

The New Vancouver
Coal Mining & Land Co.
LIMITED.
Supply from their Island, Southfield and Protection Island Collieries

Steam Coal
House Coal

of the following grades:
Double Screened Lump,
Run of the Mine,
Washed Nuts and Screenings

SAMUEL M. ROBINS - SUPERINTENDENT

The Daily Times.
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EMERY'S CIGAR STAND, 23 Government street.
KNIGHT'S STATIONERY STORE, 75 Yates street.
H. GAY, MASON, Dawson Hotel Entrance, Yates street.
VICTORIA NEWS CO., LTD., 86 Yates street.
VICTORIA BOOK AND STATIONERY COMPANY, 61 Government street.
T. N. HIRREN & COMPANY, 60 Government street.
O. B. ORMOND, 52 Government street.
F. CAMPBELL, Tobacconist, 92 Government street.
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H. W. WALKER (Switch Grocery), Esquimalt road.
W. WILEY, 31 Douglas street.
MRS. CROOK, Victoria West post office.
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ATTRACTING TOURISTS.

May success attend the efforts of those who have in hand the organization of a Tourists' Association. Such an institution will have a splendid field for its operations, for there is no spot on the North American continent more attractive than Vancouver Island, and none about which millions of people on this continent are so ill-informed. It is true that at the present time the Association will not have a seat and an interior dotted with great cities and swarming with inhabitants to appeal to as the Eastern Canadian cities have. But distance is becoming a matter of small account to people of leisure. America, if it has not now, will soon have a larger number of such a class than Europe. It is a class that will not be satisfied until it has seen everything that is worth seeing in the world. How is it to know there is anything worth seeing on Vancouver Island? The great transportation companies have not done much to enlighten it in the past, as anyone who has travelled much over their lines will admit. If these companies will co-operate with a tourists' association in the work of disseminating reliable information the stream of travel in this direction will undoubtedly be appreciably increased.

But that is not the most important part of the work that may be done. Our own Northwest Territories and the Western States are rapidly filling up. Population is pouring into the gold fields of the North and British Columbia. In a few years the proportion of wealthy men in these rich regions will be very large. The climate in these districts, while calculated to build up a race of robust northerners, is subject to too great extremes of heat and cold to be as attractive as that of the temperate, equable summers and winters on the part of the Island of Vancouver on which Victoria is situated. There are many families here who show heads are absent on business in different parts of this western country. There would be more if we made the most of our opportunities. Outward attractiveness is a powerful surface inducement, but when a deeper investigation it is found that there are better educational facilities to be found elsewhere, and that our sewerage system is not what it should be, the effects of the climate and surroundings are lost. We must make Victoria healthy as well as attractive if we desire to reap all the advantages of her unrivalled position. No doubt these questions in all their bearings will receive the attention of the Tourists' Association.

A LAWLESS COUNTRY.

The slayer of ex-Chief of Police Meredith was declared not guilty of murder by a Seattle jury. He goes free. According to the testimony of eye-witnesses the murdered man was hammered on the head with the butt of a revolver until he was practically insensible by one of the Considine brothers and then shot to death by the other. With their assailant in such a condition, was it a justifiable act for the two brothers to take his life? An American jury says yes, and at the same time gives a reason for the terrible record their country holds as the most lawless civilized land on the face of the earth. In a lecture recently a Louisville preacher called attention to the reputation the United States had gained, and pleaded with his countrymen to consider their ways. In brief he asserted that home life is safer in the dominions of the Ameer of Afghanistan than it is in Kentucky. There are more murders in Louisville with 200,000 people than there are in London with 7,000,000. There are more murders in Kentucky with its 2,000,000 people than in Great Britain with a population of 40,000,000. Finally, there are more murders in the United States than in the whole of Europe, with Italy and Turkey left out and Russia included. No other civilized nation approaches this in the matter of murder, and those which come nearest to it are such countries as Italy and Turkey, where the assassin's knife is freely used and where men allow their anger and hate and disgraceful passions to rule their conduct. This nation has a red record of which it should be heartily ashamed.

The Chicago Tribune's figures give 2,516 as our grand total of lynchings from 1885 to 1891. Our contemporary says:

"Suppose some obdurate pagan were to get hold of that fact and thrust it in the face of our missionaries, and quote from the Bible 'Physician, heal thyself.' We wonder if such incidents do not sometimes occur. And we would like to know how the missionary would meet the suggestion that a country so wicked as ours needs the services of all its good men, or the further suggestion, that a religion under which so terrible a record of crime was possible was scarcely the thing to spread abroad.

"While it is easy enough here at home or in any Christian land to explain that all this crime comes from disobedience of Christian teachings; and with a comparison of the conditions prevailing in Christian lands with those of other countries is an all-sufficient vindication of Christianity. It might be extremely difficult to get all that into the benighted heathen mind. And we suspect that if the Louisville preacher were to go into Africa or India and try to win converts by frankly stating the facts above recorded, his preaching would have somewhat of a soothing effect.

"We agree with the Nashville American that this nation 'should be heartily ashamed' of its bloody record. Our total of homicides runs from 7,000 to 9,000 a year, and most of them are un-

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

Dr. J. C. Watson

STARTS ON MONDAY THE 25TH

A SLUMP IN CLOTHING.

A money-saving and a money-getting sale. It will be a money-saving sale to you and a money-getting sale to us.

PLAIN FACTS

We have in round numbers about fifteen hundred Suits of Men's and Boys' Clothing on stock. We want to sell them for various reasons. The first is, we want cash. The second is, trade is rather slow, and we are overstocked for this season of the year. The third is, we have a number of job lots bought at a big reduction from the manufacturers, which we wish to dispose of

THIS IS HOW WE'LL DO IT

3 dozen Men's Good Strong Tweed Suits, sack coat, sizes 36 to 42 ... at \$4.65 Worth—well, you can judge for yourself	30 dozen Men's Tweed and Flannel Over-shirts, bought at 25 per cent. less than regular price; they will be sold at a small advance.
20 Men's Dark Tweed Sack Suits, regular sizes, French facings ... at \$5.00	Blue Flannel Shirts, 15 to 17 neck, for 75c. This lot was consigned to a firm who could not pay for them. We bought them at our own figure.
72 Suits, frock or morning coats, at exactly half price; sizes up to 46.	Men's Fleece Lined Underwear, 37½ cents; all sizes.
75 Men's Blue Serge Pants, 90c cheaper than overalls.	

Big reductions in Boys' and Children's Clothing and Nobby Suits to choose from.

BIG REDUCTIONS ON EVERYTHING.

McCandless Bros.
37 JOHNSON STREET.

ATTENTION!!!

Your attention is invited by
DEAVILLE, SONS & CO.

To Their Extensive Stock of
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

Home Made Bread, Cakes, Pork Pies, Etc., Etc., etc.
Hillside Ave. and First Street.
PHONE 324.

Just Received
ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF
Suitings, Overcoatings, and Pantings

Comprising all the latest patterns, has just arrived; reasonable prices; call and see them.

Alex. Peden, Merchant Tailor
Successor to G. R. Jackson, 36 Fort St.

PHOTOGRAPHY UNDER WATER.

The mysterious life that goes on beneath the surface of a lake or stream, or even of the sea itself, may now be seen, and that without the necessity of diving into the depths which it is desired to explore.

The wonder is accomplished by means of the microscope, a bent tube which may be attached to any camera. One end of this tube, containing an Edison illuminating contrivance, is placed in the water, and a prism, designed to reflect the images at the end of the microscope, and placed in the bend of the tube, enables the photographer to take photographs of scenes under water.

The process is so simple that any amateur photographer can master it, and in the case of lakes or rivers, which abound with fish and aquatic plants, some really exquisite pictures may be taken.

For those who are taking up this novel form of photography seriously, there is an expensive subaqueous camera, which is let down under the water; and, by means of an artificial light, can take photographs of the beds of seas or rivers. —Cassell's Saturday Journal.

RECOGNITION OF ECCLESIASTICAL RANK.

Bystander in Weekly Sun.

The question about the precedence of the churches in invitations to state banquets and on other state occasions still agitates ecclesiastical minds. The New Testament is defective in omitting to regulate this matter, and at the same time to make definite provision for bishops with the proper title. As a neat and simple solution it is proposed to be guided by the religious canon, the head of the church which is most numerous in the province taking precedence of the rest. The right solution of this, as of all similar questions, is complete separation, real and practical as well as legal, of the church from the state. The state in this country ought to take no more cognizance of the church than of the national societies, the Orange lodges, or the Free Masons. Let a church give its dignitaries the title of lord or any other title which it likes, and which they desire. We shall not object any more than we object to the fancy titles which the fraternal societies give their officers. But we cannot help objecting to any recognition of ecclesiastical rank or title by a government which has no state church.

Malt Breakfast Food
Far Ahead of Liquid Malt Extracts for Imparting Health and Strength.

When it is possible, judge for yourself, more especially in matters concerning health. A large number of worthy people in order to gain flesh and strength, use malt extracts. It should be well known that these liquid malts are spoiled by the admixture of fermented liquors, and are injurious to digestion.

For the gaining of health, strength and vigor, eat malt; do not drink it.

Malt Breakfast Foods gives to all who are seeking for strength and robustness the pure Malt in its simple and fresh condition. This Malt renders the starch of the Wheat soluble, giving a food in which digestion has already commenced, therefore easily digested by the human digestive organs.

It is an established fact—one worthy of special note—that one package of Malt Breakfast Food contains more nourishment and strengthening qualities than can be found in one dozen bottles of liquid extracts costing from fifteen to twenty times more money. See your Grocer.

THE MEN
—OF THE—
Metropolitan Church
Will Hold Their
ANNUAL THANKSGIVING SOCIAL
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28TH.

Tea service, 5:30 to 7:30 p. m. Musical programme, 8:30 to 9 p. m.

Address by
Rev. Elliott S. Rowe,
"OUR HERITAGE."

His Worship the Mayor will preside.

TICKETS 25 CENTS.

MILK AND WATER CHRISTIANS.
Rev. Dr. Brushingham, Chicago.

Some have religion enough to spoil them for the pleasures of the world and not enough to let them for the joy of God.

HOPE SPRING ETERNAL.
Montreal Herald.

An Indiana man has married six wives within five years, and says he is not discouraged yet; eventually he hopes to find the right woman.

Provide for the Wants of Age

By economy in the days of labor. People who patronize SAUNDERS are doing this. Less dollars will buy more groceries of better quality than in any other store in town. Convince yourself by a trial order.

HUNGARIAN FLOUR, per sack	\$1.25
JERSEY CREAMERY BUTTER, per lb.	25c
PRUNES, per lb.	5c
NEW SEEDED RAISINS	10c
FIGS, 2 lbs.	25c
TEA, SAUNDERS' SPECIAL, 3 lbs.	\$1.00
PURE NATIVE PORT, per bottle	25c

See our window display of New Fruits, Nuts, etc.

THE SAUNDERS GROCERY CO., LD.
PHONE 28. 39 AND 41 JOHNSON ST.

VICTORIA THEATRE.
Saturday, Nov. 23rd
Eugene Blair and Company

"MATINEE"
"CAMILLE"
EVENING.
"Pea Woffington"

Gorgeous Costumes, Sumptuous Scenery, Strong Cast.
Matinee prices, \$1.00, 75c, 50c and 25c.
Evening, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c.
Reserved seats on sale Thursday morning.

VICTORIA THEATRE.
Return and Final Engagement, Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 25 and 26.
ELLERY'S
Royal Italian Band

"No such music has ever been played in Los Angeles—noting to compare to it. It is the kind of music which, if played enough, to enough people, would regenerate the race." —Los Angeles Record, Nov. 2nd.

Prices, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, and 50c.
Reserved seats on sale at the Victoria Book & Stationery Store, Friday.

MUSIC—MUSIC—MUSIC

The Belle of New York
Vocal Gems from the Opera.
35c

The Messiah
Vocal scores just received, also the following Operatic Novelties:
Flora Dora, The Runaway Girl, The Gelsin,
—AT—
Fletcher Bros.
GOVERNMENT STREET.

NEW STYLE
Edison Phonographs
—AND—
Columbia Graphophones

Just Received Direct From Factories.
Prices From \$10.00 up to \$75.00

A shipment of 1,000 RECORDS also just to hand, containing all the late popular songs, etc.
Call and see them.

M. W. Waitt & Co.
44 GOVERNMENT STREET.

VICTORIA DAILY TIMES

VICTORIA, B. C. SATURDAY NOVEMBER 23, 1901.

WHAT THE SMART PARISIENNE IS WEARING

VELVET THE POPULAR MATERIAL.

Velvet gowns are very chic this season, and are worn for all occasions. This is not saying that cloth costumes have gone out of fashion, although one might think so to judge by the number of the velvet ones that are made up. For morning wear the styles are much simpler than for the afternoon—in fact, they copy closely after the cloth. They are in the simple tailor styles for street wear in the morning and the elaborately trimmed and light colored velvets for the afternoon.

Black is exceedingly popular, but the different shades of brown are also considered desirable, and gray in all shades is still in demand. There are also costumes made in a blue green, a sapphire blue and a dark hunter's green, but one sees many more black than anything else.

These same models are used for velvet, which is as fashionable this year as velvet and is manufactured of most beautiful quality and texture, so that it is almost impossible to tell it from the velvet.

As a rule, velvet and velvet gowns are worn only in the street, but there are some few models made up for the house. These, however, are as a rule of velvet. The velvet is for dinner dress only, and then trimmed with point lace, as usual, or with some embroidery done on the velvet itself.

A very smart costume shown in the illustration on the left can be made of either cloth or velvet. This special model is made in cloth, a rich sapphire blue, trimmed with applique of red cloth, or which is an embroidery of black and white. The skirt is made of four ruffles, edged with red cloth. The three-quarter length coat has revers, collar and cuffs of red cloth, with white embroidery, and the waistcoat is of white. A jabot of lace covers the

blouse waist under the coat. The hat worn with this costume is of red velvet, with a black plume and a rhinestone buckle at the side.

Another smart model gown is of black cloth, with a plain front breadth, trimmed at either side with narrow flounces, which widen out gradually at the foot of the skirt, which is quite wide at the back. The coat has three capes and wide lapels of white satin, on which are narrow lines of black. The front is of black velvet, with tiny gold buttons.

There is great effort being made to bring back the sensible short skirt for walking gowns, but as yet the attempt has not been universally successful, for it must be admitted that no short skirt ever looks so chic as a long one and is not nearly so becoming. One good style of short skirt is made up in a rough gray cloth, trimmed with bands of black velvet, edged on either side with red braid and through the black velvet nail heads of black.

The skirt fastens at the side, under a band of the embroidery, and is short enough to clear the ground without giving any effect of the roll skirt. The jacket is a short bolero, trimmed with the same embroidery, and the lapels are much more elaborately braided with it. A blouse waist worn under this jacket is of black and red velvet that contrasts well with the gray of the costume. In velvet one of the smartest models of the year is the gown shown in the illustration on the right. It is of hennetone colored velvet, trimmed with chin-chilla. The skirt has a plain front breadth with an attached flounce at the sides and back, headed with a stitched fold of the velvet. The entire skirt is edged with a band of chin-chilla. The collar and lapels are faced with chin-chilla, and in circling the shoulders continue in the form of a stole down the

front of the waist, bordered with the same fur. On the front of this stole are frogs of heavy silk, and between the fronts shows a narrow waistcoat of antique silk. The sleeves are trimmed with wide cuffs of chin-chilla.

The muff is in the new oblong shape, and is made of chin-chilla, and the collar, which fits high in the throat, is also faced with the same.

One of the few models for a velvet gown to be worn in the house is seen in an illustration here presented and is made up of ash-colored velvet. The waist is in jacket effect, with long hip pieces, and on the front of the waist are



DRESS OF ASH-COLORED VELVETEEN, TRIMMED WITH EMBROIDERY.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Babies never cry unless there is some very good reason for it. The cry of a baby is Nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. Every mother ought to set to work immediately to find what that something wrong may be.

If the fretfulness and irritation are not caused by exterior sources, it is conclusive evidence that the crying baby is ill.

The only safe and judicious thing to do is to administer Baby's Own Tablets without the slightest delay.

For Indigestion,

sleeplessness, irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, diarrhoea, constipation, colic, simple fevers and as a relief from the results of croup, these marvelous little tablets have given relief in thousands of cases and saved many precious lives.

Remember that they contain absolutely no opiates or other harmful drugs.

They are purely vegetable—Nature's own remedy, compounded with scientific care and never failing in their pleasant results. Dissolved in water they can be given to the smallest child.

Baby's Own Tablets are for sale at drug stores and if you do not find them without difficulty send direct to us for them and we will forward them on receipt of the price, 25 cents per box.

THE DR. WILLIAMS MEDICINE CO.,
BROCKVILLE, ONT.



Good for
all Babies
Try Them
for Your
Baby.



LONG JACKET, MADE OF BLUE CLOTH, LAPELS TRIMMED WITH FANCY EMBROIDERY UPON APPLICATIONS OF RED CLOTH.

bands of embroidery, while the front and belt are of cream cloth. The embroidery consists of garlands of pink roses embroidered in silk and chenille. There are double pointed shoulder caps edged with bias folds of cream-colored cloth. The skirt is made with three overlapping flounces edged with white cloth, and the whole skirt is marvelously well cut, for the flounces do not give any added fullness to the figure.

Fashions in millinery are unusually smart this season, and, as there is such a variety of shapes to choose from, it would be quite inexcusable for a woman to appear in an unbecoming hat. There are shapes suitable to be worn with hair high or low, and, while flat hats are the

lone poke bonnets, but without strings.

Another illustration shows this modified poke made in black velvet, with two ostrich tips inside the brim and one long one at the back around the crown, and with a bow of black velvet at the back of the hat, caught with a rhinestone buckle. Many of the hats are made to match the costume; others are of contrasting colors. The hat shown in the velvet costume carries out the color and material of the gown, for it is made of brown velvet and is trimmed with gray and brown ostrich feathers. In the front of the crown is a long, narrow buckle of rhinestones.



newest, there is no law against wearing aigh trimmings if they are more becoming.

Velvet, cloth, tulle, net and felt are all used, and it is quite as fashionable to wear colors as to wear black. The three-cornered hat is a favorite shape, but there are many modifications of it, so that there is no danger of its being too popular a style.

In the illustration on this page is shown a three-cornered hat of white felt, the rough, shaggy kind, with brim bound with black velvet. Directly in the front of the hat is a rosette of panne velvet with a jet button in the centre. Caught by this rosette is a long white ostrich plume which covers the brim at the left side and falls down on the hair at the back.

Hats worn over the face are all the style, but there are just as many now worn off the face to show the hair low on the forehead. There are one or two shapes that are quite like the old-fash-

Women of the Nile.

BY HARRY A. ARMSTRONG.

Many mysteries are hidden by the muddy waters of the Nile, as those who live along its shores well know. And there is little wonder in this, for Egypt is older than all history, and the customs are handed down from generation to generation, and the stories of ancient lore are forever told to the children. The Nile has swept across the lives of this people, and has crowded their minds with superstition as it filled the lowlands with abundance.

Mahomet knew these stories as the American boy knows the tale of "Bluebeard" and all the legends of the "Arabian Nights." He told us of the women of the Nile as we crossed the bridge over the river at Cairo in the gray dawn of a June day. Below us lay the stream, black as night, with the hills on one side and the valley on the other. Piled up against the side of the bluffs were houses, and they stretched off into the distance. How many of them there were or how far they reached we could only guess. Mahomet sat on the seat with the driver as we rolled out toward the great pyramid, and pointed out to us the custom house, where the caravans of camels were headed. Nitocris was the name of the mythical maiden of whom Mahomet told us, and it all happened long, long ago, according to the story-teller. Just exactly when—the year of the dynasty even—was not known. But there was a time when a woman was sacrificed every year to the Nile. This was to please the gods and persuade them to send down much water and wet the lowlands of the valley during the month of June.

The priests each year went forth into the streets where the temples stood and cast lots among those they met. If the lot

man fell upon a young woman, then that one had to stand before the dam at Cairo and meet the waters as they dashed through the opening made by the King. It came about that the fallman fell upon Nitocris one year. And the heart of the King was filled with sadness, for he loved the maiden so chosen; she was comely and learned and a Princess of the blood. But Nitocris was brave and faced her fate as one who feared not death and was willing to sacrifice her life that all the people of the valley and all the people of Egypt might be blessed. Her friends came to her, and one offered to save her by fleeing far away into a distant country. But Nitocris shook her head. "The fates had chosen her for the victim, and no one should deny her the honor."

So the preparations for the cutting of the dam went on. Every day the crier passed through the streets, as he does to this day, telling in a quaint old chant the increased depth of the stream, until one night he cried "Wafa en Neel," meaning the "completion," or that the water in the reservoir was high enough. Nitocris heard this cry in the middle of the night, and, with her maidens, began her song to the stream, and told the God of Waters the needs of the people of the valley.

Daylight came. And it was the day that the dam had to be cut and the waters let down into the valley. The King stood word that he could not preside over the ceremonies, and that this work should be done by his Grand Vizier.

That day two carts drove up in front of the dam. In one was a strange man and a queer object. In another stood alone the victim of the waters, beautiful, defiant. The word was spoken. The Grand Vizier stooped over his shovel and in a few moments a little stream went trickling over the

(Continued on page 10.)

A COMMON DISEASE.

"Do literary people suffer much from writer's cramp?"
"Yes, a great deal, but it attacks their brains more often than their fingers."

Winks—These automobilists are terrible fellows for smashing records.
Blinks—Yes. They'll soon want to make an hour in less than sixty minutes.

EYES AND NOSE RAN WATER.—C. G. Archer, of Brewer, Maine, says: "I have had Catarrh for several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose for days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. It relieves in ten minutes." 50 cents. Sold by Jackson & Co. and Hall & Co.—17.

Spiders are eaten by the Hotentots and New Caledonians with the utmost relish.



WOMEN OF THE NILE.

(Continued from page 9)

side. Then all the ladies and nobles hurried to the end, where there was a safety, to wait till the waters had eaten a path and swept on down the plain, as they have swept every year since the memory of man.

FROM THE TURKEY'S POINT OF VIEW.

A Turkey sat on the topmost limb Of the very tallest tree, And, roosting high, indulged himself In this soliloquy:

A Miser's Generosity.

In a provincial French town lives an elderly scholar, who is widely known for his learning, as well as for his extraordinary avarice.

PAY HIGHER WAGES TO THE SOLDIERS

HOW TO SOLVE THE RECRUITING QUESTION

Army Should Be Made a Good Trade, Attractive to the Right Kind of Men.

superior class of men would flock into the army. A young man who has been accustomed to a bedroom to himself cannot bear the thought of "pigging" it with others.

Stoddart's Special Reductions. Waltham Watch Co. Sterling Silver Watches, full jewelled escapement, for \$6.00. Only one sold to each customer.

JAMES LEIGH & SONS, MANUFACTURERS OF SHOW CASES, OFFICE & STORE FITTINGS, IN HARD AND SOFT WOODS.

MONSOON TEA Direct from the grower to the consumer.

STODDART'S Jewellery Store. Eight-Day Striking Hour and Half-Hour Clocks \$3.00 For Sale.

NOT RESPONSIBLE. "Greta" HEYBURN, Master, FROM CARDIFF.

SEA-MEN'S INSTITUTION. STORE STREET, VICTORIA, B.C. OPEN FROM 6 P.M. TO 10 P.M.

Dutch Bulbs. Two consignments just in. Come and see them. Price lists on application.



WALKING DRESS OF HANNETON-COLORED VELVET, TRIMMED WITH CHUNCHILLA.

A STORY OF KITCHENER.

An esteemed and too infrequent contributor sends us the following capital story of Lord Kitchener, which has the advantage of being literally true:

FORCE OF SOLDIERLY HABIT.

An amusing instance of force of habit is reported in a provincial contemporary. A lady walking in the country with a brother lately returned from the front was greatly alarmed, not at the sound of blasting from a neighboring quarry, but at her brother's falling flat to the ground at the instant.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS cure backache, sideache, scanty, cloudy, thick and highly colored urine, diabetes, dropsy and all troubles arising from a weak condition of the kidneys.

Pay For Soldiers

The mere contemplation of which now frightens even the courageous Mr. Brodrick. It may be said that this kind of soldier would be too costly to be shot; but he would fight more intelligently, and would not be so easily wounded or made sick as a cheaper article.

Taste For Soldering.

A regulation like this would, it seems to me, be far better than forming a regiment of gentleman privates, with its inevitable distinction, and would give us thousands of recruits whom snobs of tradesmen would be afraid to wear off their premises lest they should miss the opportunity of entertaining a moneyed angel inawares.

Does Give an Advantage

to those who have it over those who are less fortunate, and that the same thing now obtains amongst officers. This plan of allowing those men and non-commissioned officers who can afford it to live out of barracks so long as they perform punctually every duty of a soldier might be tried on a small scale at first as an experiment.

THE TABLE.

Table with columns for Date, High Water, and Low Water, listing tide times for various dates in November 1901.

A Great Pillip to Recruiting.

The food in the army is now as good as what is given at our best public schools, and there is no comfort which a soldier wants except to be allowed to live out of the barracks room, the atmosphere of which is not nice either physically or morally.

Much More Popular

If the territorial system were made a reality. Each corps on returning from operations or manoeuvres or a camp of exercise should go to its own place as naturally as the Royal Marines return to their respective divisions at Portsmouth, Plymouth or Chatham on landing from abroad.

Not Responsible.

Neither the master nor the undersigned will be responsible for any debts contracted by the crew of the above vessel without their written authority.

CURE YOURSELF!

Use Big G for Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Sperrastory, etc. Warnings, medicinal directions, or any inflammation, irritation or absorption of mucus membrane. Sold by Druggists. Circular sent on request.

WALKING DRESS OF HANNETON-COLORED VELVET.

Walking dress of Hanneton-colored velvet, trimmed with chunchilla. A fashionable and elegant garment.

WALKING DRESS OF HANNETON-COLORED VELVET.

Walking dress of Hanneton-colored velvet, trimmed with chunchilla. A fashionable and elegant garment.

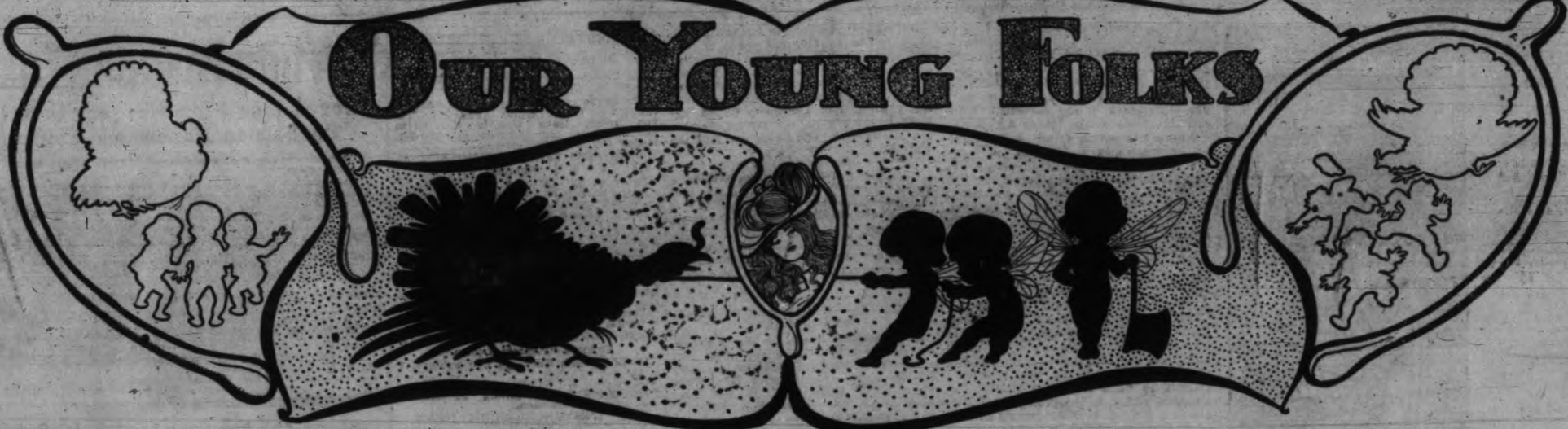
JOHN MESTON Carriage Maker, Blacksmith, Etc. BROAD ST., BETWEEN PANDORA AND JOHNSON.

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Our Young Folks



A SUBSTITUTE AT QUARTER.

A THANKSGIVING FOOTBALL STORY.

BY RAYMOND FULLER AYRES.

It was Charlie Town's first year in the Valley "Prep" School, and he had made the varsity! This is a most unusual thing for a freshman to do, for most of them are away below the average of strength and weight necessary to the "line" and "backs" who, as a rule, are two or three years older, and that at a period of growth when two or three years permits a wonderful increase in bone, sinew and solid muscle. Still, by virtue of his catlike activity and phenomenal sprinting abilities, Charlie was a fixture at the all important position of quarterback. He was envied by his classmates, less fortunate; his companionship sought by the seniors, and oh! supreme pinnacle of joy—he was praised by the coach! Still he was not happy.

Charlie. "Every infant that could manage it in our little town has the diphtheria or whooping cough or something, and those that are not sick yet are trying their best to catch it, and my father is the only doctor in the place. It is out of the question for him to leave, and we have never yet failed to be together on Thanksgiving Day. You see, there are only we two left." The door opened, and a tall, sturdy fellow entered just in time to hear the last words. It was the captain of the team. He took a seat on the edge of the narrow bed and eyed Charlie sternly. "What's this I hear," he said, "about your not playing in the game with Millville on Thanksgiving Day?"

"I have to go home to spend Thanksgiving, that's all," answered Charlie.

"Barnes has told me how you feel about it," continued the captain, "but see here, Town, we have beaten Millville four years straight, although always by the skin of our teeth. Now, we haven't a chance this year without you, and you know it. Black is a good little sub, but he can't be depended upon to handle the ball in a big game like this. Andrews can't pass the ball without fumbling to save his life, and you are the only quarter we can possibly play and win. You won't desert us just now, when we have not been defeated this season, right here in the face of the very hardest game of all, will you?"

"I must go, Dick," cried Charlie in despair. "Dad would never forgive me if I did not."

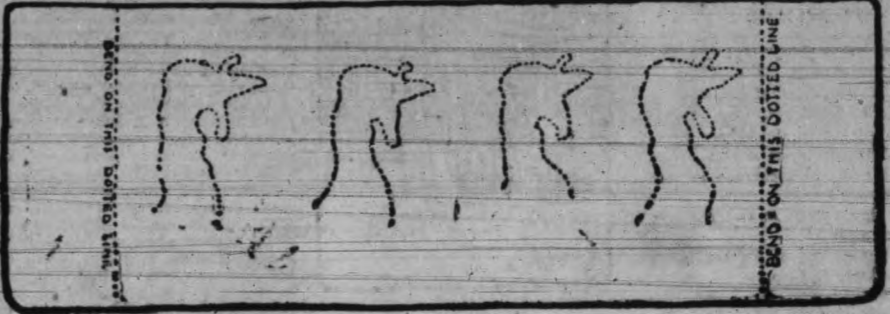
"But how about my sister, your 'opp'?" She has counted upon your taking her to the game and then seeing you do all sorts of things to Millville, making forty-yard runs around the end and goals from the field, you know. Have you thought about that?"

"I haven't thought of anything else for a week," groaned Charlie, "but I can't help it. I shall have to tell her at supper to-night."

"Well, in that case we can't rank you as one of the varsity," said the captain, rising. "You will have to go on the playing lists as substitute, that's all, and he went out, closing the door not too gently behind him.

The Valley Preparatory School was a co-educational institute, and the scholars of both sexes only met at classes and at the long tables in the dining-room. The boys and girls were seated on opposite sides of these tables, and the owner of that particular pair of bright eyes smiling at one from across the table was known as "my opp," a more or less affectionate abbreviation for "opposite." Charlie sat at the training table, where, of course, no girls were allowed, but before he had been elevated to this much coveted position he had for his "opp" Millie Barr, the captain's sister, and the prettiest girl in the school. Charlie's place, opposite hers, was still vacant, and he slid into it at supper that night and remained there in conversation with her until the meal was served, when he went to his place at the training table with the rest. She had not grown angry and scoffed at his resolution like his chums, or tried to argue him out of his intention, as did her brother, but quite

A THANKSGIVING DAY GAME



No doubt many of our little readers will hardly care to indulge in violent exercise after eating their fill of Thanksgiving cheer, and often, after the turkey has been utterly wrecked, the last of the dessert consumed, and every little jacket has grown uncomfortably tight, there comes a question—"What shall we do to have some fun?" Here is a way to have some fun that does not demand too much exertion, and still provides a form of amusement in keeping with the day.

Cut out the picture of the turkey's head, leaving about an inch of margin on each side. Get two pieces of wood, or two boxes—cigar boxes will do—and place them side by side, so they are just about as far apart as the width of the picture. Now, pin the picture to the ends of the boxes, by the margin, placing one pin in each corner, so that the picture is suspended between the boxes, with nothing behind it. Place this in the centre of the table, and exactly before it on the edge of the table lay a book just thick enough so that the upper side is about level with the centre of the picture.

On the edge of the book lay a toothpick and aim it at one of the turkey's heads. Take a pencil and, holding one end in your left hand, draw the other end so that you can snap it forward and strike the end of the toothpick. This will fly forward like a dart, and if it hits the picture it will stick in the paper like an arrow in a target. You and your little brothers and sisters must take turns doing this, so as to be perfectly fair. Of course, the one who hits the turkey's head wins, and if no one is lucky enough to do so well as that, the one who comes nearest to it is ahead of the rest.

If you have more than two players, you can count the one who hits the turkey's head three points, the next nearest two points, and the third one point. The rest do not score at all then, but, of course, you all have points, and you can keep this up until the paper is full of holes from your toothpick arrows.



A THANKSGIVING DINNER TRICK.



A STREAM OF CLARLET WILL RISE INTO THE GLASS.

As the Thanksgiving dinner is drawing to a close and the dessert is being eaten, very slowly, indeed, because of all the good things that have gone before, the time is ripe for one or two clever tricks that can be played with ordinary table articles, and you may be sure that every one at the table will enjoy them immensely.

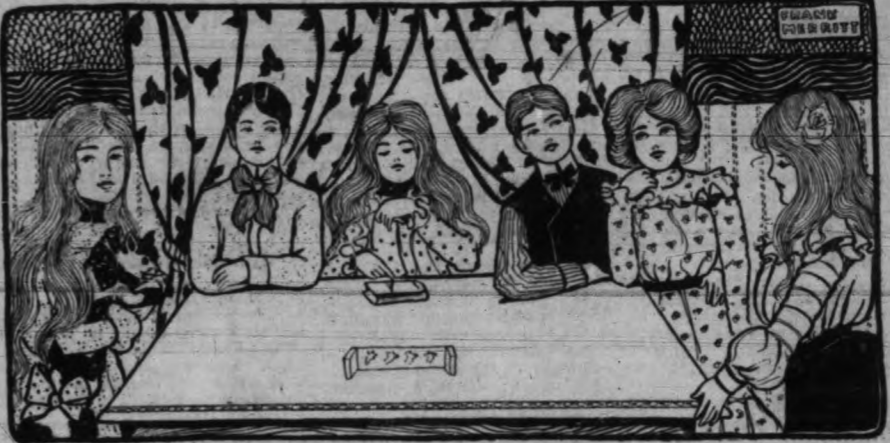
Here is a trick that is always effective, and, while it is very simple, indeed, still it is bound to appear just a wee bit mysterious, and many, especially your little brothers and sisters, will be unable to explain it.

Take two ordinary claret glasses; fill one to the brim with claret and the other equally full with clear water. Cover

the top of the glass containing water with an ordinary visiting card, so that there are no places around the edge uncovered by the card. Turn the glass upside down and place it on the top of the glass containing the claret and adjust the glasses so that their edges meet exactly all the way around. Now move the card slightly to one side, so that there will be a little space at one side of the glasses, inside, uncovered by the card. As once a thin stream of claret will begin to rise through this space, not mixing with the water at all, but with its edges clear and sharply defined. The water, too, will begin to descend into the glass containing claret, a pure, glistening white stream, against the ruddy red. The stream of claret, too,

rising through the sparkling white of the water, presents a beautiful effect, and in a moment the claret will begin to spread about the top of the upper glass like the unfolding of a red rose and the water will spread in the bottom of the lower glass. The two fluids will not mix, but will present a delightful contrast of red and white with sharply defined edges.

In a very short time the claret and water will have changed places, the claret being in the upper glass and the water in the lower. This is due to the difference in weight of the liquids; the water, being the heavier, forces itself into the lower glass and a portion of the claret is moved up to take the place of the descending water.



SNAP THE TOOTHPICK AT THE PICTURE.

upon looking at his watch Charlie found that he had but three minutes to wait. He paced the platform impatiently, trying to guess the cause of this very unusual delay, until the train came in. His father sprang from the platform of the smoker and came to meet him with beaming face.

"I thought I would catch you, boy," he said. "I wired to four points on the

line to be sure of you. I want to see you win that game for Valley School." Charlie's heart swelled with a sudden joy, so keen that he could not speak; then sank again. "I don't believe I can get back in time," he faltered. "It takes four hours from here, you know, and there's no train for an hour, and the game begins at 3."

"Nonsense!" said his father. "I'll wire them to delay matters, and you know no contest ever comes off on time, anyhow." What then remained the academy town they found the streets deserted. "Everyone is at the field," said Charlie. "Hear that?" A faint rust of cheering came from the grounds, half a mile away.

Valley School had grim visions of defeat. The first half had closed with a score of 6 to 0 in Millville's favor. The coach had slowly, stubbornly advanced the ball the length of the field for a touch-down, after smashing the choicest "kick" plays of Valley School's eleven. A goal had followed. The home team was not pulling together. The players did not get off well at the signals. The ball was not put in play properly. Fumbles were frequent. Their pet play, a bluff right-end run, a delayed pass, and then a mass on left tackle, had resulted in a loss every time it had been tried. Their confidence was gone. Still their defensive game was excellent. Time after time there had been individual plays of the most sensational order, yet they could not advance the ball.

Now the second half had begun. The ball had been in play scarcely five minutes, and Millville, by steady hammering of the line, had forced the ball to Valley School's 10-yard line. A small contingent from Millville shouted madly. The crowded grand-stand was silent. The coach pranced up and down the side lines and implored a brace. It came. Three times the Millville warriors butted their heads into a defence that would not yield. They had not tried a trick play once. On the next signal the full-back, behind three players, licked around left end. Half the Millville team were before them in an instant, but Millville's lusty right guard had the ball, and he plunged through the weakened centre. He collided with a stocky little figure and fell back a yard. The substitute tackle (Black) had by a magnificent tackle saved Valley School from another touch-down. The Millville man arose, but Black lay still. He was raised and supported off the field. Then from the grand-stand came a chorus of feminine cheers. A little figure had shot out of the gymnasium and onto the field. "Charlie! Charlie Town!" shriek-

ed the girls in the grand-stand. Valley School had the ball.

Charlie panted out of danger. The ball was Millville's at the centre of the field. They started to push their way down the field again, but the Valley School eleven had decided that they did not want to be pushed. Millville tried again and again, but made no gain. Their captain signalled for a kick, but some ruffian from Valley School broke the line, blocked the kick, got the ball, ran off with it and would not stop until he had gone 30 yards. This was awful! Millville could not understand it. Why couldn't this team stay beaten? From the undergraduates on the side lines came a roar of "Charlie Town! Charlie Town! First down! First down!"

Then Millville's captain called for a brace. His team were perfectly willing to brace, and they braced so hard and played so low that Charlie had no difficulty in hurdling the line. He leaped over the back of the little tackle, dodged the tackle and, running three feet to his pursuers' two, made a beautiful touch-down directly between the goal posts. Of course, he kicked the goal.

The score was tied—but the Millville blood was up. Try as they would, the Valley School team could not get beyond the Millville's 20-yard line, and there the ball was, with only one minute to play. Millville knew that Charlie would try a goal from the field, and they prepared to break through and block it. They did break through, and two seconds after the ball had left Charlie's toe he was immediately buried under several hundred pounds of bone and sinew from Millville. But the ball had gone over the crossbar between the goal posts, just where it was needed most. The game was over.

Charlie had to be carried to the gymnasium. When he opened his eyes his father was hurrying him fearfully about the neck. He protested, "Lie still and let me set your collarbone," said his father. "If you don't, you will be lopsided, and then Miss Millie won't take any more interest in you." Charlie blushed. "What do you know about it?" he asked.

"Well," was the reply, "she raised a fund among the girls here, with which she paid a prominent Boston physician to look after all those poor little sick patients of mine for one day, so I could come up here and set collarbones for 'em."

"Oh," said Charlie, wickedy. "I thought perhaps you had got them all dead by this time, Dad." And then he added, "No, I don't want to be lopsided."

HE RAN THIRTY YARDS TO A TOUCHDOWN.

