

# The Pacific Canadian.

Vol. I.

NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, OCT. 21, 1893.

No. 6.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

### Hotels, Etc.

**J. M. BLAICKIE**, dealer in Choice Wines, Liquors, and Cigars. STEAMBOAT EXCHANGE, corner of Front and 6th Sts., New Westminster, B. C.

**MERCHANTS' HOTEL**, corner of McNeely and Columbia Streets. Best Wines and Cigars kept constantly on hand. JAS. CASH, Proprietor.

**MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE DINING ROOM**. Meals at all hours, dished up in any style. Open day and night. Moderate charges. W. E. MORTIMER, Manager.

**GROTTO HOTEL**. This House has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, and the proprietor solicits a share of public patronage. MEALS, 25 cents. Whitecooks, G. R. SMALL, Proprietor.

**QUEEN'S HOTEL**, corner Clement and Columbia Streets. G. H. WILLIAMS, Proprietor. First-class in every particular. Pure Wines and Liquors, and choice brands of Cigars.

**THE TELEGRAPH HOTEL**, Front street, opposite to the Ferry Landing. Nothing but choice of liquors and cigars. Telephone 166. P. O. Box 53. HOGAN BROS., Proprietors.

**CLEVELAND HOTEL**, opposite Bell-Island and Patterson's dock. First-class cooks and attentive waiters. The bar is stocked with prime Wines, Liquors and Cigars. BRENNAN BROS., Proprietors.

**CENTRAL HOTEL**, Columbia Street, New Westminster. The leading Hotel. White cook, clean beds and moderate charges. The Hotel is well adapted to the needs of families, to whom special rates are given. Board by the week at reduced rates. P. O. BLODEAU, Proprietor.

**OCCIDENTAL HOTEL**, corner Columbia and Bagby Streets, New Westminster, B. C. Rates for Board and Lodging: Per day, \$1.00; per week, \$5.50. The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars dispensed at the bar. J. C. GRAY, Proprietor.

**DEPOT HOTEL**, Columbia Street, New Westminster. The best \$2.00 a day house in Canada. The rooms are superior, and the Hotel is well adapted to the needs of families, to whom special rates are given. Board by the week at reduced rates. P. O. BLODEAU, Proprietor.

**THE HOLBKROOK HOUSE**, Front Street, New Westminster. This is the popular Hotel of the city. Airy and well furnished rooms. Cuisine department carefully supervised, and the dining tables supplied with all the luxuries of the season. Banquets spread to order. Late suppers provided at short notice. Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars in the sample room. A. VACHON, Proprietor.

## JUST OPENED.

The new and Most Elegantly Furnished

# GUICHON HOTEL.

STEAM RADIATORS IN EVERY ROOM, TOGETHER WITH BATH ACCOMMODATIONS, EXCELLENT FARE, —FINE SERVICE.—

We Lead, Others Follow.

C. E. ROSS,

Manager,

DRAIVING, ETC.

**MANN & SMITH**. Light and heavy draying of all kinds. Household furniture carefully removed, and special attention given to removing pianos, safes, etc. Mill wood teamed to order. Express at all hours. Telephone 88.

**Mainland Truck and Dray Stables.**

NEW WESTMINSTER.

## GILLEY BROS.

Draying & Teaming Promptly Attended to.

ALDER AND FIR WOOD AND BARK ALWAYS ON HAND.

Agents for T. Hembrough & Co.'s Brick, Tile and Pottery Works.

Orders received for Gilley & Rogers' Coal.

## J. D. BENNETT

Practical Watchmaker & Jeweler.

Columbia Street, N. W.

All kinds of Watches and a great variety of Solid and Plated Jewelry kept in Stock.

## REPAIRING!

Special attention to Repairing High-Grade Watches.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

## The Western Fisheries & Trading Co.

Limited.

(Successors to W. H. Vianen.)

WHOLESALE AND EXPORT

## FISH AND GAME

### MERCHANTS.

SHIPPING, HOTELS AND FAMILIES supplied at lowest prices.

All kinds of FURS and SKINS purchased; highest prices given.

Warehouse and Store—Front Street.

Telephone No. 6.

Freezer, Ice House, &c.—Lulu Island.

P. O. Box 449.



TO CONTRACTORS.

**SEALED TENDERS**, endorsed "New Parliament Buildings, Victoria, Contract No. 2," will be received by the Honorable Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works up to one o'clock p.m. of Thursday, 30th November, 1893, for the several trades required in the erection of new Parliament Buildings at James Bay, Victoria, B.C., viz.:

1. The excavator, mason and brick-layers' work.
2. The carpenter and joiner's work.
3. The slaters and plasterer's work.
4. The cooper's work.
5. The smith and ironfounder's work.
6. The plumber's work.
7. The painter's work.

Tenders will be received for any one trade or for the whole work.

The plans, details, etc., as prepared by F. M. Rattenbury, Architect, can be seen at the office of the undersigned on or after Monday, October 16th, 1893, and complete quantities clearly describing the whole of the work can be obtained on payment of \$20 for each trade. This sum will be returned to the contractors on receipt of a bona fide tender.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque equal to two per cent. on the amount of each trade tendered for, which will be retained as part security for the due performance of the work. The cheque will be returned to unsuccessful competitors, but will be forfeited by any bidder who may decline to execute a contract if called upon to do so.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. S. GORE,

Deputy Commissioner of Lands and Works.

Lands and Works Department, Victoria, B.C., September 25th, 1893.

## AUCTION SALE

OF

## FARM STOCK AND IMPLEMENTS.

Having received instructions from J. E. MURCHISON, I will sell at his Ranch, Langley Prairie, without reserve, on

**TUESDAY, NOV. 7,**

At 12 o'clock sharp, the following stock.

- 10 Milch Cows, ranging from 4 to 8 years old.
- 5 Two-year-olds, three being Heifers and two Steers.
- 10 Yearlings, six being Heifers and four Steers.
- 5 Calves, four being Heifers and one Steer.
- 1 Grade Short Horn Bull, two years old.
- Also a number of Farm Implements.

## TERMS.

All amounts over \$20.00 nine months credit by furnishing approved joint notes bearing six per cent. interest. Under that amount cash. Five per cent. off for cash.

**HENRY DAVIS,**  
Auctioneer.

## \$1 per Year!

The publishers of the PACIFIC CANADIAN, in order to reach the people of this Province, have decided to place the subscription price at the very low figure of \$1.00 per year. This places the paper within the reach of all, even in hard times, and there is no other way that a dollar can be invested to better advantage. In the family circle a healthy newspaper is almost invaluable as an educator. Have the CANADIAN come to your hearth and make the whole household glad. Try it for three months for 25 cents.

## CITY AND DISTRICT.

Snow is within 500 feet of the sea level.

REICHENBACH'S is the place to get first-class meats.

MR. J. S. CLUTE was married in Victoria yesterday (Friday).

BEARS are reported plentiful in the surrounding country.

PREMIER DAVIE passed through the city on Thursday, on his way home to Victoria.

If you want first-class meat go to Reichenbach's Royal City Meat Market, Columbia-street.

VANCOUVER is notifying the hotels and saloons that the Sunday observances will be strictly observed.

MR. THOS. DAVIE, Q.C., will be in attendance at the opening of the Assizes here next month, as Crown prosecutor.

Two drivers of freight teams amused themselves by racing on Front street Thursday, much to the danger of other vehicles.

We direct attention to the advertisement in this issue of a great auction sale of real estate located in various parts of the Province.

A CAN load of salmon, consisting of 450 cases, was shipped per C.P.R. on Thursday, from Laidlaw's cannery to Liverpool, England.

AN Indian killed two black bears six miles from town. He brought in the claws and gall, which he readily disposed of to the Chinese doctor for \$3.00.

MR. THOS. SHANNON, of Cloverdale, was up to the experimental farm at Agassiz yesterday, and he brought back a specimen potatoe that weighed four pounds.

It is learned that three half-breeds and an India who robbed a Chinaman of \$120 on the Scott road three weeks ago, cannot be extradited, the colonial's testimony not being considered sufficient.

This weather the past week has been delightful, and is making people think that agricultural shows should be held in October instead of September, as is the custom. There may be something in it.

AUSTRALIAN residents in this country, who felt very uneasy regarding the delayed steamer Mowera, will be somewhat relieved to learn of the accident that overtook her, and will naturally feel eased of anxiety to know that she is stranded at Honolulu with no lives lost.

MR. ALEX. ANDERSON, who a short time ago put up a smokehouse at Brownsville for the curing of salmon, has taken a stall in the market, which he will keep supplied with fresh and smoked fish, and will also take orders for salt salmon by the barrel or half-barrel.

The Council of Vancouver Board of Trade will meet the New Westminster Board in the rooms of the latter on Monday next at 3.30 p. m. to discuss matters to be jointly presented to the Minister of Finance on his visit to Vancouver. Members of either Boards or others interested are invited to present suggestions.

The Rev. Father Morgan met with a serious accident while driving Thursday on Royal Avenue. While turning into Sixth street the vehicle overturned, throwing out the reverend gentleman with considerable force and rendering him unconscious. He was assisted to St. Mary's Hospital by the Rev. Dr. Reid, while Mr. C. Jeffrey rendered valuable assistance. The unfortunate gentleman has received a severe shock and fractured his collar bone, but no serious results are apprehended. The boy who was driving with him got off with a few scratches.

Just before the Empress of India sailed, on Monday evening, a Chinaman, named Wah Too, was arrested on board her, on a warrant charging him with stealing a draft for \$2,350 from the Bank of British Columbia, in New Westminster. It appears that Wah Too went into the bank to purchase a draft on China for the sum mentioned. He laid down the money and the draft was made out for him. He then grabbed both money and draft and skipped. He worked during the summer for R. V. Winch, who went down with the officer to identify him. The \$250 poll tax had to be deposited before the customs officers would allow the prisoner to be brought ashore.

News reached the city yesterday of a shocking accident to a gentleman named Davis, on Pavilion Mountain, near that station on Wednesday. He was a lawyer, and came over from Tacoma to adjust the affairs of the late Mr. Magee, of Slough Creek, and was proceeding thither in the company of Mark Egleson, when the accident occurred. A two-horse rig had been engaged and the two gentlemen were quietly driving along a mountain road when the horses suddenly became restive and commenced to kick violently. They then dashed forward, the pole was broken

and at a steep place the carriage overturned. Egleson was thrown to the ground, but beyond a few bruises he received no injury. His companion, not so fortunate, was flung violently over the cliff to the rocks below, where he sustained mortal injuries.

## THE MARKET.

Yesterday was a good day at the market, and a large lot of business was transacted. There was little change in prices, and no special features to note. Supply and demand were fairly equal.

Turkeys brought \$1.50 to \$2.00 each. Chickens, live, \$4.50 to \$5.50 per doz. Butter about 60 cts. by the roll, and Eggs 35 to 40 cts. per doz.

Pork, whole, is quoted at \$8.50 to \$9.00. Beef, forequarters, \$5.00; hindquarters \$7.00; cuts, 7c. to 12c. No veal.

Mutton, by the cut, 11 to 13 cts. Hay, \$12 to \$13; Oats, \$25 to \$27.50; Wheat, \$28 to \$30; Potatoes, \$14 to \$15; Turnips, \$10; Mangolds, \$7; White Carrots, \$10; Red Carrots about 1 ct. per lb; Beets, 1 ct. Cabbage, 1-2 to 3-4 ct. per lb. Onions, 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 cts.

Apples brought \$1 to \$1.10 by the box, for ordinary quality; Pears sold for \$1.25 to \$1.50.

Green tomatoes dropped to 1 ct. per pound.

Cranberries brought 35 cts. per gallon. Pumpkins about 25 cts. each.

Game not in supply; Grouse brought 80 cts. per brace.

## CLOVERDALE.

Correspondence of Pacific Canadian.

Mrs. J. Mitchell returned to Port Moody on Sunday, after spending a few days here.

Mr. F. McKenzie was down from Port Haney last week.

The Royal City logging camp, at the Royal City Spur, closed down this week for the winter. Cloverdale will miss the whistle of the logging train.

"Strange we never miss the music, Till the sweet voiced birds have flown."

Preparations are being made to commence work on the new bridge across the Nicomekl River, Hall's Prairie road, Clover Valley. This will be an improvement, which, no doubt will be fully appreciated by the traveling public.

Miss E. Hill, daughter of our merchant, Mr. R. B. Hill, arrived on Sunday's express, from Portage la Prairie, Man.

Mrs. J. Starr drove into New Westminster on Monday.

Mr. Joseph Shannon is desirous of renting his farm for the coming year. This will be an opening for some enterprising person.

The Christian Endeavor Society will give their literary entertainment next Wednesday evening.

A very pleasant event took place in Cloverdale last Monday—a double wedding at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Crandall. Rev. Mr. Best, of New Westminster, conducted the marriage ceremony. We extend our hearty congratulations, and wish them a pleasant journey through life.

Mr. Punch, M.P.P. was here last week for a few days, the guest of Mr. J. F. Galbraith.

A most unfortunate accident occurred at the residence of Mr. John McMillan on Monday night. Mrs. Millan had the misfortune, through a mis-step, to fall down stairs. Fears were at first entertained of very serious result, but the friends of the lady will be glad to learn that no permanent injury is now anticipated.

## LILLOOET.

Correspondence of Pacific Canadian.

Mr. J. N. Jensen has come in from Bridge River, where he has been superintending his hydraulic mine during the past season. He reports everything in working order. He has one of the best plants for hydraulic mining there is in the country on his claim. He also has plenty of water ground, and he fully expects to get good returns for his labor and capital invested when he begins next season.

The Lillooet Hydraulic Mining Co. report excellent work where they are working now. Last month's clean up averaged \$50 per day for four men employed. Mr. J. A. Whittier is here looking after quartz on Cayoosh Creek, and is very favorably impressed with what he has seen. He has been in the Kootenay and Okanagan country for two years past, and he says the quartz on Cayoosh Creek is much better than the gold quartz which is now being worked in the Okanagan country.

The Government have just completed the piece of new road a mile in length from the Lillooet to the Three mile post of the present road. The new road is nearly level, and no doubt the teamsters, farmers and others will give the Government due credit for having completed this much needed and long talked of improvement to our road.

I hear that the Constitutional League held a meeting at Pavilion on the 7th inst. I am told that there were present Mr. Robert Carson, A. McLean and D. O'Hara, and that they all wanted to be elected delegates to the Kamloops Convention. Carson finally got elected and went to the Convention.

SLAB.

Lillooet, Oct. 16, '93.

The shortage of the hay crop in Great Britain has been fully made up by importations from all over the world. They have all the hay they now require in England, more in fact than they want. The United States sent in the largest quantity, their export of hay to Great Britain this year being 54,319 tons. Canada comes second with 23,517 tons. Argentina is next and Holland fourth. England in the beginning of the season cried aloud for help. The whole world listened to the cry, and she soon found herself the dumping ground for the world's hay fodder.

## COQUITLAM.

Successful Sunday School Entertainment.

An unusually successful entertainment was held in Coquitlam School house on Thursday evening in aid of the library fund of the Union Sunday School. The people of the vicinity took the matter in hand with a vim that insured success from the start, and spared neither trouble nor money to provide an entertainment that will long be remembered by those who participated in it. The ladies provided a most elaborate spread, and indeed, nothing was lacking that could add to the enjoyment of the evening. The school room was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the porch supplied standing room for late comers. A handsome sum was realized for the library fund.

Mr. R. D. Irvine, Superintendent of the school, organized the entertainment by moving Mr. R. H. Kelly, Reeve of Coquitlam, to the chair. He expressed his pleasure at the happy unity displayed by all the friends who had so heartily joined in making the entertainment a success, and at the same time congratulated them on what that unity had accomplished as evidenced by the full house before him. As Superintendent he was delighted with the assistance so freely rendered. He would now make way for Mr. Kelly, and he was bound to say he felt the meeting was fortunate in having so capable a gentleman to preside.

Mr. Kelly, on taking the chair, expressed the pleasure it gave him to welcome so large an attendance on this festive occasion, the first of its kind held in the place, and which he hoped and expected would be the pioneer of many more to follow. When he looked around upon so many smiling faces, it demonstrated to him that here too progress was being made in the advance of civilization. Only a few years ago, this place where they were to-night enjoying themselves, was a dense wilderness. It only seemed a little while since he used to come to the Coquitlam to see his best girl, and they could walk round by the hour without any roving settler to spoil good company. Now the woods were full of them. It was certainly gratifying to see so many happy families building up comfortable homes where so short a time ago nothing was heard but the whoop of the red man as he chased the bear or deer along the banks of the limpid Coquitlam. He was pleased to know that this first entertainment was to be a success financially. He hoped the committee to purchase books would be careful in the selection of them, for he had a sort of recollection that the Sunday book when he used to go to Sunday school (that was some time ago) always ended one way—the good boy or girl died. Now, he would suggest that in the Coquitlam library, the good boy be given a fair chance, so as to encourage the children in the way of righteousness. Another thing that occurred to him was that this being the first entertainment of the kind, and many of those taking part in it were making their first appearance before an audience, it would not be right to expect too much this time, although he was sure Coquitlam could boast its full share of talent, and would yet be heard from in the Province at large. He would not detain them any longer, for the programme was a long one, and he would proceed with it at once by calling for the opening song.

After the vigorous applause had subsided, the programme was proceeded with as follows:

Opening song—"Bringing in the Sheaves." This was beautifully rendered by the Misses Scott and Miss Hoy, assisted by Miss Peters, of Vancouver, and gave a foretaste of the treat that had just commenced.

The dialogue "Confessing their Faults," by Ada and Lynn Irvine, was well rendered, and made amusement for the audience.

"Jeanette and Jeanotte," a song by Mrs. Smith, was nicely rendered and well appreciated.

Lyn Irvine recited "The Stolen Custard" in good form, and caused a ripple of merriment.

Mrs. Alderson's song, "The Cruisken Lawn," displayed fine talent, and was greatly admired by the large audience.

The recitation, "Having Company," by Nellie Kelly, was well done, and in the whole execution was very creditable.

Mr. J. R. Scott, in the song "Michael Schneider's Party," was great. Mr. Scott was in his element, and was loudly applauded.

"Limerick Races," a song by Mr. Atkins, carried everything. The performer touched off the rollicking chorus with a step, and everybody was delighted.

"The Bells of Shandon," a recitation by Ada Irvine, was very nicely done and duly appreciated.

Mr. Ackers sang "If I was the man in the Moon," and acquitted himself very creditably.

"Sinbad the Sailor," a song by Mrs. Smith, was well rendered and well received.

A Dialogue, "Knowing the Circumstances," by Nellie Kelly, Phoebe Bond, Ada Irvine and Maud and May McLean, was a wholesome piece with a good sound moral, and was very creditably presented.

Miss Peters rendered "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon," in fine style, and caused a smile by a witty reference to the gentleman who wasn't the man in the moon.

"A Lesson on Eloquence." This was a dialogue by Nellie Scott and Lynn Irvine, Pat Talhouse and Thos. Kelly, and was a creditable performance, making lots of fun for the company.

Mr. Robinson sang a Danish song, which was well received.

A recitation by Mr. Atkins, "Inch Cape Rock," was admirably rendered, and very much admired.

"The Mulligan Guards," by Messrs. Murray and Robinson, was creditably executed and well appreciated by the house.

Here the Rev. Mr. Chestnut was introduced, and in a brief address made some

excellent points and witty hits. He was listened to with great attention, and it was a clear case the audience knew a good thing, even though it came with an unpromising label.

"The Light of Other Days," was a song by Mr. Hogg, and was nicely done. A recitation by Councillor Fox, of which we have not got the title, was splendidly rendered, and the magnificence of the composition admirably brought out.

Miss Peters, in the song "Robin Adair," captivated the audience, and was listened to with wrapt attention.

"Erin go Bragh," by Councillor Atkin was fine, and was greatly enjoyed by the appreciative audience.

Mrs. Alderson's rendering of "Bonnie Dundee" was brilliant, and the inspiring strains had a noticeable effect upon the listeners.

"The Old Miner," was a song by Mrs. Murray, and was well executed.

Miss Peters' song, "The Fox in his Den, O!" was loudly applauded, and gave rise to much amusement and laughter.

The recitation, "Betsy and I are out," by Jessie Flint, was very good, and given in effective manner.

Pat Talhouse told of "The little Boy who Ran away," and told it admirably. He received a hearty round of applause.

This finished the numbers, and notwithstanding the unusual length of the programme, the large audience followed the various performers from first to last with unabated interest. A vote of thanks to the ladies for their generous assistance, and a like vote to Mr. Kelly for the happy manner in which he had presided, brought the entertainment to a close without a hitch, and the large assemblage departed to their homes more than pleased with the treat they had partaken of.

## SURREY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The adjourned meeting of the District of Surrey Agricultural Association was held in the Oddfellows' Building, Cloverdale, on Saturday, Oct. 14th.

There was a very good attendance.

### MEETING OF DIRECTORS.

Prior to the general meeting, the Board of Managers met and decided matters in dispute at the late exhibition and other business. In the absence of the President and Vice-President, Mr. Thos. Shannon was called to the chair.

A number of communications were read and considered.

Accounts for printing, and other charges in connection with the exhibition, were presented, and referred to the Finance Committee to be acted upon.

The application of A. H. Horne to have diploma for best collection of ladies' work filled in with the name of Miss Horne, was granted.

The complaint of E. J. Newton against the award of the judges in the matter of assortment of saddlery and harness, was sustained, and the prize was given to Mr. Newton.

A complaint by the same gentleman against the awarding of 1st prize to Mr. Horne's general purpose three-year old colt was not sustained.

A complaint by A. Murphy, regarding award for driving horse, was not sustained.

In the matter of general purpose brood mare, the award of the judges was sustained, but it was decided to grant a diploma to Mr. Mavis.

A couple of mistakes in the credit- ing of prizes were corrected as follows: Celery—J. F. Boothroyd, 1st; T. Biggar, 2nd. First prize for onions was taken from Mr. Palmer and given to Mr. Wm. Collishaw.

Owing to a reduction in the municipal and provincial grants to the society, the Secretary reported a shortage of funds. The Directors considered the matter and decided to pay all prizes in full.

### GENERAL MEETING.

Mr. John Armstrong, Reeve of Surrey, was called to the chair; H. T. Thrift, secretary.

There was some discussion in regard to the changes in the Constitution of the Society, relating to the election of officers and the holding of the annual meeting. Mr. Thrift, from a committee appointed by the directors to consider constitutional amendments, reported in favor of holding the annual meeting in the early part of the year. A good deal of interest was manifested, and it was finally agreed, on motion of John Armstrong, that the meeting elect officers, but that the old Board complete the business of this year, and the new Board commence their term with the new year. This was accepted as a reasonable compromise, and passed as a constitutional amendment.

The selection of a permanent place for the holding of the annual exhibition was also brought up as a constitutional amendment. The meeting was almost entirely in favor of the selection of Cloverdale. A motion, by Mr. D. Johnston, in favor of the old location, Surrey Centre, received only a couple of supporters.

The election of officers was then proceeded with, and resulted as follows:— President, C. D. Magriddle, Hazelmore. Vice-President, D. Johnston, Mud Bay.

Treasurer, John McMillan, Cloverdale. Secretary, H. T. Thrift, Hazelmore. Directors, A. Murphy, J. Shannon, J. Murchison, C. McCallum, E. J. Newton, W. J. Robinson, Wm. Collishaw, Wm. McBride, John Armstrong.

Chamois skin is one of many things seldom met with save by proxy. Nearly all the chamois skin in this market is made of sheep skin or goat skin from England and France. A dealer in these substitutes declares that a single imported house could use in one year all the true chamois skin that Switzerland produces in ten years. The genuine article fetches nearly



### The Charterers attempt to Thresh the Captain of the steamer T. W. Carter.

The little steamer T. W. Carter, owned in Victoria, is now lying at Nawiltit disabled and having on board Messrs. Muir and Welsh, of Victoria, who chartered her for a northern trip. It appears that the little steamer unshipped her rudder, and that while drifting helplessly she was picked up by the U.S.S. Mochican and towed into Nawiltit. After the Mochican left them the charterers wanted Capt. Beale, a Vancouver man, to continue the voyage. He said it would be folly to attempt to do so without a proper rudder and that he would not dare make the attempt, as it would be risking their lives as well as the vessel. The charterers were determined that there should be no delay and proceeded to give the captain a walloping in order to bring him round to their way of thinking. The engineer, George Allan, who also belongs in Vancouver, heard the row and got out of his berth to see what was up. George is looked upon by those who know him as a pretty skookum boy and when he learned how things were he sailed in and gave the charterers, who had been having their own way with the captain alone, a couple of Rolands for their Olivers. It took some little time to convince the men that it was an unwise thing for passengers to try to run the captain of a ship who had a husky engineer to back him up, but it was finally accomplished. The captain and engineer then told the charterers that there was plenty of grub on board, and that as long as they left the steamer at anchor in the harbor they would be safe. They then launched a boat, went out and boarded the Barbara Boscowitz, which landed them here safely yesterday. They have notified the owners of the T. W. Carter and are awaiting advice as to which will be the best course to pursue to get the steamer back to Victoria. In the meantime Messrs. Muir and Welsh are no doubt having an enjoyable time; that is if they have not quarrelled about which is to be commander during the captain's absence.

### THE DOMINION.

Winnipeg, Oct. 16.—Mrs. Timothy Smith, of Rosebank, was burned to death while fighting a prairie fire on the night of the 13th inst.

Amherst, N.S., Oct. 14.—A sentence of ten years in Dorchester Penitentiary was passed upon Thomas McCoy by Judge Meagher for the manslaughter of Paul White at Joggins Mines.

Stouffville, Oct. 14.—James Smith, a marble cutter, suicided by taking poison. The act was committed in the presence of his wife, with whom Smith is said to have been living unhappily.

Winnipeg, Oct. 16.—Mr. Duncan MacArthur, ex-President of the Commercial Bank, was acquitted at the Police Court today on the charge of making false returns to the Receiver-General of the condition of the bank's affairs.

Winnipeg, Oct. 16.—Mrs. Crispe, the wife of the Manager of the Union Bank, found about \$600 worth of diamonds stolen from her house on Thursday night. Detective Foster succeeded in capturing the jewelry and thieves in Brandon.

Quebec, Oct. 14.—The Hon. Chief Justice Wood, of Bermuda, formerly Attorney-General for British Columbia, occupied a seat on the Bench of the Superior Court on the invitation of Mr. Justice Bouthier, while an interesting case was going on.

Owen Sound, Oct. 16.—During the height of the gale on Saturday the yacht Enterprise, of Thornberry, washed ashore near Lion's Head. It was thought that her occupants were drowned. They were L. McAllister, the owner of the boat, and William McLean, his assistant.

Ottawa, Oct. 16.—The Treasury Department at Washington has notified the Dominion authorities that fresh or frozen fish caught in Canadian fresh waters will be admitted into the United States free when caught with nets or other devices owned by citizens of the United States.

Toronto, Oct. 14.—The infant of Mrs. W. Macon, of Vaughan Road, was encased in a tin coffin for burial and sent to Prospect Cemetery when it was heard to cry. Being taken from the coffin and given medical care it lived for several hours and then expired and was buried. The body was exhumed in the afternoon and an inquest held. When first sent for burial it was accompanied by a certificate of death.

### Death of Father Mandart.

From Tuesday's Colonist.

After a well-spent life of hard toil, mingled with many hardships during his missionary work among the Indians of this Province, Rev. Father Mandart passed away yesterday, beloved and sorrowed for by many friends. In the absence of Bishop Demers, Father Mandart was acting as administrator of the diocese. Three weeks ago he was taken ill with heart trouble, and was removed from the Bishop's Palace to St. Joseph's hospital. He became suddenly worse on Friday, and died yesterday afternoon.

Joseph Marie Mandart, the oldest priest in this diocese, was born in Vannes, Brittany, France, January 27, 1819, and was therefore 74 years old at the time of his death. Ordained a priest in 1853, he was owing to his ability and learning, appointed as priest and superior in several colleges in France, but in 1863 he came to British Columbia as assistant to Bishop Demers, reaching Victoria in June of that year. For some ten years he was in charge of Saanich, where he built a wooden church with his own hands, and during the time of the boundary line dispute with the United States he attended to the spiritual wants of the Indians of San Juan.

When Archbishop Seghers made his long and arduous trip to the Yukon, in 1877, Father Mandart accompanied him, and owing to the hardships undergone that winter contracted rheumatism from which he suffered during the remainder of his life. He returned to Victoria the next year and was again stationed at Saanich, but in 1882, owing to his age, he was recalled to Victoria, and for the last few years had acted as Administrator whenever the Bishop was absent. He was a man of considerable learning, of high abilities in executive and financial affairs, very charitable and in disposition retiring, modest and humble, thoughtful of others but sparing not himself.

The wagon road from Kaslo to New Denver has reached a point two miles past the Forks of Carpenter and will be pushed through to New Denver without delay.

### COQUITLAM COUNCIL.

The Council met on Saturday, October 14th, in the Junction School house. Present: Reeve R. B. Kelly, presiding, and Councillors Fox, Austin, Atkins and Morrison.

Minutes of previous meeting read and adopted.

Communications were read from: Alex. Philip, collector; A. Morrison, solicitor; R. G. Mounce, Jas. D. Ray, and D. Robson, clerk of Westminster.

Tenders for the construction of the Riverside road and of one bridge thereon were opened in committee by the Board of Works, who, after a careful examination of all the tenders, rose and reported. On motion the road contract was given to J. Flint, that of the bridge to L. R. Scott, these tenders being the lowest for the respective contracts.

The following bills were ordered paid: J. Smith, 59 cents, bounty on noxious animals; S. E. Atkins, \$5.00, travelling expenses; R. P. Irvine, \$17.50, one month's salary and entrance fee of Reeve and Clerk to the Municipal Association; J. R. Scott, \$75, for repairing Brunette street bridge.

A supply of powder was ordered for Mr. Shennan, to be used on the Pitt Meadows and Coquitlam road.

The clerk was instructed to draw \$25 to be used in paying small bills.

### LANGLEY COUNCIL.

Council met at the Town Hall, Langley, on Saturday, October 7th, at 11 a.m. Present: the Reeve, J. Gray, and Councillors Morrison, Rawlinson, Cornock, Simmonds and Jackman.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

From J. Spott, re Best's Bridge: Clerk was instructed to reply that the contract was let on the understanding that the Government would furnish \$250 this year towards building it.

From Surrey Council, re Nicomekl Bridge: received and filed.

From settlers on McVey's road, asking to have the east and west section line opened; referred to ward councillor to report.

From settlers on and adjacent to Armstrong's road, petitioning against any alteration to hill near Morrison's; Clerk was instructed to find out when and where the road was gazetted.

Tenders were opened and awarded as follows: Contract 21, F. White, \$2 per chain; 22, S. McClughan, \$1.95 per chain; 23, W. McAdams, \$13.90; 24, Yeoman & Kerr, \$18; 25, Yeoman & Kerr, \$39.75; 26, H. Taylor, \$23; 27, R. Goddard, 99 cents per chain; 28, F. Worrell, \$24.90; 29, Kerr & Hamilton, 7 chains for \$50; 30, Yeoman & Kerr, 11½ chains for \$50.

The Tax Sale By-Law received its second and third readings, and was finally passed.

Clerk was instructed to enter J. Wayne as owner of E. ¼ of ¼ N. W. ¼ S. 5, T. 16.

Councillor Cornock reported having let contract on Harris' Hill at \$30, and one to J. Sherlock, on Jackman Road, \$148; Councillor Rawlinson, having let job to J. Montgomery for \$10, and Councillor Morrison, one to A. Murchison at \$20.

### ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were received and ordered paid: R. Monaghan, \$30; A. Holding, \$30; J. Shrelock, \$104.50; H. Morrison, \$19; J. Watson, \$3.40; H. Pichette, \$41.37; B. F. Moore, \$59; G. Warner, \$40; J. Montgomery, \$77; A. Campbell, \$30; W. Hines, \$35; H. Vivian, \$81.80; W. Jennings, \$274; F. Worrell, \$50.85; A. Duffy, \$41.25; J. Yeomans, \$75; S. M. McClughan, \$36.36, and A. Murchison.

Council then adjourned until first Saturday in November.

### UNITED STATES.

New York, Oct. 16.—Emma Goldman, the anarchist, just convicted of taking part in the anarchist assemblage in Union Square in August last, was this morning sentenced by Judge Martine to a year's imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Bath, N.Y., Oct. 16.—Ingham University, one of the oldest and most famous female colleges in the country, having been founded by the Ingham Sisters at Leroy, Livingston Co., in 1835, is advertised at sheriff's sale to satisfy a \$40,000 mortgage, which has been foreclosed. Between 8,000 and 10,000 young women have been graduated from Ingham during its existence, many of them since famous in various walks of life.

Vermillion, S. D., Oct. 16.—The main building of the State University was burned yesterday, entailing a loss of \$100,000 or more, without insurance. D. Wallace, a student, from Elk Point, received injuries by jumping from a window. The whole east wing seemed nearly free from fire, when an explosion, caused by the escape of heated air, blew out the stone gable at the south end. Ernest Fisher was struck upon the temple and shoulder by rocks, and seriously injured. Others were slightly hurt. Nothing was saved in the museum, where there were many valuable specimens that cannot be replaced.

Port Townsend, Wash., Oct. 14.—The mail steamer Evanfle, from Friday Harbor, this evening, clears up the mystery surrounding the disappearance of young Harry Evans, the son of the light-house keeper at Admiralty Head, who was thought to have been murdered or kidnapped. The United States Revenue launch, Sibyl, on duty at Friday Harbor, yesterday picked up the light-house boat floating bottom up in Deception Pass, furnishing conclusive evidence that the boy is drowned. Young Evans was at Smith's Island on Monday, and sailed off two hours before the breaking of one of the severest storms ever experienced in this section.

Port Townsend, Wash., Oct. 14.—Chas. Wakeman, son of C. P. Wakeman, a prominent contractor and builder here, was perhaps fatally wounded to-day while out hunting between Lee and Port Discovery. In company with a friend he was riding a two-wheeled cart, holding a gun between them. A sudden jolt caused the gun to drop and go off. The charge entered his right breast and shoulder, inflicting wounds which are thought to be fatal. The operation of transfusion was performed to-night without apparent benefit to the sufferer. Young Wakeman is a prominent athlete and leader among the local footballists. Later—Young Wakeman died at 8 o'clock to-night. He was conscious to within a few moments of his demise.

### The World's Coal Supply.

The keenest of the irony of the phrase "taking coal to Newcastle" has long been blunted. During the present strike large quantities have been taken to that port from different parts of the continent. Half a century ago it was undoubtedly true that the largest quantity of the world's coal supply came from the North of England, but now the black diamond is not only to be got in all quarters of the globe, but in many parts of the United Kingdom as well. Hence the principal reason for the apparent weakness of the great miners' strike, which, instead of benefiting the men, has given additional profit to the owners, who have worked off their surplus stock at enhanced prices and now have put up the figures permanently, five shillings a ton without paying the operators one cent more than they received before they started on a course that has only resulted in misery and debt for themselves and their families. A coal strike to be successful must be universal. Thus then the end of the present movement, even when the men shall have returned to work, may not have been reached yet, for it may lead to a miners' federation throughout the world, the principal object of which will be the preventing of shipments of coal to districts or countries where a strike is in progress. Local unionism must prevail.

As showing the weakness of the striking miners in England it is noteworthy that whereas in the first decade of the present century the north of England supplied half the world with coal, at the present date there is as much coal raised in the single Province of Westphalia as in the great producing counties of Durham and Northumberland united. In Bohemia, too, new fields are being opened out, while in the United States, Nova Scotia, the North West Territories, Vancouver Island, all along the coast of Japan, in the Malay Peninsula, in Africa as well as in other parts of the world, coal abounds in large quantities and of excellent quality. If, therefore, the miners calculate on producing an impression because of the supposed scarcity of fuel throughout the world, they labored under a grave delusion.

India presents a remarkable example of the manner in which foreign countries are yearly becoming more and more independent of English coal. A short time ago England's Eastern dependency relied entirely upon the Mother country for its fuel—apart from the large quantities of junglewood consumed for that purpose. But the locomotives are now driven by the mills and factories largely worked by native coal, and every month the output from the Indian mines is increasing. During the last official year the imports of coal from England were only 648,000, as against 738,000 tons in the previous twelve months, while the last figures were also considerably below those of 1890-91. English coal has been practically driven out of Bengal—the imports into that Presidency for 1892-3 being not more than 12,000 tons. Were it not for the high cost of carriage, it is more than probable that coal from the Bengalese pits would drive the English produce out of the market at Bombay and other important centres of consumption. Last year 2,537,696 tons were raised from the mines in India, and of this over 2,000,000 tons were worked in Ben-gan, but these figures do not by any means represent productive capacity of the 88 mines already working in the Peninsula, or are the possible supplies limited to the coal fields now open. In South Africa, also, there exists a series of practically inexhaustible coal beds from which excellent fuel is obtained. Native labor in both countries is very cheap, and when difficulties of transit from the interior have been overcome by a further development of the railway system, it is not unlikely that the African and the Indian coal mines may enter into seriously active competitive competition with England in the markets of the world.—Toronto "World."

### A Narrow Escape.

Nanaimo, Oct. 17.—Adam Jeffrey, reported drowned with Jim Wilson, is said to be on Lasquitt Island. His brother says: On Tuesday, 3rd inst., my brother and Jim Wilson left here in a sail boat for Texada; they had not been out long before they encountered a storm, and shortly after their rudder was carried away. A sea swamped the boat, the two men being washed some distance from it, but luckily they were swimmers, and succeeded in regaining the boat. They clung for several hours to her keel, with the hope of being washed ashore. Wilson was the first to suffer from exhaustion, and after holding on for three hours his grip relaxed and he sank before the eyes of his horrified companion, who was powerless to help him. It was probably two hours after Wilson sank when my brother felt bottom, the boat having drifted to Jedediah Island. After crawling a little distance he lost consciousness, which he did not regain until the next day, when the tide returning woke him up. His hands are even now horribly swollen, and it will be long before he is able to use them. He managed to make Stubbins' cabin, and finding provisions there, made free use of them. After patching up an old canoe he made his way home.

### MacMahon Dead.

Paris, Oct. 17.—Field Marshal MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, died to-day. "A heavy responsibility is thrust upon my patriotism, but with the aid of God, the devotion of the army, which will always be the army of the law and the support of all honest men, we shall continue together the work of liberating the territory and restoring moral order throughout the country; we shall maintain eternal peace and the principles on which society is based. That this shall be done, I pledge my word as an honest man and a soldier." Such was the sentiment of a letter written by the dc ceased to the French Assembly, when, in May, 1873, that body, by a vote of 390 out of 392, chose him President of the Republic to succeed M. Thiers, resigned, which office he then accepted. Marie Edme Patrick Maurice de MacMahon, a marshal of the European republic, who was born in Sully on July 13, 1808, derived his descent from an Irish family who risked and lost all for the last of the Stuart kings. The MacMahons carried their national traditions, ancestral pride and historic name to France and mingled their blood by marriage with the old nobility of their adopted country.

Victoria, Oct. 18.—In Chambers yesterday, application was made under the Trustees and Relief acts for the appointment of trustees to the minor children of the late W. Dewdney, of Vernon. An order was made appointing Hon. Edgar Dewdney guardian.

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Gown 500 Years Old.

The oldest dress in the world is probably that described by a French traveler in Japan. It belonged to an Empress of Japan who lived in the thirteenth century, and it has been kept all these centuries in a temple near Yokohama, where the priest sometimes exhibit it for a sufficient reward. It is kept in an old coffer covered with white silk. The robe, or robes, for there are several of them, are described as a diaphanous mess, crumbling at the edges with decay. The material is a crepe, or some filmy stuff, and the effect must be like that worn by Loie Fuller. It is made with a long train, pagoda sleeves, and a high collar like Medici's ruff. The upper layer was once white, and is now the color of ivory, embroidered with flying birds the size of crows, with dragons' heads green, blue and violet. Then come several layers of the silk muslin, yellow, blue, violet, old gold and green, on which seem scattered strange animals all in flight. The seventh, which touches the body of the long dead empress, is violet, embroidered with figures like phantoms. The embroidery on this wonderful robe is said to be as transparent as the gauze. The effect of the whole is smoke colored.

Trouble for Gladstone.

London, Oct. 16.—The Gladstonian ministry is likely to be face to face with a political crisis immediately upon the reassembling of Parliament. A large number of Liberal and Radical members of the House of Commons have agreed to support a resolution condemning Home Secretary Asquith for his action in permitting a large number of police officers from London to be sent to Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire where the strikes of the coal miners are in progress, to direct and assist the local force there. The Government is also to be attacked for the shooting down of striking miners by the military at Featherstone a few weeks ago.

It has not yet been decided whether the resolution will take the form of a vote of want of confidence, but it is believed the Unionists and a large number of the members on the Tory side of the House will support whatever resolution may be presented, if only for the purpose of embarrassing the Government.

Some idea of the prevalent state of feeling can be gathered from an interview a few days ago with Samuel Woods, a member of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, and hitherto a staunch supporter of Mr. Gladstone and his policy. This is what he said: "The shooting of innocent strikers by the military was the foulest attack ever made on the workingmen in the history of this country. It was a diabolical thing that a body of men who already had suffered keenly should be fired upon by soldiers without provocation. I shall be surprised and insulted if the magistrate who read the riot act is not arrested and tried for wilful murder. The matter will be brought before Parliament immediately upon the opening of the autumn session, and if the Liberal Government does not defend the conduct of innocent men, whose lives have been sacrificed, then I for one will say, 'Turn them out.'"

Hundreds of trades councils and other representative labor organizations throughout the country have adopted resolutions condemning the shooting of the miners, while the various Socialist societies are adopting and signing petitions to the House of Commons demanding the condemnation of the "capitalist and murderous Liberal Government for having sent soldiers to shoot down workingmen engaged in a righteous struggle against the intolerable oppression of capital."

The Youngest Member.

Mr. T. P. Curran, who has not yet celebrated his twenty-third birthday, is a typical specimen of the smart, athletic, good-looking young Australian. He had a serio-comic experience at the beginning of the season. Finding all the benches on the floor packed during one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches, he essayed to get into one of the side galleries reserved for members. Being a new member at the time, he missed his way and found himself in the Strangers' Gallery. He said to a messenger: "I want to go in there where John Burns is," pointing to one of the side galleries. The attendant became humorous. "You want to go in there, do you? Well, you must first select a constituency; then you must get that constituency to elect you; and then you must walk up to that table and take the oath; and then you will be at liberty to go where John Burns is now." Young Curran quietly replied: "Thanks for the information, but I've done that already." The attendant immediately became as sober and as serious as a judge, and was most profuse in his apologies. He personally escorted the young member into the dreaded gallery, and begged that the little indiscretion might be overlooked. It was.

The Urcce of Indigestion.

"The longer I live," said Sidney Smith, "the more I am convinced that half the unhappiness of the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct stopped up, from a vexed duodenum or an agitated pylorus. My friend sups late. He eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, then he dilutes these esculent varietals with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in London, and retire into the country. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's health. His expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster, and when over excited nature has had time to manage this encumbrance the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order and every rural idea is effectually excluded from his mind. In the same manner old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide. Unpleasant feelings of the body inevitably produce corresponding sensations in the mind."

Toronto, Oct. 14.—Mr. Cameron Brown, son of Mr. Gordon Brown, was married here last night to the daughter of the Hon. G. W. Ross.

There appears in the English newspapers an advertisement stating that a French prince desires to trade his title and his arms, both guaranteed by authentic parchments of the reign of King Henry IV., for a small annuity. It is a genuine advertisement, too, and such propositions are coming to be quite common, particularly from the old nobility of France, where titles don't count for much nowadays, except in the estimation of new rich folks the world over.

THE MIOWERA WRECKED.

She is Grounded at Honolulu Harbor.

The steamship Australia, which landed in San Francisco on Wednesday morning, from Honolulu, gives the following in reference to the Miowera, which is long past due on her return trip from Australia.

The Miowera was stranded at the entrance of Honolulu harbor, on the evening of October 2nd. All efforts to get her off have failed. She has worked up the reef, and lies in 11 feet of water, but has no hole through the bottom. Passengers and mails were forwarded per the Australia. Her approach ten miles out off Diamond Head was telegraphed, and Pilot Lorenzen started out from the shore to meet her. While he was hanging out lanterns upon the booms to guide him in, with the ship, she entered the passage and ran ashore just inside the outer buoy on the west of the channel. Boarding her at once he found her lying parallel with the channel, in from 15 to 17 feet of water, the tide being full.

Steam was got up on the Government tug Ellen, and she commenced tugging astern on the Miowera, aided by the ship's crew. No material effect was produced. Ministers King and Smith boarded the ship at mid-night. King, an experienced and able pilot, advised Capt. Stott, and jettisoning coal was commenced with the ship's crew only. No anchors were laid out that night. During the high tide on the morning of the 3rd the steamers Ellen, Makee and Claudine made united efforts to pull off the ship, with no result except the parting of hawsers; 300 tons of coal had gone overboard. The ship having only two anchors out, worked around and further westward up the reef by the force of the swell. The tugging astern was renewed by the steamers at high tide toward mid-night.

At 2 a.m., on the 4th, the outer stern post of the Miowera was torn away, which put an end to the pulling. The rudder fell into the sea. This ended all possibility of the ship proceeding, and passengers and mail were landed next morning. Passengers were quartered by the ship's agents at different hotels in the city.

Messrs. T. H. Davies & Co., the agents, on the 4th and 5th, made every effort to charter one of the only available steamers, the Claudine and the Aikokee, to convey passengers and mails direct to Vancouver. No terms were offered by those ships which the agents could accept, and on the arrival of the Australia on the 7th she was induced to leave three days earlier than schedule time, and carry forward the mails and passengers to San Francisco. On the 4th the Alkoku Maru, a large Japanese steamer, was added to the previous tugging force, the Hawaii taking the place of the Makee. The pulling was still astern and to the westward. Lightening of the ship had gone on, but from insufficient anchoring, resulted only in the swell working her up into a worse position, about 400 feet west of her original one, and nearly parallel with the shore, with her bows in only 11 feet of water at low tide. The Ellen fouled her smokestack early in the day, in the Claudine's hawser and had retired *hors de combat*. On the 5th, Admiral Skerrett, at H. B. M. Minister Wodehouse's request, sent out the U. S. Adams. The steamers Likelike and Hawaii, of Wilder & Co.'s line, were also employed, under the personal superintendence of Capt. J. A. King, Minister of the Interior.

The Miowera had now worked her stern around to the northwest, with her head well towards the sea. The steamers accordingly made fast their hawsers to her bow, and pulled in a southerly direction. The Adams had her anchor down, using her winches on the hawser, as well as her screw. As before, nothing was accomplished, except to part hawsers.

The Adams and Likelike kept up the strain upon the hawsers through the 6th and 7th, when the Adams returned to her berth inside. Meantime a large number of heavy anchors had been conveyed from the shore, and laid out so as to moor the Miowera strongly, and prevent her from working farther up the reef. Relays of laborers had also been brought from the shore and the ship had been lightened of the greater part of 1,400 tons of coal and 300 tons of pig iron.

Bottom of the Sea.

There is a rather common, but erroneous notion, to the effect that a human body, or even a ship, will not sink to the bottom of the profounder abysses of the ocean, but will, on account of the density of the waters at a great depth, remain suspended at some distance above the surface of the earth. This is an error, says Prof. N. S. Sialer, in *Scientific Magazine*. No other fate awaits the drowned sailor or his ship than that which comes to the marine creature who dies on the bottom of the sea. In time their dust all passes into the great store-houses of the earth, even as those who receive burial on land. However deep the sea, it is but a few hours before the body of a man who finds his grave in the ocean is at rest upon the bottom. It there receives the same swift service from the agents which, in the order of nature, are appointed to care for the dead, as comes to those who are reverently inhumed in the blessed ground. All save the hardest parts of the skeleton are quickly taken again into the realm of the living, and even those more resisting portion of the body in time are in a large part appropriated by the creatures of the sea floor, so that before the dust returns in the accumulating water to the firm set earth it may pass through an extended cycle of living forms. The fate of animal bodies on the sea floor is well illustrated by the fact that beneath the waters of the gulf stream, where it passes by southern Florida, there are, in some places, quantities of bones, apparently those of the manatee, or sea cow, a large herbivorous mammal, which, like the seal, has become adapted to aquatic life; these creatures plentifully inhabit the tropical rivers which flow into the Caribbean sea, and are, though rarely, found in the streams of southern Florida. At their death they drift out into the open water, and are swept away to the northward by the ocean current. For some weeks, perhaps, the carcasses are buoyed up by the gases of decomposition, which are retained by their thick, oily skins; as they decay and break, the bodies fall to the bottom.

London, Oct. 16.—Eleven new cases of the choleraic disorder prevailing at Greenwich workshops, were reported today. Thus far upwards of 165 cases have been reported there. Only eight deaths have resulted.

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## The Pacific Canadian.

NEW WESTMINSTER, OCT. 21, 1893.

## THE BANQUETS.

The editor of this paper has on two occasions been present when the Premier of this Province was banqueted in token of the political appreciation of those by whom the arrangements were made. The first occasion was at Chilliwack, when a number of prominent people of that district, including the chief officers of the Chilliwack Agricultural Society, made a break, as one might say, and contrary to a generally accepted idea that the Government had few friends in that district, and in the face of a fairly strong and aggressive body of Opposition rapers, organized a public reception of the Premier to show him that he was not without support, and well qualified support, in that prosperous valley. The banquet was an undoubted victory for the Government party, and has since been followed up with other action in the same direction that leaves no room for doubt as to the import of Mr. Davie's reception. The Government party is the strong party in Chilliwack town to-day. That is a clear case. In the surrounding farming district it may be different, but it is equally certain that there too the Mainland Opposition is being shorn of its strength, and that when another election is called Mr. Kitchen, M. P. P., will have a heavy contract to hold his position. It is quite senseless for the Opposition press to argue that the Chilliwack banquet was no more than an ordinary token of respect to a gentleman holding high office. It was a deliberately planned and carried out demonstration of friendship to Mr. Davie and his colleagues. The address presented to the Premier at Surrey was different. It was unpremeditated, and contained the signatures, without prejudice, of men who are not now in thorough sympathy with Mr. Davie's Government.

On Wednesday last, at Ladners, there was again a straight political demonstration in favor of the Ministerial party. It took the form of a banquet to the Premier, and was attended by the principal people of the district. A full report of the proceedings will be found in another column. Unlike at Chilliwack, there was on this occasion no implied restraint upon the speakers touching controversial politics. They expressed themselves as freely as it pleased them, and the whole tenor of opinion inside and outside the banquetting room was unmistakably favorable to the Government party.

The speech delivered by Premier Davie is one of great importance, and outlines a policy that must meet the approval of every struggling settler in the Province. We commend its careful perusal to our readers, for they will there find much that concerns them.

THE recent removal of Mr. W. F. Luxton from the management of the Winnipeg Free Press is causing general interest throughout Manitoba and the territories. Public sympathy is unmistakably with Mr. Luxton, and the odds are that the Free Press directors, in choosing a new manager, will ruin their property. The average resident of the Prairie Province considers it his privilege and his duty to contend against the C. P. R. company, and the suspicion that that body is at the bottom of Mr. Luxton's dismissal is quite sufficient to assure the late Free Press editor of a general support should he choose to enter the field with a new journal. The disclaimer of Mr. Van Horne will count for nothing. The matter of funds will hardly stand in the way, as it is quite safe to say abundance will be forthcoming from well-to-do business men all over the Province. Moreover, it is said Mr. Luxton holds the strong hand from a newspaper standpoint, as he is said to control the morning despatches in his own name, which, if true, will place the Free Press at a hopeless disadvantage.

## THE FRASER FISHERIES.

Since our last issue the catch of good, healthy salmon in the Fraser River has greatly fallen away, and the fishing season has practically ended. The river is full of exhausted fish, returning to the sea from the various spawning grounds of the inland waters. Salmon that passed up a few months ago bright, vigorous, and in prime food condition, are now wearily pursuing the return journey, discolored, and totally unfit for food purposes. Fishermen, seeking cohes and other seasonable fish, daily net numbers of the debilitated sockeyes, entailing much trouble on the men, and working great and utterly useless injury upon the most valuable variety of salmon that swims the Fraser. Almost all the fishermen have a realizing sense of the damage to their own permanent interests from this wanton destruction of sick fish, and it might be that a season of protection for the returning sockeyes would prove a wise measure, and would not be objected to by the parties most directly concerned.

The reader will understand that the writer of this article pretends to no authority in speaking of fishing interests proper, and the foregoing suggestion was put forth at second-hand from the expressed opinions of practical men. The object primarily had in view in this essay, is of somewhat different complexion, and touches the wider interests of labor and capital. The protection of the salmon may be safely left to those of qualified experience, and whose interests in that respect are identical, and no doubt in due course the needed legislation will be forthcoming to guard the future of the fisheries, while individual enterprise will devise ways and means to utilize to the advantage of mankind the enormous supplies of food fish now annually going to waste in all the streams of the coast district of British Columbia.

The point to be touched upon here is whether the existing method of regulating the licenses is to be commended, having in view the experiences of the past season? That question may be best answered by the propounding of another, namely: Is it good for money to go out of the country that may be easily kept at home? This paper takes straight ground in the negative. It is not good. The desirability of retaining among our own people all that is possible of the proceeds of the country's resources, is equivalent to a duty. Last month, immediately following the closing down of the canneries, whole car-loads of American fishermen gathered their belongings together and took passage for their various homes, carrying in their pockets the substantial proceeds of a profitable season's fishing operations on the Fraser. These men were just sufficiently British subjects to be permitted to share with our own people the large profits of a good salmon run, and that accomplished they were promptly American citizens for the spending of it. Of course, no one can blame the men. They had a chance to make money, and they availed themselves of it, and the fault is not with them. They conformed to the fishing requirements, and may now enjoy their earnings as best pleases them. But it is a clear case, that if the present regulations are permitted to continue, British Columbia fishermen will have to suffer, and a great natural wealth resource, that should be a fund of prosperity for the homes of this Province, will speedily develop into a means of wealth for capital on the one hand, and a stamping ground for needy foreigners on the other. To let things go on developing in the direction they now are would be but trifling with the good gifts of Providence. To be sure the fishermen are themselves to blame for the present pass of affairs in what concerns them. The demand for the granting of a license to any British subject who sought it, opened the door to all people who chose to enter. A provision intended for a check on the canneries overreached its mark, and reacted in a very unpleasant manner upon those who recommended it. But because a veritable evil was asked for and granted, the fact in no way obligates the continuance of the evil, and it looks like a plain duty on the part of all concerned to set to work to rectify the disadvantages our fishermen now labor under, even though induced by themselves.

So far our remarks bear in the interests of the men who catch the fish, but the interests of the canners are not to be overlooked. Without the canneries, the fish wealth of the Fraser would scarcely be as valuable as the drift wood that floats down the stream. The men who utilize a resource, otherwise undeveloped, are public benefactors, and it in no way alters the case, because, in doing so, they seek their own prosperity. The philanthropist is usually esteemed a fool by those who partake of his benefits. The canneries represent a large capital, and a great deal of risk, anxiety, and occasional loss on the part of those who operate them, and, not professing philanthropy, the business men at their head look for a more or less satisfactory reward according to their skill of management or the fortune of the season. On no other basis will capable men invest their money, and any successful effort of the fishermen in handicapping the canners will operate, not in making fortunes for the men in the boats, but in

the direction of sweeping the salmon industry from the river.

It is fair play that is wanted. A just share, according to their several deserts, for canners and for fishermen. Room in the river for every deserving net, room in the cannery list for all offering capital, and after the immediate work is done, room left for a margin of profit sufficient to place the product on the markets of the world with enough success to warrant repeating the operation again and again, while inspiring a courage to reach after profitable details now utterly neglected and wasted.

Having in view, then, both interests, and looking to the inclination manifested on the river this summer, to force a fish price upon the canners, what can be done to correct the evil of competition by foreigners that fishermen of the Province so justly complain of. The theory that every British subject who wished a license should receive one, has been put to the test and found deplorably wanting. It was a losing game for those who advocated it. Now, what is there to offer as a remedy that will not be likely to run to the other extreme of acting as a check upon the profitable working of the canneries, while it will at the same time guard the fishermen from undue competition, and hold for circulation amongst all the people of the Province, the very considerable sum of money annually earned by the salmon nets. The requirements are complicated, and a perfectly fitting device may not be obtainable, but it does not look impracticable to so amend the present license regulations as to safe-guard in some reasonable degree the large interests at stake. The simple proposition is to grant licenses to British subjects as heretofore, but only to those who are registered voters of the Province.

## UNSOUGHT BENEFIT.

"It is no ill-wind," they say, "that blows nobody good," and if that definition is accepted, it in some small measure takes from under the cloud the recent financial storm which so ruthlessly swept over the length and breadth of the great country south of the boundary line. It is true, the effect upon our neighbors had every semblance of unqualified calamity, and amidst the crash of collapsing banking houses and the washing away of private fortunes, the path of the business cyclone bears sufficient evidence of abounding evil. But outside the track of wreckage, it seems quite likely that in this case, a border land, but little affected by the ills of the tempest, may, incidentally, gain a more or less considerable benefit from the unexpected exposure of weakness manifested by the misfortunes of the United States' monetary methods and institutions. Canada, with its conservative business classes and wise banking laws, has loomed up through the financial storm a veritable fortress of safety, and while that is in itself a matter whereat a whole people may rejoice, even in the midst of genuine sympathy with the less fortunate, the fact is none the less likely to be of much wider reaching benefit. If there is merit in advertising, and of course every properly constituted man believes there is, then surely the cause of Canada will flourish, for what could be clearer to the civilized nations than the story of the past summer, that in this Dominion first-class financial goods are offered on easy terms to all desirable purchasers. Depend upon it, the announcement will be duly heard from, and in a way to be appreciated. Within the writer's knowledge, several well-to-do people from south of the boundary, frightened—and hurt, too, no doubt—by the late record in their own land, are now in this Province seeking eligible purchases of farming property, not on the basis of speculation, but in quest of comfortable homes and safe investment under conditions that do not breed panic. The same satisfactory tendency has also been noticed in Eastern Canada, while there is every reason to expect a similar manifestation from the people of the British Islands and the continent of Europe. The most pleasing aspect of the outlook is that the quality of settlers likely to be attracted is precisely of the kind that Canada most of all desires.

The spectacle of a minority of the United States' Senate endeavoring to overrule the majority, with that majority backed by the House of Representatives, and undoubtedly supported by public sentiment, is a rather startling illustration of Republican institutions, and scarcely in accord with the accepted American political doctrine of government by the will of the people. In this particular case the will of the people does not figure. In other lands complaint is sometimes made of the doings of "a brutal majority," but that is passable, compared with having to be crushed by a domineering minority. In truth, the boasted political institutions of the United States are a delusion. Jobbery and corruption rule the roost, and patriotism is a worthless quality.

St. John, N. B., Sun.—In the Supreme Court at Baddeck, C. B., on Friday, Magistrate McLeod brought an action for breach of promise of marriage against D. A. Macrea. The case was settled by defendant paying \$35. The outcome of the action is interesting as showing the market value of a broken heart in the Atlantic provinces.

AN item relating to a faulty bridge on the Yale road in the Municipality of Surrey in our last issue, is used by the *Columbian* of last evening, as a text for a not very well leveled complaint against the Government. Now, our comment that "something should be done to keep the trunk roads, at least, in repair," had not the remotest reference to Government expenditure. The Municipality of Surrey is of age. It is in possession of full powers to collect money from its territory for its reasonable needs, and one of these is the repair of important highways. The whole resources of Surrey are at the disposal of the Council, excepting only the poll tax and personal property tax, and those together do not amount to more than a fraction of the cost to the Government of maintaining the Surrey Schools. The idea of a full grown municipality sitting with its hands in its lap waiting for a paternal Government to remedy a hole in the chief highway, did not present itself to our dull imagination, until the brilliant suggestion of the *Columbian* stimulated its sluggishness. If Surrey would spend more on roads and less on law, the hole that nearly brought Mr. McCallum to grief would perhaps never have existed. Mayhap, the Council of Surrey will not be overjoyed at our neighbor for forcing attention to the fact that the repair of the chief thoroughfare of the municipality is being neglected.

## THE DELTA SHOW.

## Banquet to Premier Davie.

## A Great Success.

The morning of Wednesday last dawned with the promise of a lovely fall day, and as the sun cleared away the light fog and swung up into a cloudless sky, the promise was well redeemed. The day was glorious. At about ten o'clock a reporter of the *PACIFIC CANADIAN* boarded the steamer Transfer for what proved to be a delightful trip down the river to Ladners, there to glean information of interest to the readers of this journal. Many residents of Westminster took advantage of the occasion of Delta Exhibition to visit that most interesting section of this promising country. The Transfer was almost inconveniently crowded with passengers, and the steamer City of Nanaimo also brought down a considerable number. Hon. Messrs. Davie and Turner were passengers by the Transfer, as were also Mr. Jas. Punch, M. P. P. for Westminster District, and Mr. J. C. Brown, M. P. P. for Westminster City.

The trip of a dozen miles down the broad Fraser was an invigorating and highly enjoyable one, and to those not familiar with the locality, offered many features of interest in the conformation of the country as manifested by the ever-flowing waters, the various canneries with their suggestions of plethoric purses, the great stretches of magnificent farm lands, and over all the exhilaration of brilliant sunshine and about all the gorgeous beauty of the autumn woods.

On arrival at Ladners, the Westminster contingent was greeted by a large crowd of people of the neighborhood and old friends from all quarters. The reception committee of the Delta Society was on hand to receive the visitors and render what services might be needed, and in a few minutes everyone felt at home, and set out to enjoy the day and its pleasures with feelings of satisfaction and contentment. Hon. Mr. Turner, Minister of Agriculture, was taken in hand by a special committee, and behind a spanking pair of horses inspected the flourishing farms of the immediate neighborhood. The Hon. Premier had to surrender at once to a siege of friends and admirers, and as a public man, was no doubt delighted with the opportunity of exchanging ideas with the good people of Delta. Messrs. Punch and Brown were fittingly entertained by numerous friends, and indeed, everything went as merrily as a wedding bell.

Ladners is quite a flourishing town, nestling on the low bank of the Fraser. The place has an air of thrift and prosperity, that at once strikes the newcomer. The buildings are good, and the trade of the place evidently large, if one may judge by the tremendous stocks of merchandise carried by the dealers. All the usual business are represented, and there is a large saw mill, several handsome churches, a fine school house, and in the vicinity numerous salmon canneries, each a miniature village in itself. Undoubtedly the town of Ladners is fortunately placed.

At the exhibition grounds the fine exhibit of live stock was quite a surprise to many visitors. The draft horses, it was agreed by all, were of very high order, and the opinion was generally expressed that in this class of stock Delta heads the Province. Horses in other classes were also good, and brought forth favorable comment. The horned cattle were a credit to the district. The number of exhibits was not large, but the animals were of superior quality, and indicated a thorough application by Delta farmers of the importance of breeding from thoroughbred stock. Sheep were well represented, and the exhibit was highly spoken of by qualified judges. The show in swine was not equal to the others, and offered no special features. The poultry exhibit was no more than ordinary.

In the exhibition hall there was a magnificent display of roots in all classes, and Delta unmistakably placed herself upon record as a producer of potatoes, beets, mangold, carrots, etc. The exhibit of cauliflower was of very high quality, few people ever saw better. The cabbages were huge, and all vegetables would rank good to first class. The grain was short in quantity, but not first-class in quality. Indeed, Delta does not claim to be a grain district. Fruit was fairly represented, and in appearance there were some splendid samples. The dairy exhibit was admirable. Delta is noted for her dairy products,

and justly so, judging by this tasty exhibit. There was a fair display of plants and flowers, and a moderate exhibit of fine arts. In ladies' work there was abundant variety, and many beautiful articles, but the exhibit was perhaps hardly as complete as in some other localities.

This completes a hasty sketch of the various classes of products, etc., on exhibition, and will give readers elsewhere some idea of the show at Ladners, though a personal inspection of the articles on exhibit as a whole would be necessary to give one the sense of general excellency which appeared to prevail amongst visitors.

While the reporter was making his rounds of inspection, the judges in the various divisions were hard at work performing the duties of their office. About two o'clock everything was in order for opening the exhibition to the public, and the worthy President of the Delta Agricultural Society, Mr. J. A. Patterson, in a few neat and appropriate remarks, introduced to the large concourse of people who had gathered, the speaker of the day, Hon. J. H. Turner, Minister of Finance and Agriculture, who was present by invitation to deliver the opening address. The hon. gentleman advanced upon the platform and closely held the attention of his large audience while he delivered the following timely remarks:

Hon. Mr. Turner expressed his sincere thanks for the honor conferred upon him of opening this splendid exhibition of agricultural products. He was sorry he was not better acquainted with the outlying districts of this great Province, and hoped to soon grow into a more intimate acquaintance with them. He had been driven around that morning, and while noting the rich agricultural land, he had recalled the appearance of the same land twenty years ago, when it contained but little promise of the flourishing future that was in store. From a wild district it had developed to a beautiful town, with fine churches, well-attended schools and all the other requirements and conveniences of advanced civilization. The progress of the district could be directly traced to the operations of the tillers of the soil, whose labors had been so munificently rewarded by the Great Creator. Agriculture was the first of all human occupations, and well might it rank high in the respect of the world, for great had been its accomplishments. From wild grass, roots and berries, long forgotten cultivators of the soil had laboriously through the ages unfolded our present food cereals, vegetables and fruits, an undertaking and an accomplishment that might well secure forever to the tillers of the land the admiration of all mankind. How much had by this been added to the wealth and the joy of life—how much added to the civilization of the nations? Well might we give praise for the wonderful development of even the last forty years, and which, without the farmers, would never have been realized. Looking to these things, therefore, he could well say, that the labor of the farmer was first in respect of all the employments of men. The old idea that any man could successfully cultivate the ground had to be abandoned, and prosperity on the farm, as in other professions, now calls for knowledge, industry, and persevering application. All over the civilized world, colleges to teach the science of agriculture were being endowed by Governments, and in this advance our own loved Dominion was well ahead in the progress of the times. Agricultural reports and bulletins and weather bureaus all testified to the increasing importance attached to the calling of the tiller of the soil. Our own Province of British Columbia sought also for years past to aid the good cause, and commencing with last year, the Government had compiled information which had been put into the shape of a comprehensive report likely to be of immense service to the agriculturists of the Province. The report was brought out by the Department of Agriculture, of which he was the head, and he believed that if it was carefully studied in every farmhouse, great good would result to the community as a whole. One thing it taught was that it was true wisdom for every settler to duly consider the product of his locality, and then to cultivate that product intelligently with an earnest determination to make the best possible out of it. It was in this way, paying keen attention to their special capabilities, that the small countries of Europe were able to prosper amidst the keenest competition. It was this taking full benefit of every natural advantage that enabled Denmark, for instance, to supply the people of England with Danish butter. And so it would be. The time of haphazard farming was over, and the only sure way to success was in the lines pointed out. The tremendous importance of agricultural products was apparent when he stated that in Great Britain they amounted in value to \$290,000,000 sterling per annum; in France to \$463,000,000, and in the United States to \$525,000,000; and this to say nothing of aid given by agriculture to all other branches of commerce. Facts like these should convince the farmers of B. C. of the importance and of the possibilities of the industry they are engaged in. Last year, as shown by the Departmental report, this Province imported no less than \$2,500,000 worth of food supplies that should be produced at home, embracing as they do, many lines that this country fairly excels in. He could not venture to advise the farmers, but he did not feel that he was out of place in calling attention to the several conditions of successful production upon which he had touched. An old friend had told him that morning to recommend farmers to shake turnips from the tree, and he was of opinion the suggestion had more in it than appeared on the surface, and that what his friend intended to convey was that it would be good to advise the farmers to shake the tree of knowledge. Mr. Turner then referred in high terms to the excellence of the products on exhibition, and expressed his appreciation of the honor that had been conferred upon him, and declared the exhibition open to the public. The hon. gentleman retired amid hearty applause.

The doors were then thrown open and the eager throng soon filled the exhibition building. After a short interval, and when the numerous visitors had had time to make the rounds of the counters, President Patterson, who with Hon. Premier Davie, and other visiting gentlemen, had taken possession of a platform in the rear of the building, arose and called the assemblage to order to hear an address from Hon. Theo. Davie, Premier of the Province. The speaker was well received, and was listened to with manifest interest while he delivered a brief address as follows:

Hon. Mr. Davie said that after the address that had just been delivered by his colleague, Hon. Mr. Turner, little would be expected from him (Mr. Davie). He could congratulate them on the splendid exhibit spread out before him, which called to his mind a rather different view when, some twenty years ago, he had first visited Ladners. This morning, Mr. William Ladner, who in those days went in a canoe to milk the cows, reminded him of that visit. There was then one house where this flourishing town now stands. Delta lands were not in favor at that time, but here before him was proof that these lands could be drained and reclaimed, and become a fit site for one of the most prosperous little towns in the Province. Although, since that visit of twenty or more years ago, he had not again, until to-day, repeated the call, any more than passing on the river, still he had all along been quite well acquainted with Ladner's progress, through the consumption of their products, especially those of the dairy, for which Victoria was one of the principal markets. He had looked through the fine display of roots and grain, and found them highly creditable. He had noted the beautiful spread of dairy products, the lovely floral exhibit, and the pretty collection of ladies' work, and they were surpassed only in perfection by the loveliness of the ladies themselves and the children. (Laughter.) The Ministry, he might say, was alive to the advisability of protecting the agricultural interests of the Province. In the past the Government had aided in the construction of roads and bridges. Last year the Government had seen its way to make a grant in aid of the trunk road through Delta, and hoped to see a way to extend aid in the future in other parts. The late lamented Mr. Robson, had always tried to advance the agricultural interests. He (Mr. Davie) would have a look at the Delta dyke to-morrow, and endeavor to obtain knowledge for future action. Delta, he felt, was the very key between Vancouver Island and the Mainland. On the right hand it reached the markets of the Mainland Cities, and on the left those of Vancouver Island, and it locked the both safe from the attacks of those who would raise the cry of sectionalism in this fair Province. Delta held the key, and he was certain, would part first with her life's blood. (Heart, hear.) In no long time, it was possible, an iron band of railway would curve from Westminster to Boundary Bay, and thence by powerful ferry connect the Island with the Mainland by train and locomotive. Mr. Davie then expressed his thanks for the opportunity that had been given him to address those assembled, and took his seat amidst a round of applause.

## THE BANQUET.

It had been known during the afternoon that a political event of some consequence had been arranged to take place during the evening, and a considerable number of persons remained over to take part in it. The event took the shape of a banquet to Hon. Premier Davie, in connection with the judges' dinner of the Delta Agricultural Society. The demonstration created a lively interest locally, and almost all the prominent men of Ladners and the neighborhood sat down to the banquet table in the Delta Hotel. Every chair was occupied, and a more good-humored and appreciative company could hardly be imagined. After ample justice had been done to the excellent dinner provided by Mr. J. A. Patterson, President of the Delta Agricultural Society, called the banqueters to order. He would, he said, dispense with formality, and proceed at once with the duty which devolved upon him as presiding officer. The exhibition just closed had been a success, even greater than was anticipated, and now the judges who had freely given their services, and the newspaper representatives whose valuable aid would follow later, together with other honored guests, were here to partake of the hospitality of the Delta Agricultural Association. After reference to the Queen and Royal Family, Mr. Patterson requested the company to fill their glasses and drink to the health of "The guest of the evening, Hon. Premier Davie."

The toast was received with a hearty round of applause, followed by "For he's a jolly good fellow," in good style.

Mr. Davie, in responding, said he had first to thank the people of the Delta most heartily for the cordial welcome that had been extended to him this evening. It was a pleasurable experience that he would long hold in remembrance, and it was gratifying to him to recall that in all the several localities he had visited during the past few months, he had met with the same manifestations of kind feeling to himself and good will to the Government of which he was leader. In Kootenay, in Cariboo, and at Chilliwack and Surrey, in Okanagan, Kamloops and elsewhere, he had met with the same tokens of kindness, and he had returned to his duties from his Mainland trip improved both in health and spirits. Of course, he met people who did not approve of the Government's conduct of affairs. That was to be expected. But wherever he had been he was made to feel that the sense of the community was one of confidence in himself and his colleagues. Here, to-day, as in other agricultural districts he had visited, so far from finding a grumbling and discouraged people as represented by the Opposition press, he found the settlers contented and could see everywhere solid tokens of progress and prosperity. At Chilliwack he had alluded to that beautiful valley as the garden of the Province. When he went to Surrey he was confronted there with the same evidences of wonderful fertility, and at Vernon, too, the exhibit of agricultural and horticultural products had astonished him. It would not do to have called them all the gardens of the Province, but such in real truth they were. And the same was to be said of Delta, whose splendid products



he had inspected a few hours since. But because this satisfactory stage of progress had been reached, it would not do to rest there. The development of the country's resources must continue unabated, and any aid the Government could give to that end would be cheerfully given. As his Hon. colleague, Mr. Turner, had stated, at the opening of the exhibition this afternoon, the careful compilation of the first agricultural report of the Province had showed, amongst other things of importance, that the immense sum of \$1,200,000 had been expended last year on food supplies that should be produced in British Columbia. Instead, however, of giving the Department of Agriculture credit for the valuable researches manifested in the report, the Opposition press endeavored to blame the Government because of the large imports. But the Government was not responsible, and would be only too glad to be able to retain the money in the country. The remedy was to rest the agricultural lands of the Province under cultivation, and it had been the constant policy of the present Government, and its immediate predecessors, to strive for the accomplishment of this purpose in every feasible way. He did not believe in the Government holding the land. Complaint was being constantly heard of the evil of land locked up by speculation, but it seemed to him the public estate would be just as effectively locked up if unwisely held by the Crown. The true policy was to have the land sold and settled, and if that could be largely accomplished the revenue of the Province, instead of being diminished, would necessarily be increased by the resulting taxes. If all the available land of the Province could be disposed of to private owners, the immediate result would be the permanent addition of millions of dollars to the provincial revenue. And the land so disposed of need not be locked up from cultivation by the private owners, because the right to tax rested with the Government, and if a land owner does not do right with his land holding, it is in the power of the Legislature to provide a corrective. At present the revenue received by the Government from municipalities is not sufficient to pay for the schools, but the Government feels that something must also be done to aid the settlements in needed public works. If the Crown lands could be in large part sold, the means would be at hand out of the taxes which would be reaped and the price of the land, to accomplish the opening of the Province in reasonable measure; but that is a condition not likely to be fulfilled for some time to come. Meantime the Government feels it cannot lie idle in regard to these matters, and if money to open up the country can be cheaply borrowed that alternative was well worth considering. The credit of the Province was high, which was a sure indication of prudent management on the part of the Government. The securities of British Columbia ranked at the very top of all colonial securities. In the face of this the Opposition cry of bankruptcy and blue ruin was injurious in the highest degree to the country. As a matter of fact the actual debt-taking into account the accumulated sinking fund and money on hand of the whole Province of British Columbia was not as great as that of some of the municipalities, which certainly was a highly creditable showing, considering the large expenditures that have been made during the last twenty years, and shows the fallacy of the talk of excessive expenditure by the Government. With the Provincial credit in its present highly satisfactory state, there was nothing to fear in borrowing money to open up the country as the Government was doing and proposed to do, aiding in the building of railways without loading the Province, and accomplishing needed public works in such manner that the people will not unduly feel the burthen. Turning now to matters of current discussion, Mr. Davis said it was food for reflection that the Opposition papers devoted their chief attention to matters beside the question. He had refuted their statement that Westminster District had been pinched and starved of the public money, by showing that in four years the Government had expended \$260,000 or so in that district in public work. This had never been contradicted. If the fact can be controverted, why not do so, in so grave a matter, instead of wasting time over such petty matters as that he (Mr. Davis) revised his own speech—which he in common with any public man would do when the opportunity occurred, that he sent a certain despatch from Soda Creek, that the reception at Vernon was given him in consequence of some one threatening to withdraw his \$25 subscription, or similar lies. This trivial, peanut, five-cent style of politics could not accomplish anything for the Opposition, and all along the line the Government had the confidence of the people. The actions of the Ministry had been vindicated and can be vindicated again, and as often as may be called for. Before taking his seat, the Hon. Premier impressed upon his hearers the wisdom of shunning anything looking to sectionalism, but instead, from their favored position to cultivate a market to the right and to the left, and hold both Mainland and Island tributary to Delta's prosperity. The benefit, he said, of a large expenditure in Cariboo, would not be confined to that district, but would extend the whole length of the Fraser and beyond, and in the same way a large expenditure in Victoria would benefit all other parts of the country. The Province was as a large estate, and what benefitted one part benefitted the whole. Don't, said Mr. Davis, be led into error by the means being employed by the Opposition. Rather encourage a party, and a policy, and a Government that will carry on works and improvements, and strive earnestly to develop our common country. But if you think the Opposition can do better for you than we can, then make a change; if not, give the Government your hearty support. (Great applause.)

The next toast was a collective one, and included Mr. Jas. Punch, M.P.P., other guests from a distance, and the Judges. It was received with hearty manifestations of appreciation and duly honored.

Mr. Jas. Punch, in reply, said he did not know the time being late, that it would be advisable for him to speak at any length. Mr. Davis had pretty well covered the ground of current politics, and nothing of special interest had occurred to him that he felt it would be necessary to enlarge upon. He would, therefore, give expression to his thanks

for the hearty way in which the toast had been received, and take his seat. (Applause.)

Mr. W. B. Townsend thought, with Mr. Punch, that the Premier had fully covered the ground. Speaking of the exhibition he was gratified with the success of it. The splendid horses had caught his attention, and he was sure that in that article of stock Delta could take the cake from the rest of this Province. In the hall, the display of roots was magnificent, but he thought Delta had the advantage in this sort of produce through holding their show nearly a month later than the others.

Mr. Thos. Shannon thanked the association for the excellent entertainment provided. The show was a good one, and he had no doubt future shows would be equally good.

Mr. Pender was glad to be of service as a judge, but he didn't expect to be called on to speak. He had seen a great deal that day that pleased him. The roots were prime. He thought, though, that Delta should produce hops successfully, and believed if a few enterprising farmers would take hold of that industry they would make a fortune.

Mr. Mohr was greatly pleased with the exhibition, and particularly so with the horses.

The next toast was "The Press," which was neatly proposed by Mr. Thos. Ladner.

Mr. J. C. McLagan, of the Vancouver World, was thankful for the pleasure of being present this evening. He was more than pleased with the remarks of the honorable guest of the evening, and thought that he could catch therein a glance of the silver lining for which the settlers of the Province were so anxiously awaiting. The policy outlined indicated to the settler a releases from many hardships, a time when bad roads would largely disappear. With such a policy the Government need have little fear of appealing to the people, for they would surely be sustained by a greater majority than they have now. Nothing could be better calculated to advance the country, and develop a province that in natural resources ranks second to none other than the sun shines upon.

Mr. J. F. Galbraith, on behalf of the PACIFIC CANADIAN, thanked the company for their kindness.

Hon. Mr. Davis proposed the toast of "Those very hospitable people, our hosts, the Delta Agricultural Society." He wished to congratulate the officers of the Society on the success which had attended their efforts, for assuredly the exhibition was a credit to all concerned in it. The exhibits in some lines eclipsed the other shows that he had attended, and this was especially true of live stock. The horses of Delta he thought surpassed those of any of the other district exhibitions. To-morrow he would have a chance to inspect some of the fertile lands that grew such flourishing produce, for he had been invited by some friends to drive out and inspect the dyke now under course of construction, a trip from which he hoped to obtain valuable information for future reference. Delta, he was aware, was a district of numerous resources. Besides the agricultural and horticultural interests, there was also a large fish industry, and he was glad to know that the labor and capital employed in the fish viceroy had been well rewarded. He noted in this connection, that the United States Government had recently removed the impost on fresh and frozen fish into that country, and though this had not been a large tax, still the removal of it would tend to establish a new fish industry. Mr. Davis well remembered the time the first tin of salmon was put up in Victoria, and through the years the industry had swelled till now the canned salmon of the Fraser was an article of commerce on every market of the world. The late action of the American Government showed that the people of that country were alive to the benefits of trade with Canada, who will thus secure an unlimited market for a practically unlimited supply.

Reeve Benson, in response, said it gave him pleasure to see their guests so well pleased. He was an early pioneer of Delta, and when others wouldn't stop there, he had, twenty years ago, come over from the Inlet and took his location, notwithstanding that he had been told the tide would wash him and his holding away to sea. He had faith then and he had faith yet, and the exhibition to-day was evidence that he would not be mistaken. Five years ago, when the society was organized, he had said that some day Delta would have a good show, and the day had come. Delta had the location and backing to go on and prosper.

Mr. Paterson, coming from the well-settled districts of Ontario some six years ago, had been rather disappointed in the exhibitions of this country, particularly the Provincial Exhibition which was held that year at Chilliwack. But there had since been great development, and soon he hoped, the agricultural shows of this province would be well up to those of the East. Referring to the report lately issued by the Department of Agriculture, he found in it a great deal of valuable information, and in regard to the importation of food supplies, he thought there was something wrong if produce can be sent here and undersold us. He thanked the people who had come and assisted to make this year's exhibition a success, and hoped next year they would return and do it again.

Mr. W. H. Ladner made some pointed remarks concerning the history and capacity of the district, and was followed by Mr. Thos. Ladner in a similar vein, a touch of humor indulged by both speakers being duly appreciated.

The toast of "The Ladies," with a response by Mr. Grant, and "All Good Lassies," by the company, completed the programme, and the well-pleased gathering separated after singing "God save Queen."

The following is a list of the successful competitors at the exhibition, for the compiling of which we are indebted to the courtesy of the officers of the society, who assisted the various press representatives in every way possible:

## CATTLE.

Bull, W. H. Ladner.  
Bull, year old, H. D. Benson.  
Bull calf, H. D. Benson; 2nd, W. H. Ladner.  
Cow, W. H. Ladner; 2nd, H. D. Benson.

Heifer, 2 years old, H. D. Benson.  
Heifer, year old, W. H. Ladner.  
Heifer calf, W. H. Ladner; 2nd, H. D. Benson.

## HOLSTEINS.

Bull, J. Paterson.  
Bull, year old, J. McKee, jr.  
Cow, Jubilee Farm.

## JERSEYS.

Bull, 1st and 2nd, E. Goudy.  
Bull, year old, E. Goudy.  
Bull calf, E. Goudy.  
Cow, E. Goudy; 2nd, E. S. Brown.  
Heifer, 2 years old, E. Goudy.  
Heifer, year old, E. Goudy; 2nd, E. S. Brown.  
Heifer calf, 1st and 2nd, E. Goudy.

## HEREFORDS.

Bull, J. Kirkland.  
Bull calf, J. Kirkland.  
Cow, J. Kirkland.  
Heifer, two years old, J. Kirkland.  
Heifer calf, J. Kirkland.

## GRADED.

Cow, Miss Oliver; 2nd, Jubilee Farm.  
Heifer, two years old, W. B. Skinner; 2nd, Wellington Farm.  
Heifer, year old, W. Pybus; 2nd, E. Goudy.  
Heifer calf, W. B. Skinner.  
Yoke of Oxen, J. Kirkland.  
Fat Cow, W. McKee.  
Special First Prize for Durham Cow, W. H. Ladner.  
Special First Prize for two year old graded Heifer, Thos. E. Ladner.

## HORSES.

## DRAUGHT.

Brood mare, with foal, 1st and 2nd, Wellington Farm.  
Three-year-old, J. C. Calhoun; 2nd, Arthur Bros.  
Two-year-old, 1st and 2nd, Wellington Farm.  
Span draught horses, H. Trim; 2nd, Robt. McKee.

## GENERAL PURPOSE.

Brood mare, with foal, F. B. Pemberton; 2nd, L. Guichen.  
Three-year-old, Adam Reid; 2nd, H. D. Benson.  
Two-year-old, J. R. Sutherby; 2nd, Adam Reid.  
Yearling, J. Paterson; 2nd, Wm. Pybus.  
Sucking colt, J. C. Calhoun; 2nd, H. G. Taylor.  
Span carriage horses, T. A. Honeyman; 2nd, W. Murray.  
Buggy horse, T. E. Ladner; 2nd, Wm. McKee.  
Saddle horse, J. Paterson; 2nd, J. Kirkland.

## ROADSTERS.

Brood mare, 1st and 2nd, Arthur Bros.  
Three-year-old, H. E. Falconer.  
Two-year-old, Arthur Bros.; 2nd, H. D. Benson.  
Yearling, 1st and 2nd, Arthur Bros.  
Sucking colt, W. H. Ladner; 2nd, F. B. Pemberton.

## SHEEP.

## LONG WOOLLED.

Ram, Wm. Kee; 2nd, W. Tasker.  
Shearing ram, Wm. McKee; 2nd, W. Tasker.  
Ram lamb, 1st and 2nd, Wm. McKee.  
Pair ewes, 1st and 2nd, Wm. McKee.  
Pair shearing ewes, 1st and 2nd, Wm. McKee.  
Pair ewe lambs, 1st and 2nd, Wm. McKee.  
Six fat sheep, Wm. McKee; 2nd, C. F. Green.

## SHORT WOOLLED.

Ram, C. F. Green; 2nd, J. C. Calhoun.  
Shearing ram, J. Kirkland; C. F. Green.  
Ram lamb, H. D. Benson.  
Pair ewes, H. D. Benson; 2nd, C. F. Green.  
Pair ewe lambs, H. D. Benson; 2nd, C. F. Green.  
Six fat sheep, H. D. Benson; 2nd, C. F. Green.

## SWINE.

## LARGE BREEDS.

Brood sow, Wm. McKee.  
Boar, under twelve months, J. Kirkland.  
Sow, under twelve months, J. Kirkland.  
Fat pig, Wm. McKee.

## SMALL BREEDS.

Brood sow, E. Goudy.  
Fat pig, Miss Oliver.

## POULTRY.

Turkeys (bronze), H. E. Falconer.  
Gander and goose, Mrs. W. Goudy; 2nd, E. Goudy.  
Rouen ducks, 1st and 2nd, Jubilee Farm.  
Brahmas, G. H. Bray; 2nd, Miss Honeyman.  
Leghorns, G. H. Bray.  
Plymouth Rocks, G. H. Bray.  
Game Fowl, Fred Arthur; 2nd, G. H. Bray.  
Any other kind, J. Kirkland; 2nd, A. De R. Taylor.  
Pigeons, H. E. Falconer; 2nd, J. Brown.  
Chickens, Mrs. Glassford; 2nd, W. H. Ladner.

## DAIRY PRODUCE.

Four pounds fresh butter, prints, Miss Honeyman; 2nd, Mrs. H. G. Taylor.  
Twenty-five pounds butter, salt, T. Robertson; 2nd, H. D. Falconer.  
Ten pounds butter, rolls, Miss Honeyman; 2nd, Adam Reid.  
Broad, Miss Calhoun; 2nd, H. G. Taylor.  
Hen's eggs, Miss Oliver; 2nd, H. E. Falconer.

## GARDEN VEGETABLES.

Carrots, short, Jubilee Farm; 2nd, H. A. Hicks.  
Onions, yellow, Miss Oliver; 2nd, Adam Reid.  
Onions, red, F. L. Lord; 2nd, Mrs. Glassford.  
Parsnips, W. J. Leary.  
Beets, T. McNeely; 2nd, Wm. Arthur.  
Cabbage, Miss Oliver; 2nd, J. C. Calhoun.

Cauliflowers, T. McNeely; 2nd, Jubilee Farm.

Cucumbers, W. J. Leary.  
Tomatoes, W. H. Ladner; 2nd, Wm. Arthur.

Squashes, T. McNeely; 2nd, H. E. Falconer.

Vegetable Marrows, Jubilee Farm; 2nd, H. N. Rich.

String Beans, green, W. Arthur; 2nd, T. McNeely.

Green Peas, W. Arthur; 2nd, J. R. Sutherby.

Celery, white, W. J. Leary.

Corn, table, T. McNeely; 2nd, H. A. Hicks.

Citrons, H. N. Rich; 2nd, W. J. Leary.

## FIELD PRODUCE.

Fall Wheat, J. Kirkland.  
Spring Wheat, J. Kirkland; 2nd, C. F. Green.  
White Oats, Jubilee Farm; 2nd, Wm. Arthur.  
Black Oats, J. Parmiter; 2nd, Wm. Arthur.

Field Peas, Wm. Arthur.  
Hops, H. E. Falconer.  
Timothy Seed, E. Goudy; 2nd, J. Kirkland.

Red Clover Seed, W. P. Borden.  
Bale of Hay, Wellington Farm; 2nd, W. B. Skinner.

Early Rose Potatoes, Jubilee Farm; 2nd, W. Kirkland.

Early, any variety, Jubilee Farm; 2nd, Adam Reid.

Burbank Seedling, Jubilee Farm; 2nd, W. Kirkland.

Any new variety, Adam Reid.  
White Star, Jubilee Farm; 2nd, E. S. Brown.

New variety, W. H. Ladner; 2nd, W. Kirkland.

Three new varieties, Jubilee Farm; 2nd, Miss Oliver.

Mangold Wurtzel, long red, Wm. Arthur; 2nd, A. Barber.

Mangold Wurtzel, globe, T. McNeely; 2nd, J. Parmiter.

Sugar Beets, J. Kirkland.  
Carrots, T. McNeely; 2nd, Jubilee Farm.

Carrots, long white, H. A. Hicks; 2nd, W. Kirkland.

Carrots, intermediate, T. McNeely; 2nd, Jubilee Farm.

Turnips, Swedish, T. McNeely; 2nd, W. Arthur.

Pumpkin, J. R. Sutherby; 2nd, H. A. Hicks.

Field Cabbage, T. McNeely; 2nd, Miss Oliver.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Set of iron harrows, Provincial make, J. F. Stainton.

Honey, H. E. Falconer; 2nd, J. Kirkland.

Current Wine, J. R. Sutherby.

Salmon, preserved in tin, Anglo B. C. Packing Co.

Assortment preserved fruits, Miss Oliver; 2nd, F. Lord.

Stuffed Bird or Animal, 1st and 2nd, A. R. Leary.

## FRUITS.

Apples, early, Jubilee Farm; 2nd, J. Kirkland.

Fall variety, Jubilee Farm, H. D. Benson.

Russets, W. Arthur; 2nd, J. Kirkland.

Winter variety, W. Arthur; 2nd, Harry Trim.

Three varieties, Jubilee Farm; 2nd, Wm. Arthur.

Six varieties, Jubilee Farm; 2nd, J. Kirkland.

Pears, Bartlett's, W. B. Skinner.

Fall variety, Wm. Arthur; 2nd, J. Kirkland.

Winter variety, Wm. Arthur; 2nd, W. B. Skinner.

Prunes, green, W. Arthur.

Crab Apples, Jubilee Farm; 2nd, W. B. Skinner.

Blackberries, Miss Woodward; 2nd, Miss Oliver.

## FLOWERS.

Geraniums, Miss Woodward; 2nd, H. D. Benson.

Fuchsias, Miss Oliver; 2nd, H. D. Benson; any other, 1st and 2nd, H. D. Benson.

Collection roses, cut, Jubilee Farm.

Stocks, cut, Robt. McKee; 2nd, Miss Green.

Verbenas, Miss Green; 2nd, H. N. Rich.

Pansies, Jubilee Farm; 2nd, Robert McKee.

Dahlias, double, Jubilee Farm.

Dahlias, single, Jubilee Farm.

Everlasting, Miss Green; 2nd, H. N. Rich.

Bouquet, table, Robt. McKee; 2nd, Jubilee Farm.

Bouquet, hand, Robt. McKee; 2nd, Jubilee Farm.

Floral ornament, H. N. Rich; 2nd, Jubilee Farm; medicinal plants, Mrs. J. Kirkland.

Annuals, 1st and 2nd, Jubilee Farm.

## LADIES WORK.

Trimming, rick-rack, Mrs. W. Watson; 2nd, Miss Parmiter.

Slippers, Mrs. Forrer.

Pillow sham, Mrs. W. Goudy; 2nd, Mrs. W. Watson.

Darned net, Mrs. McDonald; 2nd, Mrs. Forrer.

Fancy quilt, cotton, H. E. Falconer; 2nd, Miss Oliver.

Fancy quilt, silk, Mrs. Forrer; 2nd, Mrs. Glassford.

Embroidery on cotton, hand, H. E. Falconer; 2nd, Mrs. McDonald.

Embroidery on silk, hand, Mrs. McDonald; 2nd, Mrs. Glassford.

Slipper case, Mrs. McDonald; 2nd, Mrs. Glassford.

Etching, Mrs. Glassford; 2nd, Mrs. Oliver.

Crochet work, cotton, Mrs. McDonald; 2nd, Mrs. Forrer.

Cottonlace, Mrs. W. J. Leary; 2nd, Mrs. Forrer.

Stockings, woolen, Mrs. McDonald; 2nd, Mrs. J. Kirkland.

Stockings, cotton, Miss Oliver.

Gloves, Miss Forrer.

Mittens, Miss Oliver; 2nd, Mrs. W. Goudy.

Tidy, cotton, Mrs. W. Watson; 2nd, Mrs. Falconer.

Tidy, silk, Mrs. Glassford; 2nd, Mrs. W. Watson.

Child's buggy rug, Mrs. W. H. Ladner.

Arasine work, Mrs. F. Stainton; 2nd, Mrs. Glassford.

Chenille work, Mrs. Glassford.

Floor mat, Mrs. J. Kirkland; 2nd, Miss Oliver.

Table scarf, Mrs. Glassford; 2nd, Mrs. W. Watson.

Best collection fancy work, Mrs. J. Kirkland.

Twine bracket, Mrs. Glassford.

## FINE ARTS.

Water color painting, Mrs. A. A. Dorrel; 2nd, Mrs. F. Stainton.

Oil Painting, Mrs. A. A. Dorrel; 2nd, Mrs. Falconer.

Painting on satin, Mrs. Prothero; 2nd, Mrs. Stainton.

Map drawing, Arthur Bros; 2nd, Bert Arthur.

## SPECIAL PRIZES.

Brackman & Ker—For the best bushel of Shonan oats, \$5, John Kirkland.

E. G. Prior & Co.—For the best ten lbs. fresh butter, No. 3 Daisy churn, Mrs. H. G. Taylor.

H. D. Benson, Esq.—For best sucking colt by Prince Charlie, \$5, W. Arthur.

Hall Bros.—Best loaf of bread made from flour manufactured by the Victoria Milling Co., \$10, Mrs. McDonald.

The Colonist—For person taking most prizes in Division II, Weekly Colonist for one year, Jubilee Farm.

The World—For person taking most prizes in Divisions A, B, E, F, G and H, Weekly World for one year, Jubilee Farm.

Kennedy Bros.—For person taking most prizes in Division J, \$2.50 in cash

and the Weekly Columbian for one year, Wm. Arthur.  
Kennedy Bros.—For person taking most prizes in Division F, Weekly Columbian for one year, Miss Honeyman.

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Cartridges, Shells, Wads, Caps and Primers, Shot and  
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Game Traps, Etc., Etc.

Prices Reasonable. Correspondence Invited.

Country Orders will receive Prompt Attention.

Columbia Street - New Westminster.

#### BETRAYED BY A BUCKLE.

BY EDWIN F. RICE.

It was a bitter disappointment, after years of poverty, to find the fortune which I had thought my own suddenly wrested from me by a stranger. I was my uncle's legal heir, for he died childless, as all the world believed, and on hearing of the old man's death I forgave him his long neglect and waited eagerly to receive the welcome news of my good fortune. To my dismay the lawyers wrote me that a daughter had appeared, whose claims could neither be doubted nor set aside; the property was rightfully hers, and I was a poor artist still.

Years ago I had heard of my uncle's marriage, and the birth and death of a little child, he himself died suddenly and left no will, but his last words were: "Be just—give all to Cecil," and those about him believed that he meant me till this beautiful girl appeared, claiming to be his child, and proving that her name was Cecilia, which gave a new meaning to those last words, uttered with great earnestness and evident distress of mind.

The girl made out her case and won it, for I was too poor to fight against such odds, and all was settled before I could earn enough to leave Italy for home. I resolved to see this unknown cousin before I relinquished all hope, however, for a hint dropped by my old lawyer suggested the possibility of yet winning a share at least of my uncle's handsome fortune.

I was young, comely, accomplished, and the possessor of a good name, to which my talent had already added some honor. Why not woo this bonny cousin, and still be the master of the wealth I had been taught to think my own.

The romance of the thing pleased me, and as soon as my engagements permitted, I was in England. Desiring to judge for myself, after hearing the dry facts from the lawyers, I went down to the hall unannounced, meaning to play the unknown artist till satisfied that it was wise to confess the truth.

Armed with a note of introduction from a friend of my uncle's, I presented myself as one desirous of copying a certain fine Titian in the gallery. Miss Stanhope was out, but I was permitted to examine the pictures while awaiting her return. Among the old family portraits was a half-finished one, evidently the young mistress, and I examined it with eagerness.

A very lovely face, yet something marred its beauty. At first I thought it was my own prejudice; but setting aside any natural bitterness of feeling, and regarding it as a work of art, I could not escape from the odd fancy that those imperious eyes could flash with a baleful light, that smiling, red mouth might betray with a kiss, and that dimpled hand lead a man to perdition. The warm brown of the luxuriant hair, the smooth curves of the uncovered neck and arms, and the soft rich coloring of the dress gave a sumptuous and seductive grace to the well-painted picture, the charm of which I felt in spite of myself.

Quite forgetting the Titian, I leaned back in the depths of a luxurious couch, with my eyes fixed on the likeness of my future wife, as I had already called my cousin, in the reverie to which I had surrendered myself.

A low laugh startled me to my feet, and made me stare in dumb surprise at the apparition before me. The picture seemed to have stepped from its frame, for there in the arched doorway, against a background of soft gloom, was Miss Stanhope. The same imperious eyes fixed full upon me, the red lips smiling archly, the floating hair, half golden in the streak of light that fell athwart her head and touched the white shoulder, the same dimpled hands, lightly folded, and the same rosy muslin blowing in the wind, that revealed glimpses of the same delicate foot just outlined in the picture.

I was so startled by her abrupt appearance, her strange laughter, and my own contending emotions, that all my wonted composure forsook me, and not one of the smooth speeches prepared for the interview came to my lips.

Bowing silently, I stood like an awkward lout till she completed my confusion by advancing with outstretched hand, saying, in a deliciously cordial tone: "Welcome, cousin; your little plot was well laid; but a woman is hard to deceive, especially when such a tell-tale face as yours tries to put on a mask."

As she spoke she pointed to a mirror which reflected both my own figure and that of a gay and gallant ancestor whose handsome face showed the most marked features of our race. I saw the likeness at once, for my moustache, curling hair and velvet paletot added to the effect most strikingly.

Something in the compliment, as well as her own frank air, restored my self-possession, and eager to remove all recollection of my *quiche*, saying, gayly, as I kissed her hand with the Italian devotion that women like:

"A thousand pardons for attempting to deceive those bright eyes, but the banished prince longed to see the new queen, and so ventured home in disguise."

"I forgive the ruse, because you say home in a tone that betrays in you the same solitude that I feel. It is a large, lonely house. There is room enough for both, and as we are the last of our race, why not cease to be strangers and both come home?"

Nothing could have been more sweet and simple than look, voice and manner as she said this. It touched me, and yet the vague feeling of distrust born of my scrutiny of both the painted and the living face still lingered in my mind, and robbed my answer of the warmth it should have possessed.

"Miss Stanhope forgets that I have lost my right to take shelter here. But since I have seen her my disappointment is much softened, because for a woman young and beautiful it would be far harder to work for bread than for a man whose bosom friends for years have been poverty and solitude."

She looked at me with a sudden dew in those bright eyes of hers, and for a moment stood silent, with the color varying in her cheeks; then, as if obeying a generous impulse, she smiled, and looking up at me, said, in a tone whose persuasive gentleness was irresistible: "Cousin Cecil, promise to stay one week and learn to know me better. I ask it as a favor; and since you possess the Stanhope pride, you shall make me your debtor by finishing this picture. The artist who began it will not return, for his own sake I forbade it."

A disdainful little gesture told the story of the cause of this banishment as plain-

ly as words, and was, perhaps, a warning hint to me. I smiled at it, even while I felt as the fisher might have done when the Lorelie first began to charm him.

"I will stay," I briefly said, and then she asked me about my life in Italy, so pleasantly beguiling confidence after confidence from me, that if I possessed a secret it would inevitably be in her keeping.

I stayed, and day after day we sat in the long gallery, surrounded by beauty of all kinds talking with ever-increasing frankness, while I painted this lovely cousin, who bewildered my senses without touching my heart.

The old lady who played duenna left us free, and little company disturbed the charming solitude that never lost its delight to me.

A whim had seized Cecilia to change the costume from modern to ancient, and as the dress of a beautiful ancestress was still preserved, she put it on, enhancing her beauty fourfold by the rich brocades, the antique jewels and priceless laces of past days.

"This little shoe must have a buckle if it is to be visible, as I beg it may be," I said, as she came rustling in one morning like a *grande dame* of the olden time.

"Bring the steel-bound casket, Adele; we may find something that will suit this masquerade," said Cecilia to the maid that held her train.

Slipping off the coquettish shoe of white silk with a scarlet heel, she let me amuse myself with trying which of many ornaments would suit it best, while she absently clasped and unclasped the bracelets on her round arm.

"This is in perfect taste and a picture in itself," I presently exclaimed, holding up the little shoe ornamented with a great buckle of chased silver, set here and there with a diamond, and a true-lover knot formed of a double S in the middle.

"This is one of the very buckles our gallant ancestor wore. You can see them in the picture yonder, and the story goes that they were given him by his lady-love," answered Cecilia, pointing to the portrait of Sir Sidney Stanhope hanging behind us.

This little fact led me to examine the trinkets with interest, and having put it into the silken shoe, I felt to painting it while my lovely sister amused me with old legends of our family.

The week had lengthened to three, and I still lingered, for it was evident that my cousin, with a woman's generosity, was willing to make the only reparation in her power. I felt sure that the idea came first to her that first day, when, after the long pause, she bade me stay, with varying color and wet eyes betraying pity interest, and the dawning affection of a lonely heart, quick to feel the ties of family. I tried to love her, and grew feverish in my efforts to discover why, in spite of the fascination of her presence, I could not yield my heart wholly to her power. What cause had I to distrust this beautiful and generous girl? None; and yet I did, so much so that I found myself watching her with a curious persistence, as if some subtle instinct warned me to beware.

This habit and the restlessness which possessed me, led me to roam about the house at night when all was quiet. My out-of-door life in Italy made this freedom necessary to me, and I indulged my whim so skillfully that no one but the watch-dogs suspected it—they knew me, and kept my secret.

One evening twilight overtook me at my easel, and the summons to dinner left Cecilia no time to change her dress. Laughing at the strange contrast in our costumes, I led her to the table, and as I watched the brilliant figure opposite me, I resolved to know my fate that night, and if I had deceived myself, to break away at once from the spell that was increasing daily.

As soon as we were alone again, I led her out along the terrace, and as we paced there, arm-in-arm, I told her my hope and waited for her reply. A strange expression of relief dawned in her face as she looked up at me with eyes full of a tender melancholy.

"I hoped you would tell me this. Do not think it unmanly, but believe that I saw no other way of sharing this good fortune with you," she said, in a voice curiously calm for such confessions.

"But, dear, I will have no sacrifice for me. If you love me, I accept the rest; otherwise not a penny with I touch," I said decidedly, for her manner disturbed me.

"If I love you!" she cried: "how could I help it when you are all I have in the wide world to keep me from—"

There she caught up some word that trembled on her lips, and threw herself into my arms, weeping passionately.

Annoyed, yet touched, I soothed her, hoping to receive some explanation of this sudden outburst, which seemed more like remorseful grief than happy love. But quickly recovering herself, she murmured, brokenly:

"I have been so alone all my life—exiled from home I know not why—kept in ignorance of parents and friends till all were gone—my youth had been so sad that happiness overcomes me."

Here her little maid came to deliver a note; Cecilia stepped into the stream of light which lay across the terrace from the long open window of the drawing-room, read a few lines that seemed scrawled on a rough bit of paper, told Adele to say that she would come tomorrow, and tearing the note to atoms, she rejoined me, saying, carelessly:

"A message from Elspeth, my old nurse, who is ill and sends for me."

I thought nothing of the note, but why did her heart beat so fast as I drew her to me again? Why were her eyes so full of mingled, anger, fear and contempt? And why did she shiver as if, to her, the sultry summer night had suddenly grown cold? But when I asked what troubled her, she shyly said she was agitated by happiness alone, and then led me in and sang delightfully till bed time. As we parted for the night she fixed her eyes on me with a strangely tragic look, and whispered in her sweetest tone:

"Sleep well, Cecil, and be sure I love you."

I went to my room, but I did not sleep at all, for my thoughts worried me, and as soon as the house was still, I stepped out of my window and roamed away into the park. A storm was gathering, and black clouds swept across the moon, making fitful light and shade; a hot wind blew strongly, and flashes of lightning darted from the gloomy west. The unquiet night suited my mood, and I wandered on, lost in my own thoughts, till a peal of thunder roused me. Looking about for shelter, as I was now a long way from the hall, I saw a steady gleam not far distant, and making my way to

the bottom of a wild glen, I found a little hovel half hidden among the trees.

Peering in at the low window before I asked admittance, I saw, by the dim light of one candle, an old crone sitting on the hearth, her withered face turned attentively toward another figure which stood nearer the door—a woman, evidently, though so shrouded in a cloak, that her age or sex was hard to guess. Her back was turned toward me, her voice fierce and low, her attitude one of command, and the words she uttered so peculiar that they arrested my attention once.

"If you dare to speak or show yourself till I give you leave, I will silence you in the surest way. I fear nothing, and having played the perilous game so far, I will not be robbed of success when it is dearest, by the threats of a helpless old woman."

"Not so helpless as you think, ungrateful girl; feeble, old as I am, I can undo what I have done by a word, and I will, I swear, if you are not kinder," cried the old woman in a shrill, angry voice. "You promised I should stay with you, should have every care and comfort, and receive a generous share of all you got; but now you keep me here in this unwholesome place, with no one to speak to but half-witted Kate; you never come till I scare you into obedience, and you give me nothing but a paltry pound now and then. You know I'm too lame to escape, and you threaten me if I complain; but hark you, my lady, I set you up and can pull you down whether you murder me or not, for it's all on paper, safe hidden from you, but sure to come to light if anything goes wrong with me."

As the old woman paused, breathless with her wrath and exultation, the younger stamped her foot with uncontrollable impatience, and clenched the slender white hand that was visible, but her next words were kinder, though bitter contempt lurked in her tone.

"You may trust me, grandmother; I'll not touch you unless you arouse the mad temper which I cannot control. You know why I do not take you home till my own place is secure. You are old, you forget the babble of things safer untold. Here, I can make no trouble for either of us, but with me, surrounded by curious servants, mischief would come to both. Can you not wait a little longer, and remember that in undoing me you will surely ruin yourself, since you are the greater criminal."

"It would go hard with both of us, but my age would serve you better than your beauty, for I can be humble, but you have the pride of the devil, and death itself could not bend it. I'll wait, but I must have money, my share; I like to see and touch it, to make sure of it, for you may deceive me as you do the world, and slip away, leaving me to pay the penalty while you enjoy the pleasure."

"You shall have it as soon as I can get it without exciting suspicion by the demand. An opportunity will soon come, and I will not forget you."

"You mean this marriage?"

"Yes."

"Then you will really do it?"

"I will, for I love him."

"Good—that makes all safe. Now go, child, before the storm breaks, but come often or I will send for you, and if there is any sign of false play my story goes by betraying you."

"Agreed. Good night," and the shrouded figure was gone like a shadow.

I meant to follow it, led by an uncontrollable impulse, but as I paused to let her gain a safe distance, the movements of the old woman arrested me. Nodding and mumbling with weird intelligence, she lifted one of the flat hearthstones and drew out a packet of papers, over which she seemed to gloat, muttering, as she peered at the scrawled pages:

"I'm old, but I'm wary, and not to be shaken off till I get my share of the plunder. She thinks to scare me, but Kate knows where to find my secret if anything goes wrong with me. I've tutored her, and my lady will be outwitted at the last."

Clucking, the old crone put her treasure back, and, raking up the fire, hobbled away to bed. I waited till her light was out, resolving to secure those papers, for I could not divest myself of the conviction that this secret concerned me. I had not caught a glimpse of the younger woman's face, the voice was unknown, the figure hidden, and the white hand might have belonged to any lady, yet I felt a strong suspicion that this mysterious woman was Cecilia, and this evil-minded old beldame was old Elspeth.

The storm broke, but I did not heed it for my new purpose absorbed me. As soon as all was still I gently forced the low lattice, stepped in, and groping my way to the hearth, stirred the smoldering embers till a little blaze shot up, showing me the flat stone, and glittering also on an object that brought confirmation to my dark suspicions, for there where the unknown girl had stood lay a silver buckle. I caught it up, examined it by the dim light, and could not doubt my own eyes; it was Sir Sidney's antique ornament, and that impatient gesture of Cecilia's foot had left it there to betray her. I could readily understand how in her eagerness to slip away she had hastily changed the brocades for a simpler dress, forgetting to remove the shoes. Now I was sure of my right to seize the papers, and having done so stole noiselessly away.

Till dawn the storm raged furiously, and till dawn I sat in my room reading, thinking and revolving, for those badly-written pages showed me that the future I had pictured to myself never could be mine. The charm was broken, and an impassable gulf opened between my cousin and myself. As the sun rose my plan was laid, and making a careful toilet, I tried to remove from my face, also, all trace of that night's experience, but did not entirely succeed, for the glass showed me a pale cheek, eyes full of a gloomy fire, and lips sternly set.

I often breakfasted alone, for Cecilia kept luxurious hours, and we seldom met till noon. That day I waited impatiently in the gallery where we had agreed to have a last sitting. My impatience did me good service, however, for when at last she came my paleness was replaced by a feverish warmth, and the stern lips had been trained to meet her with a smile.

"Good morning, Cecil," she said, with an enchanting glance and a conscious blush as she gave me her hand.

I did not kiss it as usual, but holding it loosely I examined the soft little fingers outstretched in my palm, wondering as I did so if they could be the same I last night saw so fiercely clinched.

"What is it?" she asked, looking at me with playful wonder in the eyes now grown so soft.

"Perhaps I was thinking of the ring that should be here," I answered, feeling a curious desire to test the love of this unhappy girl.

"I never thought I should consent to wear even so small a fetter as a wedding ring. I love my liberty so well; but if you put it on it will not burden me, for you will be a tender and generous master, Cecil," she answered, turning toward her accustomed seat to hide the emotion she was too proud to show me.

"I have the faults of my race—an unbending will, an unforgiving spirit, and the pride of a devil," so beware, cousin."

She started as I quoted the old woman's phrase and shot a quick glance at me, but I was tranquilly preparing my palette, and she sat down with a relieved yet weary air.

"Could you be so unmerciful as old Sir Guy, who cursed his only child for deceiving him?" she asked, lifting her eyes to the portrait of a stern-faced cavalier hanging next Deborah Sir Sidney.

"I could, for treachery turns my heart to stone."

I saw a slight shiver pass over her, and leaning her head on her hand she sat silent while I touched up a jewel here, a silken fold there, or added a brighter gold to the beautiful hair. She looked fair, young and tender, but as I had said, treachery had turned my heart to stone, and I did not spare her.

"You are *triste* to-day, sweetheart; let me amuse you as you have often done me by a legend of our family. I lately found it in an old manuscript which I will show you by and by."

"Thanks; I like old stories if they are strong and tragic," she answered with a smile, as she lay back in the great chair in an attitude of luxurious indolence.

"Why, you have forgotten the little shoe; I meant to touch up the brilliant buckle and add a deeper scarlet to the coquettish heel. Shall I bid Adele bring it?" I asked, looking from the black satin slipper to the tranquil face lying on the purple cushion.

"No, it hurt my foot, and I threw it away in a pet," she answered, with a little frown.

"Not buckle and all I hope, that is an heirloom."

"I have it safe, but the painted one is so well done I will not have it touched. Let my eyes outshine my jewels, as you gallantly averred they did, and tell your tale while you paint, for I am sadly indolent to-day."

As she added falsehood to falsehood, my heart beat indignantly against the traitorous ornament safely hidden in my breast, but my face did not betray me, and I obeyed her, glancing up from time to time to note the effect of my words, not that of my work, for I painted with a colorless brush.

"Sir Marmaduke, for whom our uncle was named, I fancy, was a stern man who married late, and treated his wife so ill that she left him, taking with her their little child, for being a girl, the old man had no love for it. Both the poor things died in a foreign land, and Sidney yonder, the comely nephew, was lawful heir to the estate. The last words of the old man seemed to express his wish that it should be so, and the nephew was about to claim his own when the daughter reappeared and proved her right to the fortune. You are pale, love—does my dull story weary you?"

"No, it is only the heat. Go on, I listen," and half hiding the tell-tale cheek with her hand, she sat with downcast eyes, and a face that slowly grew a colorless mask with the effort to subdue emotion.

"The old manuscript is not very clear on this point; but I gather that the neglected girl's reported death was only a ruse to shield her from her cruel father. Her claim was accepted and poor Sidney left to poverty again. Now comes the romance of the tale. He went to see this new-found cousin; she was beautiful and gracious, seemed eager to share her prize, and generously offered the young man a home. This touched and won him. She soon evidently loved him, and in spite of an inward distrust, he *fancied* he returned the passion.

"As I slightly emphasized a word here and there in that last sentence, a fiery glow spread over that white face from neck to brow, the haughty eyes flashed full upon me, and the red lips trembled as if passionate words were with difficulty restrained. I saw that my shaft had told, and with resentful coolness I went on, still preserving the gay, light tone that made the truth doubly bitter and taunting."

"Take care fan that lies in your lap, dearest; this heat oppresses you. Yes, it was very curious to read how this lover was fascinated in spite of himself, and how he fought against his doubts till he put an end to them by asking the hand extended to him."

The dimpled hand lying on the arm of the chair was clinched suddenly, and I saw again the hand of the cloaked woman in the wood, and smiling to myself at this new confirmation, I continued:

"But here begins the tragedy which you like so well. The cousins were betrothed, and that very night Sidney, who was given to late wanderings, went out to dream love's dreams, in spite of a gathering storm which drove him for shelter in a little cottage in the wood. Here he overheard a strange conversation between an old creature and a mysterious woman whose face he could not see. (How her eyes glittered as she listened! and what a long breath of relief escaped her at those last words!)"

"This lively gossip excited Sidney's curiosity, and when the lady vanished leaving this traitor behind her, (here I produced the buckle), this bold young man, guided by the mutterings of the crone, found and secured a strange confession of the treachery of both."

Here Cecilia arose in her chair, and from that moment her eyes never left my face as she listened, still and colorless as the statue behind her. I think any sign of weakness or remorse would have touched me then, but she showed none, and her indomitable pride roused mine, making me pitiless. Brush and palette lay idle now, and looking straight at the fair, false face before me, I rapidly ended the story which I had begun in the disguise of an ancient legend.

"It seems that the old woman had been the confidential servant of Sir Marmaduke's wife, and had a grudge of her own against her master. When my lady and the child died, for die they did, as reported, this woman bided her time, artfully securing letters, tokens, and other proofs, to use when the hour came. At Sir Marmaduke's death she put forward her grandchild, the natural daughter of the old man, inheriting both the



beauty and the spirit of her race. The girl played her part well, the plot succeeded, and if the sordid nature of the granddame had not irritated the heiress and kept her in danger of discovery, all would have worked admirably. Half justice, under the guise of generosity, soothed whatever pang of remorse the girl felt, and as she loved Sidney, she believed that she could extricate the wrong she did him by keeping him happily blind to the treachery of a wife he trusted. A terrible mistake, for when he discovered this deceit, the old disgust turned to contempt, gratitude to wrath, and love to loathing.

"What did he do?" she whispered, with wide lips, as the agony of shame, despair, and love looked at me from the tragic eyes.

"Possessing something of the chivalry of his race, he disdained to crush her even by one reproach; but though forced to decline the proposed alliance, he freely offered her safety and maintenance, forgetting that, in spite of deceit and sin, and shame, she was a woman and his cousin."

"Did he think she would accept?" she cried, lifting the head that had sunk lower and lower as I spoke till her hair swept to her feet.

I had risen and looked down at her with uncontrolled pity softening my stern face. I answered briefly:

"Yes, for where else could she find help but at the hands of her kinsman?"

She sprang up, as if my compassion was more bitter to her than my contempt, the fiery spirit rebelled against me, and love itself yielded to the pride that ruled her.

"Not even the offer of a favor will I accept from you, for I have a kinder friend to fly to. Take your rightful place, and enjoy it if you can, haunted as it must be by the memory of the stain I have brought upon the name you are so proud of."

She hurried, as if to leave me, but pausing at the easel, cast a sudden look at the smiling image of herself, and as if anxious to leave no trace behind, she caught up my palette-knife, scored the canvas up and down till it hung in strips; then with a laugh which echoed long in my ears, she swept slowly down the long gallery, passed through the wide windows at the further end to the balcony that overhung the court below, and standing there with the sun's shine streaming over her, she looked back at me with an expression which fixed that moment in my memory for ever.

Like a brilliant picture she stood there with the light full on her shining hair, jeweled arms, rich robes, and stately form, all contrasting sharply with the wild and woeful face looking backward with a mute farewell.

On that instant a terrible foreboding of her purpose flashed over me, and I rushed forward to restrain her; but too late, for with a wave of her white hand she was gone.

Death was the kinder friend to whom she had flown, and when I found her in the court-yard, shattered by the cruel fall, she smiled the old proud smile, and put away the hand that would have lifted her so tenderly.

"Let me die here; I have no other home," she whispered faintly; then her face softened as she looked up at my pallid face, and feebly trying to fold her hands, she murmured tenderly:

"Forgive me, for I loved you!"

Those were her last words, and as they passed her lips, I saw nothing but a beautiful dead woman lying at my feet, and Sir Sidney's diamond buckle glittering in the sun, as if fell from my breast to receive a bloody stain which lingers still on that relic of my unhappy cousin.

#### They Made Him Tired.

It was a curious circumstance and everybody in the smoking-car seemed to catch on at the same moment. On the right-hand side sat a man with a cowboy's hat, woollen shirt, red necktie, pants in his boot-legs, and a general air of toughness. Opposite him sat another man similarly attired, but with the addition of a grizzly bear's claw for a scarf-pin. One had been with us for over an hour—the last had just boarded the train.

These two men at once began to size each other up and sneer and look sarcastic. Finally the man on the right meekly observed:

"I reckon your bag of Injun scalps is in the baggage car, eh?"

"Yes, but my guns are yere," promptly responded the other.

"What's the use of guns unless you know how to shoot?"

"What's the use of gab if you don't back it up?"

"They were now hot and ready for more, and it soon came.

"Out on our ranch we size such fellers as you up fur wolf-bait," said the right-hand man.

"Is that so? Well, out on our ranch we don't want to size up chaps like you. We know 'em a mile away fur duffers."

"Take that back!"

"Never!"

They both sprang up and, of course, we rushed forward to stop the fight.

Near by was a man who had been trying to get to sleep to cure a headache. He sprang up, peeled off his coat, threw down his hat, and shouted at the two terrors:

"Both of you sit down, as if death wasn't five feet away!"

They dropped back on the seats like bags of sand, and he stood over them, and demanded of the one on the right:

"Where do you camp when you're at home?"

"In Ohio," was the meek reply.

"And you?"

"In Indiana."

"I guess that's right. That's about the way I sized you up. Just a word to you. Shut right up. Don't peep another peep about 'barns, Injuns, or ranches, or shootin'." You have made me tired, and if there's any more of it I'll drop you both off this car into the ditch."

He went back to his seat to nurse his headache, and the two terrors sat so quietly for the next hour that some of us wondered if they hadn't been scared to death. Later on one of them fondly caressed his bar claws and the other read a dime novel, and they were at peace with all the world.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Winnipeg, Oct. 16.—Thomas Fitzsimmons committed suicide at Fleming. He returned home late at night. Next morning he was remonstrated with for keeping late hours. He went into his bedroom and soon the inmates of the house were startled by hearing a revolver shot. The ball took effect in the brain and death was instantaneous.

#### THE LADIES' PLATE.

BY HENRY J. WARREN.

"Glad to see you, Jack. No books in that portmanteau, I hope, my boy. A canter is better than a canto, this weather, or at any other time, for that matter."

Such was the greeting which Sir Charles Harkaway gave to Jack Milner, briefless barrister and sporting novelist, on his arrival in Meadowshire, from the precincts of Temple and Fleet Street.

Jack was an idle, good-looking, careless fellow of eight and twenty, with a private income of three hundred a year, out of which he paid his club subscriptions, and kept himself in pocket money. His father, who was an old friend of Sir Charles, paid his debts periodically, declaring each time that he would never pay them again, a declaration which might be defined as waste of breath, since it had no effect on Jack or on the people who gave him credit. He was rather clever in his way, but was too good-natured to exhibit his cleverness before the light of the world, for fear of causing envy, so that both in town and country he was a welcome guest.

The Moat, as Sir Charles' country house was called, he had always been brought up to consider as his second home. The girls called him Jack, and even Miss Harkaway, who had managed the establishment for her brother since his wife's death, relaxed her usual state of rigid decorum under his influence. Her niece said he could turn her round his little finger. Thus it was only to be expected, that when there was an unusually large house-party at the Moat, Jack should be demanded, in a round-robin, to come down.

"Well, Kitty," he asked Sir Charles' youngest daughter, as he met her in the hall before lunch, "who have you got staying here?"

Kitty enumerated the names of about a dozen guests, with running descriptions on them, which they might not have enjoyed, and ended up, "and a Mr. Herbert."

"And who is Mr. Herbert, when he is at home?"

"I don't know, except that he is a friend of Major Faulkner's. Papa met him there, and asked him to come with the major."

"Well, I suppose this army of visitors is out with the pheasants?"

"Yes; and the girls have gone with the lunch. Papa has to go to Meadow this afternoon, and I, as the youngest of the family, had to remain home to receive you."

"Don't apologize," laughed Jack. "You can show me round the stables after I have satisfied my hunger."

"Very well, and if you are a good boy, I will show you The Dove. You know papa has entered her in The Ladies' Plate, in the Meadowshire Hunt Steeple-chase, which comes off at the end of next week."

It may be mentioned, that at one time in his life, Sir Charles had been a prominent figure on the turf, but, like many other men he had been too honest for the business, and had wisely retired from his prominence before he had been hit very hard through the medium of his banking account. Still, the old Adam was yet alive in him, and he liked to have two or three horses in training during the chasing season.

After lunch, Jack inspected The Dove, in that indifferent way in which men look at their friends' horses when they have no interest in them, when Kitty Harkaway asked him somewhat petulantly:

"Well, what do you think of her?"

"She seems fit enough. If she can jump, and has staying powers, and sufficient pace, she ought to win."

"Three conditions which would ensure the victory of any horse."

"Yes; I believe there is only one more, and that is if her jockey can ride her."

"And a very important one to you, sir; for papa means that you should ride her."

"What nonsense! Sir Charles knows, as well as I do myself, that I never rode a race in my life."

"I confess I did think it foolish of him," the girl answered, slyly. "But I know you won't refuse, so you must do the best you can. If you want to commence training, I will run in and put on my habit, and we can have a gallop before the others come home."

Jack was a very good man on a horse across a country after hounds, but he had never ridden between flags, and he did not relish the idea of steering The Dove in The Ladies' Plate. Nor could he understand why Sir Charles wanted him to ride. But he was not kept long in suspense on that point; before going to dress for dinner, the baronet asked him to come into his study for five minutes.

"Jack, has Kitty told you that I want you to ride The Dove in The Ladies' Plate next week?"

"Yes, Sir Charles; and I was never more surprised in my life. I can't understand why you should have chosen me as your jockey. Of course, if you really want me to ride, I will do so; but I doubt if I could win, even if The Dove were good enough herself to win the Grand National."

"You must do your best, my boy, and you can't do more. The truth is, that Major Faulkner has got a horse running in the race called Spark, and it will be, to all intents and purposes, a match between this animal and The Dove. I have backed my mare to beat Spark, on the condition that both horses are to be ridden by jockeys who have never ridden in a race before. He named as his jockey, Mr. Herbert, who is staying in the house just now, and I named you as mine. Now you know as much about it as I do."

Jack promised to try his best, and went up stairs to dress. But over the manipulation of his white tie, at which point in their toilet men are apt to ruminate, he came to the conclusion that he was let in for rather a bad thing. Instead of the easy country-house life which he had looked forward to, he should have to ride a young thoroughbred in her gallops and go into training himself. Then his reputation as a horseman was at stake, for his riding had been backed against a perfect stranger. In short he voted the whole affair a nuisance.

Directly the ladies had retired from the dinner-table, the conversation immediately turned on racing. Jack had been sitting some distance from Mr. Herbert, and so had not been able to form much of an opinion about that gentleman. Now, as the talk became general, he could judge better of his rival in the paddock. Apparently he was a quiet, unassuming man, unwilling to thrust himself upon the notice of his neighbors;

but a keen observer would have seen that though he seldom opened his mouth himself, he heard everything that everybody else said.

Jack instinctively put him down as a dark horse, and wondered what would be the relations between him and Falkner. The latter, who owned a hunting-box on the other side of the country, was a well-known man on the turf, and if report did not libel him, was not over scrupulous in his racing transactions. He was certainly not the man to make a fancy bet, unless he had very good reasons for thinking that he should win. Jack knew his reputation well, and relished less than ever the idea of riding The Dove.

Yet he did not find the task of riding that mare in her gallops and of going into training as unpleasant as he had predicted. For reasons best known to herself, Kitty Harkaway had set her heart on The Dove winning, and when a pretty girl takes an interest in our work, the work becomes much less arduous. So, at least, Jack discovered; and though a flirtation is not, as a rule, supposed to be good for a man in training, yet, in his case, Kitty's evident anxiety for his success became infectious, and he worked harder for her sake than he would probably have done for himself or for Sir Charles.

But it is necessary that we should leave Master Jack in the midst of his devotions to the ladies, both human and equine, and take a peep at Major Faulkner's hunting-box.

In a cosy little dining-room, the walls of which were covered with sporting pictures, two men were sitting dividing their attention between a decanter of port and cigarettes, while they carried on a conversation which, to judge from countenances, must have been of unusual interest to both of them. It is hardly necessary to say that these two men were Major Faulkner and Mr. Herbert, who, having returned from enjoying Sir Charles Harkaway's hospitality, were now plotting how to cheat their former host over The Ladies' Plate.

"It seems a dangerous game to play," Mr. Herbert remarked, as he slowly sipped his wine. "Are you sure you can trust your man?"

"Haven't I told you already that I can send him to seven years' penal servitude to-morrow, if I chose?"

"And where can he send you to?" the other asked, quietly.

For a moment Faulkner turned pale with passion, but with an effort he recovered his self-control, and, looking his companion straight in the face, answered:

"To Jericho, or anywhere else, if he likes. Are you dissatisfied with your bargain?"

"Not in the least, if I am paid half the price before the race."

"What on earth do you mean, man? You must be mad!"

"I mean what I say, Faulkner; and I do not think my worst enemy would accuse me of madness. Since you seem to forget how the case stands, I had better state it to you clearly. You back your horse Spark for five thousand pounds against Sir Charles Harkaway's The Dove, maiden jockeys up, to win The Ladies' Plate, knowing there is no other horse in the race who can come within ten lengths of them. You nominate me, Herbert, as your jockey, being well aware that I am Tim Reilly, one of the best cross-country riders in Ireland. By way of making victory doubly sure, you order a young farmer, over whom you have some sort of a hold, to cross The Dove. Those are the plain facts, are they not?"

"With the addition that I put you on two thousand pounds for nothing."

"And I, being a party to your fraud, demand one thousand before I get into the saddle."

"Suppose I refuse to give it to you?"

"Then I refuse to ride, and you lose your bet."

Faulkner tried to persuade Herbert to alter his mind, but the latter was inexorable, and in another few minutes was the richer by a check for a thousand pounds.

"At least," he thought to himself that night, "if the plot is discovered, I shan't be the loser by it."

The Meadowshire Hunt Steeplechase did not differ in any important essential from the ordinary class of hunt meetings. There was the small stand, with the ring in front, where the sporting farmers speculated their sovereigns and half-sovereigns; while from the carriages ranged along the rails, the male occupants would come and invest their fivers and tensers, and then hurry back again to their fair companions, who were doing their best to fill their glove-boxes.

Conspicuous among the line of vehicles was Sir Charles Harkaway's drage, with the owners daughter on the roof, whose popularity was evident from the number of men standing on the steps.

It was an open secret that The Ladies' Plate would resolve itself into a match, and if good wishes could have been of any avail, Major Faulkner's horse would have had a very small chance.

The two first races were over, and there was a general march to the paddock to inspect the competitors for the chief event of the afternoon. Although there were six starters, all interest was centered in Spark and The Dove, both of whom had plenty of admirers. But, hark! There is the saddling bell. Let us listen to the parting advice of the two owners to their respective jockeys.

"Now, Jack, you know your instruction, and remember, of all things, not to be in too great a hurry to reach the winning post. Good luck, my boy."

If the truth must be told, however, a glance from Kitty Harkaway's eyes, gave Jack much more confidence than the words of Sir Charles.

"You know the game. At the fifth fence, the post and rails, Tom Beech will cross The Dove. Keep clear of squalls there, and all will be right."

But we must mark time for a minute or two, while we examine the thoughts of that worthy member of society, Mr. Tom Beech.

What the nature of the power was that Major Faulkner exercised over the young farmer, it is not necessary to enquire. It is sufficient that he had caught Master Tom tripping in a way that would not have commended itself to Her Majesty's judge sitting at the County Assizes, and knowing him to be a good rider, had sacrificed his sense of justice, at very little cost to his conscience, with the intention of making him his tool.

Beech hated the major with the hatred of a man who feels that he is in the bonds of slavery; and although he had not dared to refuse to do his master's bidding, had been puzzling his brains how not to do it, without arousing sus-

picion. He had three motives for not wanting to cross The Dove. The first was his wish to sell the major and make him lose his bet; the second was, he did not care about risking his own neck in a cannon over a stiff fence; the third was, that he had secretly backed The Dove himself. After a considerable amount of thought, he had determined to adopt a plan by which he hoped to attain his three objects.

"I'm to cross at the fifth fence, the post and rails, am I?" he muttered to himself, as he came out of the paddock. "I'll lay a million pounds to a half-penny I'll never get there."

The preliminary canter is over, and the horses are now under the care of the starter. The last butts are being booked amidst shouts of "evens on The Dove," "six to five Spark," "ten to one, bar two." Then comes the cry, "they're off!" and the six horses are despatched on their three miles journey.

For the first three fields there is no material difference in the order of running. Spark and The Dove were held back, and the others were nearly level. But as they neared the fourth fence, a stiffish bullfinch, Beech imperceptibly pulled in his mount, till he was hardly a length in front of the favorites, Herbert being on his left, and Jack on his right. The three leaders negotiate the obstacle in safety, and that morbid portion of the crowd, who are always on the look-out for accidents, are beginning to feel disappointed, when Beech's horse refuses, and swerves suddenly round to the left. Herbert had no time to stop. There was a crash, and then all that could be seen was a confused mass of two horses and one man rolling in the ditch on the taking-off side.

"Two down!" "Spark's down!" "Three to one on The Dove!" Such are the cries which the casualty causes in the ring.

There was soon a crowd around the place of the accident. Beech, with a skill which would have ensured him a place in a circus, had, as his horse swerved, nearly sprung from the saddle, and landed on the further side of the fence, but Herbert had fallen underneath Spark, and when, after some difficulty, he was dragged out, he was insensible. His left shoulder had been dislocated, and his left leg broken in three places. Meanwhile Beech, pretending to be much shaken, had limped back to the weighing-room with the assistance of a groom who had happened to be close by.

Faulkner had hurried to the scene, his face pale with rage. He looked round for Beech, but of course could not see him. Trembling with fear, in the charge of two rustics, stood the horse on which he had staked his money; lying on the ground was his fraudulent jockey. He had hardly paid any attention when the doctor said he was not dead, for he could hear now from the grand stand the shout of "The Dove wins!" and he knew he was six thousand pounds out of pocket.

His knowledge was perfectly correct. With Spark out of the race, all that Jack had to do was to steer The Dove over the course without tumbling off. In fact, of his three opponents, only one passed the winning post, and he had given his rider two coppers during the race. Of the other two, one had jumped clean out of his jockey's hands at the open ditch, and then trotted quietly back to the paddock, and the other was dead; but before he had covered two-thirds of the course, Jack had therefore won in the commonest of cantering, and came in for a shower of congratulations.

Major Faulkner was returning to the stand with the veins on his temple literally swollen with anger, when a strong, quietly-dressed man touched his hat, and said:

"It's not often that Tom Reilly comes to such grief as that, major. It's a great pity."

"What do you mean? Who are you?" "Detective-sergeant Pincher, of Scotland Yard, and I hold a warrant for Reilly's arrest. I wish you 'good-day,' sir, though I suppose you will give evidence on behalf of the character of your friend on his trial?"

And Mr. Pincher walked away with the air of a man who had just done a charitable action.

Jack did not return to the precincts of the Temple and Fleet Street as soon as he had intended to, for during the evening after the races he had a conversation with Kitty Harkaway, which materially altered his plan for life. And now when people talk about steeplechasing, he is wont to say: "I only rode one race in my life, and I not only won The Ladies' Plate, but I won the lady as well."

#### First Gorilla in America.

What is said to be the first live gorilla ever brought into the United States is now in the possession of Donald Burns, the dealer in wild animals and reptiles, Roosevelt street, New York. Zoulo is the monster's name. He is over six feet in height, and with upraised arm can reach a height of over seven feet. His skin is of dirty brown, covered with a mass of short grey hair. The hair on the arms is longer, but the chest is devoid of any hirsute growth. His jaws are thickly covered with a beard.

He is positively human in his ways, and has all the cunning of a madman. Some idea of his strength can be gained when it is said he wrenched the three-inch iron bar from his cage on his way to this country, and twisted it into a shapeless tangle. It took the united efforts of four men to hold him in subjection while a new bar was being fitted in his cage.

Zoulo was captured in the Congo country, near Lake Tanganyika. Mr. Burns had heard a good deal about him, and made unusual efforts to get him. The man-monster was surrounded by 40 Africans, under the agent's direction, in the forest, and was secured by throwing strong nets over him and binding his limbs after he had so entangled himself that he was helpless. Before this was accomplished, however, a terrific struggle took place. He hissed and snarled at his captors with horrible ferocity. He was carried through the jungle in a conveyance drawn by eight oxen, and was brought to America in the hold of an African sloop.

Speaking in Edinburgh, recently, Rt. Hon. G. J. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last Salisbury cabinet, hinted that Mr. Gladstone's projected Registration Reform Bill would be rejected by the House of Lords, unless the measure should be accompanied by provisions for such a redistribution of seats as would reduce the number of Irishmen at Westminster.

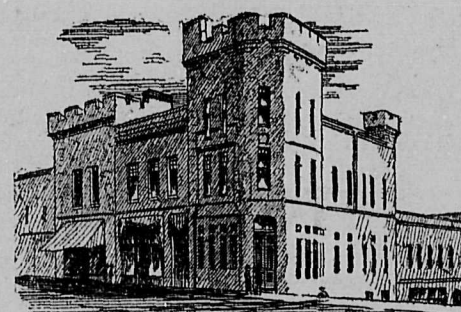
#### The Attractions of Whitewash.

A missionary stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this, in the absence of lime, coral, was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun white as snow. They danced, they sang they screamed with joy. The whole island was in confusion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a dab of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub more whitewash was made, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war club or a garment but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had his skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened; and mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously and yelling with delight in the contemplation of the superior beauty of their whitewashed babies.—*Missionary Chronicle.*

The spectacle of the Pipat band of Indians, filling a contract for the supply of hay to the N.W.M.P., stationed at Regina, is a striking instance of the advancement of civilization among the aboriginal tribes of the Canadian Northwest, and is indisputable evidence of the wisdom of the system of agricultural instruction adopted about a decade ago by the Canadian Government. With the progress that is being made in this direction we may expect ten years hence to find the aborigines sturdy competitors with the whites in other branches of industry besides farming. Good only when dead, does not apply to many of the Canadian Indians.

A petition to the throne has been circulated in Changchitung, China, with a view of stirring up the people to kill all foreigners and burn their property. It shows, among other things, that one concession after another has been made to the "English barbarians," until at no distant day they will get entire possession of the land.

Rat Portage, Oct. 14.—A telegram from Milton, Ont., was received this morning stating that Judge W. D. Lyon had died there yesterday.



Corner McKenzie and Columbia Street, NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SHAVING PARLOR ATTACHED. D. Walker, Manager.

RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

SAMPLE ROOMS FOR COMMERCIALS.

MEDICAL HALL.

ONE OF

THE LARGEST and

THE BEST STOCK OF

DRUGS and

SPECTACLES

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

D. S. CURTIS & Co., New Westminster.



**Terrible Railway Accident.**

Battle Creek, Mich., Oct. 20.—A railroad wreck occurred on the Grand Trunk at St. Nicholas, half a mile east of here, at 3 o'clock this morning. A Raymond-Whitcomb special from the World's Fair collided with No. 9 Express going west. Three cars were burned. It is reported twenty-five persons were killed or burned to death. Fifty more were injured. The Whitcomb special over-ran its orders.

LATER—Detroit, Oct. 20.—Grand Trunk officials in this city have advised that four passengers were killed and twelve injured and two coaches burned. The trains were No. 6 Express, coming east, and No. 9 Express going west. Both were crowded with people coming from and going to the World's Fair. All those killed and injured are from east of Niagara Falls, about evenly divided between New York State and Pennsylvania.

LATER—Battle Creek, Mich., Oct. 20.—Later particulars say at least thirty persons lost their lives, and double as many are badly injured.

When the collision took place the second and third day coaches on the train going west were completely telescoped. It was in these cars that the horrible sacrifice of life took place. The second coach cut through the third coach like a knife, and the roof passed over the heads of the sleeping passengers who were completely entombed in a fiery furnace. There were thirty dead bodies taken out this morning by the firemen. They had been burned like rats in a trap.

The accident happened a mile from the first station, and before water could be turned on the cars, they were all burned. The bodies were burned so badly as to be unrecognizable. Nearly all had their heads, arms and legs burned off, and cannot be identified as yet.

As the second car was driven back through the third, it swept the people in a mass to the north end. In the latter car, in the vicinity of the stove, was where most of the bodies were found. The cars immediately took fire, and in an instant were all in a blaze. One passenger only escaped through the doorway. The others who escaped smashed out the windows and climbed through.

A most horrible sight was presented. Mrs. Charles Van Dusen, Fort Plain, N. Y., succeeded in getting half way out of the window, but her legs remained fastened, and those who ran to her assistance could not release her. She burned to death before their eyes, with half her body still hanging out of the window.

**PROVINCIAL.**

The C.P.R. Company has made a rate on any ore which may be shipped from Nakus to Tacoma of \$7 per ton.

Four smelters are bidding for Slocan ore, the Great Falls, the San Francisco, the Tacoma, and one in Colorado.

In view of the number of laborers who are arriving at Vernon from Vancouver and the east, the *News* wisely utters a word of warning that the Okanagan at the present time is but a limited field for the same.

Collector of Customs Milne has still \$5,000 of the award under the modus vivendi of the British Columbia sealers. Part of this is for men who are dead, and whose heirs have not yet put in a proper claim, the balance is for sealers who are out of the Province.

According to the *Italfax Chronicle*, the story that the King's regiment is to be removed to Victoria is a fake. A verdant reporter went to the barracks to get some news and a couple of sergeants loaded him up with the story, and the reporter was fool enough to believe that the sergeants had received information from the War department that had not been communicated to the commanding officers.

The London Canadian *Gazette* of the 28th inst. reports Canadian securities as being unaffected by other disturbing elements in the London market. It says that Provincial securities were also unaltered, while Ottawa and Vancouver city securities have risen in price. British Columbia 3 per cents were quoted at 93; Province of Quebec's 4 per cents at 98½; Montreal city's 3's at 78; Vancouver's 4 per cents at 101; Canada's 3½ per cents at 104, and Nova Scotia's 3½ per cents at 97½. The bonds of the Shuswap and Okanagan railway showed a decline of 2 per cent.

Stephen Hamlin, of Kingston, Ont., got in trouble with several notorious characters at Salmon City on the evening of the 3rd inst., and was so kicked about the head that he succumbed to his injuries. He was employed in boarding men engaged on the construction work of the Nelson and Fort Sheppard Railroad. He was in Nelson a few days ago and had considerable money. Returning to the railway line he "sat into" a game of cards at Salmon City, in an illicit whisky dive, kept by a man named Leslie. Wm. O'Brien, whom he struck at, did the kicking which ended so fatally.

On Friday night Clement Ortland, a half-breed who lives across Okanagan lake from Kelowna, started to cross the lake. He had in his boat a quantity of flour which he was taking across. The lake was rough, and when a hundred feet or so from the dock his brother, Joe Ortland, heard his cries, and started out in another boat after him. This was the last that was seen of either of them. Both boats were found, with the flour in one of them, and it is thought that he must have fallen out of the boat. Clement Ortland leaves a wife and four small children. His brother was unmarried. So far as heard from the bodies have not been recovered.

An old she bear was the strange yield of a pear tree in the orchard of Mr. Fisher, in Metehosin, on Saturday last. Mr. Fisher had been out gathering pears, and hearing a strange noise in the tree above his head looked up and discovered the bear calmly making a meal of the fruit. He went into the house for his gun, and finding the bear yet in the tree when he returned, fired with deadly effect, the animal dropping the ground. It proved to be old and toothless, and was probably driven by necessity upon such diet as pears, which it devoured with evident relish. Mr. Fisher states that he has been missing the fruit for a considerable time, and this bear was evidently a permanent boarder in his and neighboring orchards.

United States Postmaster-General Bissell is expected to devote considerable attention in his annual report to the projected one-cent postal service. He believes that the inauguration of the service is impossible at present.

**Death of a Notable Woman.**

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 20.—Mrs. Douschka Pickens Dugas, who has just died in Edgfield County, S. C., was the great "Red-shirt heroine" of the Wade Hampton campaign of 1876, which redeemed South Carolina from carpet-bag domination. The State was completely under negro Republican control, but General Hampton had sworn that he would be Governor, "or know the reason why." The Republicans were aroused throughout the State, and clashes with the whites were almost of daily occurrence. At this juncture a band of 1,500 "Red-shirts" rode into Edgfield village with Douschka Pickens at their head. She was clad in a costume of red, and from her hat waved a long plume. She had called the men to follow her; the wildest enthusiasm was kindled throughout the State, and the "red shirts" were triumphant.

A few years later, Douschka Pickens married George Dugas, a man of culture and brilliant attainments. He carried her to Augusta, Ga., his home, where she could have reigned a social queen, but she could not endure the restraints of city life, and returned to the home of her girlhood, where she died. In the funeral cortege were veteran soldiers, old family negroes, and twenty hunting dogs that had often accompanied her in the chase.

Douschka Pickens was the youngest child of Governor Francis W. Pickens, of South Carolina. Her mother was Lucy Holcombe, a Kentucky beauty, who, as a bride, was presented at the Court of St. Petersburg, her husband being U. S. Minister to Russia at the time. The "red-shirt heroine" was born in the palace of the Czar. She was christened Frances, but as a little child she was called Douschka, which in the Russian language means "darling." That name always clung to her.

All the warships at Esquimalt are now preparing to sail for the Sunny South, where the winter months will, as usual, be spent. H.M.S. *Melpomene* is at present in the hands of the carpenters alongside the Naval Yard wharf; the *Champion* and the *Nymphe* have taken on coal and supplies, and the others of the fleet are pluming their wings for flight. H.M.S. *Pheasant* will probably remain in port during the winter. The *Garnet* has not yet learned her fate, though it is definitely known that the *Wild Swan* will not come to this station to relieve her. It is hinted that the *Garnet* may be made stationary ship at Esquimalt, as there is considerable work for such a vessel—or she may return to England with her crew when the commission expires. H.M.S. *Hyacinth* arrived at Callao on the 8th inst., having left all quiet at Honolulu; she proceeded to Peru the following day. The *Champion* will probably be the first away and is bound for Honolulu.

South Cowichan, Oct. 17.—Thomas Colvin and D. Stewart were returning home from business about five o'clock yesterday afternoon when Mr. Stewart's collie bitch, Tibbie, got on the scent of a panther. In a few minutes there was a panther hunt, without a gun or a rifle. After running over logs, brush, etc., for a short time the panther climbed a long dead tree. Mr. Stewart and Tibbie kept the panther up the tree until Mr. Colvin went for William Stubbs and his 54-calibre rifle. The first ball made the panther jump round the tree and twist his tail in ever so many different ways, and the second ball brought him down. It was a male measuring seven feet. Being about dark the hunters made their way home, to return next morning for the head and skin. Tibbie was imported from the north of Scotland 18 months ago and is a collie of the first water.

**Hop Lee's Laundry.**

The above is the popular Laundry of the City. Rates are moderate, and the work is done in a satisfactory manner.  
702 COLUMBIA STREET.

**E. J. NEWTON**

Importer and Manufacturer of

**Harness, Saddles, Etc.**

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

**STOCK SADDLES A SPECIALTY.**

547 Front St., New Westminster.

**J. HENLEY**

Manufacturer of

**Mineral Water,****Syrups,****Essences,**

Etc., Etc.

Factory in rear of City Brewery.

Cunningham St., New Westminster, B. C.

**BY ORDER OF MORTGAGEES.****PARTICULARS OF PROPERTIES**

To be sold by

**PUBLIC AUCTION,  
AT THE MARKET HALL, VANCOUVER,**

—BY—

MR. L. W. PAISLEY, Auctioneer, on.

**SATURDAY, THE 21st DAY OF OCTOBER, 1893,**

**AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.**

1. The whole of the Township of Steveston, with the exception of lots released from Mortgage, as per list which will be produced on the day of sale, and which will be open for inspection by the public, including the following with improvements thereon, namely:

Block 1, Lots 15, 16 and 17, warf and small building.

Block 5, Lot 15, seed store.

Block 7, Lot 1, small store 20x30 feet, and wing 18x30.

Block 7, Lots 7, 8 and 9, opera house 40x80.

Block 7, Lot 12, livery stable 30x45 and 18x60.

Block 20, Lot 5 shack.

Block 20, Lot 7, small stable 16x20.

Block 19, Lot 8, blacksmith's shop 22x40.

Block 23 [whole], own dwelling, two storey, 30x35.

Block 25, Lots 1 and 2, unfinished building.

Also all that portion of Townsite lying North of Moncton Street will be sold by the block or acre, excepting thereon lots which have already been sold.

2. LULU ISLAND—Section 3, Range 7 west. Block 3 north, New Westminster District, containing 160 acres of land, be the same more or less, to be sold in acre property.

3. LULU ISLAND—Sections 28, 29, 30, 31, 32 and 33, Block 4 north, Range 5 west, New Westminster District.

4. LULU ISLAND—Parts of Sections 30, 31 and 32, Block 5 north, Range 4 west, and Sections 25 and 36, Block 5 north, Range 5 west, New Westminster District.

5. LULU ISLAND, North Arm—Known as Pomona Farm, being portions of Section 21, block 5 north, Range 6 west, New Westminster District. This is a well improved farm and rented by the Mortgagor at rental aggregating \$850 per annum. The leases are subsequent to the Mortgage. It is situated within six miles of the Vancouver post office, with good gravel road the year round. One of the most desirable properties to-day on the market in the province.

6. SUMAS—Lots 39 and 354 and fractional South-East Quarter of Section 14, all in Township 16, Group 2, New Westminster District, containing in all 370 acres more or less.

7. SUMAS—The South-East Quarter of Section 9 and the North-West Quarter of Section 10, in Township 19, in New Westminster District, containing 320 acres more or less.

8. HALL'S PRAIRIE—The South-East Quarter of Section 16, Township 1, west of Coast Meridian, New Westminster District.

9. HALL'S PRAIRIE—The South-West Quarter of Section 15, Township 1, New Westminster District, except thereout 5 acres, and being sub-division numbered 29, according to the map or plan deposited in the Land Registry Office, New Westminster, and numbered 644.

10. ABBOTSFORD—The South-East Quarter of Section 11, Township 16, in New Westminster District.

**TERMS OF SALE.**

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the Vendors' Solicitors at the time of sale; a further 15 per cent. in 21 days, with interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, and the balance may remain on mortgage with interest at 8 per cent. per annum. The Vendors reserve the right to bid.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. Corbould, McColl, Wilson & Campbell, Solicitors for the Vendors, Ogle-Thompson Block, Hastings Street, Vancouver, B. C.; to the British Columbia Land and Investment Agency, Limited, Victoria and Vancouver; or to the undersigned at Chilliwack, B. C.

Dated this 28th day of September, 1893.

**L. W. PAISLEY, Auctioneer.**