate, says: All existing forms of government, both in Europe and on this continent, legislate solely in the interests of the classes. I think that was brought very forcibly before the people of Canada last summer during our strike. We must send good, honest men to represent us in the legislature. I am sure we have plenty of them in the ranks of labor. We all know that directors of transportation companies and other large industries secure the most brainy and capable men to manage their business; and the representatives of organized labor confer with them and discuss the intricate details of management in order to agree upon the terms of employment; and in my humble opinion they are far more able to conduct the affairs of our country than the hirelings of corporations whose interest is to legislate for the few in order to enslave the many. The union is the ark that has saved us from being [illegible] merged by capitalistic greed and opp[illegible]ion, but the ballot is the lever that [illegible]ll raise us through education up to a high social plane where the motto of [illegible]one and all will be social equality, [illegible]iberty and brotherly love.

UNCHAPERONED

By Helen Riemensnyder.

He would read no more—the letter had come to him by mistake. He slowly folded it and put it back into the envelope. But he could not so easily put its contents from his thoughts.

Who to look at this quiet little girl would suspect her of such rollicking spirits, such rash abandonment to moods? "Go, 'round and be impudent to all your patrons!" He chuckled at the incongruity of such advice coming from anything so demure and quaint and gentle.

But here was an embarrassing situation. He shrank from speculating upon certain suggestions made to his mind by some sentences in this letter, which had never been intended for his eyes, yet he found it hard not to think of them. "It makes me happy to be able to set you free." "When you come into possession of your money." etc. A thought came to his heart which gripped it like a spasm. What was the "fate" to which she was reconciled? What the "problem," "the repsonsibility," which burdened her?

But he had a sense of guilt in his suspicions, as though he had discovered himself in an act of prying.

He threw the letter upon the table and took up pen and paper. After a little hesitation, he wrote:

"My Dear Miss Rankin,—

"By a mistake, which you will no doubt understand, the enclosed letter came to me in this evening's mail. Evidently you intended to send me something in this envelope directed to me—so I demand my own, and beg you to correct your blunder. May I have it at once? Please send reply to my rooms by bearer,

"Sincerely,

"Walter Forney."

He rang for a servant and dispatched him with the message, telling him to wait for an answer.

"If you can not find Miss Rankin," he directed him, "bring the note back to me. But I think she is on the beach in front of the house. She said she was going to be there this evening."

"Yes, sir."

In the interval, while he waited, he thoughtfully paced the floor of his room. A revolution was going on in his mind. He felt the rising tumult; but he kept himself in check, and tried to readjust, dispassionately, the impressions he had been experiencing in the past few days. He was restlessly impatient for the return of the servant.

He was kept waiting for what semed to him an intreminably long time. But at length when the man did return, he came empty handed. Forney's eager answer to the knock upon his door was followed by a stare of blank dismay upon seeing that the servant brought him nothing.

"Did you find Miss Rankin?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, and——"

"Then where is the answer?"

"She didn't give me none, sir, and——"

"You waited, as I directed you?"

"Yes, sir, and she read your letter, and she got red all over her face and——"

"That well do. She sent no message at all?"

"Yes, sir, she sayed as how she wanted you should please—if you had time—she mentioned particular, 'if he has time,'—that you should please join her on the beach and she'd let you have her answer!" And the ill-trained fellow gave Forney a familiarly confidential grin which tempted the doctor to throw him down the stairs. "I hope," the man added with great friendliness, "that the answer'll be favor'ble, Doctor."

The door was closed in the servant's face. Forney turning into his room, hastily changed his coat, "collected his hat," as he expressed it, then went down stairs and out of doors.

Florence and her aunt were on the porch. The latter was nodding sleepily, for it was nearly nine o'clock, and poor Florence was looking very bored and discontented. At sight of Forney, her face brightened.

"I have a grudge against those horrid old letters of yours," she said, as he came out. "Have you read them all at last?"

"Not quite all. One of them did not come. I am going after it."

"Oh!" she said in a tone of disappointment, "but where are you going? Not all the way to the village post-office? Take me with you. I shall die if I've got to sit here doing nothing for another hour."

"But I am not going to the village, unfortunately. I have to meet a—'a party'—down here on the beach—on business," he added. "I am sorry."

"So am I. Give 'the party' my compliments and tell him I hate him."

He lifted his hat and went down the steps.

"Now I wonder," thought Florence, as she watched his tall, broad-shouldered figure move down the path, "whether 'the party' is not that strange, poor woman who annoys him? Because whom else could he possibly be seeing on business down on the beach? I just believe it is she! I've half a notion to follow at a distance and find out. I wonder if I dare!"

CHAPTER X.

"You are very prompt," Mira said as he joined her. She had been sitting or half lying on the beach, her elbow planted in the sand, her head propped on her hand; but as he sat down beside her she raised herself to a less abandoned position. He noticed that her face was pale in the moonlight, and grave almost to solemnity. The tone in which she spoke to him was very low and serious.

"I am sorry, now, that I troubled you to come," she said. "I was too impulsive in sending back that message. I have been thinking about it while I have been waiting for you here, and I have decided not to tell you, after all, what I meant to tell you, when I sent you word to come."

"But the note that you meant to enclose in that envelope., Miss Rankin?"

"I made a stupid blunder! Can you believe that I meant to be guilty of sending you, in that envelope, an anonymous, type-written letter? Do you think there is any hope of redemption left for a person who would resort to such a device? You see I am not used to subterfuge and guile, and I blunder about it sadly; I have betrayed myself. Now what I really meant to tell you in that letter, you will never find out!"

"Think better of it. Tell me."

"I sent for you purposely to tell you, and now I haven't the courage! I am sorry I brought you down here for nothing."

"As for that, I am more than content to be here. You have quite made up your mind not to tell me?"

"Yes. It seems to me best not to."

"Then I suppose there is nothing more to be said. But you are vastly mysterious for so small a person!"

"I suppose so," she said smiling; and he, too, smiled internally at her guilelessness in imagining that her secrecy at all mystified him. He was pretty sure that he understood her case, to some extent, at least. However, since she preferred that should not understand it, he would let her have the comfort of her delusion.

"What have you been doing down here?" he asked. "Just lying here mooning? I never saw such a dreamer!"

"One can take time to live here," she said. "I have been forgetting, in this delicious coolness and quiet that clings around everything, that I am tired. It is a good place to come to when you want to have 'more of God and less of men,' isn't it?"

"'Less of men,'" he repeated, ruefully.

"But I mean men in the abstract—I was really thinking of Miss Matthews. Somehow she and I do not get on very well together. But even down here one cannot feel entirely secure from being molested. A while ago a pair of lovers passed this way—they must have come from the Baring Coast Hotel—and the girl chirped and rattled on to her laddie at a dreadful rate, and finally took him off singing 'Sweet Marie.' I mentally congratulated them on their bliss, but as it did not fit in with my mood, I felt a little disturbed."

"I can imagine," he said; then he added, "So you think that you and Miss Matthews do not get on very well together? How about Miss Hale?"

"I love to look at her—she is so beautiful. But I have to close up valves in talking to her. Think of being married to any one," she said, impulsively, "with whom you would have to be always closing up valves!"

"You are not contemplating marrying Miss Hale, are you?"

"I was thinking of a man that she reminds me of; when I am with him I always close up, as I do with her. To be married to any one towards whom I felt so—to me it would be—hell."

So softly musical was the tone in which she uttered the almost obsolete word, that he was not startled by it, and scarcely even surprised.

"Now," he said, "Miss Matthews would say you were 'unladylike.'"

"Yes. I would not be ladylike, though, for the world. Isn't it an atrocious word?"

"Which? The region to which you just referred, or the term used occasionally by the Matthews?"

"I mean that poor, miserable 'ladylike.'"

"And you would not be ladylike for the world?"

"No. I would be womanly."

"I like the distinction. Speaking about 'closing vavles,'" he added, thoughtfully, "it is a rare thing in life, you know, to meet one with whom you find a plane of intercourse in which perfect rest is felt—in which no effort is experienced."

"I know how rare a thing it is," she answered, "to find a friend."

They were silent for a moment. Then he said, speaking quietly:

"I have a feeling that you and I might be friends."

She colored quickly, but her candid face showed the pleasure she felt at his words.

"I have thought so, too," she said, simply.

"Your hand on it," he responded, extending his own, which gleamed white in the starlight as he put it forth.

"My hand on what?" she asked, as her palm touched his. "We really do not know each other yet."

"But our instincts are usually more true than our knowledge any way. I am sure we are going to be friends, if we are not already."

"We ought to have begun sooner. We shall not have much time, now, to find each other out."

"When do you go?" he quickly asked.

"As soon as—I do not know exactly. In a week or ten days, I think."

"Shall you go to your home?"

"N—no,—I am not sure where I shall go," she said evasively.

"Have you not been at all lonely here?" he asked. "What have you done with yourself through the long days when we have seen nothing of you at all?"

"I have had adventures, experiences—I have spent some time in the village and have learned to know some of the people. I have seen," she went on seriously, "some phases of life, this summer, which were new to me. And then," she added, smiling, "I have seen some humorous things, too."

"For instance?"

"Last Saturday afternoon I wandered into the Presbyterian Sunday-school in the village just in time to witness an 'Entertainment'—a dramatic representation of the trial of John Knox before Queen Mary—given by local talent!"

"That must have been rare."

"I enjoyed it. An 'elocutionist' from Danville—twenty miles from here, you know—had come over to take the part of Queen Mary, and she was so tragic! And poor John Knox was so meek! He was quite impossible! It was a terrible perversion of history."

"Doubtless. Tell me more. I like it."

"Some episodes of the drama were a little surprising; when the Queen became wearied with the strain of her interview with the Reformer, she asked her courtiers for some soothing music, and what do you think they sang to her?"

"A Moody and Sankey Gospel Hymn, perhaps?"

"Just so. It was something about

"'Throwing out the life-lines
Some poor brother to save.'

Sung in Queen Mary's court! Then in conclusion the court danced a minuet, it was really very pretty, but its grand finale was rather incongruous. The dancers separated into two parts, leaving an aisle down the middle of the stage—and down this aisle, 'tripping on the light fantastic toe,' came the figure of John Knox robed in sombre Puritan garb, carrying a Bible in his hand! The villagers thought it a very telling touch and applauded enthusiastically."

"Go on," Forney laughed. "What other adventures and experiences have you had?"

"Well," she complied, "I'll tell you something I saw this afternoon. As I was standing in front of the grocery store in the village, I heard two old fishermen reading a signboard which announced that Mr. Aston Smith would give a course of lectures in Danville on 'The Age of Elizabeth.' 'The Age of Elizabeth' said one of the old men. 'The Age of Elizabeth? Well, who cares a blank how old Elizabeth is?' 'Up there's a picture of old Billy Shakespeare,' said the other fisherman, looking meditatively at the face that adorned the top of the announcement. 'I'd know a picture of him anywheres. Do you know,' he drawled, very thoughtfully, 'some mighty queer things used to come into his head. Some things used to come into his head that never would have came into mine!'"

"No wonder you have not found it dull here," he said, "If you go about picking up little scenes like that. Any more?"

"You are like a child for demanding stories. Any more? Yes, I should think so; the anecdotes I've collected this summer would fill a volume. But I can't go on all night. You talk a little while now. Oh, yes, I do want to tell you about a 'Revival Meeting' I witnessed one evening in the Methodist Chapel. I had never seen a 'Revival' before. It was very queer," she said, musingly. "But I suppose you know what they are like?"

"Emotional, hysterical, sudden conversions, and that kind of thing?"

"Yes. It was a most strange and depressing sight to me. There was one absurdity, however, that relieved the gloom of it—for me at least. A young woman rose in the congregation and asked for prayers for a young man of Danville, who had been recently converted. He had written to her saying, 'I know positively that I'm saved.' But she added, 'He has not submitted wholly. Whenever I get awake in the night (implying that she didn't often) I pray that he may be perfectly subdued — but dear friends, he yet clings to his tobacco! Pray the Lord that he may lay his tobacco on the altar of Christ!' Fancy, Dr. Forney!"

He laughed outright at her expression of mingled disgust, amusement and pity.

"I sat next to a white cravated young man, at that revival," she went on, "and he let me share his hymn book and called me 'sister.' He had a good base voice, so I did not mind singing with him, though he did beat time with a very long finger in my direction, and seemed to be enjoying himself. But after the singing, the preacher had a great deal to give expression to, and as he refused to recognize time limitations in his prayer—an essay it was—nearly a thesis—I waxed dreary and unattentive, and my white-tied neighbor walked off and got a more responsive sister. It was better so, as I could have only had a second cousin!"

"You seem able," said Forney, "to become interested in any and all kinds of life, and in every sort of people, don't you? I suppose you do not often feel bored, do you?"

"No, indeed. There is so much to live for, so much to discover, and enjoy!"

He looked at her almost enviously. "I wish," he said slowly, "that I could always keep—I mean, I wish that your young soul could always remain as fresh and unworldly as it is now."

"I do feel, sometimes, as if it were not possible that I should ever, ever grow old and become tired of things. I cannot imagine a time, for instance, when I shall be too blase to enjoy such a night as this at the sea side. By the way, do you notice," she added, leaning forward a little and looking out to the edge of the water," how differently the waves break on the beach at night? In a solemn sort of way, not with the dash of daylight. Before you came to me, this evening, I was having a delightful time down here with the——"

"Thank you. Well? A delightful time with the——"

"I do not mean I have not had a good time since you came. But I was going to say, that while I was alone, I was having a musicale all to myself. The splash of the waves, and the coolness and the starlight, all rolled into a grand Pilgrims' Chorus, and the falls down there echoed it sublimely—until I quite lost myself in the great deepness over and in it all. Don't you wish," she said. "that we could hear the Pilgrims' Chorus, just now, from a great orchestra?"

"Music means a great deal to you?" he asked, looking at her glowing face.

"It means life to me! It embodies for me that attitude of living in the large realities of the universe, and getting away from the petty, conventional standards."

He could have knelt to her as she spoke, so akin he felt her to himself.

"If that is what it means to you," he said, "let it never lose its hold upon you. And no circumstances of life will ever be able to spoil you."

She glanced at him quickly, and with an expression in her face which showed him that this latter comment had for her a significance he had not intended. But the look with which he met hers seemed to reassure her of his innocence of any purposed insinuation.

"Yes," she answered, "Marcus Aurelius says, you know, 'Even in a palace, life may be lived well.'"

"A wonderful old heathen, wasn't he?"

"He rouses very conflicting feelings in me," she said smiling. "He exhilarates and inspires me sometimes, and then again his stoicism makes me impatient, it seems so pitiless and inhuman, so cold and passionless."

"Like Emerson's," he responded. "Emerson's genius has always seemed to me like the cold, steady illumination of the Northern Lights—clear and beautiful and chill, but with no throbbing sunlight warmth, no summer richness and fullness: only the unrelenting crispness of a cloudless winter's night. He did not live 'midst the hum, the shock, the crowd of men.' He did not bear their griefs and carry their sorrows—nor share their laughter. He never knew remorse, or fear, or hate, or any weakness."

"Because," she said, "he did not breathe the air of the jostling, work-a-day world in the valleys, but lived always apart, in the high atmosphere of the mountains—serene, divine! Now," she suddenly concluded, peering at her watch, "do you know it is nearly eleven o'clock?"

"The Matthews will be horribly shocked with you."

"She will be in bed, I hope."

They got up, shook off the sand, and walked slowly up from the beach.

"But if she and Miss Hale are still on the piazza," he suggested, "I shall tremble for you!"

"Now I suppose they would not think of criticising you," she said speculatively. "Mrs. Grundy is so very illogical."

"Among some classes, however, she is becoming more and more civilized. Indeed I have a large hope that she will, in time, be quite respectably rational."

"But, 'How long, O Lord, how long!'" Mira quoted. "Ah!" as they came in sight of the cottage, "they are on the piazza yet."

"I advise you to go in by the back way."

"Get thee behind me, Satan—don't tempt me to be a coward. It does take a horrible amount of courage to mount those steps and face her. But I'll do it, or die!"

"Martin Luther before the Diet wasn't in it with you!"

"See—I shall be spared the ordeal after all—they are going indoors."

"Miss Matthews is removing her niece from contaminating contact with you."

"I really believe that is what she is doing."

"Tell me," he asked suddenly, "do you sing or play?"

"I sing the least bit—yes, I'll sing for you some time," she said, anticipating his request, "if you will promise not to let it come between us."

When they reached the house, the coast was clear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Long Drawn Out.

One grain of fine gold can be made into a wire 550 feet in length.

PASSING OF OLD PLAYHOUSES.

London Theatres That Are No Longer In Existence.

Theatres and places of amusement are very like human beings—they have their births and deaths, and very often their marriages. The marriages (or amalgamations) and deaths are not as frequent as births. Some think the births are too prolific and speak of a surplus population of playhouses. Comparing the millions of to-day with the thousands of Shakespeare's time, the places where "stage plays" were represented were more numerous three centuries and a half ago than they are in the reign of King Edward VII., writes John Hollingshead in London Sketch.

Among the few London theatres that have left a substantial architectural record behind them to keep their memory green, the chief is the Pantheon, in Oxford street, which, after transforming itself into a bazaar of the Soho type, was acquired by the great wine merchants, Messrs. Gilbey, and presents the same front as it did in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

The Pantheon was started to be the great rival of the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, at a time when Italian opera had partly got over the narrow-minded prejudices of the London cockney, when the humor of calling every tenor or soprano Signor or Signora Spuallini was getting a little threadbare, and Italian ballet dancing had almost ceased to be compared with the stalking of a pair of compasses across the stage.

Next to go was the Milton street (ancient Grub street) Theatre, just outside the City Wall at Cripplegate, and at the back of old Morrison's great soft goods emporium in Fore street. It has a few interesting records worth searching for, and in one instance of a theatre turned into a chapel.

An opposite instance is that of the old Court Theatre, at Chelsea, now supplanted by "residential chambers," which was a chapel before it became a theatre under the late Miss Litton's tactful management.

Among the old theatres which have turned their backs on the drama and welcomed the tenancy of the Young Men's Christian Association ("Y.M.C.A.") is the "City of London" (so called), which clung to the borders of the city. It was largely used as a "starring" house, and here I saw Elton, the celebrated legitimate actor, a short time before his fatal voyage across the Atlantic.

"Astley's" after a long period of depression, finally fell into the hands of those very "superior" landlords, the ecclesiastical commissioners. They have left the public its bread (panem is pure modern slang for the "staff of life"), but they have taken away its circuses. The site is now devoted to cheap boot shops, cheap tailors, cheap fruit stores, cheap hats and cheap food—

But alter and tinker the sight as they will,
The scent of the sawdust will cling to it still.

Within the last few years several familiar theatres have been doomed—the Olympic bought by private treaty by the London County Council, and the Opera Comique, bought after a semi-judicial investigation; "Toole's" (which has had more names during its short career than any other house) has been absorbed by the Charing Cross Hospital; the Tottenham street Theatre, with its unique record; the Amphitheatre in Holborn, which has become the chief depot of a general carrier, and the "Holborn" (also in Holborn), which is now a portion of the First avenue (Gordon's) Hotel.

In a short time the Globe Theatre (34 years old) will be cleared by the London County Council for the new street subject, I presume, to proper valuation. "Old Lyons Inn," which was cleared in the middle of the sixties for an Anglo-American Hotel that ended in a site half covered with a speculative builder's failure, would have afforded good houseroom for a spacious central theatre, but it was cut up into two theatres, built side by side, like Siamese twins, having many defects and few merits.

The Globe was the best twin—a house in which the "line of sight" was happy—but the Opera Comique the original home of Gilbert-Sullivan opera, was a house that ought never to have been built, and certainly ought never to have been licensed.

Side by side with the vanishing of the Globe Theatre (not without history) comes the transformation of Niagara Hall, in York street, Westminster, into a show bazaar for electric coaches.

Niagara began as a panorama building, and will end its amusement career as a skating rink. The King and Queen visited it a few weeks ago as a rink, having before visited it to see "The Falls of Niagara." It was opened in 1888. To build the front hall five houses had to be bought and pulled down. One of these was the house in which John Milton lived and wrote for a time, which is now partially absorbed by Niagara Hall and the new block of Queen Anne's mansions.

This house came into the possession of Jeremy Bentham, the utilitarian philosopher, who let it first to James Mill, the historian of British India (the father of John Stuart Mill, the political economist), and afterward to William Hazlitt, the essayist and dramatic critic. There are about 14 York streets in London and Westminster, but probably not one with such an interesting record.

Unappreciated Dignity.

Andrew Lang tells this story: "As to asking for votes, one would feel like Abernethy—I think it was he—who stood for a professorship in Edinburgh. He had to canvass a bailie who was a grocer. The bailie had une attitude digne. 'You have come, young sir, in this crecsis of your career to ask for my vote for the chair of toxicockology?' 'No, sir, said Abernethy; 'I have come to ask for a penny's worth of your figs. Put them up, and look smart about it.'"

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Buttons were used in Troy. Schliemann found over 1,800 of gold.

Needles antedate history. They were first made in America in 1680.

In the poorest quarters and tenements of London there is nearly always a flower pot in the windows.

A STAGE IRISHMAN.

HOW A CRISP ENGLISHMAN PUT THE "BROGUE" INTO HIS MOUTH.

That He Made Himself Ridiculous Hardly Needed an Irish-Speaking Irishman to Point Out—What the Real Pronunciation of English Words Are in Ireland—Why Redress Should Be Made.

Why the Englishman considers himself "shy" and "reserved" when out of his own country is more than I can understand, seeing that he is half his time away appropriating other people's countries, and has now appropriated more of them than anybody else has ever done. Leaving Oxford by the time he begins to shave, he goes round the world, notes what parts of it may be worth appropriating; runs across a corner of India in a hurry, and comes back to publish a book, showing how much wiser he is at twenty-three than all the wisdom of the East for all time. A shy and reserved man, truly!

I could forgive all that shyness and reserve of his had it not been for a fortnight's visit he paid my country some years ago, in the person of a crisp critic of a London journal, who, on his way, stopped at Sligo town, in wet weather; got a "native" to row him on Lough Gill for an hour, studied the native and the rain, and then settled all the Irish questions in one crisp column in one wet evening. Had that evening not been wet, he would, he said, have fished for trout, leaving all the Irish questions unsettled. So do the destinies of nations hang on small English incidents.

I could forgive his crisp, columnar settlement of all the Irish questions had it not been that he included the question of my native brogue on the English stage, a question the solution of which I had reserved for myself, or hoped, at least, to see settled by some other Irish-speaking Irishman. In my indolent, Irish way I had been for years studying an imminent need for a magnum opus, formulating the data and generally cultivating the mental growth that must lead to a triumphant climax, when John Bull came to Sligo, borrowed a rusty nib, and, in a rainy hour, took my brogue out of my mouth, not to mention his appropriation of the Government of my country at the same time.

Since then I have had my revenge on various occasions, in London theatres and elsewhere, listening to his laughter at the stage pronunciations he himself had established in the above journal—he laughed at his own inventions, and I laughed at him. Irish readers will at least understand the grotesque stupidity of such pronunciations as "praisht" for priest, "swait" for sweet, etc. When these phonetic outrages are accompanied by a red nose, a muddy face, drunken hair and a drunken stagger, the sight and the sounds are very much like an English asylum for criminal lunatics than anything anybody has ever heard or seen in this island of mine. The sufferings unnecessarily inflicted on Irish people in this way are considerable, and call for redress, if only in the interests of the Englishmen.

Such are the reasons that lead me to attempt a few suggestions that may save the Englishman from making himself so intensely ridiculous in the matter of Irish stage pronunciation.

The great bulk of the difficulty with vowels and their combinations is in connection with ea, which is very commonly equal to a in fare, as, for example, meal is "mail," seal "sail," steal "shtail," etc. Nothing else in the whole business of the Irish brogue comes nearer to a general rule than this, though the exceptions are numerous. Here are a number of the commonest and most useful words with ea that do not change by the brogue—clear, dear, fear, gear, hear, near, spear, year, tear (that is, weeping). I cannot remember any others. It will be noticed that they all end in r. Monosyllables with ea, and ending in any other letter, are nearly all pronounced in brogue fashion, as "mait" for meat. The same applies to all terminations of words, of whatever length. With due attention to these exceptions and remarks, it may be taken as a safe and general rule that ea is equal to a in fare. This information alone ought to go halfway toward the redemption of the English stage Irishman from his phonetic follies.

I do not think that anything like a safe general rule, exception this, can be established in connection with vowels. "Queer" is the only word with ee that I can remember to be incorrectly pronounced—it is always "quare." You can take this as a general rule, if you think it necessary for the sake of one word. It may be, for the English estimate of our brogue vowels is hopeless—as hopeless as the English judgment of us all round. If it be well to make general rules for the sake of a few odd words, I could multiply such words to an inconvenient extent.

The vowel i is very interesting for stage purposes. Only in one respect does it depart from the proper value, but this departure is most characteristic, and, once mastered, may go far to help the actor. The brogue pronunciation of i is like oi in moist, but thinner; it is much nearer to the value it has in the French oui, which is probably better known in English than any other French word. Try to begin the sound with something of the u value in it, finishing up as thin as possible; mind, "moind;" find, "foind," etc. There is no practical need to bother about o, except that mother is "muther."

The oo assumes the brogue in two instances, in door the oo has the same value as in moor, and the same follows with floor, which is "flure." In these cases, of course, the Irish brogue is the proper English, and would be accepted as such had the English language not been so unreasonable.

The u ought nearly always to sound like oo shortened, and there is no need to trouble about w or y.

Any vowel between consonants retains its proper value, whether long or short, except i and e. E is generally equal to i in wit; spend is "spind," send is "sind," etc.

The Irish never go wrong with ie, notwithstanding the English "praisht," and although the English actor invariably makes it like a in fair. When I first heard "praisht" I felt almost ill.

Either is "ayther," neither "nayther," receive "resave." For the rest, ei retains its proper English sound.

D is like th in wether, in a small number of words: border "borther," order "orther," etc. This applies only when er follows the d. Dd is equal to th in father; but the words to which this applies are not many—ladder is "lather," fodder "fother" rudder "ruther," shudder "shuther" etc.

As to h, the most illiterate of Mayomen may give lessons to a large minority of English educated people. Among consonants, s is almost as important as ea among the vowels. Before the consonants c, k, l, n, t, at any part of the word, s is equal to sh. "Shkar" is scar, "shkip" skip, "shlave" slave, "shnipe" snipe, and "shtop" stop. There are no exceptions that I can remember. In a few words, t is equal to th, water is "wather," bloater "bloather," porter "porther," splinter "splinther," winter "winther."

Except at the end of the word, tt is equal to th, as "other" (otter)—the tt sounds as th in with, not as th in smooth. Exceptions: When the tt is followed by i or y, the correct pronunciation is retained, as in putty, wittier, prettier, &c. I do not know any farther exceptions.

Of course, this is an imperfect grammar, being a first edition, by one who is not a grammarian; but it may afford a basis, and if only for the sake of ed and it, it may at once save actors from doing their injustices to themselves and Ireland. I cannot pretend to go through the whole dictionary and make my lists of exceptions absolutely perfect, but should the actor studying his part find matters on which he wants further information, he can easily look out an Irish-speaking Irishman, who may now be found in any civilized country where English is spoken.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Story of William Black.

Sir Wemyss Reid, in his little work on William Black, says:

Dull people formed wholly erroneous conclusions with regard to his feelings, and conceived him to be the victim of innumerable love affairs of the most tragical description, because of the fashion in which he purposely exaggerated the admiration that was always aroused in him by grace, beauty, or fascination in a woman . . . . Perhaps the truth about the innocent and fleeting admirations and attachments of his early days will be best illustrated by an anecdote of that time for which I am indebted to his sister. He had been professing for some time to be the devoted slave of a certain Miss M——, and his sister had invited the young lady to her house one day when she was expecting him. When Black was announced, Mrs. Morten went into her drawing room to greet him, and found him striding up and down the apartment, with bent head and gloomy countenance.

"Well, what is it now," she asked.

"I am in despair," he answered.

"Oh, but you need not be long in despair. I am expecting Miss M—— to arrive at any moment."

"Never mention her name again in my hearing! Don't you know that I am devoted to Miss X——?" mentioning another young lady whose acquaintance he had just made, and who happened to suffer from a slight impediment in her speech. "She is the only woman for me; and I would give worlds if I could only hear her call me once, 'Wi-William!'"

A Fly That Kills Horses.

All white men who visit regions in Africa infested by the tsetse fly have much to say about it. There is now evidence that the tsetse is moving gradually to more northern regions, and the cause is supposed to be that South Africa is depleted of its large game, much of which is moving northward to get away from hunters, and the tsetse fly is going with it.

The insect is only a little larger than the ordinary house fly, and it resembles the honey bee. Its sting is hardly as annoying as that of the mosquito, but near the base of the proboscis is a little bag which contains its poison. It lives on the blood of animals, and only a few species are fatally affected by its bite. Cattle, horses and dogs, however, cannot live when bitten by the tsetse fly. Natives who herd cattle and travelers who depend on horses and oxen must avoid the fly regions or lose their stock. For human beings its bite has no serious consequence.

The Bishop Was Stumped.

A good story is told of the Bishop of New Caledonia, now on a visit to England. He recently addressed a large assembly of Sunday school children, and wound up by asking in a very paternal way: "And now is there a-n-n-y little boy or a-n-n-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?"

A thin, shrill voice called out: "Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?"

"Oh, ah, yes—I see," said the bishop, "and, now, is there a-n-n-y little girl who would like to answer Mary's question?"—London Express.

Debt Due Since 1816.

Dickens' famous case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce is recalled by a case just decided in the English Court of Chancery. A firm of wine merchants in Regent street has just received a cheque for £95 ($475) from the court for wine supplied to an aristocratic customer in 1816, one year after the battle of Waterloo.

HUMORS OF EMPIRE.

LAUGHABLE INCIDENTS TAKEN FROM MR. BASIL THOMSON'S BOOK.

How the Folk of "Savage Island" Regarded "Vika" the Great Queen, Whose Flag Conferred Strength—A King in Petticoats—Queen Takes Off Her Boots—How the Marine Led the French.

Mr. Basil Thomson, the governor of Dartmoor Prison, in his new book "Savage Island," tells a most diverting story of his visit to one of our newest possessions, which lies 1,000 miles north of New Zealand.

In 1900 he was sent to establish a British protectorate over the island, and more recently it was annexed to New Zealand by Lord Ranfurly. The people had sent to Queen Victoria—"Vika" they called her—and begged her "to send the powerful flag of Britain to unfurl in this island of Niue, in order that this weak island of ours might be strong."

Their conception of Queen "Vika" was very quaint. They imagined her as the "all-powerful chief whose house was built upon the coral strand of Lonitoni (London), opposite the landing place, where her men-o'-war were moored stem and stern in rows before her doors. She read their letters with her own eyes, and had her captains to sit before her on the floor mats while she gave them messages for the brown folks in far islands."

Mr. Thomson arrived at Savage Island on board H.M.S. Porpoise, and sent word to King Tongia. "Early in the morning persons reported that men were erecting awnings on the green before the schoolhouse, that the headmen of villages had all arrived, and that His Majesty was being helped into his uniform. Ten was the hour, and on the stroke of the hour Captain Ravenhill landed with the portrait of the Queen, sent from Windsor as a present to the King." But the King was late. One said he was "arraying himself in the new rifle-green uniform imported for him by the storekeeper; another that he was taking off his royal trousers at the behest of a Samoan teacher, who asserted that trousers were no trappings for an interview with Queen's commissioner."

At last the royal procession came in sight, and Mr. Thomson is not likely to forget it—for a less royal affair could not be imagined. It was "headed by a dozen men in slop clothes and villainous billycock hats set at rakish angle. They all carried spears and paddle-shaped clubs in either hand, and a similar rabble brought up the rear. In the middle of this grotesque bodyguard walked the King and Queen, both in petticoats, as befits the sex to which they belonged, for, if the Queen was a young woman, the King was assuredly an old one. To their united ages of ninety-four, His Majesty contributed seventy-six."

The Queen "wore a wreath of roses; he the soldier's helmet, with the cock's plume, which was all that the officious Samoan teacher would leave him of his military uniform, and from which he refused to be divided, although it assorted ill with his petticoat."

After much talking, the treaty was signed in the schoolhouse, "upon the schoolmaster's standing desk, and three separate messages were despatched to bring ink, pens and blotting paper." At one end of the room a troop of children were noisily playing, and nearby a woman was sitting on the floor placidly suckling her baby."

The next thing was to put up a flagstaff to fly the British flag. This was to be the work of the bluejackets. But "as soon as the people understood their purpose, the crowbars and shovels were snatched from the hands of the bluejackets, and the natives themselves, with shouts of laughter, fell to with a will upon the grave of their independence. The bluejackets, nothing loth to exercise their unaccustomed role as foremen of works, were laughingly directing operations, when some officious elders, scandalized by what they felt to be a breach of manners, fell upon the volunteers with their paddle-clubs and drove them off, though not before the happiest relations had been established between the natives and their visitors."

A little later the King and Queen returned the visit of Queen "Vika's" representative. The captain of H.M.S. Porpoise sent his boat for them. "All went well until she neared the ship, and then the Queen, after a whispered consultation with her consort, began to take off her boots. This operation being still in progress long after the boat was alongside the gangway, faces began to peer curiously over the side, but the bluejacket stationed at the foot of the ladder preserved an admirable composure, and when Her Majesty had paddled up the steps in her stockings he gravely followed the procession carrying the royal boots, as if they were insignia of office, to the suppressed merriment of his fellows who were drawn up to receive the royal party."

It was the chart-room of the ship which impressed the King mostly. "Deceived by the brass chimney of the heating stove, he declared it to be the finest kitchen he had ever seen. It was in vain for the interpreter to explain the real uses of the room. It was the kitchen—anyone could see that for himself—and if the captain chose, for reasons of his own, to lie about its real uses, he, Tongia, was too old in the craft of the world to be taken in!"

When the interpreter had hinted to the King, "that it was time to take leave, the King, producing a dollar from his waistband, signified his intention of tipping the captain for the pleasant entertainment he had provided, and the interpreter had the greatest difficulty in persuading him that such an act would be contrary to the decencies of European custom."

No wonder British bluejackets are popular. Mr. Thomson declares that if he were set the task of winning the confidence of suspicious and hostile natives, he would ask for an escort of the first naval petty officers that came to hand, and consider the work done. Here is a charming story of how they won confidence: "Returning from a walk late in the afternoon, we heard sounds of merry-making in the village square, and found the whole population sitting convulsed with laughter at an entertainment provided by their visitors. It appeared that the shore party, returning to their boat, had discovered a band of urchins playing catch with oranges, and seized upon the opportunity for teaching the new British subjects the British national game. With sticks for wickets and coconut butts for bats, they soon had the game going, and when we came up a boy of eight was bowling to a bearded engine-room artificer, who was going through the antics of down cricket to the huge delight of the onlookers. The little boys positively wept when the boat came to carry away their new-found friends."

The King of the Tongans once told Mr. Thomson that it was because the English joke with the Tongans that they were such good friends, and he told him this lovely story in illustration. A French flagship arrived in one of the island's ports at the moment when H.M.S. Tauranga was there, and the natives wondered which of the two ships would be the first to ackrowledge itself to be the inferior of the other. The English captain went first to see the French ship, and so the natives said, "See, the Englishman admits his inferiority." But they did not speak thus on the next day. Eighty French soldiers landed, and also one English marine, who used to carry the letters to the postoffice. The French soldiers marched proudly in lines of four, and the natives thought the English marine would be abashed when he met them. What was their surprise to see the marine actually waiting for the French soldiers, and when they came up to him "he put himself at their head and marched so bravely in his red coat that the Tongans cried out, 'Lo, a king is approaching up with his bodyguard!'"

"The face of the French officer was not good to look upon, for when he called upon his men to stamp the ground and let the marine go on, he also stamped the ground, and when they pressed forward to pass him, he quickened his steps and kept with them as if he was indeed their leader. Nor was it better when they passed the guardroom, and saw even the Tongan sentry dissolved in laughter, for the marine behaved as if he was too exalted to know his friends, save for a secret sign that he made to them with one eyelid. So they went on together to the boat. The rumor of this thing was carried throughout Tonga, and the people thought more of this marine than of the French admiral and all his men."

SLAVES IN LONDON BANKS.

Short Hours Are a Fiction After the Clerk Is Engaged.

A correspondent writes to The London Express: "Having recently returned from India, I am struck with the white slavery that exists to-day in the banks of London. The hours—10 to 4—are used as an inducement to get young men to join certain banks in London, but in reality the hours are nearer 8.30 a.m. till 9 p.m. What does this mean to a young man living with his parents in the suburbs (for the mere pittance derived from this slavery can only keep him in railway fares, clothing and the daily midday meal)? It means that some of them have to leave their homes as early as 7 a.m. in order to reach their post in time. It also means that it is 10 p.m. or after before they reach home, tired, overworked and with a distracting headache. Working, as they do, in a close, badly ventilated and brightly lighted office must be injurious.

"In India, if such a thing were done—but native clerks would not stand it—the dreadful cry of slavery would be heard everywhere, and people of England would spend money and time and make every effort to bring about a remedy. Why is this not done here? We can find banks paying 15 per cent., 18 per cent. and even 20 per cent. per annum dividends at the expense of the poor, underpaid white slave, the unfortunate employes slaving for a wage that would surely shame the stockholder if he thought seriously of it. I asked a bank manager a day or so ago why banks are so undermanned, and his reply was, 'To satisfy the stockholders'."

Poets' Differences in Judging Their Art.

Among the late Aubrey de Vere's reminiscences of the poets whom he had known there is one passage so characteristic of the different tastes of great writers that it is worth recalling: "Tennyson was enthusiastic for Burns. 'Read the exquisite songs of Burns', he exclaimed. 'In shape each of them has the perfection of the berry, in light the radiance of the dewdrop. You forget for its sake those stupid things, his serious pieces!' The same day I met Wordsworth and named Burns to him. Wordsworth praised him even more vehemently than Tennyson had done, as the great genius who had brought poetry back to nature, but ended, 'Of course I refer to his serious efforts, such as "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Those foolish little amatory songs of his one has to forget.' I told the tale to Henry Taylor one evening and his answer was, 'Burns' exquisite songs and Burns' serious efforts are to me alike tedious and disagreeable reading.' So much for the infallibility of poets in their own art."

The Work of Old Boys.

Lord Kelvin is seventy-eight years of age. Under a rule recently adopted by a western railway company he couldn't get a job in its service because he is over thirty-five. Yet he can outwork to-day three-quarters of the youngsters, to say nothing of his value as a thinker. The greatest work of our time is being done by men more than three-score years and ten.

HOUSE OF STANLEY.

FIRST MAN WHO BORE THE NAME MYSTERY TO OLD CHRONICLERS.

Family Settled in Derbyshire Before the Death of Edward the Confessor—Name Made Famous in Reign of Edward the Third—The Present Earl Was Once Governor-General of Canada.

Who the first man was that bore the name of Stanley is a mystery that has baffled the most industrious of the old chroniclers, but it appears tolerably certain that the family was settled at Stoneley in Derbyshire before the death of Edward the Confessor, and subsequently became allied with the Norman Audleys. It was not, however, until the reign of Edward III. that the name was made famous by John Stanley, whose prowess at the battle of Poictiers was remarkable even on a day of great deeds. The family tree may then be said to have been planted by this daring and successful soldier, whose next exploit was a combat with a Fre[illegible] his bride. After Poictiers, Stanley's hardest struggle was at Shrewsbury, a battle that had special significance for his race, for there Sir [illegible] land was slain, and amongst his forfeited lands the kingdom of Man was bestowed by a grateful Sovereign upon his trusty and well-beloved lieutenant. Sir John married the heiress of Lathom, and thus became possessed of Knowsley, Prescot, the seat of his descendants ever since.

For several generations the family is less prominent in our annals until we come to Sir Thomas Stanley, who married a sister of Warwick, the king-maker. He was one of the few supporters of Richard Crookback who managed to keep his head on his shoulders and eventually to get safely out of the clutches of the tyrant. Whether it was Sir Thomas, or his brother William, who placed the "Crown of ornament" on Henry's head after Bosworth Field is not certain; but the victor's manner of rewarding these noble brothers who had risked their lives for him was remarkable. Thomas he created Earl of Derby; William he executed for alleged complicity in the conspiracy of Perkin Warbeck, and hastened to confiscate his estates, a step that was only too pleasing to King Henry VII. The earldom of Derby, it should be explained, had long been merged in the Crown. It was first bestowed by King Stephen on Robert de Ferrers, who led the men of Derbyshire at the battle of the Standard. Nevertheless historians have agreed to consider Sir Thomas Stanley as the first earl. Some time later the King visited the Earl of Derby at Lathom, and it is related that when they went on to the housetop to view the surrounding country the nobleman's jester whispered, loud enough for Henry to hear, "Tom, remember Will," whereat the monarch turned pale, so the story goes, and hastily took his departure. The first earl was a careful man and saved money. He was also diplomatic and appeared at the Court of Edward IV. with both roses entwined in his helmet. His second son, Sir Edward Stanley, fought at Flodden, and it is to him the last words of Marmion are addressed.

Of the succeeding earls the fifth, whom Spencer personified as Amyntas, died of a mysterious illness, possibly due to poison, and his brother, who was his successor, had been so long abroad that it required a law suit of several years' standing to convince his family that he was the rightful heir. James, the seventh holder of the title, surnamed the Great Earl, was a brilliant figure in the Civil War. His countess was worthy of her husband, and her defence of Lathom with a handful of men against a determined host of Roundheads for three months was considered as great a feat in her time as the defence of Mafeking in our own day. In "Peveril of the Peak" Sir Walter Scott represents her as a Roman Catholic. Worcester, that was Cromwell's crowning mercy, sounded the earl's death knell, for while Charles was safely hid in his oak tree, Derby fell into the hands of his enemies, and after swift trial was executed at Bolton, the town which he and Prince Rupert had brilliantly taken by storm some years before. It has been said of Charles I. that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it." Derby's life was without stain and without reproach, and he met death no less firmly than his Royal master; indeed, so admirable was his composure that on the very scaffold he delivered an address in praise of princes and of laws, which so stirred the people that the soldiers had difficulty in preventing a general uprising in his favor, even as he laid his head upon the block. A romance of the stage is associated with the name of the twelfth Earl of Derby, whose second wife was Elizabeth Farren, of Drury Lane. This fascinating and talented actress is said to have numbered Charles James Fox amongst her admirers, but Lord Derby was the man she chose to marry, and their union was in every respect a happy one. The earl was a noted patron of sport, particularly of cockfighting, and he was fond of introducing the birds into his drawing room to the amusement of some of his friends and the consternation of others. At Knowsley the thirteenth earl, who was an authority on natural history, formed an unrivalled collection of birds and mammalia.

In the fourteenth Earl of Derby the House of Stanley produced by far its most illustrious member. He was Colonial Secretary in 1833, and left the Cabinet in disgust when "Johnny (Lord John Russell) upset the coach" by voting for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Both Disraeli and Lord Salisbury held office in the Derby Administration of 1852, and six years later it fell to a Derby Cabinet to add India to the vast possessions of the Crown. When the Conservatives made way for their opponents Queen Victoria bestowed on their chief an extraordinary mark of Royal favor by appointing him an extra Knight of the Garter, an honor hitherto reserved for princes. Nor did his countrymen miss the opportunity of paying him homage. A great banquet at Liverpool was amongst the compliments showered upon Lord Derby, and this was followed by a review of 11,000 Volunteers at Knowsley—the Earl was far-seeing enough to perceive that a great future lay before the much abused citizen soldiers. Then the Rupert of debate settled down in peace to complete his translation of Homer's Iliad, but the country could not allow him to plough his lonely furrow too long, and soon he was back in the political arena, making the whole country laugh at his humorous criticisms of Russell's "meddle and muddle" policy. His last administration closed in three years by his illness and resignation, and he died in 1869.

Lord Stanley, afterwards fifteenth Earl of Derby, had the unique experience of being a member of a Cabinet presided over by his father. He was the first Secretary for India, and later as Foreign Secretary it fell to him to draft the terms for settling the Alabama claims. In 1870, as Lord Derby, he married the widow of the second Marquis of Salisbury, for whose sake, it is said, he had remained single three and twenty years. From the Disraeli Cabinet, in which he was Foreign Secretary, Lord Derby retired after the Russo-Turkish war, strongly disapproving the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield, and went into Opposition. Under Mr. Gladstone he held the seals of the Colonial Office until the dissolution of 1885, when he practically disappeared from the foremost rank of politics. He was born in 1826, and was succeeded at his death in 1893 by his brother, Lord Stanley of Preston.

The present Earl, born in 1841, has had a wide experience of public life. After holding the posts of a Lord of the Admiralty, Financial Secretary for War, and subsequently to the Treasury, Secretary for War, and afterwards for the Colonies, he was President of the Board of Trade in 1886, and two years later went out to Canada as Governor-General, returning in 1893. He has been Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire since 1897.

It has already been shown how the Isle of Man came into the possession of the Stanleys. On the death of the eleventh earl, it passed to James Murray, Duke of Atholl, whose grandmother was a daughter of the seventh earl. In 1763 the "interests and privileges" of the historic island were sold to the Lords of the Admiralty for £70,000, and in 1806 the sovereignty of Man was purchased outright by the British Government, and what privileges remained were bought in by the Crown twenty years later.

Frightful Dangers of the Bath.

The London Lancet, which has for many years been engaged in the noble work of protecting humanity from the dangers that keep continually springing up, comes forward with a timely warning against too much bathing. In the spring when people's underclothes begin to stick to them the bath becomes particularly seductive. People who can go for a week in the winter without bathing frequently desire when the weather warms up to plunge into the tub every few days. This condition moves The Lancet to say:

"Too much bathing is harmful, as it tends to maceration of the superficial part of the epidermis, which is too frequently removed, and occasionally probably too rapid a proliferation of the cells of the malpighian layer."

Let people who are in the habit of giving themselves up to the pleasures of the bath pause and consider. It is doubtless a serious thing to bring on maceration of the superficial parts of the epidermis, and we are free to confess that we should shrink in dread from one who carelessly went about with a proliferation of the cells of the malpighian layer.

It is fortunate that The Lancet has pointed out the danger in time to head off an epidemic of the trouble mentioned, and we have no doubt that the warning will, in most quarters, be gladly heeded.

Burns in Germany.

The speech delievred by Carlyle at the dinner given to Allan Cunningham at Dumfries, in 1831, has been unearthed by John Muir from the report of a contemporary newspaper, and it was worth unearthing, if only for the reference made in it to a communication which had recently passed between the speaker and the then idol of his literary and philosophical worship, says the Literary Era. In the course of the remarks with which he prefaced his proposal of a toast to the memory of Robert Burns, Carlyle told his audience that within the last two months he had "learned from Goethe, the greatest living German poet, that the works of our immortal bard are under translation in Berlin, so that foreign countries will speedily be as happy with them as ourselves." Whether the translation was completed and appeared, and whether Carlyle's anticipation of the "happiness" of the German reader of "Willie Brewed a Peck of Malt" in the language of the fatherland were realized we cannot say. But that we meet with no further reference to it in any Carlylean writings suggests that it may have proved a little disappointing.

Dubious About the Youth

Burke once obtained a very early painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Calling on the great artist, Burke submitted the work as that of a young student who sought advice from the master. Reynolds had a long look, and then asked, "Is the painter a friend of yours?"

Burke replied in the affirmative. "Well," replied the great man, "I really don't feel able to give an opinion. It's a cleverish thing; but whether it is of sufficient promise to justify the young man in adopting art as a profession I cannot say."

Sir Joshua had entirely forgotten his own work.—Chambers' Journal.

THE INDEPENDENT.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE INTERESTS OF THE MASSES

BY

THE INDEPENDENT PRINTING COMPANY.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ADVANCE.

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SATURDAY.....AUGUST 16, 1902

PROFIT SHARING.

We congratulate the local street railway employees and the management upon the scheme of profit-sharing they have so amicably agreed upon. The company voluntarily stated that "hereafter all regular employees of the company should receive as their share of its profits one-third of the amount available for dividends after the ordinary shareholder has received four per cent." That is after the ordinary shareholder has received a dividend of four per cent., any additional profits available for dividends will be available as follows: Two-thirds to the shareholders and one-third to the regular employees. This means, as estimated, that at the end of the first year each employee will receive about $20, at the end of the second year the share will amount to about $50, and in five years it will aggregate $100. And the men will receive the standard union wages. Manager Buntzen says that in his opinion the increased interest in the company's welfare on the part of the employees created by the new system will add so much to the company's success that the employees will all be the gainers by it. The employees proportion of the profits will be divided equally among them, all being considered as units in making the company's business a success. When it is considered that the company pays as high wages for any particular class of work as any other local employers, and generally speaking higher wages, in addition to which the company makes certain concessions in the way of uniforms, light and transportation that employees in other lines of business naturally are not in a position to grant. This enterprising company pays the wages regularly and the men are not docked or fined for this and that as is the case with many other concerns. This company had not paid any dividends for nine years, but has declared a dividend of four per cent. per annum for three years past. Mr. Buntzen is one manager in a thousand who is always ready to deal with his men fairly, and of course it is needless to add that he not only possesses their entire confidence, but also that of the public. The spectacle of a manager of a great English company attending a supper with his employees after midnight last Saturday night is without parallel in the history of this country, and at once stamps him as a man among men. President Mahon, of the Street Railwaymen's association, one of the best informed men on the conditions that prevail on all of the big street railway systems in America, was deeply touched with the simple, plain and sincere utterances of Mr. Buntzen to his men when he said: 'I am a fairly good fighter against outside enemies, but I have no stomach for family rows. It has been my pride and ambition that all we who work for the B. C. Electric Railway company should live in harmony and pull together like a united family." Were managers of other public enterprises so diplomatic, yet firm and as businesslike in their dealings with their men, it would be many a long day before the public could be persuaded to adopt the system of municipal ownership. Then if actions speak so much louder than mere words those of Mr. Buntzen will go ringing through the length and breadth of this country of ours as a shining example for other great corporations to imitate.

LABOR DAY.

From present indications the labor unions of Nanaimo, Victoria and Vancouver will give one of the largest demonstrations on Labor Day at the Black Diamond City ever given in western Canada.

There will be a mammoth street parade and a picnic to follow at the park.

All unions are joining hands and working in harmony to make this day one to be remembered.

Committees have been appointed here and at Victoria to arrange cheap excursions, and in this regard their work has been practically finished, but it now remains with the different local unions to do their part.

Speeches will be made. Games and prizes will be given for athletic contests. The best of music will be furnished for the occasion, and in fact nothing will be left undone that can be done to make this one of the most enjoyable affairs that ever took place in this country. Fare from Vancouver will be $1.50; children half price.

When buying cigars or tobacco see that the blue label is on the box or package.

Uncle Andy Carnegie has given a public library to Cork. Thinking, perhaps, that the town is light-headed.

For a good time attend the Waiters' and Waitresses' social dance at North Vancouver next Wednesday evening.

Get in line for Labor Day and see what can be done toward educating the union-hater to the fact that the union is here to stay.

The printers' union at Toronto are still keeping up the fight. The Eaton company didn't think it would last as long as it has, but it's to a finish.

What a harvest the opticians would reap if they could fit glasses to such that suffer with political astigmation.

The act of a union man "knocking" a labor paper is as hateful and low of him as if he were striking his mother in the face with his fist.—Columbus Record.

Dawson and $25 a month offer no inducements to the servant girl, who would have to shoo polar bears out of the backyard before the kindling could be split.—Ex.

The firm of Clubb & Stewart, the popular clothiers of Cordova street, have decreed that none but union men shall be employed on their big store in course of erection on Hastings street.

The city hospital is a standing disgrace to Vancouver. If the public only knew half the story there would be such a howl go up that would shake the very foundations of the city hall.

Job Harriman, the well known socialist, has left New York for southern California, where the state of his health has made it necessary that he should make his home, at least for a year or two. He will be greatly missed from the movement.

Mark Twain's masterpiece, "Huckleberry Finn," has been excluded from the public library at Denver, Colorado, as "immoral and sacreligious." Whatever may be said of the rest of the world, Denver is moving in the direction desired by the Chicago professor who said he hoped Shakespeare would soon be considered as unfit to read.

It looks as if the city council were endeavoring to burk the matter of submitting the by-law to the electorate re the purchasing of the lots at English bay until the season is so far advanced that little or no interest will be manifested by the people and the defeat of the proposed by-law is assured. Get a move on, city council.

Enamel Brooches at 25c

These are worth 50c to $1, but we are clearing them out at 25c each.

This announcement coming from Trorey's of course can be depended upon—if you doubt it—come in and see the goods.

Your own eyes and your own knowledge of values will convince you.

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BURNS REPLIES TO FOLEY.

To the Editor of THE INDEPENDENT:

Sir,—I have read with much interest and appreciation the able articles in your paper by Chris. Foley in defence of the platform of the Provincial Progressive Party. Believing that this is a question on which intelligent and sincere advocates of social progress conscientiously differ, I wish to state a few reasons, as they appear to my mind, for believing in the superiority of the socialist programme and the insufficiency of the Provincial Progressive platform as a plan of action to unite the workers into one political party, and through it achieve industrial freedom. At the commencement, one great fact stands out in bold relief—one which our Progressive friends persistently ignore—and that is the existence of a constant conflict of interests between the wage-earning and the propertied class—a conflict which finds its most definite expression in the struggle of the workers for political domination. Legislation cannot at one and the same time be in the interests of both the wage-earner and the capitalist. It must either favor one or the other section of the community; never both. Therefore, we can never have legislation which will deal fairly with both millionaire and pauper. For the laws which protect the interest of the millionaires breed pauperism, and laws which will prevent pauperism will make impossible the existence of the millionaire. Any attempt to create a labor party which ignores these conflicting interests and endeavors to legislate in the interest of the workers and some other class is doomed to create confusion and fail in its mission. In the past, and right up to the present hour, the bulk of legislation has been for the specific purpose of protecting the special privileges of the rich—an occasional sop being thrown to the working class when they become noisy to keep them quiet. The army and navy exists (we are told) to protect the glorious institutions of our country, and also incidentally (which we are not told) to enable a favored few to own and exploit our glorious country and its institutions. Courts of law do not enforce justice as between man and man, but are instruments of oppression to confirm the title of the propertied class to dominate society. Experience has proven to the workers of other countries, and will in time convince our own, that the only way for the oppressed to obtain justice is to form a political party that will legislate for the exclusive benefit of the producer, for the interest of the wage-earner is identical with the cause of progress and humanity. All other classes being destined to be absorbed, sooner or later, by this, the useful class. Laws which protect and assist the middle or any other non-producing class, not only injure the workers, but are reactionary, as they delay industrial evolution, and the advent of a higher civilizatioin for the whole of humanity. Industrial democracy—the abolition of the wage system—should be the final aim of every real progressive movement. This will supply the chart and compass necessary to steer us through the dangerous era of transition from the old to the new. In Great Britain, Europe and the United States countless parties of the discontented have been organized on all kinds of platforms. The only ones that have lived and become permanent have been those that have advocated the collective ownership of the land and instruments of wealth production. Socialism means the complete and final abolition of human slavery. So long as the workers are sold to a master, either for life or by the installment plan, as is practised under the wage system, they will be poor, miserable and oppressed. While there are doubtless a number of measures in the Progressive Party platform which might temporarily assist the masses in their struggle for freedom, there is nothing that can promise permanent relief. If the Progressive Party is to become a real party of progress, and not drift back to the old political parties—like the U. S. Populist party, for instance—it must strip its platform of all sham and contradictions; cease to concern itself with the welfare of merchants, small property holders and other parasites, and make its final aim the creation of conditions which will give to all the right to enjoy the full product of their labor, without paying tribute to any class or individual for the right to toil. Until this is done, the Progressive Party will remain, in spite of the eloquence and ability of its leaders and the good intentions of its rank and file, a stumbling block in the path of industrial emancipation.

ERNEST BURNS.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 13, 1902.

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.

Midsummer Reduction Sale

CHILDREN'S HEAD-WEAR TO GO.

These oddments from the millinery stock get their marching orders to go, and a lively pace we are setting for them, too. Way below half price for most of the lines.

FIVE DOZEN CHILDREN'S MUSLIN BONNETS, tucked and trimmed with lace. Regular price 35c. Now ....

15 Cents

TWO DOZEN CHILDREN'S SUN BONNETS, made with deep frills of embroidery. They come in white, blue, pink and red. Regular price 50c and 75c. Now

25 Cents

DRYSDALE'S

170 Cordova St., Vancouver.

We reach wherever the mails reach.

CURRENT OPINION---ALL SORTS.

A MARRIAGE TRUST NEEDED.

The time is not far distant when there will not be a thing we eat, drink or wear that will not be made by a trust. If such is the case it will not be long until it will be a financial impossibility for the average young man to get married—Paystreak.

FRIENDLESS.

It is evident that the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company does not seem to have a friend among the newspapers of East Kootenay—or, for that matter, in the province.—Phoenix Pioneer.

NO DIFFERENCE.

Politics in Canada have become almost without any great issue, the "ins" and the "outs," a mere barter and sale for private profit.—Klondike Miner.

KILL YOUR DOG AND BUY A PIG.

An exchange says: "Kill your dog and buy a pig with the dollar you save on dog tax. The scraps you feed the dog would make the pig weigh three hundred pounds, and then you could sell it and give your wife the money." Yes, kill your dear old faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful dog and buy a pig. But when you come home after a hard day's toil don't expect that same pig to meet you two blocks away with a joyful little cry of welcome at every jump. Sometimes when you feel unusually "blue" and it seems as if the whole world was "knocking" against you, don't expect it to nestle up to your side and laying its head within your lap, wag out its unalloyed sympathy. Don't expect it to forsake its meal of "scraps" just for the privilege of being your companion on a lonely drive or walk. Don't expect it to do any of these "little things,"—there's a vast difference between your most constant friend and a pig.—Our Dumb Animals.

ZOLA SPEAKS.

Thus Zola to the Parisian leaders of society in his course of lectures on literature: The accident of birth has placed you in affluence. Born in other fortune you might be factory girls or saleswomen, that is, if you had the courage to endure virtuous misery rather than blameworthy ease. You cringe and grovel to meretricious titles and honors, while you cannot conceal your silly contempt for those who, in your sepercilious judgment, are beneath you. You evade the responsibilities and duties of maternity; when finally entrapped, you shift the burden to mercenary hands. It is not in such a life that you can prove competent to judge others. You are incable of passing criticism on the efforts of intellectual endeavorers.

THE FREIGHT HANDLERS.

President Curran of the Chicago Freight Handlers, says: "I am going to organize the freight handlers all over the country and when we decide to fight again it will be between the railroads and the freight handlers everywhere."

GUESS THIS IS POOR.

A Philadelphia clothing firm is creating a sensation. The firm employs none but union clerks, handles only union goods and gives 15 per cent off to all customers who can show a paidup working card in some bona fide labor union.

The Toronto Star suggests that our laws be made in Latin, so as to get over the difficulty of learned judges reading in them matter, the existence of which no ordinary reader of English suspected.

Wade & Butcher ...RAZORS...

If you want a really good article try one of this celebrated make.

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J. E. EVANS, Provincial Manager.

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Our sale is becoming more popular every day of its existence. About a week still remains in which to secure some of those unprecedented bargains. We have placed in the window a line of

COLLARS, 6 for 50 Cents.

These are Linen, made expressly for us by one of the best manufacturers in London, Eng. They were 20c each. We have them in all sizes; also a few odd sizes of W. G. & R. Collars.

We have special tables of Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing also a table of Men's Hats, at immense reductions.

TWENTY PER CENT. DISCOUNT on all other lines, White Shirts and Collars, except those mentioned, excepted.

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R. MILLS, The Shoe Man.

MANAGER BUNTZEN AND PRES. MAHON

(Continued from Page One.

PRESIDENT W. J. LAMRICK

Responded to the toast of the Trades and Labor council. He congratulated the street railway men most heartily for having with them so distinguished guests as Mr. Mahon and Mr. Buntzen, both of whom they were proud to know. Such gatherings as this went a long way to solving the vexed question. The Trades and Labor council of this city was now in a very flourishing and healthy condition, and the street railway men's union was the largest body represented on the board. He thanked President Brunt and the members for the opportunity to say a few words. (Applause.)

ORGANIZER J. H. WATSON

replied to Organized Labor. He stated that Vancouver was one of the best organized cities for its size anywhere in the Dominion of Canada. There were now 43 unions, which included the railway organizations. All were well aware that they had very little trouble regarding strikes and lockouts, which fact was generally the case with all well-organized places. (Applause.) And as far as he knew the very best of relations existed between employers and employed. This state of affairs spoke volumes for the excellent way the officers and members of the various unions carried out their duties, and the conciliatory spirit manifested by those connected with the work of the unions. Mr. Watson congratulated the men on the success attained by their division, since its formation some four years ago. Theirs was the pioneer of their craft in British Columbia. (Applause.)

PRESIDENT W. D. MAHON.

received an ovation when he arose to respond to Our Organization. He made a stirring address on the success of their association, and exhorted the men to use their funds for the betterment of their conditions. The best unions were those who "lived up to the letter of their agreements—even if they were bad ones," he said. When once an agreement is entered into it must be carried out to the letter, and he added, "if you don't live up to them don't expect any assistance from the executive of your international." (Applause.) He was pleased beyond measure to see Mr. Buntzen, their much esteemed manager, with them. He said the boys should be proud of this honor, as it showed the bond of true sympathy which existed between them and their employers. Mr. Mahon warmly congratulated Mr. Buntzen on his most straightforward remarks. The speaker said that he was glad he came to Vancouver, as here he had found one of the best divisions of the association in America. (Applause.) He was brimful of anecdote, which at times was very interesting. He closed a most interesting address by referring to the fact that it was creditable to the officers and men of the division to hold so successful a session. (Applause.)

SUPT. J. B. RANNIE.

said that he was not much of a hand at making speeches, but would say that he was glad to be present, and thought it would but be presumption on his part to try to cover the ground that had already been so successfully and thoroughly traversed by previous speakers. He concurred with the remarks of Mr. Buntzen and President Mahon. Again thanking the men for the invitation to be present he resumed his seat amid applause.

Mr. Jenkinson next favored the gathering with one of his best vocal selections.

The street railwaymen then transacted their business, after which adjournment took place just before the peep o' day.

The "Independent" takes this opportunity to congratulate the B. C. Electric Railway Company and its employees upon their business-like and cordial relations which exist between them.

PRESIDENT W. D. MAHON AT VICTORIA.

President W. D. Mahon of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees of America, addressed two meetings Monday afternoon and evening. His subject was the general work of the order, and his remarks were listened to with the greatest attention. Mr. Mahon is a vigorous speaker with a pleasing personality, and handled his subject in an earnest straightforward manner, in which no oratorical flights were attempted, said the Times. He alluded in appreciative terms to the increase granted by the Tramway company to their employees. He then referred to the aims and purposes of trades unions. No movement was more humanitarian than theirs. They were to be found everywhere battling against the iniquities that oppressed the workingmen. They had struggled for schools for the children and insisted for the abolition of the employment of child labor in factories. Many people contended that trades unions fomented strife. This was not so. They were formed for the protection of the masses.

The present condition—advantageous in comparison with that of the past—was the result of unionism. Formerly street railway employees worked from 14 to 16 hours a day. The wages were from eight to eighteen cents an hour. Now nine to ten hours was a days work, and the wages were from 20 to 25 cents. These conditions were attributable to organization. The principals of the association were mediation and arbitration—and the policy to avoid strikes. Organization was more urgently required by the street railway employees than any other class of workers. They were exposed to much danger, had great responsibility resting upon them, and had to be always on the alert—to be in full posession of their mental faculties. Short hours were therefore to be desired. He strongly advised non-members of the union to enroll themselves in its ranks and assist in the maintenance of their funds—defence, sick and death. He urged the conduct of the unions on business lines.

Several of those present asked questions relative to union matters. Mr. Twigg requested his opinion on compulsory arbitration. Mr. Mahon in reply said that there could be no such arbitration between a weak and strong power. When the trades unions became strong enough then compulsory arbitration would be resorted to. The union stood ready to arbitrate, but wanted to do so on an equal footing.

A hearty vote of thanks was then tendered Mr. Mahon.

WHERE ARE YOU?

A list showing the estimated profits for two weeks of a few of the larger holders of railway securities has been prepared as follows:

J. D. Rockfeller	$30,000,000
Vanderbilt interests	25,000,000
E. H. Harriman	15,000,000
J. H. Moore	5,000,000
Judge Moore	5,000,000
Marshall Field	3,500,000
John W. Gates	1,500,000
John Lambert	1,500,000
John Dupee	1,500,000
Isaac Ellwood	1,500,000
D. G. Reid	1,500,000
J. Odgen Armour	1,900,000
John J. Mitchell	1,000,000
W. B. Leeds	1,000,000
S. W. Allerton	1,000,000
Total	$95,000,000

Almost one hundred million in two weeks, and the list only shows those who received dividends of a million or over for two weeks' work—of the other fellows.

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60 AERIALISTS Introducing the Word-Famous High-Wire Gymnasts THE HOLLOWAY TRIO.
THE EUROPEAN DUMITRESCU TROUPE IN THEIR MARVELOUS ACT ON TEN AERIAL BARS.
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Headed by THE GREAT NELSON FAMILY.
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12 MENAGE RIDERS OF INTERNATIONAL RENOWN.

BIG-NEW FREE STREET PARADE IN 30 SECTIONS EVERY MORNING AT 10 O'CLOCK.

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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. 32, 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. Haw; vice-president, J. A. Dibden; corresponding-financial secretary, J. A. Stewart, 51 Cordova St.; recorder, E. H. Goodmurphy; treasurer, E. Morgan; guide, A. H. Legatt; guardian, G. Bowers; delegates to T. & L. Council, J. A. Dibden and Fred Haw. 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, W. J. McKay; 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, H. A. McDonald; vice-president, John Gardiner; secretary, A. G. Perry; treasurer, H. Vanderwalker; conductor, Geo. Lenfesty; warden, D. Smith; sentinel, J. Dubberley; delegates to Trades and Labor Council: H. A. McDonald, J. C. Barton, C. Bennett, Robt. Brunt and A. G. Perry.

UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF CARPENTERS and Joiners—Meets every second and fourth 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. Crush, 767 Eighth avenue, west; financial secretary, A. Gothard, 822 Howe street; treasurer, H. McSorley.

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

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF Machinists.—Beaver Lodge, No. 182.—Meets second and fourth Wednesday in each month in Union hall. President, J. Arnell; vice-president, J. R. Edwards; recording secretary, A. J. Thirtle, address, Vancouver P. O.; financial secretary, H. J. Littler, 573 Hastings street, east; treasurer, E. Timmins; conductor, S. H. Bossisstow; 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. Barrie; financial secretary, M. MacLean, 2160 Westminster Avenue, Mount Pleasant; corresponding secretary, J. Webster, 2344 Westminster Aveue, Mount Pleasant; treasurer, J. Wilkinson.

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KODAK MAGIC

By David H. Talmadge.

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In the first place, Mrs. Boxley struggled with herself prayerfully for upward of a week, and finally, as frail mortals usually do, crushed her better judgment and arose triumphant. In the second place—and this is a sequence—she took the money which she had been hoarding for the purpose of buying Christmas presents for her husband and family and purchased with it a camera. Afterward she soothed her conscience by the utterance of vows internal.

She told herself seriously that she would give none but photographic gifts to her friends. She would make a booklet for the girls—her intimate associates before Mr. Boxley had appeared with his little proposal. Some of them were married now, as she was; but others, poor things, were not, and she conceived the idea of sending to these unfortunates a collection of pictures taken in her own modest home, exhibiting Mr. Boxley, in slippers and smoking jacket; with the baby, *sans vetement*, juggling a cake of soap; the dining room, with her cut glass and silver upon the board, and the baby in his high chair shaking a spoon at his smiling father; the kitchen, with its glistening range, and the baby sitting up beside it warming his tiny feet, and her own bedchamber—a dream in white—with the baby kicking and crowing upon the bed. If these offerings caused the recipients to turn green with envy, so much the better. Most of them had expressed sentiments derogatory to marriage, as unmarried women without prospects often do.

As for the married ones, she would photograph their several dwellings secretly and label the collection "Auld Lang Syne" in gold ink. And to the relatives she would send dainty likenesses of the baby, writing upon each likeness the words, "With love from Robert Greening Boxley, age fourteen months, weight twenty-two and a half pounds."

These things, I say, she purposed doing; but none of them did she do precisely as she purposed. The truth is that Mrs. Boxley was possessed of the artistic sense—a remarkable quality born with people and discovered sooner or later by chance.

THE OLD ELM ON THE GOLDBY LAWN.

Possessing the artistic sense, she could not have been expected to map out a plan and follow it rigidly. Mrs. Boxley made pictures with her camera which attracted attention—glimpses here and there into picturesque corners of the town, artistic little dabs at inartistic dwellings, happy groupings of unsuspecting people, beautiful presentments of single objects—like the old elm on the Goldby lawn that had been snubbed for fifty years before. It was not altogether intentional on her part to produce artistic effects; she simply saw things from the artistic point of view; there was no special strain upon her eyes.

Thus it came to pass that her friends—bent, most of them, on the object of getting something at a price far below the market—lavished praise upon her and hinted with mealy mouths at the gratification they would experience were she to run over some day and just take a snap at their houses or their babies or this, that and the other; which hints she understood perfectly and proceeded to turn to practical account. She gathered from the gabbling of these friends that what each of them most desired was a photograph to send to some one at Christmas time; a photograph, or a collection of photographs if the price were not too high, which would give Maud or Minnie or Marion an idea of the lovely village in which they lived.

Then it was that Mrs. Boxley, perceiving the demand, set herself to work upon the task of supplying it. Her idea was to cater to all the hints at one fell swoop. And the result was the famous "Blue Book," a collection of twenty photographs in blue print, mounted upon excellent paper, bound in fancy blue covers and tied with blue satin ribbon. These books she sold, actually sold, at $1.25 for each copy. The call for them was such that she was unable to prepare gifts for her own absent friends. She worked like a toy steam engine (Mr. Boxley's somewhat satirical simile) to the very day before Christmas, and then she cast up accounts.

She had hoped, even in her most sanguine moments, to make no more than $25 from the venture—the price she had paid so guiltily for her camera. But the figures showed—and she gasped a bit when the columns were added—that precisely sixty-nine books had been disposed of and that she had suddenly become possessed of the stupendous sum of $82.25, of which $70 was profit. Her conscience passed at that moment into the calmest and most delightful slumber. She kissed the baby rapturously, and, Mr. Boxley arriving home at that instant, she kissed him also and scattered tears of joy adown his shirt front.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Boxley, returning the endearment perfunctorily. "What has happened?"

Mrs. Boxley had indulged in no such demonstrations for a number of weeks, having been too fully engrossed with other matters; consequently Mr. Boxley had fallen into the habit of expecting nothing of the sort. He returned the kiss in a half hearted, chilling way, because he felt that it was not compatible with his dignity to conduct himself like a boy who has come, after a period of undeserved punishment, into favor again.

"What has happened?" he repeated.

"Eighty-two dollars and twenty-five cents!" replied his wife, withdrawing her arms from about his neck. He looked at her with an admiration he could not repress, and took from his pocket a letter.

"It is from Tom Elliott," he said in explanation, dropping into a chair and drawing her to his side. "He is coming back to spend the holidays, and he says he is so happy that he cannot describe it. You see, dear, some one sent him one of your books, and it seems to have dispelled the gloom that has been upon him since he left here. He is quite himself again, he says, the same man that he was before—before—well, you know how Madge treated him. It was"—

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Boxley sighed. "They were both to blame; but I do think, dear, that your sister was more at fault than Tom. After the quarrel—when he had left her, telling her that if she wished him to come to her again she should place a bouquet of roses in the landscape window—Madge might have saved herself and him much sorrow. It all rested with her then. But she would not give in, and the roses were not placed in the window, and poor Tom went away never to return, and it was more than two years ago, and—and I am so glad! What else does he say, dear?"

Mr. Boxley slowly unfolded the letter. "He says," he replied, "that in the picture—the picture of the house in your book, heaven bless it!—he notices a bunch of roses. They are in the landscape window, where he told Madge to place them. He thinks they mean that he will be welcome—and he is coming, that is all. But do you think, dear, that Madge was actuated by sentiment when she placed them there, or did it just happen? Will she—will she"—

"She will," said Mrs. Boxley with conviction. "She has been very miserable; she told me so. But, dear, she has not given in. Tom will come, and she will think it is he who has taken the first step toward reconciliation. They will be married, and then—and then they will get over their foolishness, I hope."

"She has not given in?" Mr. Boxley's eyes opened in amazement. "Didn't she place the roses in the window?"

"No, dear." Mrs. Boxley gave utterance to a nervous little laugh, half a sob. "Madge was not at home the day I took the picture, and—and I placed the roses in the window myself. And—and it was I who sent Tom the book."

Mr. Boxley whistled. Then he kissed the artist and looked into her eyes.

"And to think," he said, "that I have held your camera in contempt for all these weeks! Consider me, dear, from henceforth your most humble servitor. Consider me—er—squelched!"

"I do, love," said Mrs. Boxley sweetly.

And then she danced away to the kitchen, while Mr. Boxley took the baby upon his lap and mentally commented, with much satisfaction, upon the resemblance borne by the diminutive chap to his mother.

His Best.

The late Sir John Stainer, one of England's most celebrated musicians and composers, was once staying in a small Swiss village, and the English clergyman was on the outlook for a musician to assist at the service.

Stainer was in the office of the hotel when the clergyman found him and started the conversation with "Do you play the harmonium?"

"A little," was the reply of the former organist of St. Paul's cathedral.

"Will you, then, be good enough to help us out of our difficulty on Sunday? We will read the Psalms, and the hymns shall be the simplest I can select," added the delighted parson.

"I will do my best," said Stainer, with a smile.

The service proceeded satisfactorily, but the congregation at the close listened to a brilliant recital. When the parson heard the name of his assistant, he asked him to dinner. "Do you smoke?" he asked at the close.

"I will do my best," responded Stainer, and the ensuing laughter was the prologue of an entertaining exchange of Oxford reminiscences.

The Bridal Veil.

The wearing of the bridal veil was an old Anglo-Saxon custom, the veil being held over both bride and groom. The wearing of white is likewise an old custom and one that prevails in many countries, even including far Japan. Neither is there anything of modern origin in use of wedding favors and wedding cake or having bridesmaids, all these customs having the sanction of long usage.

"JES' JIM"

By Anna Steese

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson.

That was what every one called him. There was nothing striking about Jim. He seemed to reach an uninteresting medium in all things, from his family circle, where he was fifth of nine children, to the village sports, where he never distinguished himself.

He was not tall for his age like Tim, his eldest brother, who was already a skilled apprentice to the blacksmith at Bergen Mills, nor had he ever been such a jolly, moon faced brownie as Billy, whom the city folks always stopped to smile upon with such expressions as "Now isn't he the cutest little chap!" or "Palmer Cox ought really to see that boy!"

At school Jim never reached the head of his class nor did he ever drop with a sickening thud to its foot. As his teacher expressed it, he did his work just about three-quarters. When sudden catastrophe forced his playmates to accept him as a substitute in the baseball nine, he was the object of constant attention at the hands of the captain, and play as hard as he might that "chesty" individual was incessantly calling, "Play ball, Jimmy, play ball!"

Even when the big bobsled went to pieces on Beemer's hill, and half the boys were taken to the hospital, Jim trudged home afoot, and his mother exclaimed:

"Well, thank goodness, it was jes' Jim! If it'd been Tim or Fred, now, he'd 'a' broken a leg, knocked out his teeth or had his back broke for life, but Jim"—

She paused eloquently. As usual Jim had struck the medium. Three cuts on his face, a sprained finger and an ugly bruise on one knee completed his injuries, so a physician was not called, and the usual maternal remedies were administered with earnest objurgations to refrain from "bobbing" in the future.

But all these things happened when Jim was young, very young, and before a party of capitalists discovered that the lake beyond Bergen Mills would make a charming summer resort. With the city visitors came a gorgeous carrousel, with superb lions, haughty ostriches and glittering chariots. Jim lost all interest in other things, and every spare moment was spent in watching the giddy whirls of the merry go round and its patrons.

ONE PRINCESS WHO RODE EVERY AFTERNOON.

Then came the day of days, when the youth who collected fares on the carrousel announced that he was tired of country life and was going back to the city. Dismay was pictured on the face of the proprietor of the carrousel, but joy filled the heart of Jim, who stood by, watching the daily polishing of the golden chariots. And, best of all, it was vacation season!

Drawing on a supply of latent energy which he did not dream he possessed, Jim approached the proprietor.

"Say, if you want a boy, I'd like that job. I can rub up the animals and the chariots, and collect the tickets, and hold on the little ones that's afraid, and"—

His list of accomplishments came to an abrupt end. The man studied him with shrewd but not unkindly eyes.

"Yes, I've noticed you hanging round here pretty steady, and I guess you'll do if your folks are willing and won't pull you off to do jobs around home. The uniform will fit you pretty well too."

And so did Jim spring suddenly into the very limelight of Bergen Mills publicity. Before the first week had elapsed, he fitted into his nook as naturally as if he had been in the show business all his life. He could lean with easy nonchalance against the rods of the carrousel as it whirled round at a mad pace. He had a name for every animal in the circle. And his mother had cleaned the red and gold uniform and polished the buttons till they looked like new.

The dizzy existence he led might have caused it, but, somehow, Jim commenced to dream dreams and to see visions. The chariots were ridden by fairy princesses, dainty creatures in white frocks, flower trimmed hats and gay ribbons, who came with the summer visitors. And Jim was always the knight who would some day rescue them, when the ostrich should stretch his long legs and spring from the platform, or the lion, stiffening his tufted tail, should leap straight over the heads of the gaping spectators. Jim would fly after them on his Arabian charger.

But when August came panting down it was not a matter of fairy princesses, but just one princess who rode a lion every afternoon, with a watchful maid seated in the chariot behind her. Jim felt that their positions should be reversed. The colored maid with a gay turban and carrying a spear should mount the lion, while the princess, all in spangled white with glittering wings should sit enthroned in the golden chariot. Jim told the Arabian charger all about it, too, and warned that astute animal to be ready for the call to arms at any moment.

One day while hurrying back to the carrousel from dinner he had worked himself up to a fine pitch of enthusiasm over the thrilling situation when he was roused from his reveries by frightened screams and the hoof beats of a galloping horse. He ran into the dusty street, to face a plunging horse. Hanging on to the reins in the phaeton was the colored maid! The princess was not to be seen. Probably she was crouching in terror at the feet of her servant. Could he do it without the Arabian charger? All this passed through his mind in a flash. The next instant he was clinging to the bridle of the maddened horse—then darkness!

When he woke, he was lying in a strange room with a white capped nurse bending over him. She felt his forehead with her cool hand and gave him something to drink, something cold and delicious. Next came the doctor, who asked him many tiresome questions, and his mother, who cried a great deal and said very little, which proceeding puzzled Jim greatly. After they had gone he and the nurse had a long talk, and then he recalled it all—the princess, the black servant and the plunging horse. And he understood better why his back ached so.

Somehow the ache never stopped night or day, and Jim was beginning to weary of it. One day he astonished his nurse by exclaiming:

"Say! I'm kind of sorry I made up that play. I thought it would be fun to ride the Arabian charger and save the princess, but it's lasting such a long time."

At first the nurse thought he was delirious again, but when she had asked a few questions she understood it all. Later in the day she paid a visit to the superintendent of the hospital and told him all about the princess, the servant and the Arabian charger.

The very next day the princess with her father came to the hospital. She was a serious young maiden, which was well, because some day she would have a large estate to manage. She listened very quietly while the superintendent and the nurse talked. The latter said, as they rose to leave the room:

"Now, remember, whatever else you say he must not know that it was only the colored girl he saved. I think it—it would break his heart."

The princess nodded her head wisely and forced back the tears. She did not know why she felt like crying, except that she had seen something like tears in the nurse's eyes, and even her father had turned away his head once or twice during the conference.

Jim almost shouted with delight when he saw her. She wore the dress he liked best of all—white lawn with lace that showed her pretty shoulders and arms, blue ribbons and a rose trimmed hat. They talked it all over, and when she rose to go he said cheerily:

"I'll be back to the carrousel very soon. I think the Arabian charger must miss me!"

Then the princess looked at the nurse and started in bravely:

"You aren't going back to the carrousel—for awhile. My papa is going to take you to town with us—to another—another hospital where they keep boys with hurt backs. There's the loveliest doctor there. I know him, and he's going to put your back in a plaster paris case, and I'm coming to see you every single day. It's right close to our house."

Jim had grown strangely quiet, and now he turned to her wistfully:

"Will I have to stay this—this way very much longer?"

The princess took a fresh grip on the flowers she still held.

"The doctors hope not, but you won't mind, will you, if I come every single day and bring you books and flowers and things?"

Jim looked yearningly toward the window and the warm September sunshine. He understood now why the nurse had so skillfully parried questions on this subject. Then he turned to the princess. There were tears in her eyes. Could they be for him? He pulled himself together like a young soldier, and groped for her hand.

"No, I shan't mind it—at all."

Then the princess forget how stately a story book princess should be. She forgot that her father was president of a bank and that Jim's father was only a fireman in the Bergen mills. She dropped her flowers and, bending over the cot, kissed him proudly.

"You're a regularly brave prince, Jimmy, and I'm glad I'm your princess, indeed I am."

Scotch Logic.

A Scotch minister was startled by the original views of a not very skillful plowman whom he had just hired. He noticed that the furrows were far from straight and said:

"John, yer drills are na near straucht ava—that is, na like Tammie's wark," Tammie being the person who had previously plowed the glebe.

"Tammie didna ken his wark," observed the man coolly as he turned his team about. "Ye see, when the drills is crookit the sun gets in on a' sides, an' so ye get early tatties."

BAD POETRY IN A... GOOD CAUSE

By C. M. Stevans

Copyright, 1901, by C. M. Stevans

Big Foot Drury was admitted to be the most ungainly as well as the most accomplished man hunter that ever brought criminals into Fort Smith. He was a continuous vaudeville long before that variety mine had ever been thought of by the theatrical managers.

Envious deputy marshals claimed that the renegades were simply overcome by the power of his elocution. In any event his prisoners accounted for their capture in so many instances as a result of his elocutionary overpersuasion that it became a generally accepted fact that Drury's mouth was of more advantage to the court than his guns.

In the spring of 1877 he was sent down into the territory on a search for Jim Powell, wanted in Cincinnati. Unable to find any trace of his man, he decided to report at Topeka. A hot wind was pouring over the plains from the southwest as he jogged along over the sandy hills just south of the Kansas line. He was looking for a stream of water where he might rest and refresh his horse, when his keen eyes caught sight of two horsemen coming at full speed over a hill about two miles away.

MOUNTED ON THE ROCK HE DECLAIMED.

Knowing that he had not been seen, he contrived to meet them unexpectedly in a narrow valley just beyond.

"Hello, boys!" he called out in the bantering tone of a cowboy to cowboys. "What's the matter? You seem to be trying to get there ahead of time."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, stranger," growled one of the men as they reined in their fatigued horses by his side. "Don't make the mistake of meddling in other people's business."

"No use getting sassy about it," Drury replied. "My business is everybody's business, and sometimes other people's business is mine. For instance, you have no honest business to ride your horses to death as you are doing."

"I reckon they're our horses," replied the other man in a surly tone, "and if we want to ride them to death it don't cost you nothing."

In the midst of this reply the man hunter had seen a significant thing through a narrow line of valleys that stretched away between the hills to the northwest. Half a dozen horsemen had crossed the line, going hard. As near as he could judge they were about three or four miles away. If he could cause these two men to dismount, and be able to hold them thirty minutes, the half dozen horsemen would reach the top of the hill less than a hundred yards away before the cowboys could see them. That these two men were attempting to escape justice appeared more certain from the sharp lookout both of them kept over the valleys and hills to their rear.

The moment the two men stopped the horses put down their heads and began to bite off huge mouthfuls of grass, as if it had been long since they had been properly fed.

"No offense, boys," said the man hunter in a conciliatory tone, "but it's a shame if you don't let those poor critters rest and eat a bit. My horse don't need it a fourth as much as yours, but I'm going to set a good example."

He alighted and pushed his horse out into the rich grass.

One of the men drew a flask from his saddle pouch. This among the cowboys was like the Indian's pipe of peace.

"Well, stranger," said the man with the flask as both men alighted and turned their horses into the grass, "your advice is purty good, and as you seem to be a good natured, harmless sort of a cuss suppose you take a nip with us."

Drury took the proffered article of peace.

"Here's to friendship in a flask of good old whisky," he said holding it aloft, while he recited a bit of verse. The boys forgot themselves as they listened.

"Gie him strong drink until he wink,
That's sinking in despair,
For liquor's guid to fire the bluid,
That's prest wi' grief and care.

"Then let him brouse and deep carouse,
Wie bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves and debts
And minds his griefs no more."

Each took a drink.

Drury reached again for the flask and it was returned to him.

"Here's to the liquor that makes us kings, our horses thrones and our guns scepters of death to our enemies. But be warned that more than enough has been too much for many a poor devil of the plains."

One drink made Sam Fling friendly, with the third he was confidential, at the fifth he was inclined to argue, as the seventh went down he began to boss the ranch, when the ninth arrived he pulled his gun and he didn't last a minute. It was of this that the poet spoke when he exclaimed:

"At the punch bowl's brink
Let the thirsty think
What the people say in Japan:
First, the man takes a drink,
Next, the drink takes a drink,
Then the drink takes the man."

An uncomfortable thought just then tingled through him. What if the posse of angry citizens whom he knew to be rapidly approaching on the trail of these men should suddenly appear over the hill and open an indiscriminate fire that would include the entertainer as well as the audience? A bit of sandstone rock jutted out from a blow out in the hill a few steps away and he saw a chance to make a distinction between speaker and hearers that might be recognized by the coming avengers.

"Drink, gentlemen, to our fortunate meeting," he said, passing the bottle around, "and I will mount this natural stage and give you a touch of the most realistic and elegant poetry that ever poet spun. My pardner wrote it on the wall of his cell with a bit of crayon that a schoolboy threw at him. His jailer was so taken with it that he copied it and handed it around to his friends to show what a rare bird he was boarding. I saw one of the copies of the poem, recognized the handwriting, and for the first time in months of weary search learned where my beloved friend was sojourning. That night he raised the window and came out into my arms. I can never forget the noble words of his immortal verse. I will now repeat it for your entertainment and enlightenment."

Drury mounted the rock and the cowboys seated themselves in the grass.

"Life is but a game of cards
Which each one has to learn.
Each shuffles, cuts and deals a pack,
And each a trump doth turn.
Some turn a high card at the top,
While others turn a low;
Some hold a hand quite full of trumps,
While others none can show.
When, last of all, a spade is turned
By the hoary hand of time,
It always closes up the game,
In every land and clime.
No matter what a man may win
Or what a man may save,
The dreaded spade turns up at last
And digs the player's grave."

The boys had forgotten their peril and they wanted another drink. The man hunter, desiring to keep his present distance from them, swung the flask over his head and tossed it to them, saying, "Here's to the man who can catch and drink while the other smells."

His keenly practiced ears had caught the almost imperceptible sound of distant horse hoofs beating the earth in rhythmic measure. With dramatic gesture and intonation of voice, he sought to hold their attention a little longer.

"Here's again to the fearless men
Who range the plain through storm and rain,
With friendship true to the cause they hold
They guard their trust as men guard gold."

One of the men, who was turning the almost empty flask over his mouth, paused an instant. Then he sprawled out upon the grass with his ear pressed closely to the ground. But the earth was no longer needed to convey the sounds of beating hoofs. The air bore them on like the rapid strokes of a fevered heart upon the human chest.

"Listen!" cried the elocutionist. "I'm drawing a crowd. Thank goodness, there is not much of our good whisky left for them."

The men sprang up with an oath and ran for their horses.

"Say, boys," Drury cried. Both men turned to look into the muzzles of two revolvers. "This harmless good natured cuss ain't quite ready yet to let that good whisky get away. It's not polite to leave a friend in such a hurry."

The hands of one of the men flew to his belt.

"Stop it or I'll drop you," came the command re-enforced with a revolver whose unerring aim was between the cowboy's eyes.

The men stood as if dazed at the unexpected attitude.

"Up with your hands!" came the command. "No fooling!" Four hands went up just as six horsemen appeared at the top of the hill.

The posse understood the situation at once and the marshal recognized the man hunter. As they came down the hill they gave a rousing cheer.

Mexican Fred, marshal of Englewood, Kan., soon had the desperadoes handcuffed and on their way back to the town where they had provoked a fight and killed a man.

The man hunter went on his way to Ashland concocting new rhymes for the next occasion.

Courtesy and Good Manners.

Good manners are the key to advancement in life. The tactful person makes a study of the character of others and wards off unpleasant words, avoids argument which is sure to lead beyond the fields of pleasantness and is polite and considerately courteous. "Manners aim to facilitate life," writes Emerson. "They aid our dealing and our conversation. These forms very soon become fixed, and a fine sense of propriety is cultivated with the more heed that it becomes a badge of social and civil distinction." He also writes that a beautiful behavior is "the finest of the fine arts." Society demands an element "which it significantly terms good nature, expressing all degrees of generosity, from the lowest willingness and faculty to oblige up to the heights of magnanimity and love."

Didn't Act the Part.

"I wonder if he's the janitor," said the new tenant.

"Oh, no," replied his wife. "His tone wasn't in the least dictatorial."—Chicago News.

THE INDEPENDENT

VANCOUVER, B. C.

ARTIFICIAL EYELIDS.

The latest surgical triumph is the grafting of a new set of upper and lower eyelids to the eyes of a man who lost his original set in a fire. The accident had left both eyeballs entirely unprotected, and there was danger of the victim losing his sight entirely. It was resolved to replace them by grafting four new eyelids if possible, by taking the skin from the hip of the patient. It was necessary to proceed slowly, but the experiment was successful from the start. The four new eyelids perform their normal functions naturally.

Scepticism.—This is unhappily an age of scepticism; but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is a medicine that can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

A Scunthorpe trade union has, at a cost of £7,000, erected twenty-five houses for its members. Each house has seven rooms, with bathroom, hot and cold water service, etc. They are let on terms of easy repayment so that the occupiers will have acquired their homes in fifteen years.

Minard's Liniment is best Hair Restorer.

There are districts of London so overrun with foreigners that they practically have the place to themselves. The Bishop of London mentioned the other day, at a meeting in Westminster, that in many streets of the East End shopkeepers displayed in their windows: 'English spoken here,' as if London were a foreign town.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO, Toledo, O

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The recent inclement weather has destroyed 'Dick Turpin's Stable,' a delapitated erection at the rear of a hotel near Bagshot, Surrey. In this stable, it is said, the famous highwayman used to house his 'Bonnie Black Bess.'

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.

A girl of fourteen has made 3,500 consecutive punctual attendances at St. Ann's School, Soho. She has not been once absent or even late since she was five years of age.

Only two glasses of liquor are served to the same person in one day at the village hotel in Chopwell, on Derwentside, now controlled by the Earl Gray Public-House Trust.

When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will remove the grease with the greatest ease. 28

A CARELESS CONSUL.

The Way Bret Harte Came to Lose His Position at Glasgow.

When Bret Harte was consul at Glasgow, he was seldom to be found in that city, as he spent most of his time in the London drawing rooms, where he was a general favorite, and delegated the consular business to assistants. One day while making one of his rare visits to Glasgow he scraped acquaintance with a stranger on the train. Each seemed fascinated by the other's personality, and time passed quickly. At last they reached the outskirts of a large city.

"What place is this?" inquired the stranger.

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied Harte, after looking out of the window.

A few minutes later the railway guard opened the door of the compartment and announced that they had arrived at Glasgow.

When Harte showed up at the consulate the next morning, the first person who advanced to greet him was the agreeable stranger, who introduced himself as a special agent of the home government sent to investigate charges of neglect of duty on the part of the consul.

The agent may have been affable, but he was lacking in a sense of humor, for he evidently cabled his government an account of the train incident, as Harte's successor was soon after appointed.

Egg and Coffee.

An egg added to the morning coffee is a good tonic.

A Windfall.

"You say his money fell to him?"

"No. He fell to it—tumbled through a coal hole and sued the city."—Chicago Herald.

FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

HONEST WPRDS OF ADVICE FROM ONE WHO KNOWS.

Algoma Young Lady Speaks Strong, Plain Counsel to her Suffering Sisters—Tells Them her own Experience as Proof.

Blind River, Ont., July 7.—(Special.)—Anyone who might to-day see Miss Emily Liddle of this place for the first time would find it hard to believe that only a few months ago she was an invalid.

Miss Liddell suffered from Female Weakness and Backache, and for months was so ill as to be unable to attend to her household duties, the slightest task being too much for her in her weakened condition.

She was terribly run down, and nothing seemed to do her any good or afford her the slightest relief till she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. From the very beginning they seemed to help her, and although at first the improvement was slow she persevered and gradually grew stronger, till to-day she is in better health than she has ever known before.

Miss Liddell is very grateful for her remarkable deliverance, and strongly recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills to all her lady acquaintances who need help. She has given for publication a very strong letter of recommendation in which she says:

"I would most heartily and conscientiously advise all young women troubled with Female Weakness in any form, to try the remedy that cured me after everything else had failed, and that remedy is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For months at a time I was so low and weak that I found it impossible to attend to my household duties, my back used to ache something dreadful. Now I feel strong and better than I ever did, and Dodd's Kidney Pills did it all. They are worth their weight in gold to any young woman suffering as I used to suffer.

"They built me up wonderfully and I cannot speak too highly of Dodd's Kidney Pills as a medicine for sick women."

I can safely say that no man ever attempted to bribe me, gentlemen.

Voice in the Crowd—Don't be downhearted, old chap, your luck may change.—Tit Bits.

Doolan (to the village doctor, who is a sportsman, and is met with his gun)—Sure, doctor, you are a careful man, for if yer phisic 'em yer always carry yer gun.—Glasgow Evening Times.

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

Tumblers of nearly the same shape and dimensions as those employed to-day have been found in great numbers in Pompei. They were of gold, silver, glass, agate, marble and other semi-precious stone.

HOW TO CURE HEADACHE.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parmelee's Pills a first class article for Bilious Headache."

Rocking-cradles for babies were used by the Egyptians many centuries before Christ. Among the pictures copied by Belzoni is one of an Egyptian mother at work with her foot on the cradle.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Come as a Message of Hope to all Tired and Worried Mothers.

In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used cross and fretful children are unknown. The little ones are cross because they are ailing and these Tablets are the best medicine in the world for stomach, bowel and teething troubles. They will make your baby well and keep it well, and they are guaranteed to contain no ingredients that can harm the smallest, weakest infant. Mothers everywhere give these Tablets the highest praise. Mrs. R. McMaster, Cookstown, Ont., says:—"My baby was much troubled with constipation and indigestion, and was very restless and peevish at nights. I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and she is now regular and rests well. I also find that the Tablets are a great help during the teething period."

Children take these Tablets just as readily as candy and crushed to a powder they can be given to the youngest, feeblest infant with none but good results. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

The Sultan of Morocco will not allow a single lightning-rod to be set up in any part of his dominions.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

Lamps were used before written history. Thousands of ancient lamps have been found.

The first patent for a sewing machine was issued in England in 1790. This early invention was not successful, and other patents were issued in 1804, 1818 and scores of times since.

MARKET REVIEW.

WHEAT—It has been a very quiet week in the local market. The strength in the American markets caused prices to stiffen to some extent, but export demand is wanting at present and the advance is trifling over the price of a week ago. At the close of this week prices are: 1 hard, 76c; 1 northern, 74c; 2 northern, 71¾c, spot or July delivery.

FLOUR—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 firmer and worth $15 per ton in bulk. Shorts firmer at $17 per ton in bulk, delivered, subject to usual trade discounts.

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

OATS—The quality of oats now offering is not as good as dealers would like, being about one grade too low. No. 2 white, 40½c per bushel for car lots on track Winnipeg; feed grades, 37 to 38c. At country points farmers are getting 31c to 34c for 2 white oats.

BARLEY—There is very little barley in the market and prices are steady at 42c to 44c per bushel for carloads of feed on track Winnipeg.

HAY—The market is easier and $1 per ton lower. The general expectation that this would be a good year for hay may possibly not be realized, as the excessive rains have filled up all sloughs and made cutting impossible in many cases. Fresh baled hay is quoted at $7 to $8 per ton on track at Winnipeg.

POULTRY—The market is quiet. Live chickens bring 70 to 75c per pair, and turkeys are worth 11c per pound live weight. Dressed turkeys, Smith's Falls, 18c per pound.

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

BUTTER—Dairy—Receipts are large but much of the stuff is second class and fine grades are scarce. Prices are easier at 9 to 12c per pound, commission basis, according to quality.

CHEESE—The market has again declined this week and purchases have been made at 8½c per pound. The range of prices is from 8½ to 9c per pound, delivered in Winnipeg.

EGGS—Supplies are only moderate and prices hold at 11c per dozen for choice case eggs.

DRESSED MEATS—Grass fed beef is becoming more plentiful and prices are easier. Several lots of range cattle have been received for local trade, and these show fine quality. Beef, city dressed, 7½ to 8½c per lb.; veal, 8 to 9c; mutton, 9c; spring lambs, each $3.50 to $4.50; hogs, per pound, 7¾ to 8¼c.

HIDES—Receipts are light and the market unchanged, as follows: 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—Receipts of Manitoba wool are light and the market is steady at 6 to 6½ cents per pound for unwashed fleece.

SENECA ROOT—Receipts are larger, and a continuation of the present high prices, coupled with good weather should stimulate digging. As high as 38c per pound has been paid for choice root delivered in Winnipeg, and the price ranges from that figure down to 34c, according to quality. Clean, bright root, is much preferred by dealers, and they will readily pay several cents more per pound for this kind of stock.

LIVE STOCK.

CATTLE—This week we have to note a return to more normal conditions in the cattle market, and prices are now lower. Grass fed cattle are now in the market and will be plentiful hereafter. Reports from the range country say that cattle are in fine condition. Butchers are now paying from 4c to 5c per pound, off cars, Winnipeg, for live cattle.

SHEEP—Receipts are much larger as the western range sheep are now coming in, and we quote prices 1c lower at 4c to 4½c per pound. Lambs are worth 3½c to 4c.

HOGS—Live hogs are now coming in more freely and this market is easy at 6¾c per pound for best packing weights.

MILCH COWS—Cows are scarce, and good milkers readily bring $45 in this market, the range being from $35 to $45 each.

HORSES—There is a steady demand for general purpose horses and as these are scarce, prices are high. Supplies are being brought in from Ontario and Montana.

Beyond Belief.

When Abhaham Lincoln was a young man, his prodigious strength and his skill in wrestling were matters of note throughout central Illinois. Few indeed were the men who could boast of having laid him on his back.

Somewhere along in the thirties there was a case on trial in one of the circuit courts in that section in which an effort was made to impeach the testimony of one of the witnesses. The evidence was conflicting. Some would believe the witness on oath and others would not.

At last a middle aged man with a determined expression of countenance was called to the stand. The usual question was put touching the reputation of the witness for truth and veracity:

"Would you believe him on oath?"

"No, I wouldn't," he answered, and before the lawyer on the opposite side could interpose he gave his reason:

"I heerd him braggin' onct that he'd throwed Abe Lincoln in a fair an' square rassle."

No other witnesses were called. The attempt to impeach was successful.—Youth's Companion.

Expert Criticism.

"Dis haystack leaks," grumbled Layaround Lucas as he pulled his hat down farther.

"Yes," replied Tired Timothy, "modern arkitekcher is on de bum."

A SURPRISED DOCTOR

SAID A CASE OF ST VITUS DANCE COULD NOT BE CURED.

Called One Day and Found the Patient Ironing and Learned That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Had Succeeded Where Other Medicines Had Failed.

The sufferer from St. Vitus dance, even in a mild form, is much to be pitied, but when the disease assumes an aggravated form the patient is usually as helpless as an infant, and has to be watched with as much care. St. Vitus dance is a disease of the nerves and must be treated through them, and for this purpose there is no other medicine in the world acts so speedily as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Proof of this statement is found in the cure of Miss Louise Luffman, whose home is at Poucher's Mills, Ont., who was cured by these pills after two doctors had failed to benefit her in the least. The young lady's mother tells the story of her daughter's illness as follows:—"I do not think it possible anyone could be afflicted with a more severe form of St. Vitus dance than that which attacked my daughter Louise. Her arms and legs would twitch and jerk, her face was drawn and finally her left side became numb as though paralyzed. Two doctors attended her, but their treatment not only did not help her but she grew steadily worse. Her tongue became swollen, her speech thick and indistinct, and she could neither sit still nor stand still. She could not hold anything in her hand and it was necessary to watch her all the time as we feared that she would injure herself. The last doctor who attended her told me she would never get better, and it was then I decided to try Dr. William's Pink Pills. After she had taken two boxes we could see an improvement in her condition. Her appetite improved, she could sleep better and the spasms were less severe. From that on there was a marked improvement in her condition and one day the doctor who has said she could not get better called while passing and found her ironing—something she had not been able to do for months. I told him it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that was curing her and he said, "Well, I am surprised, but continue the pills, they will cure her." She used in all eight or ten boxes and is now as healthy a girl as you will find anywhere, and she has not since had a symptom of the trouble."

If you are weak or ailing; if your nerves are tired or jaded, or your blood is out of condition, you will be wise to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are an unfailing cure for all blood and nerve troubles. But be sure you get the genuine, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Do we travel on time on this road? asked the seedy individual at the railway.

Sure, replied the ticket-seller.

Well, gimme a ticket to Montreal to be paid fur in thirty days.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

Coffee pots are an Oriental invention, and are supposed to have come from Arabia in A. D. 1400. About the same time they were used in Persia, but they did not come to France until 1662, and made their appearance in England with coffee in 1650.

The proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself: Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for dyspepsia or liver and kidney compiaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic.

Lucifer matches were patented in 1834, while friction matches preceded them by thirteen years. The improved machinery by which matches are now made by the million at a trifling cost were the inventions of comparatively recent years.

Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

Combs were found in the earliest known graves.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Mosaic floors, laid with small pieces of different colored stones set in regular patterns, were known to the Egyptians 2300 B. C. In Babylon floors of this kind dated from 1100 B. C. They were common in the Athenian and Roman houses.

No! No! No! No!

This word is used four times by Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, in reporting the result of his analyses of Sunlight Soap.

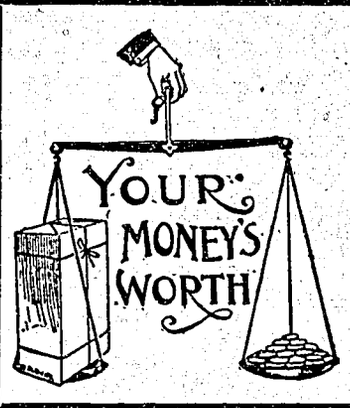
"No unsaponified fat"; that means no waste.

"No free alkali"; that means no damage to clothes or hands.

"No loading mixture"; that means every atom is pure soap.

"No adulteration whatever"; that means pure ingredients.

Try Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—and you will see Prof. Ellis is right. He should know. 202



In Every Sack

of OGILVIE'S FLOUR there's a hundred cents worth the best bread making material that ever passed the threshold of a mill.

We make it for particular people—those who know good bread and enjoy it while appreciating the fact that it possesses all the nutritive power of the grain.

Include it in your next grocery order, and know how good flour can be made.

BY ROYAL WARRANT

Millers to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

The People of the West

SHOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE BARGAINS OFFERED EVERY DAY IN

THE GLOBE

TORONTO

The subscription price can be made every week by watching the advertisements of the big stores and other dealers, especially if you take advantage of the

HALF-PRICE OFFER

The regular morning edition will be sent to any point west of North Bay (including the big Saturday illustrated edition) for one year for TWO DOLLARS. Regular price $4.00 per annum. Cut this ad. out and mail it with Two Dollars to-day and have it start at once.

Address: THE GLOBE, TORONTO.

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

CLEAN SWEET DURABLE **E. B. EDDY'S** CLEAN SWEET DURABLE

BUTTER TUBS

are made from the best selected SPRUCE, with GALVANIZED SPRING STEEL WIRE HOOPS, which are secure and will not fall off. Always ask your dealer for

EDDY'S WOODENWARE

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.

Pepper castors were used by the Athenians, pepper being a common condiment. They were placed on the table with the salt in England in the sixteenth century.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Outer blinds for windows were unknown until the fourteenth century. The Venetian or interior blinds are so called because they were first used in Venice.

Food and Character.

One might almost say that the recipe for a happy home was what has been aptly called a "bland" diet. While it is not literally true that eating hog makes a hog of a man, yet it is true there is a large connection between it and character. Bloodthirsty, lustful races are those that eat meat—largely rare meat—freely, whereas the gentle, industrious, persistent races are mostly grain and fruit eaters.

While the controversy over vegetarianism is one for scientists to settle, even the humblest of us can afford to try for himself the advantages of a "bland" diet. It is a most interesting experience to see how acute and sensitive the sense of taste can become by avoiding food that has a strong taste.

No one knows the delicate sweets and acids, oils and bites in our common cereals and fruits who eats huge chunks of fish, flesh and fowl highly flavored and deluged with biting sauces. Simplicity of life can be as much a part of diet as of furniture or clothes. — William Noyes in Good Housekeeping.

Did as He Was Told.

An impecunious constituent of a Chicago alderman called upon the latter at his office last week and requested the loan of a dollar. A two dollar bill was the smallest the alderman had. This he handed to the caller with the remark:

"Go to the cigar stand down stairs, get a fifteen cent cigar, keep a dollar and bring me the change."

In a few minutes the visitor reappeared, puffing contentedly at a cigar, and handed the alderman 85 cents. Noticing a peculiar expression on the alderman's face, he withdrew the cigar from his lips long enough to inquire:

"Did you mean that the cigar was for you or me?"

"Get out of here!" was all the disgusted politician could say.

SEE HIM SMILE!

So would you when you smoke

LUCINA CIGARS.

That very sweet flavor will make any cigar smoker look pleasant.

MANUFACTURED BY

GEO. F. BRYAN & CO.....WINNIPEG

PETROTEX.

A preparation made from Crude BEAUMONT, TEXAS OIL.

Greatest medical discovery of recent years.

A cure and speedy cure for all throat, bronchial and lung diseases, consumption in its earlier stages, and rheumatism.

Large bottle prepaid to any address on receipt of one dollar.

Address, Beaumont Medical Company, Box 569, Beaumont, Texas, U. S. A.

Dishes of gold and silver used in table service in 900 B.C. were found at Troy by Dr. Schliemann. One of these was about the size now employed.

Wilson's Fly Pads

(POISON)

One 10 cent package will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky fly paper. Clean and handy.

W. N. U. No. 384.

Curtains were employed for bedsteads in the eleventh century; they were afterwards transferred to windows.

Tea pots were the invention of either the Indians or the Chinese, and are of uncertain antiquity. They came to Europe with tea in 1610.

Brooms were used in Egypt 2000 years before Christ.

...HOSIERY SPECIAL...

We have two lines of Ladies' Cashmere Hose—one line at 25c a pair, the other at 50c a pair.

We dwell long enough just here to impress upon you that these are extremely good values—we have never seen quite so good for the money, and you certainly owe yourself a look at them.

Then we have two other lines especially worthy. One is Boys' Ribbed Hose and the other Girls' Fine Ribbed Cashmere Hose.

The prices of these vary accecording to sizes, but you'll admit they are more than reasonable.

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

CANADIAN.

Work has been started on the new government building at Banff.

There is trouble over the hiring of non-union men by the Royal Hat Co., Hamilton.

English and Scotch miners will be brought to Sydney, N. S., to meet the demand for labor.

The electrical workers employed by the Cataract Power Co., of Hamilton, have gone out on strike.

The Canadian Locomotive Works, Kingston, has issued writs for $30,000 against 28 of the striking machinists.

The musicians at Toronto are arranging a schedule with the treatre managers. A satisfactory adjustment is looked forward to.

The carpet weavers at Toronto are making enquiries with a view to invoking the alien labor law against the Americans. The strike is being fought hard.

A large number of skilled workmen are leaving eastern Canada and going into the United States, where wages and trade conditions are considered better.

The ship carpenters at Victoria have decided to organize under the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, to act in accord with the house carpenters' union.

The Winnipeg Trades and Labor council have placed the Lake of the Woods Milling company on the "fair list." For ten years the company was on the "unfair list."

President A. G. Cowley, of the Winnipeg Trades and Labor council, has been elected as delegate to the Berlin session of the Dominion Trades Congress to be held next month. R. Thoms was elected as alternative.

George F. Dougherty, president of the District Association of Western Federation of Miners, No. 6, has been successful in organizing a branch of the association at Fairview, B. C. W. H. Morrison has been elected secretary.

UNITED STATES.

Sea cooks have formed a union in San Francisco.

The Workingmen's Political Club, of Los Angeles, have now a membership of 4,000.

Thirty members of the Petaluma Tanners union have gone out in sympathy with the strike of San Francisco tanners.

President George S. Richardson, of the Miner's organization in the Kansas district, stated that the miners of Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas and Indian Territory would go on strike September 1st.

Union labor in San Francisco has nominated a ticket composed solely of union members.

Twenty-five grave-diggers employed at the Concordia cemetery, Chicago, went on strike Saturday for higher wages. It is stated that similar strikes will occur at the other cemeteries.

The Democrats in Oakland have agreed to indorse all candidates nominated by the Labor party, with the exception of the members of the judiciary who will have no opposition from the laboring men.

At a joint conference of the Order of Railway Conductors and Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, held in Kansas City, Kan., it was decided that the two organizations should be governed by a single advisory board.

The Cigarmakers' union has secured the co-operation of the internal revenue officials in the detection and prosecution of manufacturers who have been counterfeiting the union label and changing the factory numbers on their boxes.

Acting on instructions issued by President Harriman, the heads of departments of the Southern Pacific company are taking a census of the employees 65 years of age or over. It is thought that this is the forerunner of some sort of pension system.

Philadelphia blacksmiths have practically won their strike for a nine-hour work day, with present wages. Out of the 200 odd shops in the city, 181 have signed the union scale. Of the 363 men who went on strike 329 have returned to work in the union shops.

One hundred and fifty Indian fishermen at Neah Bay, Wash., have gone on a strike. The Indians have been receiving 9 cents per fish from the Port Angeles canneries, but the latter have cut the price to seven cents, which the Indians refuse to accept.

The first union of farm and orchard laborers in Santa Clara county, and probably in California, was organized at Santa Clara a few days ago by fruit pickers. Its objects are to maintain a wage scale, and to attempt to oust Japanese and Chinese laborers from the orchards.

The Great Northern Railway company will replace its Japanese workmen with Italians. The Great Northern employs over 1,000 Japanese on its lines in Montana. An interpreter is now at Havre making arrangements for accommodations for a crew of about 1,000 Italians. They will receive about 16 cents an hour.

At the last session of the Kentucky legislature there was passed a child labor bill fixing the age limit at 14 years, a factory inspection bill providing for two factory inspectors, the legalization of Labor Day as a legal holiday, repeal of the turnpike law, a two-week pay bill for miners, and a compulsory examination law for barbers.

The employees of the various tanneries in Santa Rosa have quit work in conformity with instructions received from San Francisco. Between forty and fifty men wiked out. The tanneries affected are the Santa Rosa Tanning company, Levin Brothers and F. Reutersham. The men have no grievance, it being purely a sympathetic strike.

President Daniel J. Keefe of the International Longshoremen's association will make a tour of the Pacific coast in September.

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

The Salt of Life

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

How is This

A two-quart Hot Water Bottle

or

Fountain Syringe

75c.

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

UP-TO-DATE DRUGGISTS.

THE BUILDING TRADES.

The special effort to thoroughly organise the various trades, affiliated with the building trades council, which has continued steadily all this summer, is meeting with the success it deserves. The carpenters' union, in particular, has about tripled its membership.

The Amalgamated Woodworkers' International Union of America affiliated on August 1st. This union takes in all men engaged in factory work, such as wood turners, planer hands, sticker hands, band sawyers, etc.

Mr. Watson has commenced the first of twelve houses on the corner of Helmcken and Howe streets, with a union gang.

Cornish & Cooper are building a house on the corner of Nelson and Howe streets for Mr. Jenkinson, an employee of the B. C. Electric Street Railway. Anything that Cornish & Cooper handles can be relied on to be strictly according to union rules.

The house on Sixth Avenue, Mount Pleasant, being erected for Mr. H. Gibb, a street railway conductor, is unionised, and is being finished by union labor. The contractor is Mr. Williamson, who is also building a house on Alberni street for Mr. McIntyre, accountant for Wood, Vallance & Leggatt. Mr. Williamson recognises the fact that it is now easier to run a union job than a non-union job.

Blackwell & Barratt are a new firm of contractors. They are erecting several good class houses in the city. Their carpenters were induced to join recently, with very little persuasion.

There are very few firms running non-union jobs, and several of these have been trying to get union carpenters lately, but owing to sub-contracts being let to unfair firms their requests could not be complied with.

Clubb & Stewart are removing to Hastings street shortly. Their fixtures are being set up by union workmen.

Th epainters complain that work in their line is not quite so brisk, but prospects are fairly good for improvement in this respect.

The Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners initiated five new members on Tuesday evening, and the Brotherhood of Carpenters initiated seven on Wednesday night. Continuing at this rate non-union carpenters will be a curiosity.

SEATTLE NOTES.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Purple is Seattle's color now.

Seattle needs sprinkling carts badly.

Many handsome business blocks are being erected.

The butchers are negotiating to get their schedule signed.

Sunday excursions are being largely patronized this season.

Seattle is dressing up in good style for the Elks' carnival.

A disgrace to the "Queen City" is her depot and police station.

The musicians turned out as one huge band to welcome Gompers last week.

The Seattle Times has twice the circulation of any other newspaper in Seattle.

The pressmen will take part in the Elks' carnival, as well as several other unions.

Samuel Gompers, the grand old unionist, received a tremendous reception last week.

To be or not to be. Whether Seattle's pride—the totem pole—shall be painted, or not, is the talk here.

Labor Day will be celebrated in the form of a picnic this year, the Elks' parade being too close to Sept. 1st.

The play of "Tracy and Merrill" is a disgrace and should be prohibited in every town where it endeavors to play.

The Western Central Labor union announces that there is now sufficient money in hand to build the labor temple, the last contribution being the bricklayers', who subscribed $1,000.

"HAPPY JACK" INJURED.

John Watson, familiarly known as "Happy Jack," a member of the Builders' Laborers' union, fell a distance of 35 feet on Thursday afternoon, and was very seriously hurt. The unfortunate man was engaged as a hod-carrier by J. McPhail, who was building a chimney on the house at the corner of Barclay and Cardero streets. He lost his footing and slid down the roof-side, and fell to the ground in a heap of burning rubbish. In addition to bruises about the head, his hand was almost severed at the wrist and his arm broken in several places near the elbow. The ambulance was at once telephoned for, and responded quickly. He was removed to the city hospital, where his injuries were attended to and he is doing as well as can be expected.

The C. P. R. picnic takes place today at Port Hammond.

A REAL CIRCUS COMING.

The greatest circus, menagerie and hippodrome in the world will exhibit in Vancouver, Saturday, Aug. 23rd. It is hardly necessary to say that this is Ringling Brothers' World's Greatest shows, for this vast amusement institution is now universally recognized as the leading circus of the world. This supremacy is not merely one of size, although 65 double-length railroad cars are required to transport it from city to city, and hundreds of horses and people are utilized in its stupendous displays. In addition to its towering immensity it is a show of modern methods and Twentieth Century originality, and its performances are always so unique as to give the show a distinct originality. Since the last visit of the show to this vicinity, two notable things have transpired: the exhibition has been vastly enlarged, and every familiar feature has been replaced by acts entirely new to this country. The menagerie is the most complete zoological collection in the world, and presents the only giraffe known to be alive; the hippodrome is an actual production of the exciting sports and racing contests of old Rome, and the aerial performance is so superior to anything ever before presented in this country as to create a revolution in this popular form of entertainment. The acrobats, gmynasts, aerialists, riders, and other specialists number three hundred of the highest salaried European and American artists, including the great Dumitrescu Troupe of aerial bar performers, from Russia. The trained animal section of the show introduces Batty's Russian bears; Capt. Webb's juggling seals; Prof. Wood's dog and pony circus, and Pearl Souder's great herd of 20 acting elephants. The parade which introduces circus day is entirely new this year, and is gorgeous and massive beyond anything hitherto attempted in the line of pageantry. These are but a few of the features of this great circus, which more than ever deserves its wellworn title, the World's Greatest Shows.

The Painters' union at Winnipeg has elected J. G. Thomson president, and A. L. Schmidt secretary.

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.

About one of the coziest little restaurants for neatness and cleanliness we have chanced to call in of late is the New York Kitchen on Abbott Street, managed by C. W. Knight, who certainly is a skillful manager to be able to cater the meal that can be obtained there for the small sum of a nickle and a dime. Call and see the place and satisfy yourself.

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.

: GEO. HAY :

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

Dyeing and Repairing.

216 CAMBIE ST., VANCOUVER.

Meeting.

F. O. E.—VANCOUVER AERIE, No. 6, meets Wednesday evenings; visiting brethren welcome. Bert Parsons, W. P.; J. G. Ure, W. S., Arcade.

HOTEL NORTH VANCOUVER.

A delightful summer resort; strictly first-class and up-to-date in every respect. Terms, $2 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.

WHEN YOU WANT A SUIT OF CLOTHES

we ask merely the privilege of showing you some of the new Clothing we just opened up for this fall's trade.

We bought this clothing feeling that it was impossible to make its superior, and the goods have turned out just as we were led to believe from the samples.

We have just dressed our window with some of the suits—nothing nobbier has ever been shown in the city

JOHNSTON, KERFOOT & CO.

104 and 106 Cordova Street.

Trunk Store 127 Hastings St., Opp. Wm. Ralph's.

KELLY, DOUGLAS & CO.

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

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

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

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

This is the name of the most perfect beer ever brewed in British Columbia—none better is brewed anywhere in the world.

It is brewed right here in Vancouver from the pure waters of a mountain stream.

It is brewed upon the most scientific principles by the most modern of processes in a perfectly equipped brewery.

The reputation, the capital, the skill, the experience and the whole of the forces of THE VANCOUVER BREWERIES, LTD., of Vancouver, are at the back of it.

$2.00 DOZEN QUARTS.
$1.00 DOZEN PINTS.

Of all first class Liquor Stores, Saloons and Hotels.

Vancouver Breweries, Ltd.

Vancouver, B. C.

SPECIAL MESSAGES OR "HURRY-UP" ORDERS

can be safely left at our down-town office in the

ARCADE

You can leave your bundle of laundry there too.

The down-town office is for your special convenience.

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.