Official Gazette

97

The Pacific Canadian.

Vol. I. NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, DEC. 9, 1893. No. 13.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HOTELS, Etc.

MERCHANT'S 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. White cooks. 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 choicest of liquors and cigars. Telephone 163., P. O. Box 89. HOGAN BROS., Proprietors.

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

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, corner Columbia and Begbie 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 $1.00 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. BILODEAU, Proprietor.

HOTEL DOUGLAS, corner of Columbia and McKenzie Streets, New Westminster. American and European plan. Shaving parlor attached, under the management of D. Walker. Restaurant open day and night. Sample room for commercials. A. J. TOLMIE, Proprietor. Telephone 111. P. O. Box 224.

THE HOLBKOOK HOUSE, Front Street, New Westminster. This is the popular Hotel of the city. Airy and well furnished rooms. Cusine 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.

DRAYING, 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.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

FOR Sale or exchange for property in B. C. One hundred acres of land in Manitoulin Island—50 acres cleared, balance good hardwood and cedar. Four miles from county town, 1 mile from school, good house, good water. Title good. Adress, SUBSCRIBER, Office Pacific Canadian.

Pure Bred Berkshire Pigs.

The undersigned, breeder of Pure Bred Berkshire Swine, has always on hand pigs of all ages, which will be sold at reasonable prices. Apply to

THOMAS SHANNON,
Cloverdale, B.C.

XMAS, - 1893

New goods arriving daily at

H. MOREY & CO'S

Don't place your orders before seeing our Stock.

Opposite Masonic Block,
NEW WESTMINSTER

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.

JUST OPENED.

The new and Most Elegantly Furnished

GUICHON HOTEL.

STEAM RADIATORS IN EVERY ROOM, TOGETHER WITH BATH ACCOMODATIONS, EXCELENT FARE, —FINE SERVICE.—

We Lead, Others Follow.

C. E. ROOS,
Manager,

$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 house glad. Try it for three months for 25 cents.

CITY AND DISTRICT.

TRY the CANADIAN till 1st January, 1895, for $1.

MR. C. D. RAND is in New York on business connected with the B. I. and F. V. railroad.

THE High School entrance examinations, which opened on Monday, are concluded, but the results will not be known for a couple of weeks.

DURING the month of November, 17 births, 6 marriages and 23 deaths were registered at the Government agent's office in this city.

ACCORDING to an item in the *World*, Mr. R. G. Tatlow has about made up his mind to be a candidate for the City of Vancouver at the approaching Provincial elections.

ALMOST the entire staff of the *Columbian* have been down this week with the prevailing influenza. We are very glad to learn that all are now making good progress towards recovery.

THE case against Kelly and Rutter, of Langley, which was set for the 4th inst., has been further adjourned till the close of the Stroebel trial in Victoria, so that Mr. Moresby may be in attendance.

DR. YOUNG, of Comox, who had been suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, died in the Nanaimo hospital on Wednesday morning. He was a native of Seaforth, Ont., and only 30 years of age.

IT is said that some 300 ratepayers will be unable to vote at Monday's election, having failed to pay their taxes within the specified period. Only fourteen persons registered under the Householders' Act.

THE Wellington *Advocate* has ceased publication, the publisher, Mr. McManns, finding it a losing venture, and the people unappreciative. It is said Dr. Walkem will immediately fill the vacancy with the *Weekly Mail*.

WHILE Mrs. William Murray was walking on Front street on Saturday evening a man tried to snatch her purse. The same person applied for a lodging at the police station and, being recognized, was on Monday committed for trial.

F. J. ELLIOTT, alias C. S. Butler, has been committed to stand his trial for attempting to pass a forged draft on the Bank of Montreal for $5,000. His counsel says that Butler will plead that he did not know the draft was forged.

As will be observed by advertisement in another column Mayor Curtis, in response to a requisition, has called a public meeting for this (Saturday) evening, in the City Hall, to discuss matters in connection with the mayoralty election contest.

MR. A. C. WILSON, who has been negotiating for a site for a pottery here, and has been offered very liberal terms, evidently holds a high opinion of the value to a community of his proposed industry. He is asking Vancouver for a free site.

THE Customs returns for the port of New Westminster for November were: Imports: Dutiable goods, $34,433; free, $71,136; total, 105,569. Duty collected, $11,336.25. The other revenues were $205.28. Total collections, $11,541.53. Exports, $111,804.

THE Westminster Fish Co.'s steamer Capilano arrived from the North with 45,000 pounds of fresh halibut, being a large increase on her first catch. Most of the fish were shipped to New York, and the steamer returned to the fishing grounds for another cargo.

THE Bazaar in aid of the Orphanage of the Good Shepherd, held in the drill shed during Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday was well patronized, and proved very successful financially. The ladies who had the matter in hand are to be congratulated upon the happy result of their labors.

RUMOR has it that the McLaren-Ross mills may change hands within a few weeks. A syndicate of English and American capitalists are said to be negotiating for the purchase of the mills and a large section of the company's timber limits. It is to be hoped the deal will be consumated and the saws started.

FOR several trips the up river steamers have been unable to reach Chilliwack Landing, owing to the lowness of the water in the river. The bar which has been forming opposite Chilliwack Landing for some time threatens to destroy navigation at that point. The channel is now on the opposite side of the river.

THE seventh annual anniversary of the Olivet Baptist Church will be held on Sunday the 17th. There will be three services on that day conducted as follows: In the morning, Rev. J. Wear, B.A., of Vancouver; in the afternoon, Rev. A. B. Banks, D.D.; in the evening, Rev. P. McT. McLeod, late of St. Andrew's church, Victoria. On the following Tuesday a social will be held, when the above mentioned speakers will be present.

ON Sunday morning there died in New Westminster William Clarkson, a pioneer merchant, whose residence in British Columbia dates back to 1858. He had been ailing for some time past, the immediate cause of his death being la grippe. Deceased was aged 73, and emigrated to Canada with his parents when about 13 years old. He leaves a widow and five daughters, namely, Mrs. J. C. Brown, Mrs. C. J. Major, Mrs. J. S. Clute, Mrs. Siveright, and Miss Clarkson. Mr. Clarkson was the owner of extensive property both in Vancouver and New Westminster. He was a prominent Methodist, and recently donated to that body a tract of land on which the Columbian college will likely be erected. Mr. Clarkson was a genial gentleman, industrious, and highly esteemed by a wide circle of friends resident in all parts of the Province.

MRS. GALBRAITH, wife of Mr. Hugh Galbraith, of Messrs. Galbraith & Sons, succumbed to an attack of la grippe on Monday night last. The lady had been in failing health for several months, and when attacked by the influenza last Friday, rapidly weakened, and, despite the most assiduous medical attention, her condition gradually became worse until Monday evening, when hope of her recovery was abandoned, and death followed a few hours later. The deceased lady was 50 years of age, a native of New Brunswick, and came to the Province ten years ago. She leaves a husband, six sons and one daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Cooper, all of whom have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends.

THE first annual meeting of the Municipal Association of British Columbia was held in the City Hall here on Tuesday afternoon, Mayor Curtis presiding. There was a very small attendance of outside members. The annual report was read and adopted. A lengthy discussion followed, covering many matters of concern to the rural municipalities, and a number of resolutions expressing the sense of the meeting were adopted. The annual election of officers was then proceeded with, and resulted as follows: President, W. J. Walker; vice-presidents, C. B. Sword, M P.P. (Matsqui), Reeve Armstrong (Surrey), Reeve Lawson (South Vancouver); treasurer, M. Sinclair; secretary, A. Philip.

MISS LINNIE LEWIS, who holds an enviable reputation as an artist, and whose productions are widely admired, has been holding a series of well-attended receptions in her studio in the Curtis-Burns block during the week. Her work was highly appreciated by the many visitors, who came away greatly impressed with the high artistic talent which they evidenced. Miss Lewis spent several months this year under one of the best known portrait painters in the East, perfecting herself in that line of her art.

THE trial of young Stroebel, accused of murdering Marshall at Huntingdon, which created so much interest here, was opened at the Victoria Assizes on Wednesday. The indictment was mislaid here, and a new one had to be prepared. The Grand Jury brought in a true bill. There are twenty-five witnesses to be examined, and the trial will likely occupy four or five days.

IN another column we publish a letter from prominent settlers of Coquitlam Municipality relating to dyking matters. We know nothing of the particulars, but what our correspondents ask for seems very reasonable.

MR. JOHN BOND, of Cloverdale, was in town on Thursday. He came in for his daughter, who has been attending school at Coquitlam during the summer.

THE PACIFIC CANADIAN for thirteen months for $1. Every household in B.C. should have it.

MR. TOMMY GRAY, of Vancouver, an old Manitoba friend, paid us a visit on Wednesday.

THE MARKET.

Yesterday was a fair average day at the market. Supply and demand about balanced, except in beef, of which there was rather too much offered. Quotations are practically the same as last week, and there were no special features to note.

Ducks or geese were not offered. A few turkeys brought $1.75 to $2 each. Chickens, live, $4 to $4.50 per doz.; dressed, 50 to 60 cents each. Live hens may be quoted at $6 per doz.

Butter is unchanged at 50 to 60 cents per roll. Eggs, 40 to 45 cents per doz. for ordinary, and 50 cents for choice fresh.

Pork, whole, $8; cuts, 9 to 11 cents. Beef, fore quarters, $5; hind quarters, $6 to $7; cuts, 7 to 11 cents. Mutton, 9 cents by the carcase; cuts, 11 to 13 cents.

Hay, $13 per ton.

Oats, $25 to $27. Wheat, $28 to $30. Peas, $30.

Potatoes, $14 to $18 per ton wholesale. Turnips, $10; mangolds are called for at $7; white carrots, $9; red carrots, $12.50. Beets, 1 cent per pound; cabbage, 1 cent; parsnips, ¾ cent; onions, 1½ cents.

Apples, $1 to $1.25 per box.

Cranberries, 35 cents per gallon.

The Nominations.

The civic nominations on Monday last proved to be an exceedingly tame affair. The aldermen and school trustees were all elected by acclamation as follows:

ALDERMEN.—Ward 1: Joseph Jagger and Jas. Cunningham. Ward 2: A. M. Herring and Thos. Ovens. Ward 3: F. R. Pearson and W. A. Duncan. Ward 4: Thos. Gifford and Jas. Lord. Ward 5: W. H. Keary and Geo. McKenzie.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.—Dr. Boggs, John McKenzie, and D. S. Curtis.

THE MAYORALTY.

There were three nominations for Mayor, namely: Henry Hoy, Marshall Sinclair and Jas. Johhston.

The polling takes place on Monday next.

Pitt Meadows Dyke.

To the Editor of Pacific Canadian.

SIR,—We should feel much obliged if you would afford us space to inquire through your columns, what the Commissioners of the Pitt Meadows Dyking Scheme (Coquitlam Municipality) are doing. Some months ago a public meeting was called and adjourned. Since then the landowners have heard nothing whatever from the Commissioners as to how matters are progressing. We understand that, owing to the great cost, many of the landowners are not by any means in favor of the scheme being carried out on its present lines, and we contend that a public meeting should be at once called to put this, and other matters, before the landowners, so that they may not remain quite so much in the dark as they now are, as to what so much concerns their pockets and ultimate prosperity.

We remain, etc.,
JOHN SMITH,
E. A. ATKINS,
DONALD MCLEAN.

Coquitlam, Dec. 6, '93.

The City Milk Supply.

To the Editor of Pacific Canadian.

SIR,—In the daily *Columbian* some few days ago, appeared a letter signed by the McKee Bros. on the milk question. With them I agree a milk inspector is required, but at the same time I think the last part of their letter was a little out of form. Why should they hint that adulterated milk is being sold by opposition vendors? Do either of the brothers McKee know the French adage—*Qu'il excuse il s'accuse.* Their letter savors of the Pharisee in the Bible. But to return to our mutton. The town requires more funds, why not license milk peddlers.

There are some 16 or 17 in the business besides which there are numerous gentlemen amateur lacteal fluid dispensers living in the town. So the city might collect a nice little sum annually at $50 a year, payable half-yearly in advance. Having got their town inspector, I think the Council and their M.P. should ask the Government to appoint an inspector of dairy premises in the Province. One man could inspect all the dairies supplying the towns.

During the last two decades several epidemics have been caused by and traced to impure milk supply resulting from ill-ventilated sheds, imperfect drainage, over-crowded buildings, and diseased cows. These are all far more dangerous to the consumer than a poor little sturgeon or hump-back salmon that may have jumped into the milk can for sport or pure cussedness. The consumer can detect adulteration many ways; but he cannot see the germs of disease lying hid in the milk from the causes I have above enumerated.

The inspector should have power to kill all diseased cows, burn down buildings where any disease is found, see that all utensils used are kept clean, and, lastly, see that the men who milk the cows take a bath once a year whether they want it or not.

Yours truly,
FUNGUS.

Poverty Hall Dairy Farm,
Liverpool.

LANGLEY COUNCIL.

Council met at the Town Hall, Langley, on Saturday, Dec. 2nd, at 11 a.m.

Present: The Reeve and Councillors Morrison, Rawlison and Simonds.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

COMMUNICATIONS.

From G. Simpson stating that two animals had been stolen from his pound during the night; received. From W. Best, re extras to bridge. Coun. Simonds was instructed to inspect the same, and if extra work was found to have been put on by the contractor, to empower the clerk to draw the Government's attention to the matter, on behalf of W. Best. From G. Rawlison, for K. of P. Lodge, drawing the Council's attention to the chimney of the Town Hall. Coun. Rawlison was instructed to attend to it immediately.

Clerk was instructed to offer the position of auditor to Mr. H. Wilkie at a salary of $20, and in the event of his declining to call for applications for next meeting at that salary.

G. Rawlison was appointed Returning Officer for 1894 for the annual election.

Clerk was instructed to petition the Government to appoint a constable for Langley and vicinity.

Coun. Simonds reported having let statute labor contract to M. Matheson at $16 and Coun. Rawlison having let the repairing of the chimney to J. A. Shearer at $27.50.

The following accounts were received and ordered paid: J. Murchison, $6; W. Laurence, $5.25; G. Simpson, $4; J. Gray, $3; J. Drummond, $4; O. Wilkie, $3.25; F. White, $50; F. Worrell, $24.90; H. Vivian, $50; M. Matheson, $16; John Smith, $5; J. Culbert, 50 cents; F. Worrell, $7.60; and G. Rawlison, $6.

Council adjourned until Tuesday, Jan. 2nd.

Winnipeg, Dec. 6. — A Lethbridge, Alberta, special to the Free Press, says: Last evening Tom Purcell, an old time whiskey trader, came to town and surrendered himself to the police, stating that he had shot and killed Dake Akers of Fort Whoopup, his friend for forty years. Deceased was known and respected in the western country from Alberta to Arizona. This is a tragical ending of an old score between them regarding a cattle deal. Tom claims he did it in self defence, Akers having attacked him with a riding whip. Coroner Higginbotham and a jury left the scene of the shooting and returned bringing the body with them.

Guelph, Dec. 6.—The body of James Hurley, a cattle drover of this City, was found on the road near Gourock, 4 miles from here. There is no evidence to show the cause of death.

PROVINCIAL.

The duty collected last month at Nanaimo amounted to $4,518; value of imports, $12,646.

Sleighing is now the order of the day in the Okanagan country, where the snow lies crisp and deep.

Nanaimo will have a most exceptionally light criminal assize. There is as yet but one prisoner, a Chinaman, for trial.

It is stated that a large tract of prairie land lies untouched, within two days' travel of Stave Lake, though but two white men have ever reached it.

Complaint is made that the Hatzic Dyke has been so constructed, as to stop all use of the Hatzic river, even by a row boat. Action will be taken for the removal of the obstruction.

The grippe is now troubling large numbers of the people in the Okanagan country and seems in fact to have become a universal temporary affliction of the Province.

Nanaimo's foreign coal shipments for November totalled 44,697 tons, of which 20,937 were from the New Vancouver Coal Company's mines and 22,250 from those of Wellington.

The naval reserve officers of the steamship Empress of China are drilling on board the flagship. According to the regulations they must put in twenty-one days' drill each year.

Advices received from the north by the steamer Barbara Boscowitz state that there is ice in the Skeena river almost to the mouth. The season has been an extremely cold one.

L. Casey and S. Creech, of Comox, have gone North in search of Hugh L. Lynn. Casey knows the northern districts, and it is thought likely his search will prove successful.

It is understood that a Victoria contractor is likely to obtain the contract for the Government buildings, in competition with tenderers from England, France, Eastern Canada and the United States.

On the 25th ult., the first shipment of hops from the Okanagan country to England was made by the Coldstream ranch. A car containing about seven tons was consigned direct to London, and as the hops were in first-class condition, it is expected that they will command a good price in the English market.

An old Revelstoke resident says the steamboats will not be able to ply on the river for two months after the ice clears off next spring on account of lowness of water. Never within living memory has the river been so low at this season, and until the snow melts there will be no rise.

The total customs collections for November at Vancouver were $27,379.65. Imports, free, $53,864; imports, dutiable, $84,085. The exports were $67,567. The total inland revenue receipts reached $99,043.55, an increase of $1,731 over last year.

Word has reached Victoria that the sealers will do better in the returns from the London sales of Wednesday than was expected. Some of the skins brought 57 shillings, and will in some instances net the owners about $12. Others will net $11, while many will be below that. It is reported that there had been some reservations of skins from the sales, but that is not believed.

Lost Arctic Explorers.

St. John, Nfld., Dec. 4.—Rev. Dr. Harvey of this city received the following brief message in a mail by the steamship Assyria from Liverpool:

"Southeast Carey Island, August 16, 1892.—Passed over Melville Bay August 13 after being nipped in the Baffin's bay ice in latitute 73 degrees. Reached Carey Island on August 16. Please forward the enclosed letter to relations in Sweden. S. BJORNING."

Bjorning was a young Swede, who, in company with a companion named Kalstinius, sailed from St. Johns, July, 1892, bound for Smith's Bay, a small body of water directly north of Baffin's bay, on the direct route to the north pole, to make some geographical investigations and collect specimens of the fauna and flora of that region. Their plan was to proceed direct to Smith's Bay, finish their investigations and then return to one of the Danish settlements. On November 14 Harvey received a cablegram from England that the schooner Ripple, which was purchased by the two young men, had been found in Baffin's bay with the skeletons of the crew on board. Nothing was said about the two young men and nothing was known regarding their movements after leaving Dysco, Greenland. The message from Bjorning shows that they reached only the entrance to Smith's Sound, which leads into Smith's bay. When Lieutenant Parry, who was specially requested by the Swedish ambassador in New York to make enquiries regarding them, was preparing to set out on his second attempt to reach the pole, he said the only chance the young men had was to winter among the Esquimaux. There appears to be no doubt but they perished.

London, Dec. 2.—The two year old daughter of W. J. McAdoo, of Maitland street, fell into a pot of boiling water and was scalded to death.

Prof. Plummer, of Port Townsend, predicts an exceptionally high tide on December 22nd. On that day, he says, the moon will be nearest the earth, and will run high. The earth will be almost at its nearest position to the sun, and the moon will be full. These are conditions which are most favorable to a high tide, and as they will all occur on the same day it is only common sense to expect an unusually high tide on the days following. If it is only two inches higher than any previous known tide it will be sufficient for proof and, indeed, if the ocean winds are very unfavorable, the difference may be hardly noticeable."

UNITED STATES.

San Francisco, Dec. 5.—The U.S. revenue cutter Corwin sailed at 2 o'clock this morning. Her destination is not made public, but it is believed she carries important dispatches from Washington to Minister Willis and Admiral Irwin at Honolulu.

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 2.—Archbishop Ireland said to-day regarding the resolution of the Jesuits in Germany: "I am a strong advocate of plenary religious liberty in America, and, in fact, the world over." He refused to express himself further.

Burlington, Ia., Dec. 2.—A terrible blizzard and cold wave has visited Iowa at an unfortunate time. There is no water for stock, and no probability of getting any, the ground being frozen a foot deep. Much suffering is expected. The thermometer indicated 10 degrees below zero yesterday, and reports of suffering among stock are coming in. Joseph Fleet was frozen to death here last night. Teams are crossing the Mississippi river on the ice.

San Francisco, Dec. 2.—The associated wholesale grocers of California and the San Francisco Board of Trade have declared war on the new Wilson tariff bill, as prepared by the Committee on Ways and Means. Resolutions protesting most vigorously against the proposed reduction of one cent a pound in the duties on foreign prunes and raisins were yesterday unanimously adopted. Prominent fruit growers assert that the reduction contemplated in the bill means absolute destruction of the prune and raisin industries of California, and all parties interested are earnestly asked to co-operate with the wholesale grocers and the board of trade in fighting the obnoxious proposals.

San Francisco, Dec. 2.—Mrs. Fryer, better known as Pauline Cushman, the noted female scout of the rebellion, died to-day from the effects of a dose of morphine which she took last night; but whether accidentally or otherwise, has not been determined. Mrs. L. Taylor, landlady of the lodging house where Mrs. Fryer died, said this afternoon that Mrs. Fryer had been in the house for three years. The deceased had suffered from rheumatism and had been in the habit of taking morphine to ease her pain. Mrs. Fryer's only income was the pension money she received on account of her first husband, Charles Dickenson. She had a second husband, Jerry Fryer, from whom she had been separated for some time. She had been widely celebrated on account of her services during the war.

The Bank of England.

London, Dec. 5.—The "Daily News," referring to the stories about the Bank of England says: "The false and exaggerated gossip soon falls away, wanting substance to rest on. The Meximum loss will be £300,000. Good inside estimates do not exceed £150,000, including the loss by transactions with the Murrietas and the South America and Maxican Company, the amount realised by the securities pledged being doubtful." The "News" adds that to appoint a Government official for the purpose of dictating to the directors, thus disencumbering them of responsibility, would be a mistake. "As now constituted," it says, "the Bank may be a lumbering old coach, but it is eminently safe, which is the first necessity."

Ottawa, Dec 5.—An important order has been issued by the Department of Militia. It states that the Major General having observed the evil effects in the militia camps of instruction of the unrestricted sale of intoxicating liquors, the sale of such liquor in regimental messes and canteens at camps is henceforth entirely prohibited. Officers commanding camps of instruction will be held responsible for the proper carrying out of this order, and they, together with the officer commanding the units of the active militia will, in those districts that the law so directs, be liable to prosecution, and in respect of any liquor sold in tents or other premises subject to their control, be liable, in addition, to such penalty as may be inflicted for a breach of military discipline.

London, Dec. 5.—In a letter on the Irish land question, Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, the Liberal Unionist leader in the House of Commons, declares that his views of the subject have undergone no change. He does not seek, however, to bind the Liberal Unionists to his views. It is his belief that the solution of the question must be found through purchase only. Dual ownership by means of the tenant fixing authority, has no element of finality. The state ought to adopt legislation providing that when three-fourths of the tenants of any estate are anxious to buy the landlords shall be compelled to sell. In the case of landlords having to sell, if three-fourths of the tenants refuse to buy, the State will purchase. The landlord will get a fair value for his property, excluding anything for the compulsory sale of the first grant allotted. The effect of the operation ought not to exceed the amount proposed in the Balfour act.

St. Johns, Nfld., Dec. 5.—Rev. Dr. Power, the Roman Catholic bishop of St. Johns, died yesterday afternoon. He took a cold a few weeks since and it developed into bronchitis. He was in the church on Saturday evening and his death was not anticipated. The city is amazed and filled with sorrow. All denominations mourn the deceased. Dr. Power was 62 years of age, a native of Ireland, and took charge of the diocese here in 1870. Dr. Brennan, the new coadjutor, now absent on a confirmation tour, will probably succeed to the diocese.

Winnipeg, Dec. 5.—Mrs. McLeod, of Beaver Creek, who was shot in the back of the head on Saturday by the explosion of a gun cartridge, which fell to the floor from her little son's hand, succumbed to her injuries last night.

SISTER JONES' CONFESSION.

I thought the deacon liked me, yit ,
I warn't adzackly shore of it,
Fer, mind ye, time and time ag'in
When jiners 'ud be comin in
I'd seed him shakin hands as free
With all the sistern as with me!
But jurin last revival, where
He called on me to lead in prayer
An kneeled there with me, side by side,
A-whisper'n "he felt sanctified
Jes' tetchin of my gyarment's hem,"
That settled things as fur as them
Thare other wimmin was concerned!
And—well, I know I must 'a' turned
A dozen colors! Flurried? La!
No mortal sinner never saw
A gladder widder than the one
A-kneelin there and wonderun
Who'd pray! So glad, upon my word,
I railly couldn't thank the Lord!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

ONE DAY'S FISHING.

"Like a blooming idiot," said the major, "I agreed to take the colonel fishing.

"Well, the next afternoon, which was Saturday, he came around with a fishing rod that I gave him, and when I got into the cab blame me if he didn't have a trunk. 'Got my things in that,' said he, and may I eternally fry if there weren't things enough in that trunk to stock a pawnshop. By ged, he had everything from evening clothes to a patent bootjack. But he hasn't them any more," and the major chuckled.

"We started for Mud Run, out in Pennsylvania. I'd never been there before, but a man told me there was good fishing there. He was a liar, by the way.

"About the time we got started the colonel wanted to smoke, and by the hind hobs of Gehenna if he hadn't packed all the cigars in that bloody trunk. When I cussed, he tried to get up in the baggage car and was nearly killed. Then he got some bad cigars from the porter and growled for an hour steady. Pretty soon he wanted a drink, and the whisky was in that confounded trunk.

"The woman at the hotel where we got out said it was too late to get anything to eat, and the colonel got mad and called me a burbling chump for dragging him out into the wilderness.

"When the boy waked us in the morning, the colonel kicked because he had to get up so early. He had the deuce of a time finding his things in that infernal trunk, and he kicked because I got impatient.

"The woman at the hotel looked queer when we got down. 'Going fishing?' says she. 'You'd better look out for the constable. It's against the law to fish round here Sundays.'

"Then the colonel got suspicious and said he didn't want to be locked up. I got him into the wagon, and the driver says: 'Better look out for the constable. It's against the law to fish round here Sundays.'

" 'Say,' says the colonel, 'I'm not going to get locked up and bring eternal disgrace upon my family.' I choked him off finally, and we started. Then we met a farmer, and he 'lowed that we'd get in trouble if we fished on Sunday. The driver grinned and the colonel, like the eternal galoot he is, says, 'I told you so.' It took me about 10 minutes to choke him off, but he growled all the way to the stream.

"Say," continued the major, "did you ever see the colonel catch trout? No? Well, neither did anybody else. He couldn't catch a trout in a week of leap years. By ged, it was a sight to see him whip the stream. It was like driving balky mules over a broken bridge. He banged that river until half the fish in it were scared to death, and I guess he thought he could catch trout by knocking them stone dead with his rod. He lost about two dozen flies trying to cast half the length of his rod, and then he got his line all tangled up in the bushes. Did you ever hear the colonel swear? Well, hodcarriers and river pirates aren't in it with the colonel. Talk about breaking the Sabbath! Why, the colonel swore enough to send an army to perdition for eternity.

"While the colonel was cussing everything in sight the driver came tearing down the road, waving his hands like a windmill in full sail.

" 'Hi!' he yelled, 'the constable's coming, and he's after you too. You'd better get. Cut up through the woods there, and I'll meet you at the turn of the pike.'

"We didn't know where the turn of the pike was, but the colonel grabbed me by the arm and hustled up into the woods. When we got under cover, he was steaming like a soap factory and cussing me too.

" 'What in the name of thunder did you ever bring me out here for? You want to get me arrested, do you?'

"I was that speechless that I couldn't answer. I just stood and looked at him. Pretty soon I recovered.

" 'Brought you out here?' said I. 'You blooming blot of idiocy, who brought you out here? You came yourself.'

"Then the colonel got madder than ever, and he wouldn't talk again. But that was a mercy.

"It was getting along toward dark when we got to the hotel. The colonel was prancing up to the front door when the man who drove the team come out of a barn.

" 'Hey,' says he, 'the constable's waiting for you fellows. He's over to the hotel.'

"Maybe I and the colonel didn't run. We just lit out and hung around in the brush until it was plum dark. Then we crawled back to the hotel, but the constable was still sitting there.

"Then the colonel tried to make a bolt to the woods, and the constable saw him. With a whole pack in full cry after us, the colonel and I ran down the hill. I guess we outdistanced the constable and his crew. But after awhile they came after us with lanterns, and we had to run again. Up in the heavy brush they lost us, and when we got our wind we struck out for the railroad.

"The nearest station was 10 miles away, and the colonel was nearly dead before we got half way there. He sat down on a tie and swore that he was dying. He was wet through and about the most miserable man that ever cussed a streak of hard luck.

"The colonel got so bad that I got some chips and started a fire by the railroad track. He lay down beside it and tried to get dry. He was just beginning to grunt, when there was a roar down the road, and the train came puffing round the curve.

"The first thing the engineer saw I guess was our fire, and then you should have heard the racket. He just turned all his steam into his old whistle and tooted like a fiend possessed. The train came to a standstill by our fire, and then the conductor came racing up, swearing awfully. I got out. The colonel expostulated, but they were so mad they were going to thrash him. I got on the platform of the last car, and blow me if they would let the colonel get on. He prayed and pleaded, but the conductor said no, and the train started with the colonel doing more cussing.

"When the last car was abreast, however, the colonel grabbed the hand bar and hung on for his life. He took steps about four yards long, and when the train got going he just sailed out behind. I yanked and pulled till I got him aboard. My, I thought he was going to die. But he didn't. After awhile he began swearing again, and then I felt relieved.

"After we had gone about 10 miles we got up to get into the car. The colonel went first, but he hadn't taken two steps when he fell back with a gasp.

" 'What's the matter?' says I.

" 'Matter?' says he. 'The constable's in that car.'

"And sure enough he was. Then we went out on the steps and sat in the cold. The colonel shivered till he rocked the car, and he more than lit into me. Say, I've been sworn at in 15 different languages, but the way the colonel sailed into me was art. I sat there and groaned, and for about 20 miles the train left a streak of blue behind.

"We rode on the tail of that car for 50 miles, and the colonel swore all the way. Every time we came to a station we got off and hid. And after every station the colonel was worse than ever.

"Finally it got so bad that I got desperate and went into the car. The constable was gone. I asked a red nosed man in the back seat where the constable was, and he told me that the constable had left the train an hour before. And there we two blooming chumps sat on that platform all that time.

"I let the colonel sit there for about an hour more before I went out and told him. And then you should have heard him curse. It was awful, and I had to leave him. I haven't seen him since."

Just then a limp figure came slouching around the corner. When it saw the major, there was a start of surprise. It made a vain attempt to escape discovery. The major saw, and with a dash he secured the cringing form. It was the colonel.

"Colonel," said the major, "let bygones be bygones."

"They are," said the colonel. "Let's take a drink."

And they did.—New York World.

A Quaint Custom.

A unique proceeding in connection with the distribution of the White Bread Meadow charity takes place annually during the first week in April at Bourne, Lincolnshire. By the will of Richard Clay, gentleman, dated July 2, 1770, some land was allotted to the inhabitants for the time being residing in the east portion of the town, the rent being every year laid out in bread and distributed to the householders and commoners. The letting of the meadow is attended by a large concourse of people, the bidding being regulated by the running of boys.

The auctioneer starts the boys to run a fixed distance, whereupon he requests bids for renting the property one year. If a bid is made during the time the boys are running, they are immediately started off again and again until no bid shall have been made during the time the boys are running, when the last bidder is declared the lessee. The public afterward adjourn to an inn, where a spread of spring onions, cheese and beer are supplied ad lib. to all who wish to partake, after which a committee for managing the charity for the following year is appointed.—Million.

Men and Bears.

A man named Conn went hunting for bear near Creede, Colo., the other day. He wanted to do a little killing just for fun. Presently he stirred up a she bear with two cubs, and he banged away at the cubs, wounding both. The mother resented this boisterous humor and chased Mr. Conn up a tree and dallied with him awhile herself. Mr. Conn was burried by his friends next day, a victim of his own superexuberant lust for fun.

The bear is a peaceable, inoffensive creature. It seeks a home remote from the haunts of humanity. It certainly seems to have some rights which mankind should respect. We have no sympathy with people who make a practice of going about slaughtering game in cold blood merely "for the fun of the thing." If man is so inhuman as not to enact and conserve laws for the protection of the bear, we certainly shall applaud the bear for protecting itself.—Chicago Record.

Curiosities About Observatories.

The first recorded observatory was on the top of the temple of Belus; the tomb of Osymadias in Egypt was the second. This last contained a golden astronomical circle 200 feet in diameter. Another at Benares, India, is believed to be almost as ancient as either of the other two. The first in Europe was erected at Cassell in 1561; that of Tycho Brahe at Uraninburg was built in 1576. The Paris observatory dates from 1667 and that of Greenwich is two years older. The one at Nuremberg was erected in 1678 and that at Berlin in 1711. The famous Bologna tower was built in 1714. The Stockholm, Utrecht, Copenhagen and Lisbon observatories were built in 1740, 1650, 1656 and 1728 respectively.—Philadelphia Press.

A Lie Told In School.

It has always been father's purpose to give his children a fair education, but as the family increased in size and numbers and father's salary would not grow in the same proportion, he found it necessary to cut down some of the avenues of expenditure. One of his first thoughts was that of the shoe bill for the family. Said he, "I'll be the cobbler when any shoes need repairing after this." Unfortunately my shoes gave out first, and the next day was set for repair day. Father brought from the shop where he was working some of the old belting that had been laid by. This leather was thoroughly saturated with oil, and as I entered the schoolroom next day with new taps on my shoes the oil would form a mark on the floor, just like a footprint on the newly fallen snow, and what good excuse to tell I couldn't think of.

It became an eyesore to the whole school, and I was wishing somehow I might take a vacation. Finally the teacher noticed it. I was called up to the desk, leaving my track all the way, and asked to explain. Shaking like a leaf, I told the story. My brother Jack and I had got to fighting the other day in the cellar, and he threw me in a pan of grease that was near by cooling. That lie settled the teacher, but the other element of the school were not satisfied until they stood me on my head and looked at my shoes.—Cor. New York Recorder.

In a City Restaurant.

A trifling incident noted not long ago in a city restaurant tells its own story and needs no spoken moral. Two girls, possibly attendants in a shop, were sitting together eating their luncheon, and one was holding forth to her companion on an experience which had just befallen her.

"I came in here," said she, "and got this seat, but wan't long before an old lady came in and sat next to me. She took off one pair of glasses and put on another. Then she stared and stared at the bill of fare and laid it down. I thought first she couldn't read a word. Then she turned around to me.

" 'Will you let me sit next to the window?' says she.

"I didn't take any notice, and in a minute she said it again. Then I answered her:

" 'No,' says I, 'this is my seat, and I'm going to keep it.'

"She turned 'way round in her chair then and looked me all over. Then she looked away. But I guess she knew I'd got the best of her, for she did have the manners to say:

" 'I beg your pardon.'

"She spoke real low, and I noticed she looked kind of surprised."—Youth's Companion.

Sticks In Mercantile Life.

Many young men choose a mercantile position for the present only without thought or intention of making it a permanent business. The result is that oftentimes we find these men at 30 years receiving no more pay than they did when only 18.

There is an army of this class of young men behind counters today. They are an aimless, pitiable class. They stand listlessly in their departments and are as unobservant of what's going on around them as are the inanimate figures which one sees at the entrance of clothing establishments.

Many of them let slip grand opportunities of becoming great business factors in the commercial world and have doomed themselves to the treadmill of common drudgery. Singleness of purpose implies self reliance, without which a young business man is not thoroughly furnished for a successful business career. —Dry Goods Economist.

Pleasure In the Heavens.

There is a satisfaction in learning the names and positions of the stars that does not belong to the study of the planets. The stars apparently never change so far as their position relative to each other is concerned. The planets are always moving, and to those who do not watch the heavens with particular attention it is a cause of surprise very often to find a "new star" adorning a certain section of the heavens. If, however, this newcomer be carefully observed from night to night, it will be found to change its distance from the fixed stars, and the observer will discover that it is a planet and at liberty to wander about from place to place under the sole condition that it obeys certain rules of motion. When the bright stars that grace the heavens become familiar to observers, they will know just what to expect on each succeeding season.—New York Times.

Customers Too Particular.

Some years ago the proprietors of a so called "ulster house" in London placed in their windows a placard setting forth a new rule of their establishment, namely, that no orders given by Americans would be executed unless the orders were paid for beforehand. The proprietor on being interviewed declared that American ladies were much too hard to please—infinitely more so than English ones. They insisted upon having their things made to fit or they refused to take them. "I had an ulster sent back to me the other day, for instance," he remarked, "by an American customer merely because it was longer in front than it was at the back." Only that and nothing more!—Lucy Hooper in Home Journal.

The Name of Stebbins.

The Stebbins family is fairly numerous. It is not now a classic name. Its owners wear it ignorantly. More the shame for them. It is by right a classic name, borne as it was by the first of Christian martyrs—St. Steven, sometimes spelled Stephen. Steven is the Dutch way of spelling it. Spell it in Spanish—Esteban. Drop the initial silent e and then you have Steban. Among the ignorant the step to Stebbins is very short. And the honorable name of St. Steven takes on degradation, even as the fine old Norman-French name D'Aubaine becomes the homely Dobbins.—Davenport Democrat.

Hop Lee's Laundry.

The above is the popular Lanndry of the City. Rates are moderate, and the work is done in a satisfactory manner.

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M. JENSEN, Shop 39 McKenzie Street. Old Furniture repaired and made to look like new. Furniture made to order.

A call solicited. Carpenterwork promptly attended to.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next Session, for an Act to Incorporate a Company to construct, maintain and operate a Canal or Navigation from some point on Burrard Inlet in or near Port Moody in British Columbia, thence in an Easterly direction to some point on Pitt River in Township 40 or in Township 9; and with power to construct and operate all works and structures necessary or proper in connection therewith; to acquire by purchase, expropriation or otherwise lands for the purposes of the Company and to dispose thereof, to charge and collect tolls and dues, to build wharves and store or warehouses; to build or purchase Steamer or Sailing Vessels, scows and barges, to reclaim lands and foreshores to construct and operate telegraph or telephones and to do all other acts incidental or necessary to the objects above mentioned.

Dated this 2nd day of November 1893

A. FERGUSON,
Solicitor for the applicants.

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90 lb. sacks rolled Oats, 3 60	11 tins Pease, $1 oo
100 lb. sacks of Wheat, 1 5o	11 tins Corn, 1 oo
5 lb. Boxes of Tea, 1 1o	Ceylon Tea, 4o cents per lb
5o lb. mats China Rice, 1 85	13 lbs Currants, $1 oo

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Regarding the New Tariff.

As it is the McKinley bill which the Wilson bill will undo, the opinion of the Ohio Governor regarding it is worthy of consideration. When asked what he thought of the new measure, he said the bill proposed very sweeping reductions in the existing tariff. It was such a measure as he had expected, yet a little more sweeping than he had anticipated. It was, however, in line with the expressed determination of the Democracy to ignore business interests and the working people of the country. The objectionable feature of the bill was the substitution of ad valorem for specific duties. That alone ought to defeat the entire measure. The ad valorem system, he said, rests upon the foreign valuation, which is hard to determine, and it puts a premium on undervaluation. All the leading nations of the world have abandoned the ad valorem system for the reason that the valuation is made thousands of miles from the port of entry and can never be depended upon. He quoted the late Secretary Manning as having said that false invoices, undervaluation and like dishonesty are inherent in the ad valorem system, and was certain that such frauds would become more prevalent under it. He also quoted Henry Clay as saying if he could fix the value he did not care what the ad valorem duty was. McKinley said the new bill would not pass the protection wing of the Democratic party, but he would not venture a prediction as to its chance of passing the House.

Ex-Speaker Tom Reed, of the Ways and Means committee said: Of course, it is very easy for the gentlemen who prepared the bill to give their views since they have been busily engaged in the work for a number of weeks, while the first the minority had of the bill was at 11 o'clock to-day. The Southern Democracy have taken the lion's share of the committee. They have done this for a purpose, for while the Northern Democrats are represented upon the committee they are represented in such a way that the South holds a strange and very unfortunate predomination. As their industrial status is very much different to the average of the whole country, it necessarily follows, and it absolutely in fact has followed, that the bill is about as bad as as could be reasonably imagined. This may not be true in regard to every item, but it is certainly true with regard to the most important matters in in the bill.

The London, Eng., Daily News said: By early confiding in the public President Cleveland replies to the rebuffs which his party received in the autumn elections. The new tariff bill fulfills to some extent the Democratic idea of a tariff for revenue. The reductions proposed in the bill are certain soon to be recouped by the consequent increase of trade.

The Standard says: Chairman Wilson's proposals are not intended primarily, if at all, for the benefit of foreign producers, but it will be the fault of England's enterprise and industry if we derive no benefit. If the McKinley tariff damaged American trade and industry, it also dealt a heavy blow to English industry, so we may cordially welcome the reversion to a more honest and reasonable policy without inquiring too narrowly into the motives which helped produce the change. Whether the bill will achieve for American manufacturers all the advantages which its projectors anticipate remains to be seen, but it will at any rate serve to clear the ground of labor disputes.

The St. James' Gazette admits that the new tariff bill shows signs that Cleveland is prepared to fulfill his promise, and that there is no question that it will be a great relief to trade. It adds: All through the bill care is taken to leave the American producer with a differential duty in his favor. Complete freedom is given only where no competition is feared. It is better than McKinley's Chinese wall, but leaves the foreigner trading with the United States at no small disadvantage. Still, the best we can say for it is it is preferable to the purely obstructive thing which it is designed to replace.

The Paris Journal des Debats hopes, thanks to the courage and energy of which Cleveland has given so many proof, matters of public interest will now receive attention and the McKinley policy be finally defeated.

The Republique Francaise says: The tariff innovations proposed by the bill are admirably balanced. It is as imprudent to isolate one's self as to deliver native producers over to an overwhelming competition. A little bigger reduction in woollen, cotton, leather and silk goods would have been desirable, but the reductions proposed will be a sensible improvement for our industries.

The London Times thinks the tariff bill as drawn is a bold, comprehensive measure of reform. The free list would probably be more pleasing to British exporters if it contained more substantial reductions on manufactured articles, although there is room for hope of material relief regarding many of these. There can hardly be any general revival of confidence or return of prosperity in the States while business is in its present stagnant condition. Anything tending to a solution of the fiscal difficulties, therefore is welcome. "We rejoice," it says, "on general grounds that the Democrats appear bent upon making a serious and vigorous effort to end the existing uncertainty." After comparing Republican and Democratic views of the situation the Times concludes: "The Democratic views are much more creditable to the good sense and probity of the American people, therefore we prefer to accept the Democratic theory until the contrary be shown to be true."

Affairs in Brazil.

New York, Nov. 30.—Admiral Oscar F. Stanton, U.S. navy, who was relieved of command of the United States squadron in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro for alleged saluting of the rebel Admiral, Mello, arrived here to-day on the North German Lloyd steamer Spree. The Admiral was found looking after his baggage on the steamship dock at Hoboken. He is a small man with a kindly face and unassuming manner. He was asked for a statement of the incident of saluting Admiral Mello, and said:

"I would willingly give you all the information that I could, but official etiquette demands that I first report to the Navy Department about these things that induced my return. I have no doubt that the department will make all the facts public in a short time."

The admiral said he intended to take the 1 p.m. train for his home at New London to-day. He will immediately forward his report to Washington and go there himself in a few days. Admiral Stanton said he had expected to come over by the Paris, but missed her by two hours, as the storm about the English coast delayed his arrival from Rio. He said the passage from Southampton was uneventful and the weather good.

When asked for his opinion as to the probable outcome of the revolution in Brazil he said it was somewhat doubtful, but he thought the Government might eventually prove victorious. "The Brazilians are not fighters by nature," he said. "They are an easy going people, and fighting is foreign to their inclinations. The present struggle is likely to be protracted, and will probably end when both sides are tired out. One side has the land and the other the water. The gunnery on both sides was exceedingly poor. It is improving by their constant practice. I do not think that the Government vessel Nictherey, fitted out in this country, has much chance with Mello's battleship Aquidaban, especially at long range. The Nictherey will depend on dash or strategy to get to close quarters and make use of her torpedoes. That is her only chance. The Aquidaban will guard against that and probably sink the Nictherey with her long range guns: When I was at Rio firing commenced almost every day between Mello's vessels and Fort Villegagnon and the Government forts. Not very much damage was done owing to the poor gunnery. People on shore do not take as much interest in the war in the harbor of Rio as you would expect. The outside world is as much excluded as they. Of course business is somewhat interrupted, and this is a cause of dissatisfaction."

Montevideo, Nov. 30.—It is reported here that Minister Assiz, of Brazil, on behalf of President Peixoto, has discussed with the leaders of the revolutionary movement here a plan for decisive arrangement regarding the rebel fleet and the situation in Rio Grande do Sul. The fact that Minister Assiz has had a conference will be pleasing to all Brazil.

From the agent of the revolution in Santa Catrina news has been received that the rebel forces under Gen. Saraiva have captured Curytiba, the capital of Parana. They also secured 23 Krupp guns and many shells.

New York, Nov. 30.—The American steamer Sanuit, owned by L. G. Burnham & Co., of Boston, it is learned from credible sources, has been chartered by Charles R. Flint & Co., of this city, to tow the Destroyer, the submarine gun vessel to Brazil. The Sanuit was the former British steamer Alp, which was sunk a few years ago in New York harbor. The Alp was raised. From the fact that the cost of repairs equalled 75 cent. of the original cost of the craft, it became possible to obtain for her an American register In addition to towing the Destroyer, the Sanuit will carry on deck the English Yarrow torpedo boat.

The steamship Sardinian Prince, from Rio de Janeiro and other South American ports, arrived to-day. During the stay at Rio de Janeiro the vessel was almost constantly under fire. One fireman, while passing across the deck, was shot through the thighs. The vessel was also struck by many bullets. There is a strong feeling at Rio that Mello will be successful.

Free Lumber.

Victor H. Beckman, associate editor of the Puget Sound Lumberman, of Tacoma, in a recent interview, said:

"If the proposed measure passes Congress there is no question but the lumber industry of the Pacific Coast of the United States will suffer. The lumbermen of these states, irrespective of political affiliations, are on record as being opposed to putting lumber on the free list. Fifty million dollars in round numbers represent the capital employed in the lumber industry of the Pacific coast. There are 840 sawmills and 404 shingle mills in the states of Washington, Oregon and California, whose output of lumber footed up last year 2,300,000,000 feet of lumber and 2,200,000,000 shingles, of the aggregate value of $27,000,000. The number of men employed in the logging camps of these states is 27,000, to whom are paid in wages annually $18,000,000. Naturally, this industry, the mainstay of at least Washington and Oregon, is vitally interested in the tariff question. British Columbia, which will compete with the three states above mentioned, possesses a greater lumber area than the three states combined. Last year Washington and Oregon shipped into California, which is a great lumber consuming state, 325,000,000 feet of lumber, and shipped eastward to the prairie states 150,000,000 feet and 1,100,000,000 shingles. It is conceded that British Columbia will cut seriously into the California trade, and perhaps compete to some extent with Washington and Oregon lumber in the Eastern states if lumber is placed on the free list. The large cargo mills of British Columbia employing Chinese and Kanaka labor, there being little or no restriction to the importation of alien labor there, are in a position to unload into California vast quantities of lumber in competition with the mills on this side of the line, which pay white labor higher wages than obtain in any other industry section in this country. As fully one-half the exports of lumber from Washington and Oregon find their way to California, this is a very serious matter. So far as the eastern trade is concerned, there is but little direct competition, the British Columbia mills not having found a market as yet, but directly a lot of cheap lumber gets into the prairie states via the lakes and on the Atlantic seaboard, it will naturally handicap the shipment of Pacific Northwestern fir, cedar and spruce by rail. British Columbia shingles cannot compete in the East with the Washington and Oregon product. Unlike a sawmill the bulk of the labor in a shingle mill is skilled, and as skilled mill labor commands the same remuneration in British Columbia as on Puget Sound, and as the cost of raw material is also about the same, there is no danger from that source. But the cheap shingles from Eastern Canada may do considerable harm in the prairie states and may naturally cause the demand for the really fine cedar article to drop off in a measure."

Tilsonburg, Ont., Nov. 30.—The Rev. Truax Courtland, the alleged heretic in whose case the Court of Appeal of the Methodist Church decided an appeal in his favor on a technicality on October 26th, was yesterday tried here on a new charge with the result that he was found guilty and declared suspended until the next meeting of the Niagara General Conference.

A ROUMANIAN FOLK SONG.

He whom I loved so well
Is in his long, long sleep.
Yet I lament him not,
For he told me not to weep.

More dear to him the grave
Than I could ever be,
For though I go to him,
He does not come to me.

I envy not the grave
What yesterday was mine,
But bow my head and say,
"Keep him, for he is thine.

But keep not, grave, my youth,
Which cannot profit thee.
My smile and my light step—
Oh, give them back to me."

But the grave answered, "No.
For these things still are dear,
Since he, deprived of them,
Would be too lonely here."

Then to the dead I pray,
"Restore my youth to me,
That when we meet again
I be not old to thee!"

But he nor hears nor sees
For his eyes like mine are dim.
So to his grave I come
To get them back from him.

For only in the grave
Are tears no longer shed
And the living happy made
Beside the happy dead.

—R. H. Stoddard in Harper's.

Mistakes of Missionaries.

Come behind the curtain with me while I whisper into your ear a few of the mistakes made by missionaries, who talk so much about the mistakes of the heathen. One evening an English missionary in Peking took a friend who was visiting him to a regular Chinese theater. It happened that the play for that evening was a burlesque on foreign preaching. A Chinaman dressed up to represent a foreigner came upon the stage with his arms full of books, attended by his Chinese servant. He began to preach a mock sermon, making the mistakes in talking which a foreigner is likely to make. These mistakes were received with bursts of laughter from the audience, to whom the books were distributed. The fun came to a climax when the preacher, after delivering a sentence particularly full of laughable mistakes, turned to his servant and said: "How did I speak? Did I do pretty well?" and the servant replied with great gravity: "The foreign teacher speaks the Chinese language exceedingly well. No mistakes at all were made."—New York Independent.

An Invention For Steamships.

An English mechanical genius has devised a method of indicating and stopping a leak by the use of compressed air. He divides a ship into airtight compartments, fitted with doors provided with packing material and connected by tubes with a room on deck called the "switch room." In this room is a junction chest supplied with compressed air from fixed or portable compressors and so arranged that the air can be delivered to any of the compartments. Other tubes lead from the compartment from which water can be forced out when required, and electric indicators are also connected with the switch room to indicate the accumulation of water in any of the compartments. Should the vessel "spring a leak" the indicator will show which compartment is affected, so that the compressed air may be forced in to drive the water out.—Boston Journal.

True Love Side Tracked by an Orange.

A young lady said the other day that she hated oranges because one had come between her and her lover. He had called on her one evening, and after sitting awhile had produced a couple of bright Florida oranges out of his pocket and suggested that each eat one. She now says that she cannot drive out of her mind the sight of his nose, cheeks and chin dripping with juice, and he has been whispering something horribly similar about her. Evidently you cannot love a girl and a citrus aurantium at the same time.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Evading a Law.

When Ben Butler was a young lawyer the selectmen of Lowell, then a town, issued a mandate that all dogs should wear muzzles. The next morning Ben walked down town, followed by his big Newfoundland dog, with a very small muzzle tied to the end of its tail. Ben remarked, "My dog is wearing a muzzle." A callow imitator of Ben living in Ward One has fastened a bicycle bell under his saddle and anticipates much fun when a bluecoat stops him because he has no bell on his "bike."—Springfield Homestead.

Altogether Too Familiar.

Dr. A. T. Pierson, in some pithy, practical hints on pulpit oratory, says that to be winning is to be wise, but it must not be overdone. He has a friend, an evangelist, who got into the habit of calling his audience "dear souls." Inadvertently he would say as he passed from place to place, "Dear Belfast souls," "Dear Dublin souls"—and before he knew it he was saying, "Dear Cork souls," which convulsed his Irish audience.—London Tit-Bits.

Magna Charta, the great charter of Englishmen's liberties, is preserved in the British museum. It is somewhat stained by time, but King John's seal and name are still quite legible at the bottom of it.

Kansas farmers have reaped more wealth off the earth's surface in grain than has been dug out of its interior in precious metals in the same time in all the states and territories west of her.

Hortensius, the Roman orator, had a memory so wonderful that on a wager he spent a whole day at an auction, and at night repeated all the sales, the prices and the names of the buyers.

The properties and use of the mariner's compass were known to the Chinese centuries ago. It was brought to Europe in the thirteenth century and first used on the Mediterranean.

HIRD, the tailor.

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W. J. ROBINSON
Business Manager.

The Pacific Canadian.

NEW WESTMINSTER, DEC. 9, 1893.

SECURE YOUR VOTE.

The *Columbian* of Wednesday makes timely reference to the unaccountable apathy displayed by many people in respect to registering their names as Provincial voters. We heartily endorse the remarks of our contemporary. Considering the franchise merely as a privilege, it is astonishing that men, keen enough as to other rights, should so often neglect to possess themselves of it. But the exercise of the franchise is more than a privilege; it is a duty, and one that devolves upon every qualified person in the community—one that every man should render according to his light. The method of registering is exceedingly simple, and those who are backward in making the application themselves, can easily find some one in the neighborhood who will very willingly attend to the matter for them. The forms are free to all who apply for them, and any justice of the peace should be willing to take the trouble of registering his neighbor without charge. The qualification of a voter in British Columbia is a very liberal one. It requires only that he shall be of age, a British subject, and a resident in the Province for one year prior to making application. Let there be no dallying with this important matter, and later on there will be no vain regrets. A general election must be held during the course of next year, and when it comes, the larger the vote polled, the truer will be the record of the public will.

THE CIVIC ELECTIONS.

The return of all the City Aldermen by acclamation last Monday was no doubt a surprise to most people. While it may be that the gentlemen thus easily elected are as well fitted for the office as any that could be brought forward, it is nevertheless a fact that a representative position of responsibility, and therefore of honor, so cheaply attained, is very apt to be esteemed at the public value placed upon it. The superior abilities of a member or two may on any occasion secure a return by acclamation as a token of high public esteem, but that can hardly be the case with an entire aldermanic board, and the proceedings of Monday are indicative rather of public apathy than of well considered popular action in the city's interest. The new aldermen will enter upon their duties practically unpledged to any line of policy, and while every man of them will no doubt wish to administer the office to the approval of the public, the absence of any promise to the electors will have a tendency to encourage carelessness. As usual, the position of Mayor receives an undue show of attention. There are no less than three candidates in the field, all claiming to have been urged to accept nomination by numerous ratepayers. Their several merits are no doubt well understood by the electors, and it remains for the voters to turn out in force on Monday next and elect their Mayor in such fashion as to make the successful candidate proud of the honor conferred on him, and, as a consequence, zealous to serve the public who elected him.

MAJOR GENERAL HERBERT, of the Canadian Militia, has issued an order prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors at camps of instruction. A great many of the "volunteers" are young fellows just growing to manhood, and the influences about them on occasions of camp drill have usually been of pernicious tendency, especially the readiness with which liquors could be obtained at the canteen. The action of the Major General is to be commended.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S message to the United States Congress is exciting approval and admiration everywhere, except with the opposing political party at home. Abroad, his earnest words and fearless straightforwardness is earning him the esteem of nations. Europe realises that the executive head of the United States is not a time server, but a man, honest, resolute, and capable.

THE PEMBERTON MEADOWS.

A number of the real estate agents of Vancouver have for some time been painting in very bright colors the district of country known as Pemberton Meadows, and on their representations numbers of parties in quest of farming locations have been induced to undertake the labor and expense of a trip into the Pemberton Meadows country, only to return very much disappointed. Six or eight weeks ago a couple of well-known Surrey ranchers visited the highly spoken of new settlement, and on their return were interviewed by a representative of this paper. Their report was not very favorable, and was briefly sketched in the CANADIAN. A few days later the *News-Advertiser*, of Vancouver, published a leading article containing suggestions so opposite to those appearing in the CANADIAN that it was quite evident the one paper or the other must have been led into a misrepresentation of the facts. Since then the editor of the CANADIAN has been pushing inquiries, and it is the intention to here give the information arrived at. As there appears to be a considerable land-grabbing interest at stake, we are anxious that our readers should fully understand the position, and we therefore reprint our former item and also the full text of the *News-Advertiser* editorial. It may be well to explain that a trail had just been completed from the Squamish Valley to the district under consideration, and that interested parties were about petitioning the Government to enlarge the trail into a wagon road. Here is what we said in our issue of Nov. 4th:

"Messrs. Jos. McCallum and B. Watkins, of Clayton, returned on Wednesday from their prospecting trip to the Pemberton Meadows district. They report a large area of good agricultural and grazing lands, the most of which, however, is already in private hands, and held at high prices considering the difficulty of access in and out. The trail lately completed is a good one, but traverses a mountainous district, and the grades are very heavy. A wagon road, Mr. McCallum thinks, would be a costly undertaking. There are four settlers in the valley, one of whom, a Mr. Currie, has been located there for several years, and is prosperous. What produce is raised is readily disposed of at home, for better prices than can be obtained at outside markets. The climate is not so wet as on the coast, though there is usually a good deal of rain in the fall. On the whole the prospectors were not greatly taken with the outlook, and did not find anything that would suit them."

On the 8th of November the *News-Advertiser* appeared with the following article headed "Aiding Settlement":

"The petition which is being prepared for presentation to the Provincial Government, asking that an appropriation may be made at the next session of the Legislature to complete a road, passable for wagons, between the Squamish Valley and Pemberton Meadows, should, as it no doubt will, receive such general support that neither the Government nor the Legislature will have any hesitation in acceding to the demand. It is not the first time that we have had to refer to the importance of opening up to settlement one of the most fertile and accessible tracts of land still comparatively unoccupied to be found in the Province. Only by such persistence as the unjust judge found it impossible to resist, have the efforts put forth by the settlers, and those who sympathised with them, to get some line of communication opened, been partially successful. A trail has been cut through on the line which a wagon road would take and it is now possible for the settlers to pack in supplies for themselves and their families. The Government Road Superintendent has given every assistance in his power, and thought no labor or trouble too great in his efforts to make the modest appropriations obtained for the purpose, go as far as possible. Realising also that the agricultural possibilities of the Pemberton Meadows, and the intermediate valleys on the route, would justify and, indeed, make absolutely necessary the enlargement of the trail into a wagon road in a very short time, the Road Superintendent has constructed the bridges, across the creeks which the trail crosses, so that they will be what is required for the passage of vehicular traffic. Bridges, which are generally a very expensive item in road construction in this Province, will not, therefore be a very important detail in the further appropriations which are required.

"The necessity of completing the road in question without any delay, is so obvious that it really requires but little to be said. Until this year the settlers had no way of getting in or out of the Meadows except by a circuitous, difficult and costly route by the way of Harrison Lake. The trail has afforded them a more direct and convenient line to reach the coast cities where their supplies must be purchased. But if the settlement is to be permanent and prosperous, the settlers must be able to bring to market the produce which they raise and the sale of which is the only resource they have to depend on for a livelihood. Everything they can raise will find a ready sale in Vancouver and other towns and with reasonably good roads their produce can be laid down in these markets at prices which will enable it to be sold in competition with similar commodities imported from Washington and Oregon. The giving such facilities for transportation as the settlers ask for in their petition, will, therefore, be a step towards reducing the amount of money which is now annually sent out of the Province for staple commodities and supplies. All parties in British Columbia, whether supporters of the Government or its opponents are agreed that the rapid progress of the Province depends on exactly such developments of its resources as the settlers in the Pemberton Meadows and the Squamish Valley are now engaged in, and it is, therefore, difficult to see that any arguments can be adduced in opposition to the granting of the prayer of the petition for the immediate construction of this road. It is true that the expenditure of the money may not 'attract tourists;' it may not 'anchor the capital;' it may not give opportunity for the bestowal of Government largess on faithful supporters in little pocket boroughs. But a mere fraction of the money which has been squandered for such purposes, will carry out what is proposed—the opening up of an extensive area of fertile land for settlement; the adding to the annual agricultural production of the Province by no inconsiderable amount, giving opportunities for homes to many, increasing the trade of our towns, and generally advancing the permanent interests of British Columbia."

It will be observed that the *News-Advertiser*, which is the mouth-piece of the leader of the Mainland Opposition, commits itself unequivocally to the construction of the Pemberton Meadows wagon road, and as we propose to show that there is no ground whatever to justify the construction of so costly a work, the inference is one of three: the *News-Advertiser* speaks without knowledge of the facts; or, it is advocating the interest of land grabbers; or, it seeks to embarrass the Government.

Here are the plain facts: The Pemberton Meadows district is a long narrow strip of land, walled in by high mountains that rise abruptly from the level of the bottom. It is estimated to contain 35,000 acres. Forty-five claims are held on speculation by non-residents in Vancouver and elsewhere. One claim is held in the name of a man in the Sandwich Islands who never authorized it. Six claims are held by one man in Chilliwack. There is what is called "the syndicate," men in Vancouver and other cities, holding 10,000 acres. The number of actual settlers is four, three of whom are merely holding their claims. There is only one producer in the district, who tills a little ground and has a small herd of cattle. That man would not think of selling his extra produce at prices current in Vancouver. He can get much better prices at his own house from prospectors and Indians, and the demand is much greater than the supply. There are believed to be about 7,000 acres of land still vested in the Crown, but its settlement is only practicable to men who love the wilderness. The length of the proposed road is 62 miles, over mountainous country, and any man at all acquainted with agriculture, knows that it is out of the question to team farm products that distance, to say nothing of connections at either end. With the best wagon road practicable, produce would be a week in transit reaching Vancouver. The idea of a district so located competing with Washington and Oregon in agricultural produce is absurd. The only thing that can bring the Pemberton Meadows within marketable reach of the coast cities is a railway, and no such enterprise is in contemplation. The people who took up land there two and three years ago, did so purely on speculation, and never intended to settle. Their claims are all for sale, for the most part utterly void of improvements, and the prices asked can only be obtained by some scheme to aid in catching the unwary. The proposed wagon road is that scheme. As already stated it is 62 miles long, and much of it would have to be cut out of the rocky mountain side. It would serve one producer only, and in a few years would probably be back into forest again. The trail already made is all the traffic-way needed for years to come. A man used to road construction estimates the cost of the proposed wagon road at $50,000, with about $3,000 additional to render it available to the one producer and three claim holders who are the sole residents of the Valley.

And the Government is asked to spend this large sum for the benefit of Vancouver speculators, and the *News-Advertiers*, unknowingly we trust, lends itself to the game. And all the while the best and most available lands in the Province are crying for better roads and more settlers. The thing is an iniquity. Happily the Government has committed itself to a policy of opening those lands of British Columbia that *can* compete with Washington and Oregon, and is not at all likely to be led away by such wild-cat schemes as that of $50,000 or $60,000 expenditure for the benefit of that class of land holders who are a drawback and a curse to the country we live in.

Repeal of the Jesuit Law

Berlin, Dec. 1.—The vote in the Reichstag in favor of repealing the law expelling the Jesuits was 173 to 136. Several notable speeches were made on the motion for the return of the Jesuits to the Empire. Dr. Lieber, the leader of the Clericals, spoke at great length. The Catholic Church in Germany, he said needed the services of the Jesuits to enable it to fulfil its divine mission. The assertion has been made that the Vatican followed a policy hostile to Germany's interests. This was false. Only a short time since Cardinal Rampolla had declared that the Vatican was studiously refraining from meddling with the political affairs of the Triple Alliance or its opponents. If the Vatican ever should display a policy friendly to the Franco-Rusian alliance, German Catholics would not then interpret the doctrine of Papal infallibility in such a manner as to interfere with their duties towards the German Empire. Many reflections had been cast from time to time upon the loyalty of German Catholics. The assurance could be truthfully given, however, that German Catholics would remain faithful to the Emperor and the Empire in the future as they had in the past and would be ever ready to show their loyal devotion to the Fatherland. Dr. Lieber's declaration that his party would not support the Pope in an active pro-French policy was received with loud cheers.

HIRD, the tailor.

OVERREACHING.

The break made by the labor delegates at the recent Conference in Victoria in connection with the Provincial Labor Bureau has about ceased to interest the newspapers. It was altogether too one-sided a piece of business. No paper in the Province dare approve of the action of the delegates, and the puny, not to say pitiable, efforts of the Opposition Press to make political capital out of it, was as hopeless a task as to make rope out of sand. The imagination of the *News-Advertiser* ran wild for a couple of issues, and, there is reason to believe, caused its fellow journals of the Opposition to feel ashamed. The contention of the Victoria *Times* that the delegates were quite right in making demands that the Government could not be expected to grant, no doubt made the delegates feel ashamed. At any rate it ought to. It is a fact that all through the country districts friends and opponents of the Government are agreed in expressing approval of the firm and dignified action of Ministers.

On Tuesday evening a very large meeting of unorganized labor was convened in the City Hall, Victoria. Hon. Messrs. Davie and Baker were present and a full explanation of the Act respecting the Bureau of Labor Statistics, etc., was gone into. With a few exceptions the audience was a reasonable one, and manifested keen interest in the discussion which took place. It transpired that Mr. Keith, M.P. for Nanaimo, was one of the delegates to the recent conference, and as Mr. Keith is one of the leaders of the Opposition, it is easy enough to account for the otherwise unaccountable demands of the labor delegates. It was a deliberate attempt to make trouble for the Government, and the interest of labor was very little considered. The attempt failed utterly, and has created a good deal of sympathy for the Government even among Oppositionists.

The meeting on Tuesday passed the following resolution:

"That in the opinion of this meeting of unorganized labor the act respecting the Bureau of Labor Statistics and Councils of Conciliation and Arbitration, if carried out would conduce to the interests of society generally; therefore, be it resolved that a committee of five working men be appointed to confer with the Government and make such suggestions as they may deem necessary for the effectual carrying out of the act. Said committee to consist of J. Croker, plasterer; W. J. Cleave, sealer; W. P. Winsby, cabinet maker; W. Harris, bricklayer, and W. Turnbull, fireman."

The Nakusp and Slocan Railway.

From the Victoria Colonist.

In a recent issue of the Nelson Tribune is an article of a remarkable character, the object of which is to show that the Provincial Government has pledged the public credit to the extent of $900,000 for the construction of the Nakusp and Slocan railway, and that the contract for the same is being carried out in such a cheap and imperfect manner that the actual cost will barely exceed $600,000. The inference is then drawn by the Tribune that there will be a surplus of $300,000, and the question is asked: Where is the money going?

By the use of confused and ambiguous sentences, the probabilities of great corruption and jobbery—such as the writer is too cowardly to impute openly—are insinuated in the most unmistakable way. We give below some extracts to illustrate the insinuations made and the unscrupulousness of the methods employed:

After alleging that the ties are light—the curves sharp—the materials badly built and the flimsiest ever put into a Canadian road, the article proceeds to say:

"So far, so good, as regards the cost of the road to the construction company, but when the cost of the road to the taxpayer is considered it is altogether different. The road is to cost $23,000 a mile, or $900,000 in all. It will be completed for under $600,000, according to the estimate of competent engineers and the judgment of practical men who have seen the class of work put in. Where is the surplus of $300.000 going? That is a question which may be very pertinently asked of Premier Davie. It would not do to suggest that ministers of the crown are getting a share. It is too much to credit Davie with such Machiavelian ingenuity in this scheme as to flatter the people of West Kootenay that he is favoring this section, to flatter the province as a whole that he is buttressing its trade against foreign competition, and at the same time to be lining his pockets against those periods of private and individual depression to which public life is liable at any time. But while it is assumed that the ministry are themselves in motive and action all that they ought to be, the red herrings of progressive policy and patriotic enterprise must not be allowed to obscure to the people of British Columbia and West Kootenay the real nature of the transaction.

"The plain facts are these: There is a 30 per cent. commission on this deal, which is coming out of the pockets of the taxpayers and going into the pockets of some one else. The Taxpayer will never ultimately benefit to the extent of a dollar by the road. No sooner does it become a paying concern than it is found to be owned by parties who did not pay for it."

We have stated that the article from which the above are excerpts is a remarkable one. It is not less remarkable than the fact that it should have been copied in the evening Opposition newspaper of this city, and that without any comment beyond what was contained in the title, intimating that "A margin was being worked up for some person." It is surprising, indeed, that journals which would enjoy a reputation for respectability, should permit, for political purposes, a resort to methods so contemptibly low. It is a strange commentary on men and morals and our times when a paper will insinuate in covert, but no less unmistakeable terms, without the slightest tittle of evidence on which to found it, that a Minister of the Crown, and he the First Minister, is guilty of what would not be less than a criminal conspiracy to rob the Province. Apart from any other consequences to which we might refer, the flippancy with which such serious reflections are made and allowed to pass, cannot but be most disastrous to public confidence in all governing bodies, not to speak of public credit, which Macaulay justly regards as the basis of national greatness.

As before stated, the gravamen of the Tribune's charge is that the public credit is pledged for $900,000, or $23,000 a mile, while the work will not cost more than $600,000, but when we state, as is the fact, that the public credit is not pledged to any such extent as $900,000 per mile, and that the total money agreed to be guaranteed does not exceed $17,500 per mile, or very little in excess of the figure, which even such an unjust critic as the Nelson Tribune states to be the cost of the road, in light of these facts, the posibility of the frauds so basely insinuated by an unprincipled journal vanishes.

As to the methods of construction, we are not in a position to speak in the absence of authentic information, but when it is borne in mind that the road must be accepted by the Engineer of the Railway Department of the Dominion Government, and stand the test of his scrutiny, and must also be accepted by the Engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company before the latter will accept it, as stipulated under the Act of last session, it will readily be conceded that there are good reasons for rejecting the charges of faulty construction as being equally unfounded and unwarrantable with the insinuations of official corruption.

Why the Nelson Tribune, except from its inherent instincts of journalistic rapacity, should give place to insinuations of so libellous a character is difficult to conceive; it is equally incomprehensible that its coarse libels should be transferred to the columns of even any Opposition newspaper on the Coast. The insinuations are harmless so far as the Government or the Premier is concerned, because they are exploded by the slightest examination of the facts, but the result of such injurious statements is to damage the credit of the Province and to lower the political moral tone of the country without even the palliation of the smallest fact or political expediency to justify them. We have ample proof of how mischievous statements made by irresponsible and malignant characters have travelled where their only effect has been to impair our financial credit, for which if accomplished, or not properly counteracted, the whole Province has to pay dearly.

Mining in Cariboo.

Vancouver News-Advertiser.

A representative of the *News-Advertiser* called upon Mr. J. B. Hobson, who together with Mr. Warner has recently returned from the Cariboo District, where they have had the management of the mines belonging to the Horse Fly Hydraulic Mining Co., Ltd. Mr. Hobson gave a very sanguine account of the progress already made and the prospects ahead. The Company in question possesses eight mines located on the Horse Fly River, 50 miles north-east of the 108 mile house on the Cariboo road, and these cover in all an area of over 1000 acres. It is intended to open up the Discovery mine in the first place and there are at present 75 men engaged upon work in connection therewith, including 31 Japanese, who are almost exclusively employed in excavating ditches, etc. One ditch in particular will be 10 miles in length and is designed to convey water from Mussel Creek to the mines there to be utilised for hydraulic pressure. In addition to ditch a pipe has to be constructed, 30 inches in diameter and 8,300 feet in length, which will be used in carrying the water across four depressions, two of them fully 200 feet in depth. The steel of which this pipe is made will weigh 170 tons and Messrs. McGillivray and Armstrong are the firm who have its construction in hand. It will be completed and conveyed to Cariboo this winter on sleighs.

With respect to the richness of this region in gold, Mr. Hobson stated that all the rivers' gravel deposits are very extensive and of much higher grade in their gold grade than those of California. Sample lots have been washed and gave results varying from 20 cents to $3 per cubic yard. In all probability the mines will be fully equipped and running next year, when 150 men will be employed by the company. Wages for white men run from $40 to $60 per month with board, according to the respective efficiency of those employed.

The Cariboo Hydraulic Mining Co., another Company engaged in prospecting the District, have also secured several properties on the south bank of the Quesnelle River near Quesnelle Forks, and are at present engaged in equipping the same for working by hydraulic pressure with three inches of water. Twenty miles of ditch will be excavated next year, and this ditch, together with other work, will necessitate the employment of 150 men next season, during the settlement of which the mines will be fully equipped and running. The rivers gravel deposits in this region are also very extensive and probably the richest in the world, according to Mr. Hobson, whose 20 years' experience of this nature in California, is eminently qualified to judge in such a matter. In conclusion, Mr. Hobson stated that there is an abundance of water and all other requisites, which should ultimately transform the Cariboo District into one of the richest gold producing countries in the world. All that is required is sufficient capital to open up its vast resources. Explorations in Cariboo were begun by Mr. Hobson on behalf of his Company a year ago last June and he was employed fully twelve months in the work.

When Mr. Hobson left the district the thermometer had already registered 30 degrees below zero and as in addition, the climate is excessively damp, the terrible discomfort he has had to endure can be better imagined than described. The cold was so intense at times as to freeze the eyelashes together and split timber asunder with a series of startling reports. Mr. Hobson will remain in Vancouver during the winter.

Mysteries of Life.

The mysteries of vegetable life are not all yet explored. An Indian botanist has made experiments which induce him to say that some plants can see. Whether the inference can be accepted or not, these experiments go to show that the plants made an effort to reach supports placed at a little distance, and grew towards the supports, wherever placed. The plant was convolvus, and when a long pole was placed near it, and in such a way that the tendrils would have to turn from the light to reach it, they invariably did so, and within a few hours twined about it. That certain plants have the sense of touch is well known.—Medical Times, New York.

BIRTH.

ROBINSON—At New Westminster, on the 7th inst., the wife of W. J. Robinson, of a daughter.

Public Meeting.

D. S. Curtis, Esq., Mayor:

We, the undersigned ratepayers of the City of New Westminster, humbly request that you would be pleased to call a Public Meeting on Saturday, the 9th December, for the purpose of hearing the views of the Candidates for the Mayoralty.

J. C. Armstrong.	M. Phillips.
M. W. Minthorne.	R. C. McDonald.
J. M. McDonald.	H. Morey.
J. M. Wise.	M. Ross.
Geo. Gray.	James Johnston.
James Beer.	W. J. Brennan.
J. R. Brennan.	Colin C. MacGregor.

New Westminster, B. C., Dec. 6, 1893.

To J. C. Armstrong and others:

Complying with above request, I hereby call the meeting for ***Saturday, 9th Dec.***, at City Hall, at 8 p. m.

D. S. CURTIS,
Mayor.

MUNICIPALITY of COQUITLAM

A BY-LAW

To Establish and Open Up certain Roads in the District of Coquitlam.

WHEREAS it is necessary to make and open up certain new roads within the District of Coquitlam;

Be it enacted therefore by the Reeve and Council of the Corporation of the District of Coquitlam as follows:

That from and after the passage of this By-law the Council pursuant to the Municipal Act 1892 enter upon, expropriate, break up and use for roads and highways the lands more particularly described hereinafter, the same being within the jurisdiction of the Council, viz.:

Road No. 1—Lying, situate and being on Lot 231, Group 1, New Westminster District, and more particularly described as follows;

Beginning at the eastern end of Road No. 6 as described in the Coquitlam Road By-law of 1892, thence running in a north-easterly direction along the north-westerly boundary of proposed dyke reservation to the intersection with the Coast Meridian. Said described line to be 16½ feet from dyke reserve and to be the centre of a 33 ft. road.

Road No. 2—Lying, situate and being on Sec. 5 and 6, Township 40, and Lots 466, 464, and 379, Township 39, New Westminster District. More particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the westerly bank of the Pitt River and on the southern boundary of the N. E. ¼ of Sec. 5, Township 40, thence due west to the easterly bank of the Coquitlam River; thence south-westerly along said bank to the line between lots 380 and 464; thence south to the S. E. corner of Lot 380; thence west to the east bank of the Coquitlam River.

Said road to be 33 feet wide and said described line to be the southern boundary of said road from point of commencement to the S. E. corner of Lot 479, thence to terminal point said described line to be the centre of road.

Road No. 3—Lying, situate and being on Lot 112, Group 1, New Westminster District. More particularly described as follows:

Beginning at the N. W. corner of Lot 112, Group 1, New Westminster District; thence south along the west boundary of said Lot 112 to the intersection with the Pipe Line; thence west along pipe line 18 ch. 33 links; thence west 30° South 13 ch. 43 links to Pitt River Road. Said described line to be the centre of a 66 ft. road.

Road No. 4—Lying, situate and being on Lots 366, 365, 364, 363, 362, 361, 374 and 378, Group 1, New Westminster District. More particularly described as follows:

Beginning where the Austin road leaves the western boundary of Lot No. 365; thence North to the South-west corner of Lot 368; thence East to the South-east corner of Lot 371; thence North to the S. W. corner of Lot 372; thence East to N. E. corner of Lot 378.

Said described line to be the centre of a 66 ft. road.

Road No. 5—Lying, situate and being in Sec. 8, Township 40, New Westminster District, and more particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the north bank of North Pitt Meadows slough, where the east boundary of Section 8 intersects it; thence North along said east boundary to the N. E. corner of said Section 8 for a distance of 33 ch.; thence North 7° East 11 ch. to intersection of Road No. 2 in Coquitlam Road By-law 1892.

Said described line to be the centre of a 66 ft. road.

Road No. 6—Lying, situate and being on Lots 463 and 464, Group 1, New Westminster District, and more particularly described as follows:

Beginning at a point where the produced eastern boundary of Lot No. 379, Group 1, New Westminster District, intersects the New Westminster and Pitt River Road; thence North along said bearing of the eastern boundary of said Lot 379 to the S. E. corner of said Lot 379; thence in a North-easterly direction through Lots 463 and 464 to the North boundary of said Lot 464.

Said described line to be the centre of a 33 ft. road.

Road No. 7—Lying, situate and being on Lots No. 464, 379 and 380, Group 1, New Westminster District, and more particularly described as follows:

Beginning at the point where Road No. 6 of this By-law intersects the southern boundary of said Lot 464, Group 1, New Westminster District; thence North-westerly to the point where the Southern boundary of Lot 380, Group 1, New Westminster District, meets the Eastern bank of the Coquitlam River; thence West along said Southern boundary of Lot 380 to a point 16½ ft. from the Northerly boundary of the C. P. Railroad; thence westerly parallel with said Northerly boundary of C. P. R. to the western boundary of said Lot 380.

Said described line to be the centre of a 33 ft. road.

This By-law shall take effect on the first day of January, 1894.

This By-law may be cited as the Coquitlam Road By-law 1893.

Reconsidered and finally passed and the seal of the Corporation attached [L.S.] this Eleventh day of November, 1893.

R. D. IRVINE, C. M. C. — R. B. KELLY, Reeve.

NOTICE.

The above is a true copy of a By-law passed by the Municipal Council of the District of Coquitlam on the 11th day of November, 1893 A. D., and all persons are hereby required to take notice that any one desirous of applying to have such By-law or any part thereof quashed, must make his application for that purpose to the Supreme Court within one month next after the publication of this By-law in the British Columbia Gazette, or he will be too late to be heard in that behalf.

R. D. IRVINE, C. M. C.

U. S. CONGRESS.

The second session of the fifty-third Congress opened on Monday last. The President's Message was an elaborate document, of too great length for our limited space, but of which the following clauses will likely be of interest to our readers:

The legislation of last year, known as the Geary law, requiring the registration of all Chinese laborers entitled to residence in the United States, and the deportation of all not complying with the provisions of the Act, within the time prescribed, met with much opposition from Chinamen in this country. Acting under the advice of eminent counsel that the law was unconstitutional, the great mass of Chinese laborers, pending judicial inquiry as to its validity, in good faith declined to apply for the certificates required by its provisions. It is believed that under the recent amendment of the Act, extending the time for registration, the Chinese laborers thereto entitled, who desire to reside in this country, will now avail themselves of the renewed privilege.

The questions affecting our relations with Great Britain have been treated in a spirit of friendliness. Negotations are in progress between the two governments with a view to such concurrent action as will make the award and regulations agreed upon by the Behring Sea tribunal of arbitration practically effective; and it is not doubted but that Great Britain will co-operate freely with this country for the accomplishment of that purpose.

The dispute growing out of the discriminating tolls imposed in the Welland Canal, upon cargoes of cereals bound to and from the lake ports of the United States, was adjusted by the substitution of a more equitable schedule of charges, and my predecessor thereupon suspended his proclamation imposing discriminating tolls upon British transit through our canals.

It is hardly necessary for me to state that the questions arising from our relations with Hawaii have caused serious embarrassment. Just prior to the installation of the present Administration, the existing Government of Hawaii had suddenly been overturned and a treaty of annexation had been negotiated between the Provisional Government of the Islands and the United States and submitted to the Senate for ratification. This treaty I withdrew for examination, and dispatched Hon. James H. Blount, of Georgia, to Honolulu, as a special commissioner to make an impartial investigation of the circumstances attending the change of Government, and of all the conditions bearing upon the subject of the treaty. After a thorough and exhaustive examination, Mr. Blount submitted to me his report, showing beyond all question that the Constitutional Government of Hawaii had been subverted with the active aid of our representative to that Government, and through the intimidation caused by the presence of an armed naval force of the United States, which was landed for that purpose at the instance of our Minister. Upon the facts developed, it seemed to me the only honorable course for our Government to pursue was to undo the wrong that had been done by those representing us and to restore as far as practicable the status existing at the time of our forcible interference. With a view of accomplishing this result within the constitutional limits of our Executive power and recognising all our obligations and responsibilities growing out of any changed conditions brought about by our unjustifiable interference, the present Minister at Honolulu has received appropriate instructions to that end. Thus far no information of the accomplishment of any definite results has been received from him. Additional advices are soon expected. When received they will be promptly sent to Congress, together with all other information at hand, accompanied by a special Executive message fully detailing all the facts necessary to a complete understanding of the case, and presenting a history of all the material events leading up to the present situation.

The recent repeal of the provision of the law requiring the purchase of silver bullion by the Government as a feature of our monetary scheme, has made an entire change in the complexion of our currency affairs. I do not doubt that the ultimate result of this action will be most salutatory and far-reaching. In the nature of things, however, it is impossible to know at times precisely what conditions will be brought about by the change, or what, if any, supplementary legislation may, in the light of such conditions appear to be essential or expedient. Of course, after the recent financial perturbation, time is necessary for the re-establishment of business confidence. When, however, through this restored confidence the money which has been frightened into hoarding places is returned to trade and enterprise, a survey of the situation will probably disclose a safe path leading to a permanently sound currency abundantly sufficient to meet every requirement of our increasing population and business. In the pursuit of this object we should resolutely turn away from alluring and temporary expedients, determined to be content with nothing less than a lasting and comprehensive financial plan. In these circumstances I am convinced that a reasonable delay in dealing with this subject, instead of being injurious, will increase the probability of wise action.

The report of the Secretary of the Interior has the supervision of so many important subjects that it is of especial value and interest. On the 30th day of June, 1893, there were on the pension rolls 966,012 names, an increase of 89,946 over the number on the rolls on June 30th, 1892. The discovery having been made that many names had been put upon the roll by means of wholesale and gigantic frauds, the Commissioner suspended payments upon a number of pensions which seemed to be fraudulent or unauthorised, pending a complete examination, giving notice to the pensioners, in order that they might have an opportunity to establish, if possible, the justice of their claims, notwithstanding apparent invalidity. I am unable to understand why fraud in the pension rolls should not be exposed and corrected with thoroughness and vigor. Every name fraudulently put upon these rolls, is a wicked imposition upon the kindly sentiment in which pensions have their origin; every fraudulent pensioner has become a bad citizen; every false oath in support of a pension has made perjury more common, and false and undeserving pensioners rob the people not only of their money, but of the patriotic sentiment which the servivors of the war who fought for the preservation of the Union, ought to inspire. Thousands of neighborhoods have their well-known fraudulent pensioners, and recent developments by the Bureau established appalling conspiracies to accomplish pension frauds. By no means the least wrong done is to brave and deserving pensioners, who certainly ought not to be condemned to such an association. Those who attempt in the line of duty to rectify those wrongs should not be accused of enmity or indifference to the claims of honest veterans.

The condition of the Indians and their ultimate fate are subjects which are related to a sacret duty of the Government and which strongly appeals to the sense of justice and the sympathy of our people. Our Indians number about 248,000, most of them are located on 161 reserves, containing 86,116,531 acres of land. About 110,000 of these Indians have to a large degree adopted civilized customs. Lands in severalty have been alloted to many of them. I am sure that secular education and moral and religious teaching must be important factors in any effort to save the Indians and lead them to civilisation. I believe too, that the reliquishment of tribal relations and the holding of land in severalty may in favorable conditions aid this consummation. The solution of the Indian problem depends very largely upon good administration. The personal fitness of agents and their adaptablity to the peculiar duty of caring for their wards is of the utmost importance. The law providing that, except in especial cases, army officers shall be detailed as Indian agents, it is hoped will prove a successful experiment.

After a hard struggle tariff reform is directly before us. Nothing so important claims our attention, and nothing so clearly presents itself as both an opportunity and a duty; an opportunity to deserve the gratitude of our fellow citizens and a duty imposed upon us by our oft-repeated professions and by the emphatic mandate of the people. After full discussion, our countrymen have spoken in favor of this reform, and they have confided the work of its accomplishment to the hands of those who are pledged to it. Nothing should intervene to distract our attention or disturb our effort until this reform is accomplished by wise and careful legislation. While we should staunchly adhere to the principle that only the necessity of revenue justifies the imposition of tariff duties and other Federal taxation, and that they should be limited by strict economy, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that conditions have grown up amongst us, which in justice and fairness call for discriminating care in the distribution of such duties and taxation as the emergencies of our Government actually demand. Manifestly, if we are to aid the people directly through tariff reform one of its most obvious features should be a reduction in present tariff charges upon the necessaries of life. Not less closely related to our people's prosperity and well-being is the removal of restrictions upon importation of the raw materials so necessary to our manufacturers. The world should be open to our national ingenuity and enterprise. This cannot be while Federal legislation, through the imposition of a high tariff, forbids to American manufacturers as cheap materials as those used by their competitors. It is quite obvious that the enhancement of the prices of our manufactured products within our own borders enures to the direct disadvantage of our manufacturers, and also increase their cost to our citizens. The interests of labor are certainly, though indirectly, involved in this feature of our tariff system. The sharp competition and struggle among manufacturers to supply the limited demand for their goods soon fill the narrow market to which they are confined, then follows a suspension of work in mills and factories, a discharge of employees and distress in the homes of our workingmen. Even if the often disproved assertion could be made good, that a lower rate of wages would result from free raw materials and low tariff duties the intelligence of our workingmen leads them to quickly discover that the steady employment permitted by free raw materials is the most important factor in their relation to tariff legislation. A measure has been prepared by the appropriate congressional committee embodying tariff reform on the lines herein suggested, which will be promptly submitted for legislative action. It is the result of much patriotic and unselfish work, and I believe it deals with its subject consistently and as thoroughly as existing conditions permit. I am satisfied that the reduced tariff duties provided for in the proposed legislation, added to existing Internal Revenue taxation will, in the near future, though perhaps not immediately, produce sufficient revenue to meet the needs of the Government.

In conclusion, my intense feeling of responsibility, impels me to invoke for the manifold interests of a generous and confiding people the most scrupulous care and to pledge my willing support to every legislative effort for the advancement of the greatness and prosperity of our beloved country.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Executive Mansion, Washington, 1893.

D. D. McLaren, of Grand Prairie, B.C., is in Spokane, Wash., seeking legal counsel. He is a young man with profound faith that justice comes to all who deserve it. But his faith recently had a severe shock, according to his story of a recent adventure on the boundary line. McLaren shipped $1,500 worth of liquors from the east over the Canadian Pacific railway to Kamloops, and from there to Penticton, on Okanagan lake, from where he started to freight it on to Grand Prairie. The road crosses the boundary line in several places, and three miles from Ossoyos lake the customs officers of Uncle Sam swooped down upon him, confiscated his cargo and took it to Oro, where it now is. "The customs officers never show up when you want them," he said. "They lay for a fellow to come across the line just that way. The road crosses the line four times and ends in British Columbia, where it started. I was willing to give a bond, but there was no one to give it to at Penticton, and they refuse to accept it now. It is a custom as old as the hills to freight along that road, and except when a fresh customs man comes along there is never any trouble. Immediately upon seizing my cargo of liquors, the officer's two deputies broached it and got boiling drunk. The officer himself only drank a little bit, but he had no right to do that."

THE DOMINION.

Guelph, Dec. 1.—Peter McLaren, J.P., aged 55, was found dead in a cistern in his house yesterday. It is believed that he fell in accidentally.

St. John, N.B., Nov. 30.—The Canadian Pacific Railway is negotiating with two or three lines of steamers, with the object of getting a line to run between this port and Liverpool in Winter.

Henry B. Warren, a mining expert, has just returned from a visit to the Ophir Gold mine in the Algoma districts and reports that at the lowest estimate the value of gold in the mine is $25,000,000.

St. John, N.B., Dec. 4.—The Hon. Boyd, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, died shortly after midnight of apoplexy. He was at church last evening in apparent good health.

Cornwall, Dec. 1.—Wm. Riddell, of Chesterville, aged 17, has been sentenced to five years hard labor in the Kingston penitentiary for placing a railroad tie across the C. P. R. track at Chesterville on Halloween.

Montreal, Dec. 4.—Gaston Hughes, the son of the Chief of Police, who gave information of the alleged intention of the three boys to blow up the Nelson monument, is out of town. It is understood that he is visiting his uncle in New York.

Cornwall, Dec. 4.—The death of Mr. Roderick McLennan occurred at his residence, Glendonald, yesterday, after a lingering illness. Mr. McLennan was in his 90th year, and was one of the old pioneers of Glengarry. He was the father of Major R. R. McLennan, M.P. for Glengarry, and Mr. A. R. McLennan, ex-Mayor of Cornwall. His interment took place in the Williamstown cemetery on Wednesday.

Montreal, Nov. 30.—St. Andrew's Society gave a grand ball at the Windsor Hotel to-night, which was attended by the leading society people of the city. The Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen were present and led the dancing. The Countess of Aberdeen appeared in a magnificent costume of grey brocade, trimmed with Gordon tartan and wore a coronet of diamonds and other precious stones.

Toronto, Dec. 2.—The big pigeon shooting tournament which has been going on at the Woodbine for the past three days was concluded yesterday. C. W. Sontage, of Victoria, B.C., won the first prize of $150 with a straight score of 20. Hardy and Enoud, of Toronto, tied for the second prize, $90, with a score of 19. Sontage and Hardy will probably meet in the hundred bird match to determine their superiority.

Toronto, Nov. 30.—La grippe is epidemic in this city. Large numbers of the police force, school teachers, bank clerks, the staffs of public offices and employees of industrial establishments are laid up. A good many aged people have already succumbed to the dread disease. Roland Reed, the well-known comedian, is very ill here with the grippe and complications arising therefrom, and he has been obliged to cancel a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House.

St. John, N.B., Dec. 4.—The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has arranged to ship 16,000 bushels of Ontario wheat and about 1,000 tons of Quebec hay to the English market from this port as an experiment. The undertaking is important as marking the first effort of the road to use St. John as a winter port for the upper provinces. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company says it has built a grain elevator here for use, not for ornament.

Toronto, Dec. 4.—The results of two by-elections for the Ontario Legislature in the ridings of North Bruce and East Lambton have proved quite a surprise to the Mowat Government which received good majorities in both constituencies at the general elections three years ago. East Lambton returned Mr. M. McCallum, Protestant Protective Association candidate, by 403 majority while North Bruce elected Mr. McNaughton, the Patrons of Industry candidate by over 559 majority.

Montreal, Dec. 2.—The preliminary investigation of the Nelson monument escapade commenced this morning. The three prisoners, Honore Mercier, Paul de Martigny and Alphonse Pelland who pleaded not guilty, are defended by the Hon. Mr. Mercier, ex-premier and Messrs. Beausoleil and Pelland. An expert of the Hamilton Powder works, in his testimony after an examination of the monument, stated that the explosion of the cartridge could not have done much damage, as it could not be placed in an effective position. The case was adjourned until Saturday next.

Ottawa, Nov. 30.—Principal Grant being interviewed to-day regarding the United States tariff said: "It is clear that this measure will put a lever into the hands of our Government in favor of a very radical tariff reform if they choose to use it. No matter what the manufacturers say, it will be impossible for us to maintain a duty on say agricultural implements while the market from New York to Kansas City is thrown open to them. Their combination too should make them strong enough now to meet American competition. Our duty on refined sugars, too, should be not higher than that which is proposed in this measure."

Toronto *Telegram*: Hugh John Macdonald had the common sense to summarily close a career which he had the chance to prolong and the ability to illustrate with many a triumph. Politics offered its most tempting prizes to a young man, who, adding his own rare powers to ancestral distinction could have won glory in the highest fields of public endeavor. The same surroundings which gave Hugh John Macdonald the unsolicited advantage of a good start in politics enabled him to truly gauge the worth of what politicians call glory. The Old Man's Son has perhaps been taught by observation that politics in its best estate is vanity. There is a glory in political life. Oh yes! There are times when days of toil and sleepless nights of thought are crowned by cheers that last several seconds. Short is the gladness which rewards the separation from home and the loss of household joys. Long are the heart-breaks which sadden and the troubles which shorten life. Politics is a rich man's game. Parliament is no place for the individual who is both poor and honest. Mr. Macdonald is honest, and he is not rich. He wisely abandoned Parliament for the profession which can give him wealth, and with wealth the chance to renew a career which had in it much promise of usefulness to the country.

MUNICIPALITY of COQUITLAM

A BY-LAW

To define what shall be deemed a lawful fence within the boundaries of the District.

THE Reeve and Council of the District of Coquitlam in Council assembled enacts as follows:

(1.) A wire fence to constitute a legal fence must have a top rail and three wires. The top rail must not be less than three inches in diameter at the small end, and either spiked with six-inch spikes, or one inch thick trunnels, or the top rail may be composed of 1x6 inch boards securely nailed to side of posts within two inches of top of posts. The posts must not be less than four inches in diameter at the small end, and be sunk not less than two and one half feet into the ground. The fence to be not less than four feet nine inches from the ground to the top of the top rail. The posts to be not over ten feet apart, the first wire to be one foot from the ground, the second two feet from the ground, and the third wire half-way between the second wire and the top rail.

(2) For a board fence the posts shall be four feet nine inches long from the surface of the ground, and sunk two and one-half feet in the ground, and to be not more than ten feet apart; the boards to be securely nailed to the face of the posts, with not less than 8 penny nails; the boards to be what is termed in mills as inch lumber, not less than six inches wide, and distribution of boards to conform with the Prov. Statutes regarding fences. The posts to be not less than four inches diameter.

(3) For a picket fence the posts shall be four feet high above the ground, sunk two and one-half feet into the ground, and not more than ten feet apart. The pickets must not be less than three-quarters of an inch thick, and four feet nine inches long from the ground, and to be either sunk six inches into the ground or securely nailed to two rails, one rail on top of post, and the other one foot from ground.

(4) A picket fence without posts shall consist of pickets of not less than three inches in diameter at the small end, and sunk into the ground not less than two feet, and not more than three inches apart, and to stand four feet nine inches from the surface of the ground, and 1x3 or 1x6 inch boards nailed within six inches of the top of pickets with not less than 8 penny nails.

(5) All snake or crooked fences to be deemed a lawful fence shall be six rails (not less than four inches at small end) high and the rails are not to be over six inches apart staked and ridered, either centre staked or corner staked, and the stakes are not to be less than two inches in diameter at the top end, and driven or sunk in the ground not less than nine inches. The rider must not be less than three inches in diameter at the top end, and not more than twenty inches from top rail, the worm to be laid for twelve foot rails must not be over sixteen feet from first corner to second corner.

(6) A double post fence straight must be made with posts not less than four feet nine high, and sunk in the ground two feet six inches and securely fastened at top of posts either with slats nailed across or tied with wire, and the rails are not to be more than six inches apart, and four feet nine inches high from ground to top of rail.

(7) Chock and log fences shall be of the same dimensions as snake fences only without stakes and rider; but the top log must be securely spiked or trunneled with not less than inch thick trunnels.

This By-Law shall take effect on the first day of January, 1894.

This By-Law may be cited as the Coquitlam Fence By-Law, 1893.

Reconsidered and finally passed and the seal of the Corporation attached this Eleventh day of November, 1893.

[L.S.]

R. D. IRVINE, C. M. C. — R. B. KELLY, Reeve.

NOTICE.

The above is a true copy of a By-Law passsd by the Muicipal Council of the District of Coquitlam on the 11th day of Nov., A.D., 1893, and all persons are hereby required to take notice that anyone desirous of applying to have such By-Law or any part thereof quashed, must make his application for that purpose to the Supreme Court within one month next after the publication of this By-Law in the British Columbia Gazette, or he will be too late to be heard in that behalf.

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Work Boxes and Baskets from 25c. to $4

Dressing Cases in Oak, Plush, Leather and Oxidized from $1.25 to $18.

Manicure Sets from $1 25 to $10.

Shaving Cases in Oak, Plush, Oxidized and Leather, at from $1,50 to 6.50.

Sofa Pillows from 75c to $4 50.

Games in endless variety.

Dolls in every style from 5c to $5.

Tin Toys, Drums, Rocking Horses, Sleighs, Wagons, Dolls Cradles and Carriages, etc. Rattles at 5c. 10c. and 25c. Children's tea sets at 5c. up to two dollars.

Magic Lanterns and Printing Presses.

A fine variety of Children's story and picture Books from 5c to $3. Blocks—A. B. C., Picture and Building.

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Splashers 25c. to $1.00. Bureau covers from 50c, to $1 25

Doilies 25 and 35 cents. Toilet Mats 25 to 75 cents.

Toilet Bags 35c. to $1 50. Crochet Dinner Mats.

Pillow Shams, 50c. pair. Canvas Slippers, 75c. pair.

Tea Cosies 75c. to $2.50. Handkerchief Cases, Slipper Cases

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NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

THE HOUSE ON THE CORNER.

(Continued from last week.)

Package after package was opened, and the kitchen was speedily in a fine litter. From masses of dried grass, fibre, and other protecting material, each in turn produced a prize out of the several "lucky bags." There were necklaces and ornaments of coral and beautiful shells, articles elaborately carved in ivory, startling ear-rings, handkerchiefs of brilliant colours, huge hair-pins, combs, and a wonderful girdle. There were some little fancy slippers which, the Captain remarked, were just sizable enough to dock his big toe in, and a number of shark's teeth, which he declared were shipped as a provision for the remote date at which Dorothy would require a new set for that pretty little mouth, reference to which of course involved a further broadside of kisses. Then there was a basket loaded with many strange fruits, not all in the best of condition, and another with preserved ginger, chow-chow, and other sweetmeats.

The interest of this discharge of cargo, accompanied by many a sportive sally from Dundas and much laughter and playfulness on the part of Laura, quickly produced a corresponding gaiety in Dorothy. She joined in many a merry laugh, the healthy pink colour glowed once more in her cheeks, and presently Ben Dundas found her stealing under his arm and voluntarily coiling it around his neck. It was the first endearment she had bestowed upon him in all their married life. Left orphans unprovided for, one sister had taken a situation to maintain herself, the other had married the first man who had proposed to take the responsibility of her support. Dorothy liked the honest, affectionate sailor, but she did not love him, and had rather endured his caresses than reciprocated them.

But now the sense of her undeservingness and of his devotion warmed her heart to him, and the lurid impression of the past night inclined her to appreciate the blessing of such a sanctuary from misery and shame as her husband's love afforded.

Dundas was delighted to have her creep to his side with the soft purring manner of a cat. He hugged her quite close to his heart, and, looking down into her pretty oval face, less grave and firm, more childlike than Laura's he exclaimed:

"My poor little darling! Been fretting for Ben, eh? Spike my guns, but it's too bad! I shall be part-owner next voyage, and the Captain's wife shall go along with him. And then we'll grow rich, Dolly, and have a ship of our own—nay, a dozen ships, and more maybe. O, we'll hold up our heads with the best of 'em!"

Dorothy looked up at him with kindling love.

"You can hold up your head with the best now, Ben. You are an honest man. You have done nothing to be ashamed of," she said.

"Why, of course," replied Dundas, patting her cheek; "I wouldn't be able to come back to you if my papers weren't in pretty fair order. And what you say is true, for the best that ever sailed into port has his equal in an honest man."

"Honesty gives us dignity and courage," murmured Laura. Now that her sister's danger was over, her mind was reverting to her own affairs. Dorothy also was thinking of herself when she added:

"Shame crushes us in the very dust of humility and fear."

Dundas gazed upon her bowed head, as if he could scarcely believe it was Dorothy who had spoken.

"But my little angel," he said tenderly, "has never had anything to be ashamed of, unless, maybe, an old frock. We'll have that ship shape in the whisking of a shark's tail. Laura hoist up those hatches; you'll find a rare cargo of stuffs. Pipe for your dressmakers and your milliners: I'll set 'em to work."

Laura and her sister bent down over the trunk, and brought out a quantity of silky fabrics, all of the most gaudy colours and extravagant patterns, and some time was spent by Benjamin Dundas in trying to persuade the ladies that these things would make up into appropriate costumes. Suddenly Captain Dundas noticed that his wife had extracted from an old iron-bound trunk a small package carefully enveloped in paper.

"Ha, ha!" he cried with a roar of glee, seizing Laura by the arm, and pointing excitedly, "She's struck it! Look, Laura! She's struck it! Trust a woman to find her soundings in a fog! I didn't say a word about it, did I? And there it is in her hand, and it'll be coiled around her pretty figure-head in no time, or you may stop Ben Dundas's grog."

"A present for me? A particular present?" inquired Dorothy, opening the packet.

"Yes, just for your own sweet little self, and no one else under God's sun."

And Dundas crouched over her with his hands on his knees, sailor-fashion, watching with the broadest of grins the nimble white fingers that removed cover after cover, until an ebony box, curiously inlaid with Indian designs in gold, was disclosed. He cut short her admiration of the casket. That had been presented to him by a Parsee to whom he had rendered a service.

"Look inside, my lass, look inside!"

Dorothy opened the box, and gave a scream of delight as she saw a necklet of large pearls.

"O, how beautiful!"

For the moment all the innocent girlish joy which had so recently seemed gone from her for ever came back to her heart and her laughing eyes. If the devil may steal a woman's soul with jewels, well may a husband win his heart back again from its unlawful wandering.

"They're real, every one of 'em, just as they came out of the oysters," said Dundas. "I just had 'em cleaned up a bit and strung together, so that you could put 'em round your neck. Come, pay duty; value's declared; import costs you a hundred kisses."

Dorothy paid a very good first instalment of the duty, scarcely taking her eyes off the pearls.

"O Ben," she cried, "how good you are to me! And I—I don't deserve such love as yours."

"Not deserve it!" protested Dundas, taking the pearls from their nest. "Why, that's just what you do, and a hundred times more love than I've ever given you. Why, haven't you married me—haven't you been true to me? I'll be a good husband to a good wife, darling, be sure of that. Not deserve my love! Why, what in thunder—"

"I'll vouch for her, Ben," struck in Laura hastily. "Dorothy will always deserve your love."

"I mean," said Dorothy explanatorily, "that you show it more than I can. You give me all; I have given you so little—nothing, not even—"

She faltered, turned crimson as she felt Laura's warning glance, and stammered on:

"All the while you were away you were thinking of me, and—and loving me."

Ben Dundas nodded encouragingly.

"That's down in the log. And wasn't you always a-thinking of me, and a-loving of me? If not, tie me up at the gangway and give me twenty dozen with a new rope's end!"

"Indeed you have always been in her thoughts," said Laura, hating herself for the equivocation, but impelled to justify her sister, and hinder the useless and deplorable avowal which she saw trembling upon Dorothy's lips.

"It's no small thing for an angel like this, that all the world's envying me," Dundas went on, "to track her rough husband on the chart of the Southern

"SHE'S STRUCK IT! LOOK, LAURA!"

Seas. Why, folks wouldn't believe that all the time I've been away my Dorrie here was longing for me, praying for me to come back safe, as if there weren't no other man alive.

"A lubber says to me says he: 'Why, Captain,' he says, 'your wife won't want you back none too soon. A sailor's got a wife in every port, and a sailor's wife, when her husband goes to sea, ain't long without consolation.' I drove the words down the liar's throat and three of his teeth with 'em for company.

"I knew my Dorothy would be true as the needle of a compass, and to prove my trust in her I've brought my lass these pearls, which I've heard tell must only be given to the good and pure."

As he spoke, he sought to clasp the necklet round Dorothy's throat. It was too much. A heart that was all too vulnerable to such stabs could contain its agony no longer. With a wild burst of grief the remorseful wife thrust the gift from her and sank down at his feet.

"Take them back! Take them back! My God! pearls are not for me!"

CHAPTER XVII.

SCARLET?

Ben Dundas recoiled in amazement. Under the weather-beaten ruddiness of his face he grew pale as the pearls in his hand.

For a moment Laura believed that the dreaded destruction had come upon that home, and her heart quailed within her. Then, with the presence of mind often born of a critical emergency, she rushed in to the rescue:

"Hush, Ben! don't notice her. She has been hysterical lately. This is nothing to the fancies that take her sometimes. There is a superstition, you know, about a gift of pearls. It means misfortune, tears, she thinks. She has been reading a story about that, and it has upset her, I suppose. Come, Dorrie, Dorrie! don't be so absurd."

Ben Dundas was a man of simple unsuspicious nature. He did not long hesitate to take this clue to the maze of his bewilderment. It seemed to him a reasonabe explanation. What else could account for his wife's distress? The remorse that she felt he never guessed. To doubt his little Dorothy was not possible for him.

With a woman's tenderness he raised her in his arms, and laid her, still sobbing, upon the sofa.

"There, there!" said he, with many a gentle caress: "lay to a bit, and rise easy. Forgive me, little women, for being so thoughtless like. I have heared tell of some such rubbish, but I'd clean forgot. Durn the stupid things for making my lass cry! There ain't nothing in it, Dorothy; but, howsumdever, we won't have no plaguy bad luck aboard our craft. There goes the lumber over the side!"

And, true to his words, he tossed the valuable pearls from the window into the river-mud as indifferently as if they had been nuts or peas or any trifling thing.

Laura, deeply cencerned for her sister, made no attempt to stay him.

"Leave her with me, Ben," she whispered; "she will soon be more calm and sensible."

With a good-humoured wink and chuckle, Dundas reached for an old favourite pipe that had hung by the fireplace all through the eight months of his absence, and rolled quietly out of the room.

When he was out of hearing, Laura expostulated bitterly and passionately, but in suppressed tones, with her trembling sister, who, impressed by the narrow escape she had had, and grateful for Laura's timely service, grew calmer, and gave some attention to her words.

"But how could I listen unmoved to such reproaches?" Dorothy pleaded at length. "They were reproaches—yes, again and again he stabbed me with the kind things he said. Of course he could not understand how guilty I felt—how guilty I must always feel so long as I hide my wickedness from him."

"But you will not confess?"

"I must confess."

"What! Tell him that you—that you have—God knows what wickedness you have to confess! I have not had your confidence, I do not ask you for it now; but I entreat you to consider well whether any good can come of your destroying all his happiness and trust in you—whether what you have to confess can ever be forgiven."

There was hope in Laura's breast, an earnest faith in her heart that the emotional temperament of her erring sister might have exaggerated evil thoughts into the hideousness of guilty acts; that after all there might be extenuation, pity, pardon for her sin.

But an icy chill struck through her soul as Dorothy turned away from her with bowed head, and murmured in accents of despair:

"No, no, I can never be forgiven!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE INQUISITORS.

The day wore on, and peace reigned undisturbed in the sailor's home. By the advice of her sister, Dorothy had not imparted to Captain Dundas the knowledge which would work such havoc in their future. Nothing had transpired to disquiet her further, and, busied about the house, she had recovered in a few hours much of her old sportiveness. Urged by Laura, she made an effort to thrust away all that stood between her and a calm enjoyment of the present hour. And Dundas, occupied with decorating the house and spinning many a yarn about his voyages, seemed to have banished from his mind all uneasiness.

Laura breathed freely, and took some comfort from the prospect of the success of her labours to preserve their happiness. What mattered the enforced duplicity? The aim was a just one. The result must be good, she persuaded herself: "He who is robbed, not wanting what is stolen, let him not know it and he's not robbed at all." And with this specious reasoning she set her conscience at rest.

But with that ease of mind came other thoughts that dismayed and tortured her. She loved Lord Willmore. The sight of her brother-in-law's devotion to his wife brought this conviction freshly to her heart. And how had they parted? What cruel doubts of her had she left to rankle in his mind? Was it not clear from his sudden departure without leavetaking, and from the subsequent repulse she had received from Muriel, that both friend and lover misjudged her relations with Kestrel? And had not her lover's friend, Cecil Chester, actually seen her bestowing an endearment upon that man? Would not Chester surely confirm Willmore's suspicion, and must not the result be that her lover would loathe and forsake her?

She felt that she could better bear to lose him than to be condemned in his thoughts. But how could she protect herself from misconstruction—how dispel the cruelly false impression she had made? Her sister's happiness she must guard at all costs, and the secret once told would imperil it from that moment.

As she gazed into the street through a veil of tears, picturing the bitter sacrifices which seemed forced upon her, Lord Willmore's love and good opinion the confidence and affection of Muriel O'Connor, a cab came rattling up to the door, and Laura gave forth a big "O!" and turned as crimson as the front of the cabinet piano; for Willmore himself, in faultless visiting-dress, sprang forth on to the broken pavement, and contemplated No. 19 Shore Street.

Laura, hidden behind the window-curtain, watched his face. Would he be displeased with this humble abode? No, he seemed rather favorably impressed. Indeed, he had anticipated finding an unsightly, perhaps squalid, hovel in such a quarter of the town.

But the red and the white and the green were pleasant to the eye, and the little house looked clean and respectable.

He rang the bell.

Laura hesitated. Should she avoid an interview? To do so would imply that she was ashamed to meet him. On the other hand, it would be inconvenient—indeed perilous—to adjust the misunderstanding in that house.

But see him she must. She felt that to dismiss him now would be to lose him for ever. While she was striving to prepare a reply to the questions which she felt sure he had come to ask—a reply that would exonerate herself and at the same time shield her sister—the bell rang again, and she heard her brother-in-law coming upstairs to answer it.

Hastily calling to him to remain below, she opened the door, and found herself face to face with Lord Willmore.

The young peer faltered in no little embarrassment as he endeavored to explain his presence there. To him the doubt of last night had assumed the dimensions of a lovers' quarrel. Had he come to apologise and be reconciled, or merely to investigate her surroundings, and observe her more closely in her domestic life?

He had persuaded himself that his motive was interest, curiosity; but he was inwardly aware of an invincible love, of faith that was an instinct, of a burning self-reproach, that made this visit a pilgrimage of honor. And when he found himself confronted by her sweetly modest yet fearless gaze, and took note of her simple attire and her unassailable air of womanly purity, he felt all the shame which he had half expected he might see upon her face.

That flush of glad surprise, the extended hand, the unflinching encounter of her truthful eyes vanquished his distrust, and scattered to the winds all unworthy suspicions.

With a quiet, grave "I am very glad to see you," she admitted him to the parlor, and, commanding with an effort the unruly fluttering of her heart, seated herself opposite to him, and waited composedly for what he had to say. A more complete reversal of their relations of judge and accused could not have been brought about. He found himself pouring forth excuses, regrets, protests, as if he had uttered all his evil thoughts, as if he had grossly calumniated her before all the world.

She listened with a happy kindly smile, not reminding him how little he had really done to deserve this self-reproach. If he had thought evil of her, circumstances were to blame for that. His hasty departure from Muriel's house was but a manly restraint of jealousy and anger.

But Laura realised all his sin against their love, and her conscience justified her in exacting the full penalty. She accepted the amende honorable as her due, and when he had fully castigated himself she rose and gave him her hand in token of forgiveness, saying softly:

"Ernest, as we love each other, so let us be always trustful, always true."

Then she changed the conversation, and presently left him to summon her sister and Captain Dundas, that he might become acquainted with her only relatives.

Willmore was conscious of a certain dissatisfaction. He had looked for a response to his generous avowals. He had expected a voluntary explanation of the incidents that had gone so far to justify his mistrust. But Laura Kingdon had said nothing, and the bases of suspicion were as sound as ever.

He was disappointed—vexed by her lack of confidence, but he doubted her no more. His instinct told him she was guileless; his love bade him be patient and trustful.

Laura quickly returned to him, bringing her sister and the sailor-husband, and introduced Lord Willmore to them as her betrothed.

Willmore winced at this, and before the hearty, honest congratulations of his assumed brother-in-law. No word of marriage had been spoken between him and Laura, and, reconciled as he was to love and trust her, he yet held in reserve this crown of wedlock for the woman whose life kept back from him no secret and no mysteries. Laura Kingdon was not such a woman, and he shrank from this taking her to wife in the face of her relations with this spectre of reserve between them.

But there seemed to be no alternative, and, with an uncomfortable sense of being enmeshed in a net, he submitted with the best grace he could command, and, as was usual with him in debatable situations, he became eager for the support and counsel of his friend Chester. Chester was outside, buried in the waiting hansom.

Willmore begged leave to bring him in and present him forthwith, and, permission being gladly accorded, he promptly produced the golden-bearded politician from beneath an evening paper, which had been serving him first as a soporific and subsequently as a counterpane.

Chester came in, and brought the newspaper with him. He conversed affably with the Captain and his pretty wife, and listened appreciatively to their praises of sister Laura.

These seemed to be simple, genuine folk enough. They told him freely many things that explained the circumstances under which he had met Miss Kingdon, but they either could or would impart nothing as to Muriel O'Connor, and he keenly surmised that Mrs. Dundas, at least, had some knowledge of that lady which she did not care to divulge. Lightly touching on his last night's visit to "the house at the corner," he took occasion to refer to the persons he had met there—to Dennis Donovan and to Ralph Kestrel. Ha! there was a weak point in the armour, or his observation erred. Mrs. Dundas, at the mention of Kestrel's name, had suddenly left the apartment without apology or apparent cause.

Captain Dundas professed that neither of these persons was known to him, but the wife, Laura Kingdon's confidante, clearly did not want to be questioned concerning one of them.

Chester was satisfied for the moment, and reserved his next attack for Laura herself. As he glanced at a paragraph in the evening paper, he felt that he had a strong weapon in his hands.

The Captain suggested that Laura should sing for the company, a proposal which Lord Willmore ardently backed.

"Tune up, my little nightingale!" cried Dundas. "Ever heard her sing, sir? There's more music in it than a hauling chorus—ay, pretty nigh the heartiness of the cry 'Land-ho!' from the look-out when we're nearing home."

And Laura sang in a soft sweet voice these words:

Whither are our footsteps wending?
Dark the road and weird the hour,
Life to life so closely bending;
Thoughts that sigh "L'amour! l'amour!"

The verse was somewhat nervously rendered. The concluding words were slurred and expressionless.

"Ah, siren!" thought Chester, "you would breathe that very differently to him alone!"

But she resumed with more courage and sincerity:

Pausing on the frontier lonely,
'Twixt to-morrow and to-day,
Pledge we to each other only
Faith that shall endure alway.

She began to lose herself in the sentiment of the song, that approximated so closely to her relations with Willmore, and he, bending over her in impassioned delight, forgot everything but his love for her.

The last verse rang out joyously. It gave expression to all the hope that filled her soul: hope for her sister as for herself—hope, delight, security in the affection of the man she loved.

Let us from the sombre stillness
Greet reveille of the light,
And forget all bygone illness;
Dawn shall dry the tears of night.

"That's pretty," remarked Ben Dundas as Laura finished the song. "Ain't heard that afore. Don't quite understand it. Give us 'Poll and I,' Laurie."

But Laura was listening only to a question which, on the impulse of the moment, Willmore murmured in her ear:

"Have you had troubles that you would forget?"

"My life has not been altogether happy," she answered.

"But it has been blameless," said he; "I would stake my soul on that."

"I would have you think me no worse than other weak women. I shall always try to deserve your good opinion, which I respect more than anything in the world, except—my duty," was her diffident reply. Laura was not one of those who over-estimate their virtues. Her thoughts were rather with her sister than herself, as will be seen from her words. Who shall declare herself blameless? Did no responsibility rest with her for the disgrace to which her sister had confessed that very morning? Had she not all too readily allowed her guardianship to be thrust aside? and but for a sister's neglect, might not Dorothy be blameless too?

In her reply, and in the thoughtful pause that ensued, Willmore found cause for a vague uneasiness. His enthusiasm cooled, and a silence fell between them. Glancing up, he met Chester's gaze fixed upon the pair. His misgivings were reflected upon the face of his friend.

"Time's up, Ernest," Chester remarked. "I must carry you off westward. Good-afternoon, Captain Dundas. Will you say 'good-bye' to your wife for me?"

But Dundas would not hear of a vicarious leave-taking. He had not noticed that Dorothy had left them. He would go in search of her, and off he went downstairs.

Chester seized the opportunity of experimenting upon Laura, with only Willmore for a witness.

"I will leave you the evening paper, Miss Kingdon," said he; "there is a terrible affair in it that is of interest to us all. What do you think, Ernest? A murder on a platform of the Underground Railway; and the assassin got clean away!"

Some chord in Laura's memory was touched, but for the moment she could not say why that chill apprehension struck her. She said nothing, but slightly paled as she regarded Chester.

"How does it concern us three?" asked Willmore indifferently.

"Because," was the reply, "we all met the poor fellow last night at Miss O'Connor's. The victim was Ralph Kestrel."

Then there rushed upon Laura's mind all that Dorothy had told her as being the story of a dream.

She glanced from Chester to Willmore with white face and staring eyes, then fell swooning upon the floor.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SHADOW OF A CRIME.

The sensation which agitated Ernest Willmore as he bent over the inanimate form of Laura Kingdon cannot be described. They were too complex, too contradictory. The soft brown hair broke from its confines as he raised her, and, framing, the pure Madonna-like face that he pillowed on his arm, presented a picture to his gaze that seemed as immaculate as any lily. Yet in the marble whiteness that gave almost a holy aspect to her features he was forced to read the confession of a secret tie that could hardly be free from shame or sin.

Coupled with his observations at Muriel O'Connors, this swooning at the tidings of Kestrel's death had a very grave significance.

What was this man to her? For a moment he was impelled to state all that he knew to her sister, to whom he now surrendered the cold limp form, and ask an explanation from her knowledge of Laura's life. But it seemed ungenerous to pry into her mystery while she lay there so pale and pitiful, guarded almost by the sanctity of death.

He and Chester hastily took leave without waiting for her recovery. Their presence when she should return to consciousness must deeply embarrass her; and while Chester considered the case against her proved, to the inevitable destruction of his friend's relations with her, Willmore felt the need of private discussion and reflection before he should speak to her again.

So they departed, and took with them the newspaper which had brought the mischief.

When Laura revived to a crushing sense of danger, her eyes sought as eagerly for that harbinger of trouble as her sister's had done for the self-convicting letter addressed "Captain Dundas—only for him," and with the same eager dread she questioned Dorothy of its whereabouts. But neither she nor her husband had seen the paper, and both remained ignorant of the cause of Laura's fainting-fit. With a face set in stony lineaments Laura went about the household affairs, not daring to bring back with questions the vision of that which had so terribly affected Dorothy and wondering more and more, as she watched her sister's peace and light-heartedness, at her power to dissemble and to dismiss an experience of such horror.

But Dorothy seemed to have forgotten all that had so recently brought her to the point of frenzy, and grew day by day more joyous and sportive, as if the so recent past had been an ugly dream; and Laura began to feel assured that the vision which had been described to her of a dead face upturned in the moonlight had been indeed only a dream begotten of the fierce pressure of Ralph Kestrel's personality upon the tempted woman's imagination, and the truth of that dream was simply an instance of those strange forebodings which are not uncommon in general experience.

Her task was, therefore, to keep Dorothy in oblivion; so she wrote to Muriel O'Connor, excusing herself from attendance on her, and remained by her sister's side, to keep from her all knowledge of the sensation of the hour. It was no easy task, but "love will find out a way," and she succeeded in her purpose.

Five days passed.

The happiness of Dundas and his wife seemed confirmed, and in the contemplation of their peace Laura found the reward for her part in it.

Nor had she been without the comfort and delight of reunion with her lover. Willmore had written the kindest of letters, and subsequently they had met again and again, he always refraining with true generosity from exacting any confidence she did not voluntarily bestow. And, sorely as it pained her to have secrets from him, she dared not breathe a word that night by chance imperil her sister's happiness. A secret is no secret when it is no longer locked fast in one person's bosom. For herself, she would trust Willmore with her honour and her life, but the safety of Dorothy was surest while the past lay buried and Laura herself held the key of its tomb.

So Willmore waited in vain for relief from the vague anxiety which oppressed his love for this girl with the eyes of truth and the face of purity; and the assassin of Ralph Kestrel went still untracked, while the references to the crime gradually faded out of the newspapers.

The time seemed to have come for Laura to return to the house in Regent's Park. She had written several times to Muriel O'Connor, but no reply or message of any kind had come from her, and Laura felt an increasing desire to go back and banish all misunderstandings, so far as regard to Dorothy's secret would permit. But Dundas was very loth to have Laura leave her sister. The good ship Wanderer which he commanded had received a new cargo, and her sailing-papers were made out for New York. It would be a short voyage this time—his last in the Wanderer—and he thought it best that Dorothy should once more be left at home, if Laura would stay to keep her company.

"You see, little wife," said he, "the Wanderer ain't kinder fitted for womenfolk. She's a tub to the Neptune, which I shall be part-owner of when I return from America, and I wouldn't have my lass take a grudge against the life she'll have to share with me for many a long year. You wait for the Neptune, Dolly, and I'll have such a state-room rigged up for you as'll beat for prettiness and snugness any home ashore."

But Dorothy felt a singular dread of seeing her husband set sail once more without her—a dread that surpassed that which as a landswoman she held for the cockroaches, which the Captain freely admitted would be found in swarms on board the old Wanderer.

She referred the decision to Laura, who was at work in the little flower-garden below. Looking down from the bedroom window, Dorothy called softly to her sister, who was standing motionless by the group of hollyhocks and sunflowers, contemplating a gleaming object she was holding in her hand which she had found in the flower-bed.

"Laura, Laura dear!"

Softly as the summons came, Laura started with strange agitation; instantly she hid the treasure-trove in the folds of her gown; her back was turned to the window from which her sister had spoken. She answered without turning round or looking up:

"Yes."

Her voice sounded strangely hoarse and hollow.

"The Wanderer sails to-night. We want to consult you whether I shall go to America with Ben."

Laura answered nothing; she neither looked up at the window nor turned to enter the house and join Dorothy.

Captain Dundas put his great red face by the side of his wife's pretty one, and, with one arm round her neck, hailed her sister through what he called the port-hole.

"It ain't any use, Laura; I ain't got the heart to persuade her not to come, and she kinder don't know her own mind. She hates the blackbeetles, but, by thunder, I do believe she loves me! You shall take an observation for us, my dear. Shall she go or shall she stay?"

Then Laura spoke again in that hoarse hollow tone.

"Take her with you," she said.

Then, turning, she raised her eyes and saw the fond picture smiling upon her from the window above: the soft cheek of the pretty little wife nestling in the sailor's great curly beard, and the afternoon sun dancing in the happy eyes of both; and she repeated:

"Take her with you, Ben," this time with a ring of passionate entreaty in her voice.

Presently she crept steathily to the attic where she was accustomed to sleep, and there, with the door locked and barricaded against interruption, fell to cleaning and polishing a rusty dagger of Oriental workmanship, concealing it at length in a crevice where no one would find it—no one would seek to find.

And in nervous haste, crept silently and with a face of stone, she prepared all things for her sister's departure on the Atlantic voyage.

And when Dorothy and Dorothy's husband remarked upon her taciturnity and depression, she once or twice glanced mournfully at her sister, and strove to say some words attributing this gloom to the separation that was about to take place. But the effort did not well succeed in deceiving them. There were no eager questions as to their return; indeed, it almost seemed that Laura would have been content never to see her sister again. She would not accompany them on board the ship, and her last embrace was so cold that Dorothy went away in a stupor of astonishment, and, thinking of it as she was being rowed down the river, broke suddenly into tears.

"You ain't quarrelled with Laura, have you, lass?" whispered the Captain as he drew his sobbing wife to his side. He had been a pained observer of the sister's altered manner.

"No, Ben, no," answered Dorothy very earnestly. "She is the best, the dearest, the kindest sister in the world; she always has been. But something has come between us. I feel it, but I do not know what it is."

Dundas did his best to comfort her.

"Cheer up, little one," said he. "Women have their fads and fancies. This is only a shadow."

He guessed aright: it was only a shadow that had come between these two, but it was the shadow of a crime.

CHAPTER XX.

AN ALIBI.

In the early hours of the morning immediately following the tragedy on the Underground, a constable, tramping heavily along the road that skirted the house at the corner, cast the gleam of his lantern upon the gate in the wall, tested it with his hand, and passed onward upon his beat. Scarcely had he turned the corner when a muffled figure approached that gate with swift, silent steps, and, after furtively glancing around, let itself in with a pass-key. Choosing the dew-spread lawn and the sheltering darkness of the shrubbery, Dennis Donovan—for it was he—crept steathily into the arbour, and was lost in its opaque shadows.

The blackness of the night slowly turned to gray, and from gray to a rosy mellow dawn-radiance. The birds twittered among the opening blossoms and in the branches that swayed gently in the fresh morning air. The day grew stronger, bolder, happier, and the risen sun struck its gay beams slantwise upon the windows of the room where Muriel O'Connor lay in restless slumber upon the couch where she had flung herself some hours before, to sob out her humiliation, bitterness, and despair. As the hours passed, and the house remained closed and lifeless, Dennis Donovan, peering from a recess of the garden arbour, grew more and more impatient and apprehensive, and raged against the sluggard habits of Muriel's household. At length, however, there were signs of awakening. An upper window blind was drawn, and a little later there were sounds of bars and bolts being withdrawn. Presently a maid-servant threw open the drawing-room windows, flung some mats on to the lawn, and passed round the house to the kitchen premises. As she disappeared, Donovan glided from the arbour and entered the drawing-room with a wolf-like stealth and celerity. Unnoted he ascended the staircase, and, opening a door upon the floor above, found himself in Muriel O'Connor's boudoir. He turned the key in the lock inside, and tapped several times at an inner door. The sound awoke Muriel. She started up, and for the moment wondered at having lain there fully dressed. But the tapping was renewed, and she responded to it by going at once to the door.

It was not without amazement that she stood face to face with Dennis Donovan, and beheld him mud-stained, haggard, pale, and unkempt, with a glare of mingled ferocity and terror in his eyes.

"What has happened?" she exclaimed with a horrified misgiving at her heart.

"Justice," he answered simply, and placed in her hands the letter written by Kestrel on the railway-platform. She read a denunciation of herself as a woman of treachery and intrigue—one who for treasonable stratagems would abuse hospitality and make a mock of an honourable, trusting man. She read Kestrel's warning to Cecil Chester, that she would win his love only to disgrace and destroy him.

In truth she had been unconscious that her conduct or designs had borne so evil a complexion in dealing with Chester, or with any other man who had frequented her drawing-room. Her sentiment was one of high indignation against the traitor whom she had befriended. How did he dare write thus of her? What lies, what foul, cruel lies were these!

"Is this justice?" she asked of Donovan.

"It is treachery," replied he; adding significantly: "justice has been done."

"You have denounced him to the society?"

"I have anticipated the sentence."

"You have killed him?"

"Hush! Yes, I have killed him."

Muriel stared at the assassin in horror.

"The society will not uphold you. You had no right to kill Ralph Kestrel without an order from the council."

"There is exception for emergency cases. This man was dangerous. It was my duty to stay him from doing mischief."

"But not to kill him."

"Yes, to kill him."

"I tell you, no! I am a member of the society; I am on the council. I know our law restraining private vengeance. You must have the consent and authority of, at the least, one member of the council to entitle you to strike down even such a wretch as this."

"Sure, I had that same consent and authority."

"Ha! From whom?"

"From your own self, for sure?"

"From me? From me?"

"Sure, you towld me, when you let me out in saycret, to follow him and take care that he did no harm. I was to act for yez as seemed best to Dennis Donovan, for sure."

"I did not mean—"

"Ye gave me the nadeful authority of a member of the council. I have done what samed best, and it's safe and dead he is this minute."

"Why are you here?"

"For protection of the council. The police are after me, and it's yourself that must stand between Dennis Donovan and hanging this day."

"You were seen to strike him down?"

"Seen face to face in the broad light of the moon, and by one who knows me well and has the best of reasons to betray me."

"You cannot mean—"

"That he was with Laura Kingdon, your friend—his swateheart? Yes, by the powers! but that's just the truth of it."

"He was with Laura?"

"He was so—on the platform of the railway station. She saw me stab him, and ran skreeling away. I took to the tunnel, and managed to dodge pursuit; but, for sure, she'll put the police on the track of him that killed her lover."

"You would have me silence her? I do not know where she is. It will be too late."

"Not too late to contradict her evidence. No one saw me leave this house. No one saw me return to it. Sure, it's an alibi I want of you, Muriel O'Connor."

She regarded him coldly, stonily.

"Do you know what you ask?"

Dennis Donovan gave a sinister leer, half-triumphant, half-supplicating.

"It's your illigant white hand in marriage I'll be after asking, my swate Muriel, if you'll have me," said he, "and then not a man or woman can reproach you for not knowing where your husband was during the whole of one particular unlucky night."

Muriel turned from him pale with loathing.

"I shall not take an assassin freshly blood-stained for a husband," she said coldly. "Nor will I lend the shelter of my roof to a fugitive from the hangman. What you propose is an insult, and you have only yourself to blame if the degradation you intended for me recoils upon yourself."

She rang the bell, apparently for the purpose of destroying the alibi which the conspirator desired to set up; but when a servant responded, the voice of Donovan only came from the inner room, giving some trifling order in Muriel's name.

The girl started back from the door of her mistress's bedroom as if the roar of a beast of prey had sounded thence. Too much amazed to make any reply, she rushed down to the kitchen, and, exclaiming to the astonished cook, "O Mary, Mary! It's all true what you said—it's all true!" covered her face with her apron and burst into tears.

Later in the day Mrs. Donovan, the ostensible mistress of "the house at the corner," departed on a visit of indefinite duration to some friends in Dublin.

CHAPTER XXI.

A LOVER'S LIFE.

Days passed on, and in Muriel's house Dennis Donovan was lord and master. He came and went as he pleased, seldom, however, leaving the premises until nightfall; he directed the servants and assumed sole authority, and Muriel resisted his domination in nothing but the privileges of an intimacy which he strove in vain to carry to its consummation. Rejecting with loathing his repeated offers of marriage, she shut him off rigidly from the realization of that condition of things the existence of which he pretended and she dared not openly deny.

(CONTINUED.)

HIRD, the tailor.

What Could He, Indeed?

A group of women in China got hold of a fashion magazine from the United States. After examining it carefully for some moments one of the number said to a missionary who had been talking to them against "foot binding:" "China women pinch foot. You say China woman velly bad. Melican woman not pinch foot. Melican woman pinch here," laying her hand on her waist. "Life here, life not in foot. Melican woman velly much more bad than China woman." What could the missionary say?—Louisville Recorder.

Five Years' Bank of England Paid Notes.

The stock of paid notes for five years in the Bank of England is about 77,745,000 in number, and they fill 13,400 boxes, which if placed side by side would reach 2½ miles. If the notes were placed in a pile they would reach to a height of 5½ miles, or if joined end to end would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long. Their superficial area is rather less than that of Hyde park. Their original value was over £1,[illegible],626,600 and their weight over 90½ tons.—London Tit-Bits.

Followed Plenty of Advice.

A Connecticut farmer who wished to paint his barn asked all his neighbors what would be the best color. He accepted the advice of every one of them, and there never was a barn that showed as many colors as this one when the work was done.—New York Times.

A Siamese Ceremony.

The removal of the topknot of a Siamese prince, which indicates that he has reached manhood, is accompanied by imposing ceremonies which last several days. The governors of all the provinces are expected to be present with gifts.—Philadelphia Press.

DECOYING FISH.

SKILLFUL INDIANS OF THE NORTH HAVE QUEER METHODS.

They Cut a Hole In the Ice, Build a Hut Over the Hole and Let Down a Decoy Through the Ice—Fooling Innocent Creatures of the Deep Lakes.

"You have heard of shooting game by means of decoy birds often enough no doubt," said an old sportman the other day, "but I doubt if you ever heard of fishing by means of a decoy fish, where the decoy was not used for bait. I never saw it done myself till I visited Georgian bay, a part of Lake Huron, in Canada, one winter. There I found that the half breed Indians erected huts on the frozen bay and fished through holes cut in the ice by means of a queer decoy.

"In order to facilitate matters, some of them had little stoves in their huts to keep them warm while they fished. The huts had only one opening, a door, and when the fisherman had entered and closed the door no light entered the hut except what came up through the floor, reflected through the ice outside and the water underneath it. This made it possible for the fisherman to see deep down into the water and difficult for fish to see him in his dark hut. The fisherman has a chair or bench to sit upon, food and drink to keep life in him during his long watch and a little stove to prevent chill. Now comes the decoy business.

"The half breed takes out of his kit a queer looking stick, painted and shaped roughly to look like a fish, he avers, though it would hardly be breaking the second commandment to worship it, for it is the likeness of nothing in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, on in the water under the earth; but if the fish think it is the main object is accomplished. This wooden counterfeit of a fish is loaded with lead, so that it sinks and lies in the water the right way when suspended from the middle of the back by a string attached to a short fishing pole. The Indian lets this decoy down into the water and by means of the string gives it a series of short, sharp jerks, which make it a dart hither and thither in a remarkably lifelike manner, although, of course, its range is exceedingly limited, about a yard in any direction.

"The thing is provided with tin fins and tail and is weighted with lead most heavily at the head. The string is attached nearer the head than the tail, upon the back, and the skill with which these fishermen make the queer thing shoot about in a triangle under their feet, through a hole in the ice, is truly remarkable. I did not succeed in acquiring the art myself. I should say from trying it that it is rather more difficult to learn than fly casting.

"Presently a few fish, noticing this decoy darting about as if in active pursuit of his food, swim that way to see if there is not something there for them also. They may be fresh water herring, salmon, trout, whitefish or less valuable game; but none of them, big or little, is refused by the half breed. Fine fish he sells; the coarse ones he or his dogs or his children or his squaw eat readily.

"Pulling up his decoy, the fisherman lets down a baited hook and tries his luck on the newcomers, seldom in vain. These men fish with all sorts of queer bait. I saw one man make a splendid haul one day, using for bait only a big white bone button without any hook. The fish swallowed it greedily, and he would jerk them out of the water before they could get it out of their throats. By and by a pike or dogfish, seeing the shoal of fish around the pole, darts after them. They scatter in a hurry, and the fisherman lets down his decoy again to attract the pike.

"Now all the skill at his command must be employed to make the decoy work well, for if it lags in the water long enough for the pike to suspect its genuineness he will turn away in disgust. If the decoy deceives the wily pike he dashes at it, and the fisherman jerks it away before the pike can grab it in his strong jaws. The pike turns to pursue, and as he halts to turn the fisherman drives at him with a long forked spear. If his aim is accurate, the pike is transfixed and is brought bleeding to the surface in a jiffy.

"These men are skilled hunters and know many curious habits of the creatures they pursue. They say that muskrats, for instance, are able to swim long distances under the ice in this manner: Taking a long breath, the muskrat dives from his pursuer and swims as far as he can. When he can go no longer without a fresh breath, he comes up under the ice, and pressing his nose against it breathes out all the air in his lungs. This forms a big bubble under the ice, and the Indians say that the ice has the power of making that bubble of air fresh again, oxygenizes it in fact, and that the little fellow then breathes it in again and dives once more. This he can do half a dozen times, the Indians say, before the air he took with him becomes so foul that the ice cannot freshen it again.

"Whether this property of the ice is true or not I cannot say, but the Indians firmly believe it, and I know that muskrats can travel a long way under the ice, and I have seen them come up under the ice, press their noses to it awhile and then dive again. Perhaps some scientist might explain the case."—New York Tribune.

The Southerner at Home.

The southerner at home is prone to neglect his headgear for the sake of having his feet well shod, and he will go about in public places wearing a battered and soiled slouch hat, but scrupulously neat as to his footwear. The peculiarity perhaps arises from family pride, a besetting southern sin, coupled with the belief that aristocracy is evinced in the shape and size of the feet. It is worthy of note, however, that the southern slouch hat is often a costly article of the finest and most durable felt. Such a hat for winter and a costly and indestructible Panama straw for summer are the proper headgear for a southern country gentleman.—Chicago Herald.

Rare Chance to Purchasers.

We are giving up business in New Westminster and going into our new store in Vancouver,

and in order to avoide the great expense of moving, will sell out our present stock at great reduced prices to make room for new goods, for the next sixty days.

OUR STOCK IS MADE UP OF THE FOLLOWING;

General Hardware, Nails, Stoves, Spades, Axes, Axes Handled, Axe Handles, Picks, Mattocks, Wedges, Cook Stoves. Heating Stoves, Agate Ware, Tin Ware, House Furnishings, White Lead, Etc., Etc.

Cunningham Hardware Co.

PITHER & LEISER.

VICTORIA, B.C.

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IMPORTERS OF

WINES, - LIQUORS - AND - CIGARS.

Special Attention given to the Mainland Trade.

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Who carries the largest and best selected stock of woollens in the city?

Why,

HIRD, THE TAILOR.

His goods are all new and of the latest design, and he

Guarantees a Good Fit and Workmanship, or no sale.

His prices are very reasonable, being from 22.00 up and you can depend on not getting shoddy goods as there is none in his shop.

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ONE OF

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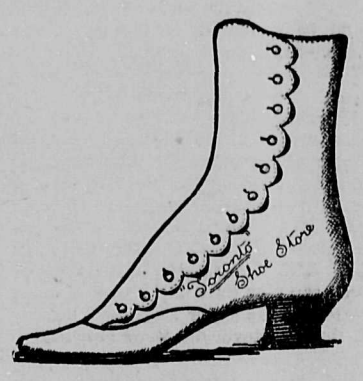
DRUGS and SPECTACLES

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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

THE TORONTO SHOE STORE.



Visitors and citizens to the Exhibition will see the greatest attractions in the

BOOT AND SHOE LINE

Ever shown in WESTMINSTER at the

Toronto Shoe Store.

We have studied the wants of the people for a year, and we believe we know what they want, and have the goods Solid, substantial lines from the best manufacturers in the business.

Prices to suit the times, and that means at figures unknown in British Columbia before our advent. We have taken the lead in that respect, and we are going to keep it.

M. W. MINTHORNE,

DUPONT BLOCK. - - SIGN OF THE BIG BOOT.

COAL TAR PRODUCTS.

REMEDIES THAT HAVE BECOME FAVORITE MEDICINES.

During the Past Ten Years Many New Drugs Have Been Brought Into Service For Diseases and Complaints Which, Though Common, Were Hard to Treat.

Only a few years ago coal tar was looked upon as a "waste product." At the present day, however, it is no longer treated as such, for through the almost ceaseless activity of the German chemists enough new remedies have already been obtained from coal tar to fill a good sized pharmacopœia.

About the first one of these products to attract any considerable attention was antipyrine, which made its appearance some 10 years ago and became popularly known during the epidemic of la grippe of several years ago. This was soon followed by antifebrin, which, although it had a new name, was an older drug than antipyrine, having been known for several years as acetanilid, a name derived from the substances from which it was made. It is prepared by the action of acetic acid on aniline oil.

The acetanilid is now used by many doctors in preference to antipyrine. The principal features in its favor are smallness of dose, less danger of a depressing effect on the heart and cheapness. The price of acetanilid is hardly one-tenth that of antipyrine.

Phenacetine is another drug of this class which has met with much success and apparently deservedly so. It has been used with excellent results in the treatment of influenza, the hyperæsthesia or soreness of la grippe and rheumatism, both muscular and articular.

The drug is often combined with salol and quinine in the treatment of the above mentioned affections, and the results reported are invariably of a very satisfactory nature.

One of the most interesting of the coal tar derivatives is saccharin, a substance that is 280 times sweeter than sugar. The medicinal properties of this drug are antiseptic and sweetening. As a substitute for sugar it is used in the dietary of gout, diabetes and all diseases in which saccharine foods are contraindicated. It has also been used to disguise the taste of medicines for children. To give one an idea of the sweetening power of saccharin it is only necessary to say that one grain of the drug will sweeten an ordinary cup of coffee. If sugar were used at least a half ounce or a tablespoonful, would be necessary.

In the treatment of mental disease sulphonal is considered a very valuable agent. The drug could hardly have achieved success had it been introduced under its chemical name, which contains just two letters more than the entire alphabet. Diethylsulphondimethylmethan is the "jawbreaker" by which it is known technically.

The value of sulphonal as a hypnotic seems to be pretty well established. It has been used with marked success in the treatment of sleeplessness caused by fatigue and worry. It is also said to be of equal service in cases of acute mania, imbecility, melancholia, dementia, epilepsy, hallucinations and acute alcoholism. One observer stated that in every case treated "the slumber was accompanied by no disturbances of circulation or respiration and lasted from two to five hours or longer." From 15 to 30 grains are usually given as a dose. Even in very large doses the digestive functions are not disordered, and there are no disagreeable after effects beyond a slight drowsiness and a feeling of lassitude the next day.

In combination with hyoscine hydrobromate, sulphonal is said to form a very good treatment for the insomnia and restlessness of opium habitues. When a coal tar product is introduced, it can almost be taken for granted that one of the four medicinal properties is claimed for it. The four properties are antipyretic, analgesic, antiseptic and hypnotic.

Trional, which hails from Elberfeld, Germany, is brought forward as a candidate for therapeutic favor. It possesses the last named property. Brie of Bonn has found trional of value in treating insomnia or hysteria and neurasthenia in cases of great obstinacy and which had failed to respond to any other treatment. In maniacal excitement and paralytic mania, he reports excellent results in 90 per cent of the cases treated.

Salophen, although not distinctly a "coal tar derivative," is partly so, as one of its component parts, carbolic acid, is derived from coal tar. It is said to be a valuable remedy in the treatment of articular rheumatism. The dose is from 15 to 20 grains three or four times a day.

The very latest in the long line of coal tar products is gallanol. It is prepared by boiling tannin with aniline. It is introduced as a substitute for pyrogallic acid, having the advantage of being nontoxic and nonirritant. In the treatment of skin affections it has been used with success.

Cazeneuve, the introducer of the drug, reports great success in treating psoriasis by painting the spots with gallanol suspended in chloroform and covering them with a solution of gutta purcha in chloroform, called traumaticin.—New York World.

Choice Woods on the Farm.

There is money in the choice woods of the farm. A letter from a prominent New Jersey tool manufacturer offers $30 per 1,000 for beech seasoned one year and $50 for apple wood. Birch, maple, cherry, elm and hickory also sell for much more than they are worth at the woodpile. The wood must be sawed in some shape and can be sold in a great many directions, principally for making plane and other tool handles.—Detroit Household.

A Scathing Rebuke.

Visitor (in editorial sanctum, with elevated nose)—It strikes me the condition of that towel is not just what it should be—bah!

Editor (loftily)—Sir, to the pure all things are pure.—Truth.

A BATTLE STRANGELY WON.

An Army Put to Flight by One Man and With the Loss of Only One.

It was probably one of the most remarkable battles that was ever fought. The advance had been well planned by the attacking force, the idea being to surprise the enemy at the dead of night. Every detail had been carefully considered. The advance would be hidden by a wood, and the first the enemy would know of it would be when the troops swept out of the wood and carried the camp by storm. There were apparently no pickets in the wood, and there seemed to be no possibility of a failure.

The colonel in command was gloating over his expected victory, when one of his officers called his attention to a bright light some distance to the left of the advancing column.

"What is it?" asked the colonel anxiously.

"I don't know," replied the officer. "It flashed up there only a minute ago."

"Well, if any one suspected we were here he wouldn't go along swinging a lantern to make a target of himself," asserted the colonel.

The column had barely begun to move again when a light appeared on the right and a little to the rear of the one that had just disappeared. Another halt was made, and the colonel was tempted to order a volley in the direction of the light, but of course that would betray the exact whereabouts of the column and would be almost suicidal.

"We are being surrounded!" exclaimed one of the officers excitedly.

Then a light appeared in the shrubbery immediately ahead of the retreating column. The first man yelled "Rifle pit!" and cleared the whole thing at one bound. The second man was not so fortunate. He stumbled and fell, and as he fell he instinctively made a reach for the light. He was the only man killed, but his death completed the panic. Ranks were broken, and the retreat became a wild race to get out of the wood.

And the lights seemed to dance here and there, appearing at the most unexpected points and adding to the confusion.

When the excitement was at its height, a man climbed out of a pit some distance in the rear of the retreating force. He stretched himself and peered after the fleeing soldiers.

"Hanged if I wasn't cramped in that hole," he said. "I suppose I might as well turn a cannon or two loose just to wake the boys up and scare those foot racers a little more."

He lay down on the ground at the edge of the pit, reached his hand down to some keys on a sort of switchboard, and in an instant cannon boomed out. Then he raised himself to a sitting posture, lit a pipe and chuckled to himself.

Two or three men rushed up and breathlessly inquired what the trouble was.

"Oh, I had a little brush with the enemy," replied the man with the pipe calmly. "They tried to surprise the camp."

"And you beat them?"

"Why, they're running yet."

Quite a crowd from the camp had gathered by this time, and one of them cried, "Three cheers for the electrician!" but the man with the pipe raised his hand to stop them.

"The credit is not all mine," he said. "Remember my able force of linemen who ran wires through this wood and made it possible for me to win this victory."

Just then some of the men who had gone into the wood after the retreating enemy returned with the news that one man had been killed.

"What!" cried the electrician, jumping up. He hurried to the place where the body lay.

"Too bad! Too bad!" he said regretfully, "but then accidents will happen, even in a battle. He had no business to catch hold of a live wire."

"Oh, well, there's no use feeling bad about it," put in one of the officers. "A victory has been won, and only one life has been lost."

"But why have one lost?" asked the electrician. "Of course it was tiresome work in that pit, and when I got them on the retreat I was glad of it, but I never supposed any one was going to grab hold of the light. It's too bad!"

And the man who had won the victory could not be consoled.—Chicago Tribune.

The Goliath of Big Basin.

In Big Basin, Santa Cruz county, Cal., there are thousands of giant redwoods that will measure from 10 to 28 feet in diameter. But the Titan of them all is a giant known far and near as "the Goliath of Big Basin." This monstrous vegetable growth is 23 feet in diameter at the ground and is perfectly solid, a fact noted as a rarity in these colossi of the forest. Goliath is a fraction over 200 feet in height, the lower 100 feet of the trunk being free from branches or unsightly excrescences. Experienced woodmen declare that the tree would weigh more than 100,000 tons and that it would "cut" 1,500,000 feet of clear board measure lumber, besides 100 cords of wood that could be gotten out of the limbs and waste.—St. Louis Republic.

Astounding Memories.

Horace Vernet is the best example of visual memory. He could paint a striking portrait of a man, life size, after having once looked at his model. Mozart had a great musical memory. Having heard twice the "Miserere" in the Sistine chapel, he wrote down the full score of it. There are soloists who during 24 hours can play the composition of other masters without ever skipping a note.—M. Binet in Revue des Deux Mondes.

Streets Versus Presidents.

A little Buffalo miss, when asked by her schoolteacher to name the presidents of the United States in order, began glibly, "Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, Watson, Emslie"—Here she was checked by the teacher, who remarked that she seemed more familiar with the streets of her native city than with the presidents of her country.—New York Times.

Suits for Xmas.

CAMPBELL & DOHERTY,

THE NEW YORK TAILORS,

New Westminster, B. C.,

Do the Largest Tailoring Business in the Province,

Employing at present 20 hands.

We make men's suits from $5.00 to $15.00 cheaper than others, and yet make more money than "the old time big profit"—small business, slow coach Tailors.

TO ILLUSTRATE.

We turn out in one week 20 suits say at $5.00 profit on each suit would be.....$100.00.
Others turn out in one week 4 suits say at $10.00 profit on each suit would be.....$40.00.
$60.00.

You see we make in one week at half the profit $60.00 more than they do, or over $3,000.00 in one year. We buy five times as much goods, consequently get better prices and larger discounts.

GLANCE AT OUR PRICES.

All Wool Business Suits	$18.	Old price	$25.
Irish Serge, heavy weight "	$20.	" "	$30 to 35.
Fine Scotch Tweed "	$25.	" "	$35.
Fine Worsted "	$25 to 35.	" "	$35 to 45.
All Wool Pants	$4.50	" "	$6.50.
Black Striped Cashmere Pants	$5.75	" "	$8.00.
Superfine Pants	$7 to 9.	" "	$10 to 13.
Fine Worsted Over Coats	$18.	" "	$25.
English Melton " "	$20 to 25.	" "	$30 to 35.
English Beaver " "	$20 to 25.	" "	$30 to 35.

The fact is we would like to have a look at the man who sells cheaper than we do.

WATER PROOF Ulsters and Over Coats to order, from $14.00 up.

MOUNTAINS OF CLOTH to pick from. Cloth sold by the yard. Suits cut and trimmed if you want to make them at home.

An Immense Stock of Ready Made Clothing

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

Men's Suits, heavy and warm, for $6.50, $8.00, $10.00, etc., three to five dollars cheaper than any where else. We repress and make them fit you, free of charge. Also over coats, from $3.00 to $5.00 cheaper than in other places.

Samples and rules for self measurement sent on application.

YOU WILL FIND US IN THE CURTIS BLOCK, THE STORE WITH THE GRANITE PILLARS.