Official Gazette

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The Pacific Canadian.

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$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 from now till the end of the year for 25 cents.

CITY AND DISTRICT.

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

WESTMINSTER can heartily say to her visitors of the week: "Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again."

THE death is announced, at Nanaimo, of Richard Williams, an old Cariboo miner, and a pioneer of the Province.

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

THE rain on Wednesday evening had a very debilitating effect on the numerous Chinese lanterns strung along the streets for illuminating purposes.

IF you want a nice fitting boot, and great wearers, don't fail to call at Sinclair & Co.'s, as they are giving extra bargains until the end of this month.

THE meeting of the Municipal Association, held in the City Hall on Wednesday evening, was not well attended, not more than a dozen being present.

MR. THOS. MCNISH and his assistants went up to Harrison Lake on Wednesday, where they will be engaged for some time securing salmon ova for the Fraser River hatchery.

MESSRS. E. J. FADER & CO., of Vancouver, have chartered the Wesminster steamer Sunbury for a whaling cruise on the Gulf of Georgia. The vessel, it is said, is meeting with good success.

THE number of people from the rural districts who have called at the PACIFIC CANADIAN office during the week, and expressed kind wishes, is quite a cheering episode on the hard road of journalism.

A RUNAWAY horse, with a butcher's cart attached, made things lively on Front street Thursday morning. A wheel came off the cart, and the meat was dumped in the street, but otherwise, no damage was done.

MR. ALEX. ANDERSON, to whose fish industry at Brownsville we referred last week, was successful in carrying off first prize for smoked salmon, and also for barrelled salmon, at the exhibition now coming to a close.

THE brief spell of fine weather at the end of last week and beginning of this, was of great benefit to the farmers in enabling them to secure their grain crops. Very little grain is now out, and up to the present time no damage resulted from previous unfavorable weather.

THE other day, in Surrey, Councillor Bothwell was returning home from Clayton with the local mail, when his horse shied, and the whole outfit tumbled into a large drain. No serious damage resulted, but a team had to be procured to haul out the surprised horse.

As we go to press, we learn with great regret that Miss Leamy, eldest daughter of Mr. Jas. Leamy, who took sick on the exhibition grounds on Tuesday afternoon, and had to be conveyed to her home, made no headway against the attack, and died last evening at about 5 o'clock.

MESSRS. MOGGRIDGE BROS., who recently purchased the fine farm of Dr. Powell, in Surrey, have brought that municipality into prominence by their magnificent display of potatoes, which was way ahead of any exhibit of the kind heretofore. In a similar way Mr. Dewolf gave prominence to Chilliwack by his splendid exhibit of grain.

AS Mr. D. McLennan, school teacher of Clayton, was returning home from Cloverdale a few nights ago, and when rising the hill on the road above the old Clover Valley school house, he was suddenly confronted with a big black bear. It was a mutual surprise party, but the bear soon recovered and was the first to make tracks away from that vicinity.

MR. and Mrs. Frank Boyes, of Surrey, near Cloverdale, have just sufferred a sad bereavement in the death of a bright little baby boy aged one year and four days. The sad event occurred at half-past eleven o'clock on Thursday night, and resulted from dysentery. The parents have the sympathy of the community.

THAT pair of sanctimonious hypocrites, Francis Bouchier and Miss Genn, of Victoria, are in trouble again. As Mr. and Mrs. Gray they were engaged by Mr. Colson to look after his farm at Langley, while he was in England. After starting Colson became suspicious and returned. He then found that Bouchier, alias Gray, had been disposing of his property. The guilty couple have been arrested.

MR. GUY W. WALKER, a leading business man of Chilliwack, called upon the editor of this paper on Thursday for a few minutes chat. Mr. Walker is not a supporter of the Government, and he was good enough to say that the report of the late Chilliwack banquet, which appeared in the PACIFIC CANADIAN last week, was the fairest of all the reports published in connection therewith. That is very satisfactory. The CANADIAN wants to be fair to friends and opponents, and it will be to the best of its ability.

THE EXHIBITION.

A Splendid Exhibit of Products of B. C. Industries.

THE CITIZEN'S CELEBRATION A GREAT SUCCESS.

Throngs of Visitors Greatly Enjoy the Entertainment Provided.

On Monday last, exhibits for the great exhibition at Westminster commenced to arrive from all quarters, and continued to come in until well on in the afternoon of Tuesday. So great was the quantity and so numerous the entries, that the judges had an unusually arduous task in performing their functions. Unfortunately, the limited space at our command compels us to curtail our report of the proceeding of the week, but we shall endeavor to provide our readers with an intelligent digest of exhibition news, and that is probably sufficient for a newspaper circulating chiefly in country districts.

WEDNESDAY.

This day was a civic holiday here and in Vancouver, and there was a large attendance of visitors from the latter city, while the rural population turned out in great numbers to take in the event of the season. The weather was threatening, but the rain held off and did not seriously interfere with the programme. The principal streets were decorated with mottoes, banners, drapery and evergreens, and presented a fine holiday aspect. At 11:30 the proceesion of military and naval bodies, friendly societies, etc., marched down Columbia street, headed by the City Band, with the Nanaimo Band and Sechelt Indian Band interspersed. The sidewalks were thronged with spectators of the inspiring parade. On reaching Queen's Park the military and blue jackets formed under Lieut. Cowper, and presented arms to His Honor the Lieutentant-Governor as he drove up to the exhibition building. His Honor was then conducted by the Reception Committee to the balcony of the building, and was there presented by Mayor Curtis with the following address:—

To HIS HONOR THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA:

May it please Your Honor.

On behalf of the citizens of New Westminster, it affords me very great pleasure and satisfaction to extend to your Honor and Mrs. Dewdney, a most hearty welcome on this, the occasion of your first official visit to the Royal City as Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia.

It is peculiar gratifying to find that one of our former citizens, and one who as a pioneer spent his early days in assisting to carve out the destinies of this city, has been promoted through various stages of official life to the highest and most honorable position in this Province within the gift of the Crown. We are not forgetful of the past and it is hoped that recollections of pioneer days may invest your present visit with a special interest. Since those days many changes have taken place in this City and Province, and Your Honor will doubtless observe now great and lasting are the improvements brought out by these changes. Through the energy and perseverance of people, on the face of nature has been made to blossom with fertility and beauty. In the early days of your residence among us, this beautiful park where we have the honor of assembling to offer you congratulations, and where you see gathered together such tangible evidences of the vast resources of this most magnificent Province, was a virgin forest of gigantic cedar and fir, where untamed nature sat supreme, undisturbed by the fear of man. The monthly mail has been superseded by a daily service; the old stage coach has disappeared before the palace car and the electric tram: the crude implements which scarcely ministered to our common necessities, have given place to the appliances and conveniencies of modern civilization. In these days of rapid development, when the swift wheels of progress are carrying us away beyond the old landmarks, it is satisfactory to know that the highest place in the land is now occupied by one whose personal experiences and intimate knowledge of past events peculiarly fit him to guide intelligently the ship of state.

Let me express the hope that your visit to our City may be one of unmingled pleasure, and sitisfaction to yourself and Mrs. Dewdney, and that your time and office may be for you and us a period of continued prosperity and happiness, and may the Supreme Governor of all the Universe so enrich you with His best gifts that at the end of a long and useful life there may be no regrets to mingle with your latest reflections.

(Signed) D. S. CURTIS,
Mayor.

New Westminster, B. C., Sept. 27th, 1893.

His Honor, in replying, said:

Mr. Mayor, ladies and gentlemen:

I am quite sure, Mr. Mayor, I shall be unable to find words to thank you and the citizens of New Westminster for the very enthusiastic reception you have been good enough to extend to me as Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia and to Mrs. Dewdney, who, I am glad to say, has been able to be present to share with me your hearty welcome. This is not the first time, Mr. Mayor, I have received from the citizens of New Westminster a mark of their appreciation of what they were good enough to think were valuable services rendered by me to them in days gone by, when occupying a different position from what I do to-day. In looking back I feel that events have proved that the course I took was the right one, and that not only the interests of your city and district advanced, but those of the whole Dominion, placing us as it does in a position to successfully compete with all traffic, whether trans-continental or trans-oceanic.

In the second paragraph of your address, Mr. Mayor, you express gratification that an old pioneer, as you have been pleased to style me, and which I claim to be, should have been promoted through various stages of official life to the highest office in the gift of the Crown. I must say as years rolled by I did aspire to that honorable position with a belief that the sentiments expressed by you would have been those of my old friends in British Columbia, and I am glad to say I have not been disappointed in that respect.

I believe it was thought by those in whose gift the position was that I was worthy of that great distinction, and it is to use your own words, Mr. Mayor, "peculiarly gratifying" to me to find that the selection has been approved by those among whom I labored in the early days of the development of your city. I doubt if there are many here to-day who were camped on the banks of the Fraser within the limits of the town of Queensboro (for that was, as you are aware, the old name of your city) early in June, 1859—that was the time I first set foot on the mainland of B. C. It is a memorable period in the history of the then new capital of British Columbia, as Col. Moody, who commanded Her Majesty's forces in B. C. in those days, and who selected this beautiful site, brought his family and effects to take up his permanent residence on the mainland of British Columbia. I accompanied him on that occasion, and we crossed from Victoria on the old Beaver, a relic of which now notable boat I hold in my hand, given me shortly after my late arrival in the Province by one of your prominent citizens and which I much prize. I must admit that looking from the deck of that steamer while anchored in mid stream, for there was no wharf I believe, I was appalled at the immensity of the forest, and it is indeed of special interest to me to be standing in this magnificent Agricultural Hall, surrounded with beautiful grounds and receiving from the citizens this kindly reception. Not only from old pioneers who labored with me to bring about this wonderful change so beautifully expressed in your address, but from those who have comparatively lately arrived in our Province and who have, I think, fortunately for them, thrown in their lot with us, and to whom I wish every success.

It would be useless for me, Mr. Mayor, to attempt on this occasion to refer at length to my old reminiscences of your city; it has a history, and a noble one; its people have been energetic and persevering, honest and cautious. No better evidence of the energy of your people can be found than comparing the beautiful, clean, healthy city with the adjoining forest, out of which your site was hewn, and which to-day stands in all its grandeur within sight of your suburbs, rendering a comparison easy and effective.

The businesslike way in which your city affairs have been conducted has gained for you a good financial reputation in the east, which I have no doubt you realise when you test your credit in the money market. I can assure you, Mr. Mayor, I appreciate the confidence you express in my fitness to carry on the duties pertaining to my office. I must say, however, that as yet after the busy life I have led for the past thirty odd years I don't find them very onerous.

I trust that I may be of use to the Province, my experience and knowledge of it is at the service of anyone who thinks I may be of use to them, and I join with you in hoping that during my term of office your city and our beautiful Province will continue to prosper, as I believe we are prospering, and which if we are true to ourselves must continue to progress under a constitution as free and liberal as any on the face of the globe, and under which all real grievances can be remedied.

As Her Majesty's representative in this Province I thank you again for the loyal reception you have extended to me in this city, in the location of which Her Majesty took such a great interest in 1858. I am sure it will be gratifying to Her Majesty to know that although in the western limits of her great Dominion her representative is received with as much respect and loyal enthusiasm as he would if nearer home.

On behalf of Mrs. Dewdney and myself, as old friends and pioneers, I again thank you. In your city we have spent some of the happiest days of our lives, and New Westminster will always have a warm spot in our hearts. [Applause.]

Mr. T. J. Trapp, as President of the Association, spoke a few words. He had the pleasant duty, he said, to perform of asking His Honor the Lieut.-Governor to open the Royal Agricultural Exhibition for 1893.

Mr. Dewdney on rising was again cheered. He congratulated the Association on the success of their fair, which he understood was looked upon as the chief one of the Province. He recalled some of his own early experiences in farming on Lulu Island, but though his planting was washed away by the spring tides, he was glad to see now that those lands had been reclaimed and dyked till now none more fertile could be found on the Pacific coast. He then declared the fair open.

The throng of visitors on entering the roomy building, found themselves in the midst of a magnificent display of British Columbia products. The Royal City Mills and Brunette Saw Mill Company were represented by large exhibits of beautiful manufactures in wood, embracing elaborate mantels, newel posts, balustrades, pillars, etc. Further on was the exhibit of the B.C. Milling Company, consisting of a great variety of rolled and crushed grains, while in another quarter was a like creditable collection of the same class of goods by Brackman & Kerr. Mr. P. Fewster, of Vancouver, had a very good display of grass seeds, field seeds, and such like. The exhibit of the Agassiz Experimental Farm was a highly interesting feature, and received a great deal of attention. It consisted of grains in the straw, neatly labelled, and containing 60 varieties of wheat, 24 of barley, and 41 of oats. The Victoria Vinegar Co. exhibited a fine assortment of their goods, and Thorpe & Co., of Vancouver, were to the fore with a good assortment of aerated waters. The Victoria *Colonist* had a handsome display of lithography and letterpress printing. There were two fine exhibits of boots and shoes, and Mr. Rouseau, of New Westminster, made a highly creditable display of leather and tanned goods. G. F. Welch & Son exhibited wall papers, and the proprietor of Campbell's Corner had a splendid exhibit of gent's furnishings, etc., while Campbell & Doherty, the New York tailors, acquitted themselves with high credit. The exhibit of brick, pottery goods, etc., by J. Hembrough & Co. was very good, as was also the wooden ware by the Pacific Sash and Door Factory of Vancouver. There were two fine displays of harness, one of them especially well arranged, but the exhibitors name did not appear. Smith & Co., of Victoria, showed a fine assortment of plain and fancy biscuits, and Campbell and Anderson, of our own city, were well in it with a beautiful display of chinaware, lamps, etc.

Passing now to products of the farm and garden, we feel bound to remark on the great excellence of the root exhibit. For quality and variety the potatoes could hardly be surpassed, while the same might be said of turnips, carrots, mangolds, etc. Pumpkins, squash, melons and cucumbers loomed up huge, the fine specimens being quite a surprise to many. Grains were well represented, and the splendid exhibit of W. H. DeWolf, Chilliwack, was greatly appreciated. Of dairy products there was a very fine display of butter, which attracted a good deal of attention. Other exhibits in this division were very good, except the bread and cakes, which were decidedly poor, and not at all equal to similar exhibits in the rural districts. There was a fine display of honey by Mr. Smith, of Chilliwack, well seconded by Mr. Carncross, of Surrey. Of fruit there was a splendid exhibit in apples and plums, and this department attracted general interest. Pears were good, but there was not a large variety. The ladies were creditably represented in their special division, the large display of all kinds of fancy work being quite captivating. Plants and flowers were exhibited in unusual quantity and variety, and this department was decidedly a feature of the exhibition. What with the fine array within and the tasty and well kept beds out in the park grounds, lovers of flowers could for the once indulge to the full their sense of the beautiful in leaf and blossom. In works of art there was a very creditable display, and this department attracted a good deal of attention.

This completes an altogether too brief sketch of the splendid exhibit within doors. In the stock pens, thoroughbred cattle were fairly well represented, and there were some very fine animals. Sheep, too, were very fine, and swine good, especially in Berkshires. The poultry exhibit was excellent, and, as usual, there was a creditable turn out of fine horses, though on the whole the stock department was scarcely equal to former years. We now turn to the sports:

The Rugby football match in the park grounds, the opening number of the carnival sports, attracted a big crowd, and the ground was in fine order. The match was stubbornly contested, Vancouver getting decidedly the best of it. By clever combination tactics Westminster got the advantage in nearly every scrimmage, but were not up to the mark in team play. The match was won by the visiting team by 2 goals to none.

There was another delay in the programme while the crowd waited for the arrival of the Victoria lacrosse team. The steamer did not arrive on time and it was 4:45 when the match was commenced. A light rain came on and the ground was slippery. The Victoria men led off with some fine play, but appeared to be demoralised very soon, and played on the defensive almost from the first. Westminster won in four straight games

THURSDAY.

RIVER EVENTS.

A large crowd lined the wharves and every available boat and all the scows along the course were occupied with spectators. The races commenced at 10:30 a.m., the course being in fine order. The Sechelt Band furnished the music and plenty of it. The opening event was the Indian race, 11 paddles. The reserves of Sechelt, Fort Langley, Hammond and Langley Slough were represented. The warriors of Fort Langley won by about two lengths with the Sechelts a good second. The prizes were money, first, $22; second, $11. The course was one and a half miles.

Canoe Race—(amateur) tandem, for trophies, one mile course; entries, Blomfield and Gray, Leamy and Innis, Henderson and Tovey. Blomfield and Gray won by about a canoe length.

Single Scull—For medal, one mile course (with turn); entries, Russel, Franklin, of Vancouver, and Mallandaine, of Victoria; Blackburn, of New Westminster. There was considerable difficulty over this race, Blackburn and Russell fouling at the turn and locking boats. Mallandaine was first over the course. Each claiming a foul the committee ruled that the race must be re-contested. A protest was entered against Russell as a professional.

Canoe Race—(amateur) four paddles; half-mile course, trophies. Teams, Henderson, Gray, Port, Blomfield; Tovey, Wilson, Johnston and Brown; Bullen, Innis, Leamy and Perkins. Won by Tovey's crew by over a boat length.

Double scull—One mile course; inrigged skiffs, medals. Entries, Russell and Port, Buck and Gaudier, Franklin and Wilson. Won by Buck and Gaudier by half a boat length. This was the closest race of the day, Franklin and Wilson making the pace hot for the winners.

Indian canoe race—2 paddles, course one mile, prizes, cash; two entries. Won by Coquitlam, with Harrison a close second.

Fishermen's Sailing Race—In fishing boats, course 5 miles; prizes, cash, $25 and entrance fees; six entries. Won by M. Falconi, with Tilman Herring second

Fishermen's race, double—In fishing boats, course, 1½ miles; cash, $15 and $8; two entries. Won by Musqueam Johnnie and Franklin, with Charley and Jack second.

Canoe, single paddle—Course ½ mile, for trophies. Entries, Springer and Rankin, Vancouver; Bloomfield, of New Westminster. Won by Springer, with Bloomfield a close second.

LACROSSE.

There was a fine and hotly contested match between the Vancouvers and the Moonlighters of Westminster. Four games were played, and all were won by the home team.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

The Vancouver team failing to put in an appearance to play the New Westminster Association team, the Moonlight Lacrosse Club assisted a few outsiders to fill their place in the contest and gave the senior team a most interesting match, winning one goal before the ground had to be cleared for the bicycle events.

THE WHEELMEN.

Much icterest was taken in the contests of the wheelmen. The novice race, one mile, was won by Thos. Cowen, of Northfield. In the quarter mile race C. L. Perkins, of Spokane, was the victor, who also won the two-mile handicap. The mile race for the Provincial Championship gold medal was won by James Deeming. In the two-mile handicap, solid tires, E. B. Deane was the successful competitor. C. L. Perkins was again victor in the one-mile open race. The five-mile championship race then came on, and was the chief event of the afternoon. J. Deeming, Northfield, scored a victory in the excellent time of 15.37, the best yet made in the Province. H. E. Potter won the obstacle race. The programme closed with a three-mile team race. Three cities were represented, namely, Spokane, Seattle and Vancouver. The result was Spokane, 1st; Seattle, 2nd; Vancouver, 3rd.

FOOT RACES.

In the interval between the bicycle races several foot races were called. There were three entries for the 100 yards dash, D. Smith and A. Connon, Vancouver, and T. W. Miller, Nanaimo. Smith won as he pleased, Miller second and Connon dropped out; no time taken.

The 440 yards brought out D. Smith, T. W. Miller and N. Friend, Victoria. Smith again had things his own way, Friend, who went in to fill the race, dropped out and Miller showed fair speed to the home stretch, where he dropped, Smith jogging in ahead; no time taken.

For the mile R. H. Marshall, New Westminster, Austin Gibbs, Nanaimo, N. Friend, Victoria and J. J. Hillier and H. R. Hiffel, Vancouver, presented themselves. Hillier, Hiffel and Friend refused to run if Marshall did, claiming the latter was a professional. Marshall at last retired but with very bad grace began playing a lot of antics which did not redound to his glory. The track was slightly heavy and not being level the time was slow. Hillier, Hiffell and Gibbs kept well together, Gibbs making the race hot in the last lap but the ascent was too much for him and he had to drop out. Hiffell gave Hillier a sprint on the home stretch, but was unable to hold him down. Hillier took it by two yards; time 5:11¼.

Some sailors' races were also thrown in between the bicycle races and furnished considerable amusement. Five men started in the 100 yards. Robbins won, Hill second, Chalmers third.

Seven started off for the quarter mile but the distance was too long for two of them and they dropped out. Hill won, Cordocks second, Robbins third.

THE SHOOTING MATCHES.

These were held at the Brownsville range, and there was a fair attendance of marksmen considering the threatening aspect of the weather. In the first match, G. Turnbull made 68 and H. C Chamerlain 65 out of a possible 70. In the second match, G. Turnbull and A. Butler, of H.M.S. Nymphe, tied with the splendid score of 93, and in the shoot-off the gallant blue-jacket won, amid the applause of the crowd. Capt. Peele acted as range officer, assisted by a good working committee, of which Mr. Stroud, of H.M.S. Nymphe, was a member. The bulls'-eye and fewest misses prizes were won by G. Turnbull. Over a dozen competitors never missed the target during the day, and in shooting off the tie the prize eventually went to G. Turnbull.

In the evening the search lights of H. M. S. Nymphe were thrown upon the city with fine effect.

FRIDAY.

The horse races being a decidedly drawing feature of the celebration, there was a large attendance of visitors at the grounds to-day. Boats, trains and tram cars alike coming in crowded.

At 11 o'clock another lacrosse match between the Nanaimos and Westminster juniors was played. The Westminster Juniors won the match by the score of 3 goals to 0.

The horse races came off in good form, that by lady riders fairly captivating the dense crowd of spectators. The log chopping contest for the championship of British Columbia was also much appreciated. The sailors' sports and races were late in coming off.

We had hoped to provide in condensed form a complete report of the events of the exhibition celebration likely to be appreciated by the country subscribers of the CANADIAN, including the prize list, but the undertaking was greater than could be accomplished, and the prize list, along with some other matters of general interest must stand over till our next issue.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural and Industrial Society was held in the City Hall on Thursday evening, and there was a very satisfactory attendance.

Before proceeding with the regular business, Mr. T. J. Trapp, president, in the chair, said he had received, during the afternoon, a telegram from Judge Bole, at Canmore, on his way to the coast, suggesting that the party of British farm delegates, also en route to the coast, should stop two days in Westminster. Another telegram had been received later from the delegates themselves, at Spence's Bridge, and they had just arrived in the city by the delayed train, and would visit the exhibition both during the evening and on Friday. There were nine of the delegates altogether, and their visit was very opportune at this time.

The President further stated that Mr. S. Tolmie [Tolmie estate] had won Mr. G. A. Perrin's handsome cup [valued at $50[for best animal in thoroughbred cattle division, now three years in succession, thus making the prize his own.

This announcement was received with applause, which was greatly increased when Mr. Perrin stated that he intended to duplicate the cup that had been finally won by Mr. Tolmie by another one, on similar conditions, and that he would also give a similar cup for best horse.

Mr. Thos. Cunningham and the president then announced, amid renewed applause, they intended to give a cup each, for best sheep and best pig, respectively.

The regular business was then commenced by the secretary, Mr. A. B. Mackenzie, reading the minutes of the last annual meeting, which, on motion, were adopted.

It was unanimously decided, on motion, that the next annual exhibition should be held in New Westminster.

The election of officers and directors for the ensuing year, was next proceeded with, and resulted as follows:

Officers—President, T. J. Trapp (re-elected), by acclamation; 1st Vice-President, Geo. A. Perrin, of Victoria, by acclamation; 2nd Vice-President, A. C. Wells, of Chilliwack, by acclamation; Treasurer, G. D. Brymner, (re-elected) by acclamation; Secretary, A. B. Mackenzie, (re-elected) by acclamation.

Directors—C. G. Major, A. C. Wilson, P. Latham, M. Sinclair, T. Cunningham, J. B. Kennedy, L. Williams, Westminster; S. Tolmie, D, R. Kerr, J. H. Falconer, Victoria; J. D, Bryant, Saanich; J. C. McLagan, A. H. B. Macgowan, Vancouver; Shelton Knight, J. A. Evans, Geo. W. Chadsey, A. J. Street, J. T. Wilkinson, Chilliwack and Sumas; H. F. Page, Matsqui; J. A. Morrison, Mt. Lehman. W. B. Cornock, J. M. Johnson, Langley; Thos. Shannon, Thos. E. Foster, M.P.P., Surrey; Thos. Earle, Lytton; T. A. Sharpe, Agassiz; E. Hutcherson, H. D. Benson, Ladner's Landing; H. Ferguson, G. W. Henry, Maple Ridge.

On motion of M. Sinclair and T. Shannon, the rules were suspended, and the number of directors increased from 30 to 35, and the following additional directors elected; D. S, Milligan, Lulu Island; Duncan McDonald, Sea Island; Donald McLean, Coquitlam; W. W. Stewart, Dewdney; R. G. Clark, Nicomen Island.

Mr. A. C. Wells called attention to the fact that some sections, particularly the lower section, of the district were poorly represented at this exhibition. He thought it would be profitable to inquire into the reasons.

Mr. Hutcherson explained that the principal reason for the Delta having so small a stock exhibit was that stock had to be shipped 6 o'clock Monday morning in order to get to the grounds in time. This was very inconvenient.

Mr. W. H. Ladner corroborated Mr Hutcherson in this matter.

Mr. W. A. Dashwood Jones made a protest with regard to alleged infraction of by-laws, which was referred to first meeting of directors.

Mr. T. Cunningham thought the time had come when a third prize should be given for stock.

Mr. Henry Kipp suggested a later date for the exhibition—he would like to see it some time in October for a change.

Other matter were suggested of more or less importance, that will probably come up for future consideration, and the meeting adjourned.

Says the Calgary *Tribune*: "Dr. Barnardo is in Manitoba inspecting his Home at Russell. He has 5,000 children absolutely under his eye in his several Homes in England and Canada. Last year he admitted 2,730 children, or eight every 24 hours. He placed 740 boys in Canada in 1892 and will place close upon 900 this year. Of these less than two per cent. have failed. His creamery in Russell has been doing well; the stock is in good condition, but prices for grain are low. Lord Polworth, who gave the Russell Home a bull five years ago, has presented the Doctor with another of his fine Polled Angus bulls and one of his celebrated high bred rams. Altogether the circumstances of the Manitoba Home are encouraging. It is hardly necessary to remark that when one of the Barnardo boys goes astray, all the world hears of it; we hear less of the good work that is doing among the thousands of once homeless lads who are being steadily trained in these Homes to lead useful lives.

Cobourg, Ont., Sept. 28.—Yesterday Peter Healey, aged 70 years, and feeble, was attacked by a Jersey bull in the stable of Owen Healey, a dairyman near here, and was so terribly gored that he died almost instantly.

Surrey Council.

Council met on Monday, Sept. 18th. All members present. Minutes of previous meeting were read and confirmed.

Communications were read as follows:

From J. A. Forin *re* by-law, received and filed.

From I. Oppenheimer and Langley Council, *re* bridge across Nicomekl River, Hall's Prairie; read—Clerk to reply.

From Delta Council, stating that $100 would be expended in repairing the Scott road.

From E. Anderson, requesting that $40 be appropriated for the Anderson road; referred to Coun. Hookway to report at next meeting.

From J. P. Copel and T. Watts; received and filed.

From D. S. Munn; received.

From the Mayor and Aldermen of New Westminster, inviting the Reeve and Council to be present at the Agricultural Exhibition; received and accepted.

From A. G. Boothroyd, asking for an extention of time on his contract; granted to Dec. ist.

Tenders for building a bridge across the Nicomekl River, on Hall's Prairie road, were received as follows: A. Gelfillan, $775; J. C. Wilson, $697; McCallum and Elliott, $693; McNicol, $600; Gilley and McLean, $590.70; A. Murchison, $544; W. Murray, $515; C. McKenzie, $493; A. McCorvie, $485.

The contract was awarded to A. McCorvie, satisfactory bonds to be given, and the work to be commenced at once.

The contract for corduroying the Clover Valley road, between the Yale and McLellan roads, was awarded to W. J. Robinson and C. McCallum, at $2 per rod.

Tenders for corduroying and ditching on Hall's Paririe road, north of Yale road, were received from G. Redmond, $56; G. White, $85; C. Cameron, $1.20 per rod; C. McCallum, $1.60 per rod.

Contract was awarded to G. Redmond.

The time for allowing rebate on taxes was extended to October 1st.

Coun. Bothwell was authorized to instruct C. Cameron to pay $5 (per day of 10 hours) for teams at work on Yale road.

The following bills were ordered paid: A. M. Brown, $10; J. W. Harvey, $1.50; H. Gardner, $50; A. J. Gordon, $25; F. McInnes, $16.80; J. Bates, $100; W. C. Jones, $8.50; W. Preston, $24.95; W. B. Wilder, $10; J. Douglas, $16.

The Clerk was instructed to request Mr. Thrift to remove his fence off the North Bluff road.

Fifty dollars was appropriated for the Kirkland road, and also for the Johnston road, Ward 3.

The Tax Sale By-Law, and By-Law to amend Municipal Officers By-Law, were read, and finally passed.

The By-Law, pursuant to the Surrey Dyking Act, 1892, was read a third time.

The Highway By-Law, 1893, passed its first reading.

The Council adjourned until Monday, Oct. 2nd, at 1 o'clock, p.m.

Something About Siam.

The King of Siam is a tributary subject to the Emperor of China, but in his own dominions he has more nearly absolute power over his subjects than the Czar. He is small in person. When he appears in public his head is crowned with a golden pyramid of jewels rising in circular tiers, diminishing as they go upward ending in a long pencil-like pyramid, which extends nearly two feet above the forehead of its kingly owner. His body is clad in gorgeous coat and vest, heavily embroided in gold and jewels; and in place of pantaloons he has the rich brocaded surong of the Siamese about his loins and waist. It comes down below his knees at the front, and it looks not unlike a pair of fancy knickerbockers. Below these are white silk stockings; and his feet are thrust into jewel-covered, heelless slippers, pointed like the shoe of a Turk. He is a pleasant-looking monarch, and his olive-brown face is plump and unwrinkled. He was picked out of a family of eighty-four children to be placed upon the throne. He has thirty-four half-brothers and forty-nine half-sisters.

As has been said, his power over his ten million subjects is nearly absolute. All men in Siam are forced to give him either the whole or a part of their services during the year. His word can throw a man into prison or put him to death; can deprive him of his property or rob him of his daughters. His court is wicked beyond the belief of an American or European. He levies taxes so heavy that at times men have to sell their wives and children as slaves to enable them to pay him. Still his vaults are full of treasure. Siam has no national debt, and he has an income of more than $10,000,000 a year, most of which he spends for his amusement. Still the King of Siam is the best his country has ever had, and is far in advance of his people. Before his second coronation, in 1873, all natives who approached the King had to do so on all fours. They had to raise their hands in adoration to him, and bump their heads on the mats before him. The King did away with all that, and he has introduced the American handshake into his reception of foreigners. He gives receptions to foreigners, and he speaks the English tongue, though he never does this when noted foreigners have an audience with him. He has brought the telegraph and the telephone into Bangkok, his capital city, has established a street-car line, and lights his palace with electric lights.

Policing the Pacific.

Washington, Sept. 23.—The inadequate facilities of the Treasury Department in dealing with violators of the law on the Pacific coast were emphasized yesterday in a bill, introduced by Mitchell of Oregon, providing for the construction of two revenue cutters for use in those waters. The Pacific coast line, extending as it exists from the northern boundary of Lower California to Vancouver Island, presents an immense stretch of territory requiring constant policing by revenue officials. Mitchell's bill provides for two vessels, at a total cost of $375,000, and are recommended by the Treasury Department. The great extent to which Chinese opium-smuggling prevailed recently is said to be due largely to the inability of revenue officials to patrol the coast. The Treasury officials also call attention to the increased duties that will devolve upon them growing out of the Behring Sea decision. It will be necessary to assist Great Britain in patrolling the North Pacific in order to prevent poachers, and for this purpose an increase in the cutter service will be required.

Kaiser and Bismarck.

Berlin, Sept. 23.—One of the principal topics of conversation in Berlin during the past few days has been the probable outcome of Emperor William's seeming attempt to effect a reconciliation with Prince Bismarck. The latter, it will be remembered, was taken seriously ill at Kissingen, some time ago. It is said that Emperor William telegraphed the Prince expressing sympathy for him in his illness, and offering him one of the Imperial castles as a residence, it having been said that the sanitary conditions of Prince Bismarck's residence were not what they might be. This incident, under ordinary circumstances, would have been scarcely more than noteworthy, but in view of the existing relations between the Emperor and the ex-Chancellor, it has assumed important proportions in the political world. The adversaries of Chancellor von Caprivi proclaim that the Emperor sent the telegram to Bismarck without Count Caprivi's knowledge. This is strongly denied by the Chancellor's friends.

In order to ascertain the exact facts, a reporter of the United Press went to Carlsbad, where Chancellor von Caprivi is sojourning, to interview him on the subject. The Chancellor courteously declined to talk on the subject. Subsequently the representative of the United Press had a conversation with Col. Ebmeyer, who said that the fact that Prince Bismark was dangerously ill was only made known to the Emperor through Chancellor von Caprivi, who said the telegram announcing the fact had been sent by Dr. Schweninger to the United Press. Count von Caprivi at once informed Emperor William, whose first impulse was to telegraph to the Prince. After considering the probable results of such a step in all its bearings, the Emperor decided to postpone any action until he should have a chance to confer with the King of Saxony.

Upon meeting the King of Saxony at Guens, the Emperor William was urged to execute his high-minded inspiration without delay, and at once sent to Prince Bismarck the telegram of sympathy in which he tendered the use of one of the Imperial castles. A copy of the telegram was sent to Chancellor von Caprivi, who desires the world to know that he admires Prince Bismarck without reserve, and that, like every German patriot, he harbors no ill-feeling against his predecessor, even though he has been made the object of persistent attack by the latter.

Count von Caprivi thinks it quite natural that Prince Bismarck should consider him inferior to himself as chancellor and holds that any other man succeeding the Prince, except perhaps Count Herbert Bismarck, would have met with the same criticism from the ex-Chancellor. In his opinion, Count von Caprivi is unquestionably sincere. Before going to Carlsbad, Chancellor von Caprivi held a council of the ministers to whom he communicated the condition of Prince Bismarck's health and the Emperor's intentions. Everyone approved of His Majesty's proposed action, and it was even contemplated that the Emperor upon his return from Hungary might, if Prince Bismarck expressed a desire for him to do so, visit him at Kissingen. The Emperor has sent Prince Albert of Prussia to explain his motive to the Empress Frederick, who is sojourning at Hamburg. The Empress Frederick remains hostile to the Prince as a politician, of whom she has some bitter memories, but she will not begrudge the sympathy bestowed him in his illness.

Aerial Navigation.

The problem of making a heavy body fly through the air may not be insoluble, but it is singularly difficult, and all of the attempts which have been made toward its solution are very uncertain and incomplete. Without doubt it cannot be positively affirmed that in order to accomplish bodily movement feet will always be better than wings; but on the other side, it is not sufficient to say following the formula dear to the advocates of flying machines. "The bird flies; therefore man will fly." Nothing proves that man, riveited to the soil, is powerless ever to rise into the air. But can this be done with wings? It is by process very different from those employed by nature that man up to this time has been able to enter into rivalry with her. The great Stephenson never thought of making a steam horse, and the machine man, which it is just announced that an artisan of Nuremberg has constructed, is, according to the same paper announcing it, only a very poor machine. It is then probable that man, if he succeeds, will sustain himself and circulate through the higher regions by other means than those at the disposal of the bird. The dirigible balloon comes to the support of this presumption, and its partisans, pleased with its progress, would probably be of the opinion that it is better to rest satisfied with it, at least for the present. It is, however, a matter of interest to scan the arguments brought in behalf of the aeroplane, or flying machine. The claim that in order to struggle against the air there is needed a body heavier than the air. The balloon is an obstacle to aerial navigation. A propelling motor moved by electricity is the mechanicism which promises the conquest delayed so long.

The search for some light motive power which interests alike those working for the interests of the dirigible baloon, and of the aeroplane, leads every day towards certainty of success. The problem of aerial navigation has not yet received a definite solution; but its hour is approaching. The learned Mr. Janssen says: "The twentieth century will see realized the great applications of aerial navigation. The terrestrital atmosphere will be furrowed by different appliances, which will take possession of it." Such an event will have for all humanity consequences of such magnitude that it is not too soon to begin to prepare our minds for them.—[J. Fleury in The Chautauquan for September.

A report which has been received from Sydney states that a vessel engaged in the recruiting of labourers on the coast of Malayta—one of the Solomon Islands—was attacked by the natives of that place and the crew was massacred, the vessel being burned to the water's edge. It is rumored that the ship was discovered by a Malayti chief, who promised to obtain for the captain a large number of recruits, to an anchorage which favored an attack. The treachery of the chieftain was rendered still more revolting by his having sent on board a number of natives as pledges of his good faith. Nevertheless, the ship had no sooner cast anchor than she was surrounded by perfidious natives fully armed who stormed the deck, spearing every man on board.

Picture on a Coffin Lid.

James Clareback, about forty-five years of age, was recently engaged at Herrington Corners, ten miles from Elmira, N.Y., in resurrecting the remains of Mrs. M. C. Herrington in order to bury them in another place. The body had been underground for thirty-five years, and in digging for it Clareback struck a great deal of water. He reached the remnants of the outer box surrounding the coffin, and when he pulled them out of the way he was greatly astonished to see what appeared to be Mrs. Herrington's body, apparently undisturbed and so lifelike as to convey to his mind the belief that a living, breathing woman was before him.

"I tell you I was scared'" said Clareback to a *New York Sun* correspondent, "and I nearly fell over in a faint in the grave. When I made an examination, however, I discovered that it was not the body I saw before me, but an exact photograph of it on the top of the coffin lid. I then raised the coffin and opened it. With the exception of the head, it contained only a few crumbling bones. The head, however, was perfectly preserved. The bones were covered with flesh which had petrified, the whole being as hard as a stone, while the hair had grown to an unusual length and was very abundant."

The coffin lid was exhibited to a number of people. It was made of cedar and contained an exact and perfectly clear representation of the deceased woman as she appeared when she died thirty-five years ago. Just how to account for this no one knows, but in lieu of any better explanation, that made by the gravedigger is accepted. It is to the effect that water flowing through the grave must have raised the body so that it was pressed against the coffin lid and the action of the gases arising from the body, in conjunction with the nature of the wood, forced the picture to appear as it did on the outer side of the coffin lid.

Electricity applied to Farm Work.

An interesting example of electricity as applied to farm work is now in operation on a Scotch farm. The whole of the usual farm machinery, such as threshing and the like, are here driven by an electric motor. The electricity is generated by water power, the turbine wheel which drives the dynamo being about 100 yards from the farm. The electric current thus generated is conveyed by underground wire to the house and farm, in each of which a storage battery is placed. These supply the electric current for lighting and motive purposes when the machinery is not working. The whole of the machinery is illuminated by electric light, and an electric motor is now provided for pumping the water for domestic purposes. At the farm there is a large electric motor of sixteen horse-power, which is arranged to drive the farm machinery. This it does quite easily, as it works smoothly and quietly. It requires no governor, as the speed does not vary whatever the load may be. Another feature of interest is the ease and quickness of starting; there is no waiting to get up steam, as the motor is at once started by moving over the switch handle, There are many places where water power now running to waste could be utilized in a similar manner.—*Mechanical Times*, New York.

The Pope on Education.

New York, Sept. 22.—The Rome correspondent of the *Catholic News* sends a synopsis of the recent encyclical from the pope to the bishops of America, a copy of which was delivered by Rev. Dr. Roeker to Monsignor Satolli at Pittsburg on Thursday.

His holiness urges concord and union among Catholics and instructs the bishops to promote the holding of congresses.

He calls their attention to the importance of combating for the truth of books and journalism and urges that the clergy should not occupy themselves too much with civil and political matters.

The holy father dwells on the perils of mixed marriages, and continuing speaks at length on the school question and disciplining of teachers. He says:

"Relative to elementary schools, venerable brethren, you must insist on and ever require that parish priests and all those having the care of souls, devote all their care to the instruction of their pupils in Christian doctrine, that they confide to no others that grave and noble task, but that they set their hearts on reserving to themselves the entire weight hereof, well assured that not only the salvation of families, but likewise that of the nation, depends in a great measure on the pious and salutory instruction of early youth, and never deem to have attained to that degree of industry and of good management such as to warrant you to rest from further progress in the schools."

A Swordfish's Fight.

Swordfish are unusually plentiful off the coast this summer. The fishermen hunt them with harpoons, spearing them from the decks of small vessels. The fishing smack Mattie and Lena have arrived here after a four days' trip about Block Island with 16 large swordfish, averaging 300 pounds each, and an excellent story of a struggle for life between Henry Cheesebro, one of the crew, and a wounded and maddened swordfish.

Cheesebro had harpooned a big fish off Montauk Point, and, after awaiting the usual length of time, got into a small boat to bring the apparently exhausted fish to the vessel. As soon as Cheesebro approached him and commenced hauling in the line, the fish awoke from his stupor and started in to battle for his life. He began operations by diving so as to spear Cheeseboro's boat on coming to the surface. Missing his aim the fish dived again for a second attack.

It was now too late for Cheesebro to retreat, and, defenseless in the frail cedar yawl, he awaited the onslaught. When the fish shot out of the water once more he drove his sword completely through the boat from side to side. The sword entered the boat about three feet from the bow on the port side and came out through the thin plank on the starboard side. Cheesebro had retreated to the stern of the boat in time to avoid the violence of the fierce fish and thus escaped injury.

His plight was seen from the schooner and the vessel headed for the scene of the conflict. By constant bailing Cheesebro kept his frail and disabled craft until succor arrived. A blow on the head finally killed the fish, and Cheesebro's peril as a swordfisherman was over for this time. The fish weighed 338 pounds.—*Every Saturday.*

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A WILD BOAR HUNT.

The Royal Sport in Germany.

In the fall of 1877 the Emperor William I. of Germany and his son, the Crown Prince, afterward the beloved Emperor Frederick I., came down to Cassel, where my regiment was then stationed, to attend a wild boar hunt organized by the Forrestry Department. I was one of the officers chosen by the Crown Prince as a guard of honor. About forty of the most prominent military men of Germany were to join in the hunt, which was to take place ten miles out of town on the public domain.

The guard of honor, which consisted of twelve captains and lieutenants, did not expect a great share of the sport, for we were not to be given the best positions in the line.

The Crown Prince was an enthusiastic sportsman and a crack shot. He was extremely popular with all classes in Germany, and was fairly idolized by the officers of the Prussian army. There was much competition as to who should be his immediate personal attendant; and Count Bernsdorf, a lieutenant in my regiment, obtained this honor.

In Germany the Forrestry Department has charge of all game, and those who hunt over the grounds under its supervision must obey its rules. Only muzzle-guns and rifles are allowed to be used, so that "slaughters" are impossible. An unwritten rule forbids any man who calls himself a hunter to take to a tree if attacked. For defence in such case a long knife, called a hirschfanger, is carried.

Only three animals in Germany will charge, namely: the bear, wild boar, and wolf. If, in hunting the boar, one has fired and failed to kill, the chances are ten to one that the animal will charge. Dropping on one knee, the hunter holds his hirschfanger with both hands against his chest and strives to direct the point of the weapon against the spot between the shoulder blade and neck of the charging brute.

If the hunter fails in this, he must throw himself face downward on the ground, and fold his arms over his head. The furious boar does not stop in his wild charge to worry a prostrate form; but he will rush over or by, and his sharp tusks generally give a slash in a man's arm, thigh or side, the marks of which he will carry to his grave.

Five seconds after the crash, if the hunter is able to look about him, he may hear the boar making through the underbrush a hundred yards away, and will be thankful that he has escaped with so slight injury.

It was eight o'clock, on a clear, frosty morning, when we of the royal boar hunt took our places about one hundred feet apart in the dense forest. All were dressed in the German hunting costume of greyish-green, and each was armed with a muzzle loading rifle and a hirschfanger.

The beaters had been driving since five o'clock. We could hear the baying of the approaching dogs. I was stationed among some beech trees where there was a little underwood—a fine position, if anything came that way. It was the first boar hunt of my life, and I kept my eyes and ears strained to catch a sign of a wild boar.

By and by a deer rushed by me, and then several foxes; but by the rules of the hunt nothing but boars was to be shot. The forest was full of escaping game.

The rifles were beginning to make themselves heard; the boars were coming. Just then an officer of the Emperor's household came up to me and handed me a note for the Crown Prince. The official told me that the Emperor had retired from the hunt, owing to a slight indisposition. I happened to be the first one of the prince's party whom he had encountered, and of course I had to deliver the note, thus losing my place in the line, and my chance at the game.

It was extremely annoying, but there was nothing to do but find the prince. As I hurried along I saw several hogs, but it was against the rules to stop to shoot anything while carrying an official message.

The Crown Prince had just killed a huge tusker when I saluted him, and received the message kindly. Something in my face may have told him that I regretted being deprived of my sport, for he called Count Bernsdorf and sent him off with a written answer to the message he had received from me.

When the count had gone the Prince told me to take his place, not thirty feet from his side, and said, in his cheery way, "The next boar is yours, Herr Lieutenant."

I had hardly time to thank him when I heard some heavy animal crashing through the scrub. In another second a great grayish-brown hog made right for me. Anxious to acquit myself well in the eyes of the Crown Prince, I instantly aimed and fired. The hog turned a somersault, and fell dead not ten feet from me.

"A good shot, lieutenant," said the Crown Prince, laughingly, but please spare the sows!"

To my great mortification, I then saw I had killed a sow—a most humilating mistake, and one of which I was likely never to hear the last from my brother officers. As I re-loaded, I thought bitterly that it would have been much more to my credit if I had accidently shot myself.

Luckily I had not much time to think. The dogs were getting nearer and hogs were rushing through the bush all around us.

I heard the Crown Prince say to me. "Try again, Herr Lieutenant!" and turned to see a great mass of dirty brown-colored bristles not thirty feet away. No mistaking his lordship this time. In my dreams I still see the animal's fiery eyes, his foaming jaws, and the glistening white tusks curled over his snout.

The unlucky shot I just made must have unnerved me, for, in spite of a careful aim, I only wounded the brute in the back. On he came, with a wild shrieking snort of pain and rage. He seemed the embodiment of animal fury, as with erect bristles and gnashing jaws he tore upon me.

As I drew my hirschfanger and knelt to receive his charge, I remember praying that I might kill him or he me. I caught the report of a rifle when the boar reached me. A fearful shock followed. I was knocked head over heels, and lost consciousness.

When I came to my senses I found myself in bed and so sore that I could not move. My left thigh had received a cut a foot long and more than an inch deep. My right wrist was broken, both arms were sprained, and my head and body were covered with bruises.

It appears that the Crown Prince had fired and mortally wounded the boar just as he reached me. My hirschfanger had also found the brute's heart; but such was the creature's vitality that in its death struggles it had reached and cut my thigh with its tusks before anyone could get me out of the way. There is little doubt that a hirschfanger is a trusty weapon, but I never tried it on a wild boar again.

It was three months before I could resume my duties in my regiment. When I did. I never heard a word about the sow. Knowing the prince's generous nature, I believe that he took the blame for my unsportsman-like blunder on himself.

Three weeks after my unfortunate encounter with the wild boar I received a package from a Berlin jeweler. It contained the boar's tusks mounted in gold and joined by a ring on which was the following inscription:

"Unser Fritz s. l. Lieutenant——"
[Our Fritz to his dear Lieutenant—]

I cherish it as a most precious memento of that great and noble man.

BRITISH SLAVE-TRADING.

Historical Sketch of the Traffic by Henry M. Stanley.

From the year when Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope (1497) to the year 1807, when the British Government prohibited the exportation of slaves ever the high seas, is a period of 310 years. During all this time Africa was surrendered to the cruelty of the slave-hunter and the avarice of the slave-trader. While its people were thus subject to capture and expatriation, it was clearly impossible that any intellectual or moral progress could be made by them. The greater number of those accessible from the coast were compelled to study the best methods of avoiding the slaver and escaping his force and his wiles; the rest only thought of the arts of kidnapping their innodent and unsuspecting fellow creatures. Yet, ridiculous as it may appear to us, there were not wanting zealous men who devoted themselves to Christianizing the savages who were moved by such an opposite spirit. In Angola, Congo, and Mozambique, and far up the Zambezi, missionaries erected churches and cathedrals; bishops and priests were appointed, who converted and baptized, while at the mouths of the Niger, the Congo and the Zambezi their countrymen built slave-barracoons and anchored their murderous slave-ships. European governments legalized and sanctioned the slave trade, the public conscience of the period approved it, the mitred heads of the church blessed the slave gangs as they marched to the shore, and the tax-collector received the levy per head as lawful revenue.

Both here and there during these guilty centuries words of warning are not wanting. Queen Elizabeth, upon being informed of the forcible capture of Africans for the purposes of sale, exclaims solemnly that "such actions are detestable, and will down vengeance on the perpetrators." When Las Casas, in his anxiety to save his Indians, suggests that Africans be substituted for them, the Pope, Leo X., declares that "not only the Christian religion but Nature herself cried out against such a course."

One hundred and sixty-five years after the discovery of the Cape, Sir John Hawkins pioneers the way for England to participate in the slave trade, hitherto carried on by the Portuguese, the Spanish and the Dutch.

A century later a king of England, Charles II., heads an English company which undertakes to supply the British West Indies yearly with 30,000 negroes.

After the Asiento contract, under which for thirty years England secured the monopoly of supplying the Spanish West Indies with slaves, as many as 192 ships were engaged every year in the transportation of slaves from the African coast. The countries which suffered most from the superior British method of slave capturing and trading and slave-carrying were Congo land, the Niger Valley, the Guinea and Gold coasts, the Gambia, Cross and Calabar lands.

The system adopted by the British crews in those days was very similar to that employed by the Arabs to-day in inner Africa. They landed at night, surrounded the selected village, and then set fire to the huts, and as the frightened people issued out of the burning houses, they were seized and carried to the ships; or sometimes the skipper, in his hurry for sea, sent his crew to range through the town he was trading with, and, regardless of rank, to seize upon every man, woman and child they met. Old Town, Creek Town and Duke Town, in Old Calabar, have often witnessed this summary and high-handed proceeding.

Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, called the slave trade "an important and necessary branch of commerce;" and probably the largest section of the British public, before those anti-slavery champions Clarkson and Wilberforce succeeded in persuading their countrymen to reflect a little, shared Boswell's views, as well as his surprise and indignation, when it became known that there were English people who talked of suppressing it.

That the slave trade must have been a lucrative commerce there can be no doubt, when we consider that from 1777 to 1807 upwards of 3,000,000 Africans had been sold in the West Indies. All those forts which may be seen lining the west coast of Africa to-day were constructed principally by means of the revenue derived from the slave tax.—From "Slavery and the Slave Trade in Africa," by Henry M. Stanley in Harper's Magazine.

At the Aquarium in Berlin there is a big gorilla whose habits are about as correct as those of his most distant relatives. He gets up at eight o'clock in the morning, takes a bath and uses soap without hesitation. When his toilet is completed he takes a cup of milk, after which he eats two loaves of bread with Frankfort sausages and smoked Hamburg beef, all of which he moistens with a glass of Weiss beer. At 1 p.m. he takes a bowl of soup, with rice and potatoes, and a wing of a chicken. He uses his knife and fork and a napkin like a human being; but when he thinks that his keepers are not observing him he discards the impediments of civilisation and plunges his muzzle into the bowl, as if to give evidence of the melancholy fact that even a gorilla can be a hog.

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NEW WESTMINSTER, SEPT. 30, 1893.

THE KAMLOOPS CONVENTION.

On the 10th of October next there is proposed to be held at Kamloops a meeting of delegates under the title of the "Constitutional League," etc. Put into plain, every-day English language, an Opposition convention is called for the said time and place to take into consideration the adoption of measures calculated to defeat the present Provincial ministry and place the Opposition party in power. Now, there is nothing whatever objectionable in this. It is quite the ordinary custom for political parties to call conventions of their following to devise a popular platform and take such other steps as the delagates assembled may conceive to be in the interest of the party. The only objection that can reasonably be offered to the proposed meeting at Kamloops, is that it is asked to assemble under false colors. It does not appear quite the thing that a parliamentary party which resorted to the unconstitutional means of a public petition to dismember the Province should be the chief movers in a gathering designated "Constitutional League," unless that title is intended to imply, as indeed may be the case, that the Opposition party hereafter intends to work by constitutional means. Even so, though, the meeting should, in fairness, be described as what it is, an Opposition convention, and the neglect to call it by that, its proper name, displays a decided weakness on the part ef those who are responsible for the movement. It gives an impression of a weak cause, and a necessity of resorting to false pretences. It is true, of course, that the claim is made that Oppositionists, Independents and even Ministerialists are expected to attend the convention under discussion. This is to give color to the title of "Constitutional League." Undoubtedly the Opposition will be there in strength; the Independent party has ceased to exist; the Ministerialists will not attend and are not expected to. The statement to the contrary is altogether too guileless, even for unsuspecting country folks.

No one in the Province, we imagine, but is glad to see the government of the day fronted by a keen, watchful and vigorous Opposition, such as exists in the Legislature at the present time. We may even go further and say that it would be no disadvantage to the country if, at the approaching general elections, the force of the Opposition was increased by a few additional members. Whether, under the dubious tactics adopted in the holding of the coming convention, this can be accomplished is doubtful, for it is noticeable that the preliminary meetings called for the selection of delegates, are, as a rule, poorly attended and very tame affairs. Even at such a meeting in Westminster, supposed to be a red-hot Opposition constituency, Mr. Brown had, in his address, to regret the poor attendance. Perhaps the people, having had time to take breath, begin to realize that a party which, on the first provocation, flies off the handle and recklessly cries for a division of the Province, without at all considering the far-reaching consequences of the principle involved, is scarcely a safe party to be entrusted with the large interests of British Columbia. However, that may be, the Constitutional League, as a piece of Opposition party machinery does not promise to be a very successful contrivance.

At the Vancouver meeting called for the appointing of Kamloops delegates, a few things occurred that appear to be quite legitimate subjects of comment. One of the speakers, still in love with the old blunder of separation, ventured to advocate that perfectly unjustifiable agitation and was promptly sat upon. We congratulate the Opposition on their changed attitude in this regard, and believe that the sound lesson they have taken on the mischievous effects of hasty action will be of good service in the future. Another thing that strikes us as being open to criticism, is the presence at the said meeting in active capacity, and exceedingly radical in language, of a gentleman bearing the title of reverend in the Protestant church. No man with any just conception of the political rights of individuals would for a moment wish to deprive any clergyman of his political privileges. A Christian teacher has a perfect right to be a politician if he chooses, however injudicious the action may appear to the great bulk of the Christian public. Such a teacher must expect, however, to drop the protection of the "cloth," and be criticised in the same free manner as other politicians. This may not be pleasant, but it is eminently just. Now, the criticism we wish to make is this, that if it be quite proper for Protestant clergymen to take part in political campaigns, then the vigorous objection insisted on by Protestants through many years against the Catholic clergy of Quebec and elsewhere taking part in elections will no longer hold. We write absolutely free of religious prejudice either way, but if Protestants uphold the conduct of this Rev. Maxwell they must grant the same privileges to Catholic clergymen on the same terms.

THE EXHIBITION.

The great exhibition and celebration at Westminster for the year 1893 is practically over. It is an event that is looked forward to with pleasurable feelings by settlers in all parts of the Mainland, and its unfailing success each year lends it increased influence in the progress of the Province at large. The citizens of Westminster know well the wide responsibility that attaches to them as spousors of this very important institution of far-reaching influence, and learning constantly by previous experience they have brought the management of the exhibition celebration to a perfection of arrangement rarely equalled.

The Provincial aspect of the exhibition is the only feature needing to be touched upon here. At this annual show are gathered together the products of the ranches of essentially the entire Province. Here the producers meet and are forced to compare their several accomplishments, with undoubtedly a stimulating effect upon all. Here, too, strangers gather to obtain in concise form some measure of insight into the possibilities of the various British Columbian industries. Happily, the story told by the exhibition from year to year is of the most promising kind, and while producers rejoice in the demonstrative evidence of the fruitfulness of their chosen country, strangers are forced to conclude that they have witnessed sure indications of present and future prosperity. It was once thought that the Prairie Province of Manitoba headed the D[illegible] g and roots. As to grain, the claim is probably just, but in regard to roots it cannot be maintained. The writer is well acquainted with the splendid root products of prairie land, and undoubtedly they are surpassed by those of British Columbia. In the article of potatoes the fertility of this Province, as manifested at this year's exhibition, is nowhere equalled. To many outside visitors, guests at hotels, this will appear an overstatement, for it frequently has happened that the potato supply has not been equal to the consumption, and a very inferior article, the product of unsuitable soils, has been served upon hotel tables. The impression thus gained, however, is a mistaken one. The root products of British Columbia can nowhere be surpassed. So let us hope it will be with fruit, the cultivation of which is yet in its infancy, but the display of which at the current exhibition was a surprise to strangers and the delight of all well-wishers of the Pacific Province.

AN EXPLANATION.

"The 'New Baby' says that 'on the quiet, his daddy is very proud of him.' But a well regulated daddy, who didn't have *something* to be ashamed of, wouldn't be proud 'on the quiet.' He would come right out and publicly acknowledge that he was the daddy of the 'bouncing baby boy.' The poor 'Baby' is hardly old enough yet to understand, but this 'proud-on-the-quiet,'-ashamed-in-the public business is very damaging to the infant's good name."

The above is from our good neighbor the *Columbian*, and is in reply to an item in last weeks CANADIAN, headed "The Baby and the Small Boy," this paper figuring as the "Baby." From the above, but more especially from a notice given us by the Chilliwack *Progress*, we conclude that a section of the Press of the Province is disturbed, because in our publication there nowhere appears the name of a personality responsible for the opinions advanced. This view of the matter, we are bound to say, had never occurred to the publisher, who understood the *Columbian's* witty reference to the parentage of this journal to apply entirely to the parties who brought it into existence. Apparently this was an error, and we now propose to take the Press and the public, too, entirely into our confidence.

The editor of the PACIFIC CANADIAN wishes to be esteemed a modest man. Long used to newspaper work, he permits his own name to appear in the journal he has in charge, only when it cannot well be avoided. The vanity of the title, "Editor and Proprietor," faded away with his youth. Accustomed in time past to deal with Provincial Ministers and Dominion M. Ps., he is in no way inclined to court them, and believing that the public is quite indifferent to the personality of a newspaper writer, so long as the newspaper itself is satisfactory in tone and policy, he did not see any need of advertising his responsible position. With the Press in general, and of British Columbia in particular, the position is somewhat different. The editor of the PACIFIC CANADIAN would feel honored to be deserving of the esteem of that bright and everywhere respected body. Therefore, for the once, we drop our impersonality, and blushingly declare that Mr. J. F. Galbraith is the responsible editor of this paper, and that the same gentleman is proprietor of the PACIFIC CANADIAN publication. He is not, however, owner of the plant with which this journal is printed, and which is a very complete one. That was put into his hands by some two hundred of the good citizens of New Westminster who, as mentioned in our first issue, were very anxious for the establishment of another newspaper here. We regret that we cannot supply the names of the citizens above mentioned We do not know them, our dealings being entirely with a solicitor who represented them. These citizens, through their solicitor, were very moderate in their requirements. They did not tie us down by any hard any fast lines of policy. They did not ask us to rush pell-mell into party politics, but they urged upon us the prime need of speaking well of city and Province, and of endeavoring at every favorable opportunity to present the industries of the country, especially those of agriculture, in as favorable a point of view as strict adherence to the truth would allow. It was further represented to us that a weak minority had failed to control the majority in the Legislature of the Province, and had in consequence developed revolutionary tendencies, which, if encouraged, might degrade British Columbia to the level of South American Republics, and that, therefore, it would give satisfaction if the new paper would moderately support constituted authority, as represented by the Government of the day, until such time as a new election under redistributed constituencies would, in a constitutional manner, show the wishes of the people. We accepted the editorial management of the PACIFIC CANADIAN on these lines, and we ask our readers to refer to the two numbers issued, and note if the policy intimated has not been fairly carried out.

Gentlemen of the Press: Gentlemen of the Public: You are in possession of the secret that never was a secret. While about it we may add that the Press of the Province has been very kind to the unknown editor of the CANADIAN, and has complimented him in a manner that is very pleasant. Several of the Press notices are not available, as we did not intend to publish them and they are not on file. Here are a few recently to hand:

The PACIFIC CANADIAN is the title of the latest craft on the journalistic sea. The first issue is dated the 16th inst., and issued at New Westminster. It is devoted to Dominion and Provincial affairs, and is of the Conservative stripe. The editorials show a free hand and a balanced mind, and altogether the first number of this week's issue is most creditable. On Provincial matters it is "mum" and no clew is given as to its proprietor and editor. However, we shake.—*Chilliwack Progress.*

THE PACIFIC CANADIAN.—We have just had the pleasure of perusing a new weekly journal with the above unique heading, which was published at New Westminster for the first time on Saturday last. It is neatly gotten-up, well printed and a credit to the city of its birth. Its columns are brim full of interesting matter relating to passing events throughout the Province. The editorials are ably and strongly written. From a careful glance at its leaders we should judge that it intends to support the Davie administration in a limited degree. The PACIFIC CANADIAN is a credit to the press of the Province, and we trust it will long be found among our list of exchanges.—*Steveston Enterprise.*

The first issue of the PACIFIC CANADIAN a new weekly newspaper published at New Westminster, was received at the office of the *News* the fore part of the week. It is an eight-page, six-column sheet, laden with a large amount of material, and modest in its claims. While we believe that, from a business standpoint, the field was ably occupied by the Daily *Columbian*, yet the political complexion of the hour might be such as to justify the appearance of another sheet, and hence we bid a cordial welcome to to the new-born babe into the journalistic field of the Province. Newspaper institutions have the same inherent right to enter a new field, though it might be fully covered by another business of the kind, as well as other business institutions in similar circumstances. As to the wisdom of such ventures the experience of the past is unquestionably against it, but they have to take the same chances as other business enterprises. The *News* wishes the PACIFIC CANADIAN success.—*Mission City News.*

THE PACIFIC CANADIAN is the title of the latest addition to the journalistic family in this Province, hailing from New Westminster. The new candidate for public favors is, mechanically, a well gotten-up sheet, and is full of promise. Mr. Galbraith, the publisher and editor, is an experienced journalist, and bids fair to achieve fame in that field, As usual, great things are promised by the new-comer; and if one-half it claims to be its guiding principles are carried out, the PACIFIC CANADIAN will be a powerful ally in discussing matters relating to this fair and progressive Province. As regards Dominion Politics, our contemporary, which for the present appears only as a weekly, will be Conservative, as well as a supporter of the dominant parts in British Columbia. We wish it every success. A good newspaper, conducted on gentlemanly lines, and arguing matters logically and intelligently, is certainly badly needed in the Royal City. Let us hope the PACIFIC CANADIAN will soon blossom out into a daily.—*Vancouver World.*

GOOD-BYE, GOLDWIN.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, so well known in Canada as an impracticable politician, has resigned his life membership in the Toronto St. George's Society, and announced his intention of shortly removing to England, where he will reside in future. Canadians will not greatly regret his departure, for from first to last the tendency of his writings was in direct opposition to the sentiments of the great bulk of the Canadian people. It is agreed on all hands that Mr. Smith had great literary talent, and in learning and culture he was one of the foremost men in the Dominion. His utter failure to gain the good will, even of a small portion of the people he sought to guide is but another illustration of the fact that learning is by no means synonymous with wisdom. Starting off in his native land upon what bore every token of a successful political career, he soon found himself out of favor and in many ways a disappointed man. Canada offered a fresh field, which the Professor, then in his prime, availed himself of to recover his sinking political fortunes. Here his brilliant gifts, lacking wise practical application, availed him nothing in obtaining the public favor. The country distinctly declined to accept his lead, and, grown peevish at his ill-success, the next move was to seek political prominence by urging the annexation of Canada to the United States. His converts were few, and wisdom coming with age, the learned Professor returns to his old home an unmistakable failure as a leader of Canadian opinion. Respected in some quarters for his literary talents, he has nowhere succeeded in obtaining any hold upon the affections of the people.

From an article in the Vancouver *World*, of Monday, we clip the following abstract regarding Premier Davie's movements in the immediate future: "The Premier, we are aware, has time and again expressed a strong desire to go through the district south of the Fraser, from the coast to Hope, in order to meet the people, whose wants he wishes to become familiar with. He is making arrangements to be present, if possible, at the Delta exhibition next week, and to take a drive through that renowned portion of British Columbia. He may be present at the Vernon fair on October 4th, 5th and 6th, and will make it a point to attend the Interior Agricultural Exhibition at Ashcroft on the 12th and 13th. In this way he hopes to become familiar with the public necessities. The going out and in amongst the people by Ministers of the Crown, is a commendable move, and is highly appreciated."

Mr. Molyneux St. John, of Montreal, it is announced, has been appointed by the directors of the Winnipeg *Free Press* Company, to be editor-in-chief and managing director of that well-known and widely circulated newspaper. More than twenty years ago the editor of the CANADIAN was employed on the *Free Press*, then newly founded by Mr. W. F. Luxton, under whose enterprising management the journal eventually attained great success and wielded large political power. To old stagers, the *Free Press* will hardly be itself without Mr. Luxton at the helm. Mr. St. John is a clever newspaper man, and in the early days of Manitoba was connected with the Winipeg *Manitoban*.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON, first minister of Canada, is having great success in his political tour through the province of Ontario. At Belleville he was greeted with an audience of 10,000. The hon. gentleman has greater opposition to expect in Ontario than in any of the other provinces and it certainly must be gratifying to himself and the Conservative party generally to meet with such hearty tokens of approbation.

Referring to Premier Davie's remarks at the Chilliwack banquet, the Victoria *Times* alludes to the reference to a railway to open up the Cariboo country, and expresses approval thereat. Without doubt, this fine district, containing collectively a vast area of arable land, is sadly in need of railway communication, and it is equally certain that the putting of it within reach of market facilities would benefit the whole Province.

A New Sect.

Chicago, Sept. 21.—As an outcome of the World's Parliament of Religions an organization, to be known as the "Brotherhood of Christian Unity," has been formed. Its object is the advancement of Christian work, the perpetuation of the remarkable spirit of unity that has characterized the Religious Parliament, and the creation of a bond with which to begin the federation of the World upon a Christian basis. Among the founders of the movement are: Dr. Henry Berrows, Presbyterian; Dr. George Dana Boardman, Baptist; Dr. Lymon Abbott, Congregationalist; Dr. Alfred W. Momerie, London, Church of England; Charles C. Bonney, New Church; Bishop G. H. Vincent, Methodist; Miss Frances Willard, President W.C.T.U.; Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, Independent; Bishop J. S. Mills, United Brethren; Dr. W. F. Black, Christian; Dr. Charles H. Eaton, Universalist; Dr. Carl VonBergen, Stockholm, Sweden, Independent Lutheran, and Bishop B. W. Arnett, African Methodist Episcopal.

Ottawa, Sept. 28.—Hons. G. E. Foster and A. R. Angers leave on Sunday night for the Pacific coast.

The Surrey Exhibition.

A Great Success.

As mentioned last week, the annual exhibition of the District of Surrey Agricultural Association was held at Cloverdale on Friday, September 22nd. The weather had been dull and unfavorable for some days previously, but the morning of the fair dawned bright, the prelude to a glorious September day of clear sky and balmy atmosphere, that enabled the town visitors to enjoy to the full the trip to the country.

Cloverdale is a small village on the Great Northern Railway, and came into existence after the late real estate activity in British Columbia was practically over. In consequence, the growth of the little town has been slow, but it is nevertheless the only point of any consequence in Surrey, and is also the chief station on the Great Northern Railway between the Fraser River and the boundary line. The proximity of Cloverdale to Westminster, being only twelve miles distant by wagon road, is rather unfavorable to the smaller place, but nevertheless the little town must eventually develops into quite an important community, and the Board of Managers of the Surrey Agricultural Society displayed sound judgment in calling the annual show for Cloverdale this year, instead of at Surrey Centre, where it has hitherto been held.

The Starr Hotel provided excellent accommodation for visitors, and the fine building of the Oddfellows made an admirable exhibition hall, within a dozen paces of the railway train, the latter being a feature much appreciated by visitors from Westminster and Vancouver, and there was a very fair attendance from both.

Early in the morning the exhibits commenced to arrive, and by 10 o'clock the large hall was full, and the various judges were engaged in their important functions. Opposite the hall, a piece of meadow, the use of which was granted for the occasion by Mr. Jos. Shannon, was put in shape for the sports to come off in the afternoon: while adjoining the exhibition building a temporary stand was erected by a committee of the Presbyterian body, where temperance beverages, fruit, etc., found ready sale throughout the day.

A look through the stock yard did not greatly impress our reporter, though the exhibit of horses was very good indeed. In thoroughbred cattle, there were very few entries, but the animals were good. Graded cattle were represented by milch cows only, the other classes having been struck off the prize list. In sheep there was a moderate exhibit in long-wooled and short-wooled. Swine were represented by Berkshires only, and there were several fine pens, though the strain shown by Mr. Thos. Shannon again secured the honors. There was a very limited exhibit of poultry.

In the hall the display was fine, being in several lines much better than on former occasions. Roots were well represented, and of very superior quality. In this division the exhibits of R. M. Palmer and of J. McIntosh are particularly deserving of mention, and would be considered excellent anywhere. The entries in grains were not numerous, owing to the lateness of the harvest, but the samples shown were very good. The fruit display was fair, but as a matter of fact a much better exhibit could be had a month later. Dairy products were well represented, and in all lines were highly creditable. In ladies' work, the display was simply admirable and proved a great attraction to all visitors. The beauty and artistic taste displayed in many of the articles called forth frequent comments, highly complimentary to the ladies of Surrey, and it should be stated that in several classes the competition was so keen that the judges found difficulty in deciding where to place the prizes.

Owing to the unusual number and variety of the entries, it was not until near three o'clock that the judges got through, and the hall was ready to be opened to the public.

The opening address was made by Mr. Wm. Ladner, who complimented the people of Surrey on the fine display of products he had just inspected. Some years ago, he said, he had walked through this section of the district, and little expected then to see the wide-spread improvements that now came under his observation. He hoped Surrey would long continue to prosper, and that the satisfactory progress he had witnessed would continue through the coming years.

During the next hour or two the hall was crowded with visitors and exhibitors, the former desirous of seeing the articles, and the latter more or less curious to learn who had captured the various prizes. As already stated, the comments of visitors, as they passed around the hall and examined the various articles, were of a very complimentary character, and everything considered, the Surrey Agricultural Society has every reason to be pleased with the result of its exhibition for 1893.

At about three o'clock Mr. McLagan, of the Vancouver *World*, and a couple of Chilliwack gentlemen, drove in from Langley, and shortly afterwards were followed by a carriage containing Hon. Premier Davie, Mrs. Davie and two children. It had been known a couple of hours previously, that the Premier would attend the fair some time during the afternoon, and a meeting of the directors of the Society was convened to take measures for his reception, which took the form of an address of welcome, and when the Premier's carriage drove up to the exhibition hall, Mr. H. T. Thrift, Secretary of the Association, stood upon the platform and read the address. The following is a copy, which we reprint from our last issue:—

TO THE HON. THEODORE DAVIE, Q. C., PREMIER AND ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA:

SIR.—Your unexpected visit to our exhibition this afternoon has placed the Board of Managers of the Surrey Agricultural Association, and the people of this Municipality generally, in a rather difficult position. We welcome you and your most estimable lady heartily, but we feel that more than this is due from us, and in the press of time we donot know what measures to take.

Be assured that this hastily constructed address is but an indication of the pleasure your visit affords us. Surrey, as you no doubt are aware, is by natural qualifications one of the most promising of the municipalities of the Province. Here we have hill and dale and bottom lands, all the conditions, in short for the culture of grasses, cereals, or fruits, and in cattle, sheep, and other live stock our ranches have successfully competed with the whole Province. But the very diversity of our soils renders the making of roads, and the maintaining of them, a burdensome charge upon our settlers. Our roads, we regret to say, are not as good as they should be for the needs of tde considerable population of the municipality, and although we believe in "helping ourselves," our abilities are not always equal to the demand put upon them.

Here in Cloverdale you are in the midst of a small community that is suffering for the want of communication with the Yale road, which is the chief thoroughfare of the district. The people of this community feeling well satisfied if the desire of yourself and your colleagues to forward deserving public improvements, have already petitioned your government for assistance in completing the opening of the Clover Valley road between Cloverdale and the Yale crossing.

We, who are participating in this exhibition of agricultural products, have learned with regret that your esteemed colleague the Minister of Agriculture, has this year deemed it advisable to reduce the grant to the District of Surrey Agricultural Association. The fact bears rather hardly upon our society, becauss the prize list had been published before the association was informed of the reduction in revenue.

Sir, our pleasure at this your first visit to Surrey is lessened because of our lack of preparation to provide entertainment for yourself, Mrs. Davie and the children who are with you.

(Signed) JOS. MCCALLUM,
Pres. Surrey Agri. Asso.
And 60 others.

Hon. Mr. Davie, in reply, thanked the people of Surrey most earnestly for the kind reception accorded to himself and Mrs. Davie. So far from feeling that there was any loss in the lack of preparation to receive thim, he was delighted with the spontaneous expressions of welcome contained in the address, and nothing, he thought, could be more fitting, or give more pleasure to the recipients of it. In dealing upon matters touched upon in the address, he felt the necessity of being brief, but he wished the people of Surrey to overlook his somewhat lame remarks and give him the credit of an earnest desire to assist them in any way that his Government justly could, having in view the interests of the whole Province. Surrey had the fortune to be specially represented by a gentleman who never wearied of urging its claims upon Ministers. They had in Mr. Punch a representative at all times alive to their interests, and persistent in his efforts to obtain the ear of the Government in their behalf. He (Mr. Davie) observed that this people were a reasonable people, and to such the Government was never deaf, and he hoped to be able to deal with them in a satisfactory way. Driving down from Langley he had noticed that the roads were not in first-class order, and there was reason in the sentences of the address referring to the heavy charges of maintaining the highways. Anything that he could do would be done to aid the struggling settlers, for he felt that of all the industries of the Province that of agriculture best merited the attention of the Government. He had discussed these matters with his colleagues, and he could assure those present there was no want of desire to aid the rural districts, and all were agreed that something must be done towards encouraging their development. The present state of things cannot last, and with Government and people working together, there is every reason to hope that much good will be accomplished in the future. Again thanking the people for the honor paid him, Mr. Davie took his seat amidst hearty applause.

The Hon. Premier and his party then alighted, and took a look through the hall, expressing surprise and satisfaction at the great variety of exhibits and the general excellence. Afterwards Mr. Davie held consultations with several of the prominent ranchers touching matters of public concern, and his manner of dealing with the propositions submitted, gave good satisfaction to his auditors. Meantime, Mrs. Davis and the children were escorted to the residence of Mrs. J. F. Galbraith, where needed refreshments were partaken of Shortly after five o'clock the train pulled up in front of the exhibition hall, and the visitors were soon on board and speeding to their several homes, the Premier's party well pleased with their visit, and desirous of repeating it when opportunity again offers.

THE SPORTS.

The athletic sports, etc., commenced about two o'clock, but the committee very soon learned that they had more in hand than could be got through with in one day, and it was impressed upon them that in the future, when a programme of sports is added to the usual entertainment of the exhibition proper, it will be necessary to extend the celebration over two days. Following is a list of the successful competitors in the events that time permitted to come off:

Men's Flat Race—W. L. Hayward, 1st; J. F. Dickson, 2nd; Johnny (an Indian), 3rd.

Sack Race—W. L. Hayward, 1st; Johnny (an Indian), 2nd.

Running Race, girls under 15—Lelia Bryant, 1st; Maggie Sullivan, 2nd; Annie Collishaw, 3rd.

Running Race, boys under 15—George McKay, 1st; Jas. McElmon, 2nd; George Shannon, 3rd.

Running Race, boys under 10—McClellan, 1st; McCallum, 2nd; John Shannon, 3rd.

Men's High Jump—W. L. Hayward, 1st.

Three-Legged Race—Paul and Johnny (Indians), 1st; A. Murphy and H. McCormick, 2nd.

Men's Hop, Step and Jump—W. L. Hayward, 1st; Frank Boyce and H. McCormick, 2nd.

Men's Broad Jump—W. L. Hayward, 1st; H. McCormick, 2nd.

Putting Shot—W. L. Hayward, 1st; Frank Boyce, 2nd.

THE PRIZE LIST.

Following is the official list of the prize winners:

THOROUGHBRED CATTLE.

Durham bull, aged, 1st, John Armstrong.

Durham bull calf, 1st, Worth & Menzies.

Holstein cow, aged, 1st, A, Milton.

Jersey bull calf, 1st, Thos. Foster.

Jersey cow, aged, 1st, Wm. McBride.

HORSES—DRAUGHT.

Brood mare, 1st, A. Mavis; 2nd, Wm. McBride.
Colt, 3 years old, 1st, Thos. Shannon; 2nd, J. E. Murchison.
Colt, 2 years old, 1st and 2nd, R. M. Palmer.
Colt, one year old, 1st, G. P. Dafoe; 2nd, G. Boothroyd,
Sucking colt, 1st, Wm. McBride; 2nd, A. Mavis.
Span draught horses, 1st, D. Johnson.

GENERAL PURPOSE.

Brood mare, 1st, J. E. Murchison; 2nd, J. E. Murphy.
Colt, 3 years old, 1st, A. H. Horne; 2nd, E. J. Newton.
Colt, 2 years old, 1st and 2nd, E J. Newton.
Sucking colt, 1st, J. E. Murchison; 2nd, E. J. Newton.
Span of general purpose horses, 1st, E. J. Newton; 2nd, R. M. Palmer.

SHEEP—LONG-WOOLED.

Ram lamb, 1st and 2nd, Geo. Underwood.
Pair ewes, 1st P. Hickey; 2nd, Geo. Underwood.
Pair ewe lambs, 1st P. Hicky; 2nd, Geo. Underwood.

SHEEP—SHORT-WOOLED.

Ram, 1st, A. Murphy.
Ram lamb, 1st and 2nd, P. Hicky.
Pair ewes, 1st and 2nd, P. Hicky.
Pair ewe lambs, P. Hicky.

PIGS—BERKSHIRE.

Boar, under 1 year, 1st and 2nd, Thos. Shannon.
Sow, over two years, 1st and 2nd, Thos. Shannon.
Sow, 1 year, 1st, A. Milton; 2nd, Thos. Shannon.
Sow, under 1 year, 1st and 2nd, Thos. Shannon.

POULTRY.

Pair turkeys, 1st, J. Keary.
Ducks, common, 1st, Thos. Shannon.
Hens, Trio light Brahmas, 1st, Rev. J. P. Bowell.
Trio brown Leghorns, 1st, Thos. Shannon.
Trio silver Hamburgs, 1st, Thos. Shannon.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter, in rolls, 1st, John McIntosh; 2nd, S. Walker; 3rd, A. Milton.
Butter, crock or firkin, 1st, J. Armstrong; 2nd, John McIntosh.
Bread, 2 loaves, 1st, Mrs. J. H. Starr; 2nd, Mrs. Thos. Shannon; 3rd, Miss Richmond.
Collection cakes, 1st, Miss Alice Galbraith; 2nd, Miss M. J. Shannon.
Fruit cakes, 1st, Miss M. J. Shannon.

FIELD PRODUCE.

Fall wheat, 1st, G. Boothroyd.
Spring wheat, 1st, H. T. Thrift.
Chevalier barley, 1st, Wm. Collishaw; 2nd, P. Hickey.
Rough barley, 1st and 2nd, H. T. Thrift.
White oats, 1st, P. Hickey.
Black oats, 1st, P. Hickey.
Field peas, white, 1st, G. Boothroyd; 2nd, H. T. Thrift.
Bale Timothy hay, 1st, A. Murphy; 2nd, Thos. Shannon
Bale clover hay, 1st, G. Boothroyd.
Timothy seed, 1st, P. Hickey.
Hops, cured, 1st, H. T. Thrift.
Collection potatoes, 1st, R. M. Palmer; 2nd, T. Biggar.
Early Rose potatoes, 1st, Thos. Shannon; 2nd, Jos. Shannon.
Beauty Hebron potatoes, 1st, R. M. Palmer; 2nd, J. Keery.
Any early potato, 1st, R. M. Palmer; 2nd, John Armstrong,
Burbarnk seedling potato, 1st, R. M. Palmer.
Any late potato, 1st, R. M. Palmer; 2nd, J. McIntosh.
Red mangold wurtzel, 1st, R. M. Palmer; 2nd, J. McIntosh.
Globe mangold wurtzel, 1st, J. McIntosh; 2nd, R. M. Palmer.
Sugar beet, 1st and 2nd, J. McIntosh.
Long red carrot, 1st, Wm. Collishaw.
White carrots, 1st, J. McIntosh; 2nd, J. Keery.
Swede turnips, 1st, T. Biggar; 2nd, W. Collishaw.
Turnips, any other kind, 1st, J. McIntosh; 2nd, W. Collishaw.
Another variety of turnips, 1st, H. T. Thrift; 2nd, J. Keery.
Two pumpkins, 1st, T. Shannon.
Collection of grain, 1st, H. T. Thrift.

GARDEN PRODUCE.

Table carrots, 1st, Wm. Collishaw.
Onions, 1st and 2nd, R. M. Palmer.
Parsnips, 1st, J. Keery; 2nd, Wm. Collishaw.
Beets, 1st, R. M. Palmer; 2nd, Wm. Collishaw.
Cabbage, 1st, H. T. Thrift; 2nd, J. Keery.
Cauliflower, 1st, R. M. Palmer; 2nd, J. McIntosh.
Cucumbers, 1st, Geo. Boothroyd; 2nd, J. McIntosh.
Tomatoes, 1st, J. McMillan; 2nd, J. McIntosh.
Squashes, 1st, P. E. Leinster.
Citrons, 1st, C. W. McCallum.
Vegetable marrows, 1st, R. M. Palmer; 2nd, Wm. Collishaw.
Watermelons, 1st, Wm. Collishaw.
String beans, 1st, J. F. Boothroyd; 2nd, H. T. Thrift.
Green peas, 1st, C. W. McCallum.
Celery, 1st, C. W. McCallum.
Table corn, 1st, J. F, Boothroyd.
Rhubarb, 1st, H. T. Thrift,
Collection vegetables, 1st, J. McIntosh.

FRUIT.

Gravenstein apples, 1st, J. McIntosh; 2nd, C. C. Cameron.
Any other fall variety, correctly named, 1st, Geo. Boothroyd; 2nd, H. T. Thrift.
Russet apples, 1st, J. McIntosh; 2nd, Wm. McBride.
Any other winter variety, correctly named, 1st, Thos. Shannon; 2nd, Wm. McBride.
Crab apples, 1st, Wm. McIntosh; 2nd, C. C. Cameron.
Bartlett pears, 1st, Geo. Boothroyd; 2nd, Thos. Shannon.
Winter pears, 1st, Geo. Boothroyd.
Dessert plums, 1st, T. Biggar; 2nd, Geo. Boothroyd.
Cooking plums, 1st, Geo. Boothroyd; 2nd, Wm. McBride.
Prunes, green, 1st, Wm. McBride; 2nd, H. T. Thrift.
Dish blackberries, 1st, Mrs. A. J. Annand; 2nd, Wm. Collishaw.
Collection of fruit, 1st, Wm. McBride.

PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

Geraniums in pots, 1st and 2nd, Mrs. J. H. Starr.
Fuschias in pots, 1st, A. H. Horne; 2nd, Mrs. J. H. Starr.
Hanging basket, 1st, Mrs. A. Murphy.
Cut pansies, 1st, A. H. Horne; 2nd, Mrs. J. F. Galbraith.
Any other flower in pots, 1st, A. H. Horne.
Asters, cut, 1st, R. M. Palmer.
Collection Dahlias, 1st, Mrs. J. F. Galbraith; 2nd, Mrs. Thos. Shannon.
Collection gladiolus, 1st, Wm. Collishaw.
Zinnias, 1st, A. H. Horne.
Table bouquet, 1st, Mrs. D. McKenzie; 2nd, Mrs. J. F. Galbraith.
Hand bouquet, 1st, A. H. Horne; 2nd, Miss Alice Galbraith.
Floral wreath, 1st, Mrs. D. McKenzie.
Collection of plants in blossom, 1st, Mrs. J. H. Starr.

LADIES' WORK.

Arasine work, 1st, Mrs. A. H. Horne.
Chenille work, 1st, Mrs. J. E. Murphy; 2nd, Mrs. A. H. Horne.
Crochet, insertion, 1st, Mrs. Annand; 2nd, Mrs. T. Shannon.
Crochet edging, 1st, Mrs. D. McKenzie; 2nd, Miss McMillan.
Crochet lace, 1st, Mrs. A. H. Horne; 2nd, Mrs. J. W. McCallum.
Crocket tidy, 1st, Mrs. A. H. Horne; 2nd, Mrs. D. McKenzie.
Drawn work, 1st, Miss McMillan; 2nd, Miss A. Richmond.
Outline work, 1st, Mrs. A. H. Horne; 2nd, Mrs. D. McKenzie.
Toilet set, 1st, Mrs. J. F. Galbraith; 2nd, Mrs. Annand.
Fancy stitching on linen, 1st, Mrs. A. H. Horne; 2nd, Mrs. D. McKenzie.
Knitted lace, 1st, Mrs. Sears; 2nd, Mrs. M. M. Thrift.
Trimming, rick rack, 1st, Mrs. A. H. Horne; 2nd, Mrs. J. E. Murphy.
Embroidery on cotton, 1st, Mrs. Annand; 2nd, Mrs. T. Shannon.
Embroidery on woolen, 1st, Mrs. J. F. Galbraith; 2nd, Mrs. Thos. Shannon.
Worked slippers, 1st, Mrs. D. McKenzie.
Macrame work, 1st, Mrs. Annand; 2nd, Mrs. Sears.
Berlin wool work, 1st, Mrs. Annand.
Quilt, patchwork, 1st, Mrs. J. E. Murphy; 2nd, Mrs. Thos. Shannon.
Quilt, crazy, silk, 1st, Mrs. Annand; 2nd, Mrs. M. M. Thrift.
Sofa cushion, 1st, Miss Richmond; 2nd; Mrs. Sears.
Ornamental design, 1st, Mrs. C C. Cameron.
Home-made mat, 1st, Mrs. D. McKenzie.
Fancy apron, 1st, Mrs. Thos. Shannon; 2nd, Mrs. G. P. Dafoe.
Working apron, 1st, Mrs. G. P. Dafoe.
Home-made dress, 1st, Mrs. G. P. Dafoe.
Gents' underclothing, 1st, Mrs. G. P. Dafoe.
Ladies' underclothing, 1st, Mrs. J. E. Murphy; 2nd, Miss Richmond.
Button-holes, 1st, Mrs. J. McIntosh; 2nd, Mrs. J. H. Starr.
Patching or mending, 1st, Mrs. Sears.
Woolen stockings, 1st, Mrs. J. H. Starr; 2nd, Mrs. Sears.
Cotton stockings, 1st, Mrs. Annand.
Woolen mittens, 1st, Mrs. Sears; 2nd, Miss J. W. McCallum.
Socks, darned, 1st, Mrs. G. P. Dafoe; 2nd, Mrs. J. F. Galbraith.
Socks, knit, 1st, Miss Alice Galbraith; 2nd, Mrs. J. W. McCallum.
Collection by one exhibitor, 1st, Mrs. A. H. Horne.

PROVINCIAL MANUFACTURE.

Assortment harness and saddlery, 1st, D. Douglass.
Labor-saving device for the farm, for any purpose, to be exhibitted by the inventor, 1st, John Bond.
Collection of boots and shoes, 1st, J. I. Breen.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Three year old filly or gelding, A. H. Horne.
Cured hops, Thos. Watson.
Driving horse, any age, E. J. Newton.
Two year old filly or gelding, A. H. Horne.
Collection of grain, H. T. Thrift.
Fruit cake, Mrs. J. H. Starr.
Best bred sucking colt, trotting stock, E. J. Newton.
General purpose two year old filly, E. J. Newton.
Collection of potatoes, Wm. Collishaw.
Preserved fruit and jellies, J. McIntosh.
Collection of fruit, named, G. Boothroyd.
Best all round exhibit of garden produce, T. Biggar.
Buggy horse, E. J. Newton.
Essay on the influence of agricultural shows, 1st, Miss A. Richmond; 2nd, Master R. W. Breen.
Pencil or crayon drawing, 1st, Master Clyde McElmon; 2nd, Master C. Richmond.
Largest and best exhibit of thoroughbred cattle, Worth & Menzies.
Largest number of prizes in all classes, Thos. Shannon.
Home made bread, Mrs. T. Shannon.
Tub or crock of butter, Mrs. John Armstrong.
Hand writing, girl under 10, Miss Murial McElmon.
Hand writing, boy under 10, Master Jay Starr.
Sock darning by girl under 12, Miss Cameron.
Milch cow, 1st, J. I. Breen; 2nd, S. Walker.
Two year grade heifer, 1st, S. Walker; 2nd, J. Armstrong.
Best fat beef, J. Armstrong.

At the close of the exhibition the annual meeting of the Surrey Agricultural Association was held on the grounds in conformity with the constitution. No business was transacted, and the meeting immediately adjourned to meet again at Cloverdale on Saturday, October 14th.

Serpentine News.

Communicated.

In connection with the dispute in the Serpentine district in locating the new Post Office it should be noted that the only two kickers, R. S. Inglis and Wm. Bothwell, who are also School Trustees, refused to give the use of the School for the purpose of holding a public meeting in connection therewith. Inglis, who is secretary, saying that Bothwell had the key, and Bothwell saying that the third Trustee was now caretaker; but as Inglis boards at the schoolmaster's, who is bound to have a key, and as Bothwell usually opens the door for church service, both seem to be trying which can make the other out the biggest prevaricator. The key was forthcoming, however, the succeeding night for a private dance given by a gentleman who has only resided six weeks under canvas in the settlement. The public are left to draw their own conclusions from such unusual conduct.

Royal Agricultural and Industrial Society of B.C.

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—AT—

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—ON—

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To decide Provincial Championship. The most important Cycling Event ever held in the Province. Bicyclists will attend from all parts of British Columbia, Washington and Oregon.

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WHICH WILL INCLUDE INDIAN RACES IN WAR CANOES, BETWEEN REPRESENTATIVES OF THE DIFFERENT TRIBES.

ENTIRELY NEW FEATURE OF A

LOG-CHOPPING CONTEST!

In which a large number of the best Axemen in the Province will take part. This Competition is open to ALL COMERS, and Handsome Gold Medals will be awarded the winners.

HORSE RACES.

CHAMPIONSHIP LACROSSE MATCH - Victoria vs. New Westminster.

JUNIOR LACROSSE TOURNAMENT FOR CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY.

Rugby and Association Football Match.
Sailors' Sports, Field Sports, Rifle Matches.
Grand Ball and Promenade Concerts.

The Westminster City Band and other Bands will be present and dispense music throughout the Exhibition-Celebration.
Special accommodation will be provided for visitors. Excursion Rates have been secured over all the Railway and Steamboat Lines for visitors and for freight rates on exhibits. There will be no charge for exhibits crossing the Fraser at New Westminster.
For further particulars as to prizes, sports and celebration, see Society's Prize List and small programmes of celebration.
Further information will be gladly furnished on application to

A. B. MACKENZIE, General Secretary. T. J TRAPP, President R. A. & I. Society.
D. S. CURTIS, Mayor, Chairman Celebration Committee.

The Ottawa Press on the Recent Lacrosse Match.

Ottawa, Sept. 27.—The spectators who visited the exhibition grounds yesterday to see the Capitals and Victorias play, say they were badly sold by the Capitals. W. H. Cullin, captain of the Victorias, has a letter in to-day's *Citizen*, in which he expresses the extreme disappointment experienced by his team at not being permitted to meet the Capitals yesterday. He says the team was disheartened by the fact that they had to compete against a combination. He hopes the Capitals will visit Victoria next season, when they will be treated fairly.

The *Free Press* looks on the match through Ottawa spectacles and says: "The appearance of the combination was the occasion for a mighty big kick by the Victorians. They insisted on playing the Capitals or not at all, and before being induced to go on with the match nearly an hour's time was lost. The men from British Columbia went out with blood in their eyes, and evidently imagined they could win against any other twelve in the world, not even Capitals barred.

The Journal to-night puts the matter very fairly. It says: "Serious disappointment met the 4,000 people on the exhibition grounds yesterday, so far as the lacrosse match was concerned. The disappointment was unmistakable from the first. At 3:30 everyone was waiting. The Victorians came out first and recieved hearty cheers. A stalwart, fine looking set of men they were physically, equals of any team that had played lacrosse here this season, except, possibly, the Capitals themselves. Then a red shirt arrived on the field. In a moment a great roar of applause started on the grand stand, but suddenly the roar seemed to get short-winded. More red shirts came out, but they were brighter red shirts and smaller red shirts than the Ottawa public is accustomed to when it goes to senior lacrosse matches. The roar lost breath completely. Red shirts continued to come out, but they came out amid silence. In about two seconds the Ottawa public had caught on to the fact that the Capital club, fearing a defeat because all its best team were not available, was dodging the issue by pitting against Victoria a team largely composed conspicuously of juniors. Only four of the Capitals' seniors)—Devine, Hugh Carson, Ketchum and Turner—went on the field; the balance were members of the Stars, the Capital's juniors. Captain Cullin, of the Victorias, had protested in vain, and but that he was pledged to the Central Exhibition Association he would have taken his men from the field. After playing creditably against all the other best teams of the country the Victorias felt that it was a shabby business to put juniors against them. The Capitals excuse was that they should not be expected to risk their credit when their team were so badly used up from last Saturday's match that they only turned out four men. Others of the team were out between games and tobied the ball around the field."

All the members of the team who return to Victoria went West to-night, and will rendezvous at Winnipeg on October 3 and proceed West the same day. Eckardt, Ketchum, Frost, Tite, Belfrey and Burnes remain East for a few weeks.

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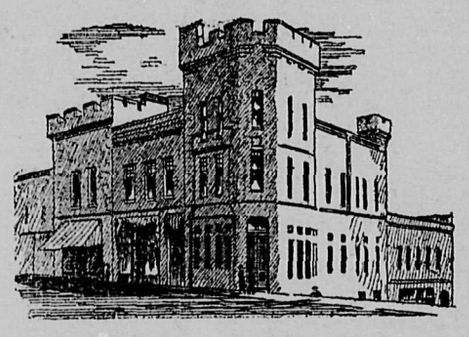

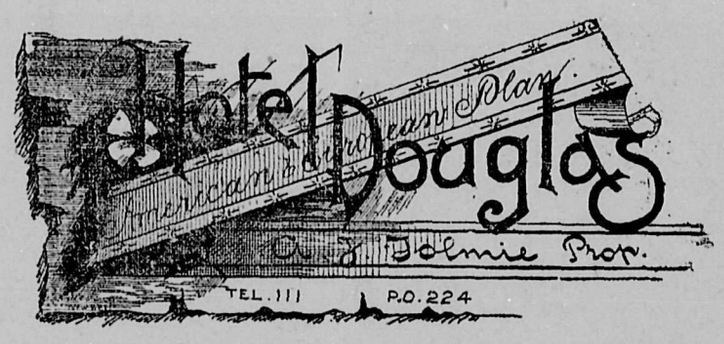

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THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW

(CONTINUED.)

"And now, if this count survives, I thus have one source cut off. My half of Drotzen is used up and mortgaged to him, but if he dies the whole comes to me. His father and myself married sisters, and they owned Drotzen, and on his side the count is the only heir; so in the event of his death the whole comes to me. You understand this now."

"Perfectly," returned the priest. "And 'tis a pity your first effort did not succeed."

"So it is," said the duke, uneasily. "When I sent him with that message to the gunmaker I felt sure he would be slain, and then I hoped that the other could be disposed of for having slain him. But the emperor has turned all my plans upside down, for the present, at least. Savotano, you must have a hand in Damonoff's medicine!"

"That is easily done, my lord," replied the priest, quietly.

"You have free access there?"

"Yes."

"And can you not watch with him some night?"

"I think I can."

"Then do so. When he is dead two hundred ducats are yours."

"Then he dies!"

"Good! And now there is one more. This gunmaker must be got out of the way."

"Ah," uttered Savotano, looking up incredulously. "Do you mean so?"

"Most assuredly I do."

"But why him?"

"Do you fear to undertake the work?"

"Not at all, my lord; I only wished to know why he was wanted out of the way."

"The reason is simple. I must marry with Rosalind Valdai. Her property is worth the whole of Drotzen twice told—over two million of ducats."

"So much?" uttered the priest, opening his eyes with greedy wonder.

"Yes; it is one of the finest estates in Moscow, and it pays her now a yearly income of a hundred thousand ducats. She does not know it. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the priest in concert. "She doesn't, eh?"

"No—she knows nothing about it. But I must secure this; and in order to do this I must marry her; and—if I would be *sure* of that this accursed gunmaker must be got out of the way."

"But what is he to her?"

"She loves him."

"And is not your authority—"

"Hold, Savotano. I'll explain to you, in a few words I'm afraid the emperor has taken a fancy to this youngster, and if he has he may be appealed to in this case. The girl will take marriage hard. I shall have to hire you to perform the ceremony."

"Which I should be pleased to do," returned the priest with a coarse smile.

"You shall have the opportunity. But first we must have this young Nevel taken care of."

"I think I can manage that, my lord."

"And how will you do it?"

"I suppose you don't want him put where he can get off and come back here."

"No. Finish him while you are about it!"

"I will."

"But mind: It must be done so that in no possible way suspicion can fall upon me. You must contrive some way so that suspicion shall be led at once to some apparent point and there baffled."

"Leave me alone for that, my lord. I can call help if I want it."

"Are there not places in the city where a body can be hidden?—where they may be so disposed of as never to be found?" asked the duke, as the thought came to his mind.

"Never mind," returned the other, with a confident nod of the head. "If I meddle with the matter, it shall be well done."

"Very well. I'll trust it with you."

For a few moments after this there was a dead silence, during which only the moaning of the wind could be heard. But at length the duke started up, and with sudden energy he said:

"Ah, Savotano, there is one thing I came nigh forgetting. You have heard of this strange monk—Vladimir his name is."

"Aye—and I have seen him, too. You mean that huge lump of human fat?"

"Yes. And now tell me who and what he is. He was at the duel; and I know he has been here to my house. Who is he?"

"You ask me too much, my lord, for I can tell you no more about him than I can about the man in the moon. In short, no one seems to know him, save that he is a monk of some Roman order, and named Vladimir. He has been here only a few months, as near as I can find out. And yet I think I know what his business is or, at least, why he's here."

"Ah—you suspect."

"Yes—and if my suspicions be correct we could have him taken care of any moment."

"Explain."

"Why—I think he is a spy of the pope—sent here from Rome to learn something of our emperor's plans."

"But he has not visited the imperial palace."

"O, yes, my lord. He has been there several times; and once the emperor himself was obliged to send him out of the audience chamber."

"But have you any particular reasons for thinking him a spy from the pope?"

"Why—he is a Romish monk; and he hangs about the most important places in our city. Even the circumstance I have just related—his trying to remain in the audience chamber while private business was going on, and having to be ordered out by the emperor, is some ground for suspicion. I mean to watch him, at all events."

"That's right," returned the duke. And then, after a moment's thought, he added—"I do not see why he should be around after a petty duel that may be fought, if he is a spy from Rome. And besides, I have heard one or two persons say that they were sure they had seen him before."

"O, that may be only the result of some strong resemblance which he bears to some one else. I am sure he was never here before—not in Moscow."

Again the hump-backed priest was cautioned about the work he had in hand, and having promised over and over again to be very careful, he took his leave.

And Olga, Duke of Tula, was left alone with his own thoughts. Better for him had that wicked priest been his executioner! Better for him had he been upon the count's bed, racked with dying pains! Better for him had he been a poor gunmaker, so he had been honest! Oh! better for him had he been the meanest beggar that walked the earth, than what he was! But he did not realize this. He had a goal ahead, and he tried to overlook the black, dreadful gulf that yawned between him and it!

CHAPTER X.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

The news went out that the Count Conrad Damonoff must die. A few days before, the best surgeon in Moscow said he would recover; but now that same surgeon said he must fall. A strange change had come ever him; it was not a fever, but rather a consuming of vitality. He was failing fast, and no art of medicine could revive him. Some thought he must be bleeding inwardly, but others knew better than this, because in that case there would be some outward symptom. The wound itself was healing, but the disease was not. The physician and the priest were now in daily, and the former in almost hourly, attendance. The surgeon was Kopani, and the priest was the hump-backed Savotano!

Thus lay the count upon his bed, weak and faint, but at present almost free from pain, and an old woman was his only attendant, the priest having just left. It was just after noon. The dying man had just taken a powerful stimulating draught, though it was against the injunctions of the priest, as he said that by such means the invalid might die bereft of sense, and thus lose his hold upon salvation—he had just taken this draught when there was a low rap upon the door. The woman arose to answer the summons. She conversed a few moments with the girl who had knocked, and when she returned to the bed she announced that Ruric Nevel wished to enter.

"Let him come in," whispered the count.

"But—"

"Never mind," he interrupted, as the woman commenced thus to expostulate. "Let him come in. If he is my enemy let me see him. It may serve to arose me."

So the woman went to the door again, and soon afterwards Ruric Nevel entered the apartment. He stepped lightly, noiselessly, to the bedside, but it was moments ere he could distinguish objects by the subdued light of the place. By and by, however, he overcame the difficulty, and he started back in horror as he beheld the features of his adversary. How pale and sunken! How deathlike and ghastly! The count noticed the movement and he noticed the look.

"Conrad Damonoff," said the gunmaker, in a low, solemn tone, "a few days since I heard that you were recovering, and I thanked God. But to-day they told me you were dying, and I have come to ask that I may take your hand ere you pass away from earth. As God is my Maker and my Judge, I would rather lie down here and die for you than have you pass away with a curse of me upon your soul or on your lips. Forgive me for what I have done, and never again will I engage in such wicked work. For my own life, it is my country's and my mother's, and I have no right to throw it away; and my antagonist's life is the sacred property of God, which I have no right to touch but in self-defence. Forgive me."

Slowly and heavily moved the dying man over, and then he extended his thin and wasted hand.

"Ruric," he said—and his voice was stronger now, for the potion was working—"I am glad you have come—very glad; for I have wished, above all else of earth, to see you. I could not send for you, for I knew not how you might come. I have been all wrong in the things that have passed betwixt thee and me. I was mad, and a fool. I blame you not; but rather do I thank you for your kindness through all this scene. I forgive you with all my heart; and now tell me I am forgiven!"

"Forgiven!" repeated Ruric, with a trembling lip, still holding the count's hand with both his own. "Oh, would to God I could call you back to life! Forgived? God, who reads all hearts, knows how humble, how sacred is my forgiveness to you! Could I call you back—could I wipe out the past from my memory, I could die content."

"Enough," returned the count warmly. "This was my dearest wish, though pride has kept back its utterance. I feared you would gloat over my death—that you would be glad when I was gone."

"No, no—I should have been a monster then."

"There are many such. And yet I wronged you by the thought. But I could not help it."

A moment more passed in silence, and then the invalid resumed:

"There is one reason why I should like to live; I should be prepared for a better life. Since death has come—since I have known that he stood waiting by my bed—I have wondered at the evil life I have led; and I have thought that if the dark king would let me remain here a few years more I could be a better man. But 'tis too late now. The die is cast. Yet I have some joy in this. You have shed a happy light upon my dying hour. God bless you."

Ruric's feelings were easily moved, and there was something in the deep solemnity of this occasion that started his heart to a tender mood, and the last words of the dying man overflowed the cup. He bowed his head, and covering his eyes with one hand, while he held in the other the hand of Conrad, he wept freely and silently.

At this moment the woman arose and left the room.

"She's gone," said the count, after he had recovered somewhat from the deep emotions which had been stirred within his own soul. "Sit down here beside me."

Ruric obeyed the request, and after he had seated himself he gazed sadly into the sick man's face.

"Say, Ruric," the count asked, while an eager look overspread his face, "was't true what Kopani told me that you overcame Demetrius the Greek with the sword?"

"I did," the youth replied, in a whisper.

"But you did not disarm him?—you did not fairly take his sword from him?"

"I did, Conrad."

"My soul, is it possible? And where have you been all your life?"

"In Moscow and in Spain."

"And yet obscure."

"Never mind that now," interposed Ruric. "I have something of more interest. Do you— But you will pardon me for what I may say, for I assure you I mean it all for you good."

"Speak on," said Conrad, at the same time running his eyes almost enviously over the gunmaker's nobly-developed breast and shoulders.

"Then, first—I have just come from the lady Rosalind. Ah! I meant not—

"Go on. I may have felt a pang at the mention of that name, but I know she loves you, and were I strong at this moment as ever I'd relinqnish all claims of her to you. So fear not."

"Thank you, Count, for this. But I was remarking: I am not long from her presence, and between us both we have suspected some dark things. Do you think the duke was really your friend?"

The count started, and a strange gleam shot from his eyes.

"Go on," he muttered.

"Then listen: Before you ever came to my shop the duke had most solemnly promised Rosalind that she should receive no more trouble from you—that you would claim her hand no more."

"Do you know this?"

"I do."

"But it cannot be. Why should he have sent me on that mission to you?"

"I had taught one of his officers the sword exercise, and he knew I was your superior in strength and the use of the weapon."

"Well—go on," whispered the count, nervously and anxiously.

"Why—he thought very likely that we should not meet on such a question without a quarrel. He knew your natural impetuosity and my strength of arm, and he hoped you—would fall."

"But—go on!"

"His estate is running out, and he wants the whole of Drotzen!"

"Ah! I see it now!"

"The duke has proposed himself for Rosalind's hand," resumed Ruric. "He says he has loved her long, and he will force her to wed him if he can, though it break her heart!"

"Ha!" gasped the count, fairly starting up to a sitting posure. "How blind I have been! By my soul, he never was cordial—never kind."

Ruric gently laid the sick man back, and then he said:

"From all I can see and understand, the proud duke meant to get all your wealth and all of Rosalind's."

The count spoke not yet. He lay with his eyes closed, and groaned in the agony of the strange revelations that were breaking in upon him.

But see? Why starts Ruric so suddenly?—and why does he turn so pale? Why do his hands tremble? and why is his brow bent so eagerly?

"What is it?" asked the count, startled by the strange event.

"Hold!" whispered Ruric, in a frantic tone. "You were recovering once?"

"From this wound?"

"Yes."

"Yes. I was getting well fast, and the doctor said I should be stout and well in a month. But suddenly this change came on. Let's see—on Friday morning I felt the first relapse."

"The very time!" gasped Ruric to himself.

The count moved his head forward, and would have caught his companion by the hand if he could. "For mercy's sake, Ruric, what is it?"

"As I came this way I saw a hump-backed priest pass out from this house?" said the gunmaker, interrogatively.

"Yes, yes," returned the count, speaking shortly and quickly. "It was Savotano. He has attended me. The duke recommended him."

"And was he here Thursday night?"

"Thursday? Ah—yes—he watched with me that night."

"And has he been in attendance since?"

"Yes—every day. But why do you ask? Say—what is the meaning upon your face? What is it?"

At this moment the door of the apartment was quietly, noiselessly opened, and Kopani, the surgeon, entered the place.

"Ha!" cried Ruric, starting towards him, and grasping him by the arm, "your patient is poisoned! A deadly poison has been given him, and it is even now eating his life away!"

"Impossible!" gasped the surgeon, straining his eyes to see plainly who it was that spoke to him. "Ah," he uttered, as he became somewhat used to the gloom of the apartment, "is it you, sir?"

"Aye, but mind not that now. Cannot you do something for the count? He has been poisoned!"

"It cannot be!"

"I am! I am!" cried Conrad Damonoff, starting up to a sitting posture; "he speaks the truth! That accursed priest! Oh, Olga! Olga! I never dreamed that thou wast mine enemy!"

"But what is it all?" the surgeon asked, gazing first upon Ruric and then upon the count. "Speak, some one."

"Tell him," groaned Conrad.

"Listen," said the gunmaker. "I have my suspicions, but mind you, they are founded on facts, and the facts are these: The Duke of Tula is well-nigh free from the possession of property. His half of Drotzen is all mortgaged, and he wants the other half. That other half he cannot have while Damonoff lives. The duke, too, has sworn that Rosalind Valdai shall be his wife—so he would have her property also. This hump-backed priest is Olga's special tool. It was Olga got him into the church, and it was Olga who freed him more than once from deserved punishment. Last Thursday evening he was with the duke in private council, and he came from thence directly to this place. Now you can judge for yourself."

The surgeon started slightly, and then he bowed his head. A few moments he remained thus, and then he leaped up and clasped his hands.

"You are right," he cried. "It is! it is! There is no burning up, as I thought, of icy, wintry fire; but the fiendish work is from a human hand! Hold!—I know the symptoms. I know them now. Be quiet, Conrad. It may not yet be too late."

As the surgeon spoke he hastily opened a small leathern case he carried with him, and from thence he took a powerful emetic. The woman was sent for, and when she came she obtained warm water. The potion was given—a small quantity at a time—at intervals of about five minutes, until the desired effect was produced. A strange mass of stuff was thrown up, and Kopani took it to the light and examined it. Most of it was of dark, brownish color, but with streaks of yellow, and coarse blotches of red and green. The yellow substance was of a mucous formation, while the red and green seemed to be more liquid.

"'Tis poison!" the surgeon said; "and it has been administered in small quantities."

"And cannot something be done?" asked Ruric, eagerly. "Oh! save him if you can! save him, and I'll bless you ever. You can—oh! say you can!"

The surgeon caught the youth by the hand. There was something in this noble spirit that moved him—and he knew now that all must have been forgiven between the two men.

"I'll try," he said, "I have antidotes with me. All is not lost yet."

"Then hasten," urged Ruric, half crazed beneath the might of the strange discovery, which he had thus helped to make.

"Be not uneasy. I will see that he suffers not for want of human skill." And as the surgeon thus spoke he moved to the side-board and fixed on an antidote; but he did not give it until the invalid had vomited all he could.

"Hold!" cried Ruric, as the surgeon took up the wine-bottle to mix the antidote with. "Touch not a thing here. Perhaps, the villain has poisoned them all!"

"So it may be," Kopani said, setting down the bottle. He then turned to the woman, who had remained standing by the fire like one in a trance, and asked her to bring a fresh bottle of wine. She quickly obeyed, and when she was gone Kopani took all the articles upon the table and set them on one side. He would not throw them away, for he meant to analyse them.

When the woman returned Kopani mixed the new potion, and administered it, and ere long afterwards the count fell asleep.

"Ruric Nevel," said the surgeon, as soon as he was sure the invalid would sleep, "will you remain here awhile? I wish to go and analyze some of these things. I have only to go to the Academy. I will be back in an hour at the furthest."

The gunmaker gladly consented to this; and having gathered up the phials and the wine-bottle, and concealed them beneath his pelisse, the surgeon left.

Ruric Nevel was happier now, for hope was with him while he prayed that God might spare the unfortunate count.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ASTOUNDING AFFAIR.

Half an hour had the gunmaker sat by the side of the sick man's bed when he was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the gentle opening of the door. He turned and beheld a human form emerging from the narrow, dark entry way. As it came into the room the watcher started, for he beheld the hump-back priest, Savotano.

"Who is here?" the arch fiend whispered, shading his eyes and trying to peer into the gloom.

"———sh!" whispered Ruric. "The count is asleep."

By this time our hero had so far overcome the first emotion caused by the villian's entrance that he could be calm.

"And who is this?" the priest whisperea, moving nearer the bed. "Ha! The gunmaker!"

"Yes," replied the youth, watching every look and movement of the fellow most closely.

"You are in a strange place, I should say," Savotano whisperd, not looking the young man directly in the face, but casting upon him a sidelong glance, as though he dared not look direct.

"Speak not too loud, Sir Priest," said our hero, determined to enter into no conversation with the man if he could avoid it. "Do not awaken the count, for he is very faint and weak."

And then Ruric had another reason. He feared if Damonoff should awake that the strange discovery they had made might be revealed; and, of course, he wished not that the villain yet know how well he was understood.

"But why are you here?" pursued Savotano, who seemed dertermined to know. "I am this poor man's spiritual comforter, and I surely have a right to know wherefore is the presence of one bearing the peculiar relations towards him which are sustained by you."

Ruric's first impulse was one of disgust and wrath, but he managed to keep it to himself.

"Sir Priest," he returned, moving his chair noiselessly nearer to the visitor, so that his whisper might not disturb the sleeper, "I heard that the count was dying, and I would not have him die without first forgiving me for all that I had done."

"And has he done it?"

"He has."

"And why do you remain here? Where Is his attendant?"

"She is out somewhere, The count has had a strange fit—a startling spasm—and I feared if he had another the woman could not manage him alone."

"Ah," uttered Savotano. "A spasm."

"Yes, a most strange one—as though something were at his heart—as though his brain were on fire, and his whole system shaking."

The priest turned his head away, but Ruric saw plainly the exulting look which rested there. There was no mistaking any more. That one look—for Ruric saw it—was proof enough.

"Well, well," the misshapen said, "I will call again when he is awake. I would not have him die and I not by him."

Thus speaking, Savotano arose, and moved towards the door. His step was eager, and his every look betrayed some anxious purpose. He stopped as he reached the door, and looked back, but he did not speak. Ruric was afraid he might go to the side-board to look at the medicine, but he did not. He simply cast one more glance at the watcher, and then left the room.

In half an hour more the surgeon returned. His face wore a clear, emphatic expression, and his movements were all quick and prompt, as though each one was for the purpose of announcing some self-evident decision.

"Well," he said, with a quickly drawn breath, "we have put the medicine to a test." And then he leaned back and looked into Ruric's face.

"And what did you find?" the young man asked.

"Just what we had expected. We had detected arsenic in three of the medicines which the count had to take; but this poison is not alone. There is much opium in the wine, even so that we could smell it when our suspicions had guided us. The poison had been most adroitly fixed. The priest must have one of those recipes which have been used by scientific poisoners, for no physician in Moscow could have concocted the deadly poison."

"But wherein was it so wonderously peculiar?" asked Ruric, with interest.

"Why—in this: Arsenic was the principal poisoning agent, but that alone would produce symptoms which any physician would know at once. In this case there was something present which overcame all the outward signs of the poison, and only let it eat upon the vitals. I know not the secret, though I know there is such an one. Had it not been for your fortunate suspicions the count would have died, and we should have supposed he only died from the effects of the wound. The poison was working silently, and surely—without pain, and without outward sign different from the usual sinking of the worn and fainting body. But I have hopes now, The villain must not know that we have discovered him. We will let the thing run along for the present."

Kopani was not a little surprised when he found that the priest had been their during his absence, but before he could make any further remark the count awoke. He felt very faint, but that strange sickness at his stomach was lessened. The surgeon prepared some suitable dilutents, and having called in the woman he gave directions that they should be given in large quantities; and also directed her to prepare some strong barley water for the patient to drink as he wanted beverage.

All the phials were replaced upon the sideboard, and then refilled with liquids somewhat like those they had before contained; but the nurse was directed not to use them. Everything that her patient was to take she was to keep under her own charge in the kitchen; and she was also most particularly cautioned against allowing the priest to gain anything from here. But Kopani meant to be sure on that score. He had a little business to transact, and then he was coming back to spend the night himself by the count's side. He meant, at all events, that the poisoner should have no more opportunity to exercise his diabolical science on the sick nobleman. He promised the count that he should have safe and competent watchers thereafter.

It was fairly dark now, as Ruric could see by raising the curtain and looking ing out, He had no idea it was so late. Time had passed without his notice. He moved to the side of the bed and took the invalid's hand.

"I must go now," he said, "but if you are willing I will come again—"

"You will come," cried Conrad, in reply, returning the grasp of the hand with all his feeble power. "Oh! you must come often now. I hope I shall live. Perhaps I shall, If I do, I shall owe that life to you. And God knows—for the feeling is even now firm in my soul—that I shall always remember how you saved me; and I will think, never, of the sad blow you struck me. Come—come to me when you can, for now—now—as God lives I speak the truth—now I love you!"

"God bless and keep you," murmured Ruric in a husky, tremulous voice; and with these words, coming from the very depth of his soul, he turned away and left the room. He heard the voice of the count as he moved the door open, and thanked God that 'twas a blessing which fell upon his ears.

"Ah, those who know not what true forgiveness is, know not the holiest emotion of earth!"

Ruric had left his sledge at a neighboring inn, and as soon as he gained the street he bent his steps that way. He had not gone half the distance from the residence of the count to the inn, and was just upon the point of crossing the street, when he heard his name pronounced by some one behind him. He stopped and looked around, and saw a man approaching him.

It was too dark to distinguish faces plainly, even at the usual conversational distance; yet Ruric was not long in concluding that the man who had thus hailed him was a stranger. He was a stranger. He was a medium sized man, and so closely enveloped in his bonnet and pelisse that his form and features would have been hidden, even had it been lighter than it was.

"Did you speak to me?" asked the youth, as the man came up.

"Yes, sir. Is your name Ruric Nevel?"

"It is."

"Then you are wanted for a few moments at the residence of a lieutenant named Orsa."

"Alarac Orsa?" asked Ruric.

"The same."

"But he does not live here in the Kremlin."

"He is here now, at any rate, and would see you."

"But you said he was at his residence," suggested our hero, who was fearful that some evil might be meant for him.

"I know nothing to the contrary, sir," the stranger returned, promptly. "All I can say is—Alaric Orsa has fallen upon the ice, and hurt himself severely, and upon being informed that you were near by with a sledge, he asked that you might be sent for.

"Hurt himself, has he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Badly?"

"I believe no bones are broken, but he is so badly sprained that he cannot walk."

"Ah—then perhaps he wants me to carry him home."

"I can't say as to that, sir. They only sent me to find you. I don't know the man myself."

There was something so frank in the statement thus made that Ruric believed it all honest, and he stood no longer in doubt.

"I will go," he said; "but lead the way quickly, for I have no time to waste."

"I will lead as fast as you will want to follow," answered the man.

And thus speaking he turned back, and having gone some dozen rods the way they both had come, he turned down a narrow street which led totowards the river. Half way down this he went, and then he turned again—this time to the left—and thus Ruric found himself in a narrow, dark lane, within which the snow was deep and almost untrodden.

"Look you," cried the youth, stopping as he found himself over his knees in snow, "I think we have gone about far enough in this direction."

"This is the shortest way," said the stranger guide, apologetically. "I did not think the snow was so deep here. But it's only in the next street."

"Then on you go."

Again the staanger started, and Ruric followed. The lane was a crocked one, and more than once the youth had an inclination to stop. He had no direct fear, but yet he had some just grounds for doubt. Had he not seen what had been attempted against the count he might have had no such doubts now; but as it was, he thought that if one attempt had been made to ruin him through the emperor's displeasure by the man who was now trying to murder the count, it would not be at all improbable that some more effective plan should be adopted towards him. He was pondering thus when they came to a cross lane full as narrow as the one they had been traversing, into which the guide turned.

"Look you once more, sirrah," cried the youth, now stopping short. "Do you call this a street?"

"Yes, sir; and on this street we shall find the man we seek. It is only a short cut from where he is to the inn where your horse is; so you won't have to retrace these dubious ways. Only a little further, sir."

"But I don't like this."

"Why, bless you, sir, if you wish to go direct to the inn where your horse is, this will be the nearest way."

"Well, on go you."

And on they went again—now slipping on the ice—now in the snow to their knees—and anon stumbling along over frozen bubbles and deep holes. At length the guide stopped and opened a small gate which was fixed in a high, thick, brick wall. Ruric hesitated here again. He had no weapon of any kind. If he had even a pistol, or a sword, he would have cared not. But he did not show his thoughts to his guide. The gate opened with a creek upon its frosty hinges, and by the dim starlight the youth could see an open court beyond, and, further still, a house of some kind loomed up.

"This place seems not to be used much," remarked Ruric, as he saw the snow in the court was trodden but little—only one or two tracks being visible from the gate to the house.

"Ah—yes—you said—what?"

"I said this place didn't seem to be used much," the youth repeated, though he was sure the fellow heard the first time.

"Ah! yes—a—the usual entrance is the other way, by the sledge path."

"And where is that?" Ruric asked, not being able to see any such path.

"O—it's around on the other side."

By this time they had reached the door of the house, which our hero could now see had an old, dilapidated appearance, and the guide plied the iron knocker with zeal. Ere long a man made his appearance with a lantern in his hand.

"Ah—has the gunmaker come?" the latter asked.

"Yes," returned the guide.

"Well—I'm glad he's here, but I don't believe Orse is fit to move," said the first speaker. And then turning to Ruric he said:

"But I'm glad you've come, sir, for the lieutenant wishes to see you very much. This way sir."

This was all so frank and prompt that the young man began to think he had been a fool for being frightened. He followed the man with the lantern into the hall, and from thence down a long flight of stairs into a basement. The lantern did not give much light, but it was sufficient to reveal the fact that the house was an old one, and not very large, for Ruric could see windows upon the opposite side of the hall which looked out of doors. As he reached the foot of the stairs he found himself upon a brick floor, and he saw that the walls were of stone. A little further on a door was opened, and this led to a small apartment within which was a fireplace and a good fire was burning

"There, good sir," said the second guide, "if you will wait a few moments, I will go and see how the lieutenant is."

As soon as Ruric was left alone he looked about him. The room was of moderate size for a small house, and the idea of inhabiting the cellars was a common one in Moscow during the winter season. The windows, two in number, were closed up to the ceiling, and very small, and were patched with pieces of board in two or three places. Ere long the man came back, and with him came three others, one of whom the youth recognized as the individual who had conducted him to the house.

"Orsa will see you, sir," said he with the lantern.

Ruric arose to follow him, the other three men approaching the fire as though they would remain there. He had reached the door and passed through into the room beyond, when he thought he heard footsteps behind him. It was a sliding, shuffling sound, and he turned his head to see what it was. As he did so he roceieved a blow which staggered him, and which would have felled an ordinary man to the floor. He gathered himself quickly up, but before he could fairly turn about he received a second blow, heavier than the first, which brought him upon his knees. In an instant all four of the men were upon him, and he could see that they had ropes in their hands with which to bind him. With all his might he threw the fellow who held his right hand back against the wall, and another he sent in an opposite direction, and in a moment more he would have been upon his feet; but just at that instant a noose was adroitly slipped over his head, and as the rope tightened about his neck he was drawn back upon the brick floor again.

"Now resist any more, and we'll choke you as sure as fate," cried the man who held the lantern, and who now had a hold upon the rope.

"Oh," groaned Ruric, while the massive cords worked like cables on his arms and shoulders, "give me a fair chance. Let me be up and free—then lock your doors, if you please."

"No, no, good sir," replied the ruffian, with a wicked smile. "We know your power, and we are not disposed to test it further. We have had trouble enough already. Shall we—"

The man stopped speaking, for at that moment another noose was slipped down over Ruric's head, and ere he coud avoid it, it had been drawn tightly about his arms. He was now at the mercy of his captors, and having rolled him over upon his breast, they proceeded to secure his arms behind him, which being done they bade him arise. Of course he could have no desire to lie upon the cold bricks, and he got upon his feet as well as he could.

"Now, Ruric Nevel, I will conduct you to your own apartment," said the leader of the gang.

"But wherefore is this?" the gunmaker gasped, rendered almost speechless with the mingled emotions of surprise and anger. "Why have you done this? Whose hirelings are you, that you thus waylay and seize upon an honest man, who has done no harm to any of you?"

"Never mind that now, sir," the ruffian coolly answered; "suffice it for you to know that you are safe for the present."

"But will you not tell me what this is for? There is some intent."

"Yes—and come with me and you shall see. Come."

Thus speaking the man turned once more, and having picked up his lantern he moved on, the others, taking Ruric by the arms, followed after The prisoner made no resistance now, for he knew that it would be useless. At a short distance another flight of stairs was reached.

"Down here?" cried Ruric, with a shudder.

"Of course. You'd freeze up here."

These words struck harshly upon the youth's soul, for they meant that he was to be detained in this lonesome place.

At the bottom of these stairs they came to a vaulted passage, at the end of which was a door. This was opened, and Ruric was led through into the place beyond. He cast his eyes quickly about and he found himself in a narrow apartment, the walls and floor of which were of stone, and the roof of brick, the latter being arched. In one corner was a couch, and upon it were some old skins.

And here the youth was to be left. His guide simply pointed to the low couch, and then turned away, Ruric asked a question, but it was not answered. In a few momeuts more the heavy door closed upon him, and he was in total darkness. He sought the couch, and with a deep groan he sank down!

CHAPTER XII.

A CONFERENCE, AND HOW IT WAS INTERRUPTED.

Rosalinda Valdai and Zenobie were together in their sitting-room, and the former had been weeping. She looked paler than when we saw her before, and her brow was heavy. Smiles no longer crept about the dimples of her cheeks, and her eyes had a sad, mournful look. Her face plainly showed that she had suffered much.

"My dear mistress," urged the faithful Zenobie, throwing her arms about Rosalind's neck, and drawing her head bosom, "weep no more. Oh, there must be some hope! My mistress, are you sure the duke will persist in this?"

"Aye, Zenobie, I know he will," answered Rosalind, while the old shudder came back to her frame, and the old grief to her soul.

"And have you no hope?"

"Only one—in Ruric. He may help me."

"I hope he can. He is a noble man."

Rosalind answered with a look of gratitude, and Zenobie proceeded.

"Where is the titled lord more noble than he? Oh, were I to choose a husband now, and he was free, and I were in your position, I'd choose Ruric Nevel before all the emperors of the earth!"

"So would I," murmured the fair maiden.

"If I were a countess, as you are, how I should love to make such a man a count."

"But my marrying him would not make him a count. Were he a count, and I like what he is now in station, his marrying me would give me the title; but we poor women do not have that power."

"Well—then we should so much the more have the right to choose our own husbands."

Rosalind made no verbal answer, but her look showed that she sympathized with the sentiment.

"My mistress," at length spoke Zenobie again, this time in a low whisper,—"why may we not leave this place?"

Rosalind started as though she had heard the speech of a spirit, and for a moment a look of hope gleamed upon her face, but it quickly passed away.

"Alas! where should we go?"

This was part of the plan which Zenobie had not thought of; and ere she could make any reply, one of the female domestics entered the apartment, and announced that a woman wished to see her young mistress. Rosalind asked who it was, but the girl could only tell her that it was a middle-aged woman, and very good-looking. The young countess bade Zenobie go down and conduct her up. Ere long afterwards the attendant returned, and with her came Claudia Nevel. Rosalind had not seen her for over a year, but she knew her at once, and starting up from her seat, she bounded forward and embraced her warmly.

"Ah, Aunt Claudia, I am glad you have come. You will let me call you aunt, as I did in those happy times gone by."

"Aye, sweet Rosalind," returned the widow, imprinting a warm kiss upon the fair white brow.

The countess noticed the strange sadness of Madame Nevel's tone, and then, for the first time, also, she noticed the sadness of her look.

"Aunt Claudia, you look sad," she said, while a dread struck to her heart.

"Aye," the widow uttered, as though she were afraid to venture the question she wished to ask, "I have been very sad, because I have had a terrible fear. Has—has—not Ruric been here?"

"When?" asked the maiden, catching the whole fear now.

"Within these three days?"

"Just then. Day before yesterday he was here—in the forenoon."

"And I have not seen him since!" the poor woman groaned.

"Not seen him? Ruric gone? Oh! where, where?"

"He said he was going to see the Count Damonoff when he left here," interposed Zenobie, who joined in the grief.

"Aye—so he told me," returned the mother. "I have been there, and they have not seen him since that evening. The surgeon who attends the count went out to the inn where Ruric put np his horse, and the animal was still there, his owner having not called there for him."

"Oh! God have mercy!" ejaculated the young countess, in a paroxysm of grief.

At this moment there came a rap upon the door, and Zenobie went to answer the summons. It was the black monk, Vladimir, who thus demanded admittance. At any other time both Kosalind and Claudia might have been startled by the strange visit, but now they instinctively hailed ihis coming as a source of hope.

"Ladies," spoke the fat monk, approaching the spot where they stood, and bowing very low, "you will pardon this unseemly method of gaining admission here, but I had no other choice, for I feared the duke would refuse me did I apply to him. I have come to learn, if possible, where Ruric Nevel may be."

The widow tried to answer, but instead of speaking she burst into tears. Rosalind struggled a moment with the deep emotions that stirred within her, and then she too fell to weeping. Zenobie was obliged to answer.

"Good father," she said, "we are all seeking the same knowledge. His poor mother has come here to try if she might find some clew to the noble youth; and thus did my mistress gain the first intelligence that he was gone. Pray, good sir, do you know anything about him? What have you heard?"

Both Claudia and the countess now raised their heads, for they would hear what reply the monk could make.

"I only know that he is missing," Vladimir replied. "A little while ago I called upon the sick count, and there I learned that Ruric Nevel had mysteriously disappeared. And I learned, also, of the noble purpose for which he visited the count."

"Aye," interposed Claudia, with sudden energy, "he went to try and gain the count's forgiveness. I don't think they spoke falsely there. I don't think any there would wish him harm from lingering revenge."

"No, no," returned the monk; "his mission thither was most nobly fulfilled. But," he continued, relapsing into perplexity, "I cannot imagine what has become of him. But hold—my dear child—is there not a hump-backed, ungainly priest who sometimes visits your guardian?"

This was addressed to Rosalind, and a fearful tremor shook her frame as she heard it, for its import was at once apparent.

"Do you suspect—" She had started forward and grasped the monk's arm, as she thus commenced, but she could not continue. The thought she would have uttered was terrible.

"Go on," whispered Valdimir, bending his head low down so as to catch her very thoughts if they left her lips. "What would you say?"

"Oh! I ought not—and yet I know his soul is capable even of that."

Thus much the fair countess murmured to herself; and then she gazed up and spoke to the strange man before her:

"Do you suspect my guardian?"

"Do *you* suspect him?" the monk returned.

"Oh, I know not what to think."

"But listen," resumed Vladimir, earnestly. "I would know all that you know, and then perhaps I can assist you. I mean to save Ruric, if I can; and if I can but gain a clew to him now, I can surely save you both. I possess a wondrous power for the good of those who trust me. Now, what end could the duke have in view in wishing for Ruric's removal?"

In spite of all doubts Rosalind found herself trusting the monk. There was an air of conscious truth and power in his look and tone won upon her.

"Good father," she returned, after a few moments' thought, "the duke has sworn by a most fearful oath that he will have me for his wife!"

"Ha!" cried the monk, starting back a pace and clenching his hands, does he mean that?"

"Oh, most truly he does," the young countess replied; and she spoke more firmly now, for there was something in the sudden energy of the monk's exclamation that gave her hope.

"Then he wants your estates, too. He is aiming for wealth with a high hand. And do you suppose he fears Ruric Nevel in connection with this scheme?"

"Yes, father—I will speak plainly, for I trust you. He knows that I love Ruric, and he knows, too, that Ruric loves me. May he not, under such circumstance, fear that the noble youth will try to thwart him?"

"Very likely," returned Vladimir, thoughtfully. "I will profit by this, and I am much mistaken if you do not also profit by it. I have those in Moscow who will work for me. I cannot, of course, directly assure you of salvation, for Ruric may never be found!"

A quick groan escaped from Claudia's lips as the monk thus spoke; but before Rosalind could speak the door of the apartment was opened and the Duke of Tula strode in! He stopped as he came nigh to where the company stood, and his eyes flashed and his frame trembled with passion.

"How now?" he cried, as soon as he could command speech. "What means this gathering here in my own palace? Meddling monk, how dare you drag your detestable form hither? Out, reptile! Out! And let me catch you here again and my dogs shall tear you up as they do carrion!"

Without a word the monk turned away. His face was pale as death, and his hands were clenched till the fingers' ends seemed to settle themselves into the palms.

"Remember," the duke exclaimed, as Valdimir reached the door, if you dare to cross my doorstool again—"

"Hold!" gasped the monk, in a hoarse, startling tone. "Offer no more threats. But mark me, proud Duke. You shall see the day on which you'll wish God had made you a dog ere He gave you speech to arouse the just vengeance of Vladimir!"

And thus speaking the black monk disappeared.

"And you, woman—who art thou?" Olga exclaimed, turning an angry look upon Claudia.

"I am a mourning mother in search of her lost son," the woman sadly replied.

"Ha! I see the likeness now. You are the woman Nevel—mother of the young villain who bears that name! Leave my place at once, and don't you dare to enter it again!"

The poor woman tried to speak, but she could not. With a deep sob she turned away, and slowly walked from the room.

"Now," resumed the duke, turning towards Rosalind, "what means this sacret council?"

"My lord," returned the countess, struggling hard to overcome her powerful emotions, "they were here to—to—"

But she could not finish the sentence. Her soul was too deeply moved. She only gave the foul wretch one look of horror and disgust, and then covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud.

If the bad man had anything further to say, he reserved it for some future time.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Tom Graham has grown some extraordinary parsnips in his garden this season. Saturday he went into his garden to pull a few specimens for his office. Tom is a tall man, as everybody knows, and he bent down low and taking and keeping a firm hold of the top he straightened himself up, bringing up a portion half his length. This operation he performed three distinct times on the same plant; and finally, becoming impatient, gave a jerk, breaking the root off at the surface and leaving several feet in the ground.—*Courtney News.*

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CHILLIWACK.

The following are a few items relating to Chilliwack and its recent exhibition, that lack of space prevented being published in last week's CANADIAN:—

CHILLIWACK MUNICIPLITY.

Of the farming lands of the Chilliwack valley, we can say but little from personal observation. A flying visit to report a banquet hardly qualifies one to speak anyway confidently of a large district. Happily, in this instance, there is no need, for the district of Chilliwack is so widely known for its fine soil, thrifty farms, good roads, and great prosperity, that there is little left to say upon the subject. Returning home in the morning in the conveyance of the mail carrier, the writer noticed the richness of the soil, a good deal of that passed over being evidently "made" by the Fraser river. Crossing a slough on a substantial bridge, a large island was traversed, all apparently built up of river sediment. On it are several prosperous settlers, who have fine homes and splendid farms. The little district is called McDonald's Island, and shortly we arrived at the homestead of that prosperous pioneer, already in very easy circumstances from the products of his industry. From here to Harrison the journey was made by canoe, the jolly mail carrier, a highland Scotchman, enliving the trip with quaint remarks and pointed jokes. A sly fellow, he was, and it was not till parting that it transpired that his name was McDonald, the "Laird of the Isle."

CHILLIWACK TOWN.

About four years ago, the writer paid his first visit to the snug town of Chilliwack. Little more than a hamlet then, it has since grown to a flourishing community. All the usual business establishments are well represented, and the merchants carry stocks that would be creditable anywhere. Now, as then, Mr. J. C. Henderson conducts an extensive business on the corner where the four principle streets meet. Through the years he has held to his reputation of being Chilliwack's leading merchant, and stands high in the esteem of town and country. Many new buildings of the residence class were noticeable for their fine appearance, and several commodious mansions would be quite in place on city streets. In the landlord of the Queen's Hotel, Mr. G. T. Lundy, was found an old resident of Westminster, where he carried on an extensive boot and shoe business a few years ago. Mr. Lundy was formerly in the hotel business in Manitoba, and there, as here, won a deserved reputation as a caterer to the public. Always connected with the best house in his town, he keeps his hotel quiet and orderly, and ably assisted by Mrs. Lundy, who holds the esteem and respect of all her guests, the Queen's has secured a wide reputation as a first-class hostelry.

THE FAIR.

Chilliwack has fine fair grounds, as it should have to accommodate the flourishing exhibition that is held annually. The display of produce on the present occasion was larger than ever before, and the number of visitors greater. The weather was, on the whole, reasonably satisfactory, and all who attended were greatly pleased with their outing. The exhibits in almost every division showed a marked advance on former years, the arrangements were excellent, and in every way Chilliwack has reason to be proud of this year's show. The PACIFIC CANADIAN arranged with a resident of the town for a full report, including the prize list, but there appears to have been a failure in the connection somewhere. At any rate, no detailed report has yet come to hand.

THE MUNICIPAL ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the Municipal Association was held in the City Hall on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock.

Letters of apology were read from several members for not being present. The minutes were then read and the business before the meeting proceeded with.

A letter was read from Coun. McRae, Mission, suggesting that the Association should discuss the question of the Canadian Government having, practically, closed the granting of land within the railway belt to settlers. The letter was referred to the executive council of the Association for consideration, and to take such steps as may be deemed advisable.

The council of the Association submitted by-laws regulating the procedure of meetings of the Association and the duties of officers, which were approved of.

There was some discussion on the question, "Is it desirable that there be separate Municipal Acts, one for the cities and one for the rural districts?" Mr. W. J. Walker put a motion in the affirmative. An amendment was moved in favor of one act for both, and considerable discussion followed. On being put to the meeting the amendment was lost and the original motion carried.

The next subject to be discussed was "Municipal Forms:" to which Mr. Phillips spoke in the absence of Mr. Kitchen. He said the question of by-law forms was an important one, as there were few by-laws passed by municipal councils that would stand the test of the law courts, and there appeared to be no reason why a form of by-law could not be introduced in the Act, that would be of very great utility to municipal officers. If there were a uniformity of forms generally, much saving might also be accomplished, as then they might reasonably be expected to become an article of commerce as professional forms now were.

Mr. Robson spoke at some length in a similar vein, and moved that the matter be submitted to the council of the association, with authority to report also upon the defects in the Municipal Act.

There was a free discussion as to the advisability of submitting such matters to the council, which, it was argued, largely consisted of men who took no interest whatever in the Association or its objects, and neglectful reeves were especially alluded to. Messrs. Kelly, McCartney, Irvine, Wade, Robson, Phillips, Rawlinson, Schou, and a couple of others took part in the argument. Finally the motion was carried.

After discussion it was decided to hold the annual meeting of the Association in December next, in the City Hall, Westminster, after which the meeting adjourned.

CLOVERDALE.

From our Special Correspondent.

THE FAIR.—The great event of the season is over, and our peaceful hamlet has regained its usual quietude; and all is serene and undisturbed, except for the persistent tinkle of the cow bells.

"What a world of solemn thought their melody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with afright,
At the melancholy menace of their tone!"

The dance, held in the I.O.O.F. Hall, after the fair, is said to have been just splendid.

Service was conducted last Sunday evening in the Methodist Church by Mr. Watkins, of New Westminster Methodist College, in the place of Rev. Bowell, who has not yet recovered. His text was taken from John III., 14–15, and the sermon was delivered with great force and earnestness.

Mr. R. Ludlow, the enterprising merchant of Nicomkl, reports business good, and prospects fine for fall trade.

Miss Phœbe Bond, who returned home for the fair, left on Saturday's Express for Coquitlam, where she is attending the school of our former teacher, Mr. R. D. Irvine.

Miss E. Richmond left on Monday evening for Vancouver, where she intends spending a couple of weeks.

The Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor have postponed their literary evening for two weeks.

Mrs. A. Milton is spending a few days in your city, and many others intend doing likewise.

The farmers have been rushing things along, these last few days, finishing up the harvest.

SHAKESPEARE AND BACON.

Henry Irving's Views as to the Identity of the Immortal Dramatist.

Mr. Henry Irving, the great English actor, who was lately in British Columbia, is no friend of Ignatius Donnelly's laborious argument that Bacon wrote the plays almost universally attributed to the immortal Shakespeare.

"It seems to me," he says, "that the apex of the ludicrous was touched when Mr. Ignatius Donnelly wrote his stupendous work to prove that Bacon wove into Shakespeare's plays a narrative in cipher full of historical incidents which never happened. After this there is really nothing else for the Baconian party to achieve, and they ought to weep like Alexander because there remain no other world's to conquer."

Then Mr. Irving makes a suggestion.

"Why not argue that the total lack of imagination, of the poetic faculty and of the sense of humor revealed in Bacon's works is proof of his purpose to prevent any identification of his genius with Shakespeare's? This would be quite as convincing as the famous cipher."

"What about the theory of composite authorship?"

"A weak and waddling compromise, that seems to have no other foundation than the idea that while the brilliant nobles of Elizabeth's court contributed the scholarship, Shakespeare threw in the poetry. Imagine a committee of classical experts with Bacon in the chair meeting to discuss a rough draft of 'The Tempest' or 'King Lear,' and sending it around to Blackfriars for Shakespeare to tone up with the addition of a little blank verse."

"No," and Mr. Irving, like a skeptic, smiled, "testimony of competent witnesses is simple and conclusive. No one in his day ventured to suggest that Shakespeare was trading on another's brains, and only when the Baconians can show that Ben Johnson was either a fool or a knave, or that the whole world of players and playwrights are fools or knaves, will they receive serious attention."

Mr. Irving's favorite Shakespearian characters are "King Lear," "Iago," "Hamlet," and "Richard III," and these will be frequently presented during the American tour to terminate in New York, on March 17th, 1894. After that date it is quite possible that a Canadian circuit may be played, Vancouver and Victoria being included in the cities honored. For the Dominion tour, if it becomes a reality, Mr. Irving may add to his company's repertoire the new play "King Arthur"—a drama in blank verse which he has recently accepted from Comyn Cummings. It deals with the legendary portion of English history, when Launcelot and Guinevere lived and loved. Mr. Irving will take the title part, Miss Terry that of Guineveve.

The Second Bombardment of Rio Janeiro.

New York, Sept. 25.—The *Herald's* Montevideo special says: The rebel fleet which has so long been blockading the harbor of Rio Janeiro bombarded the city yesterday, under Admiral de Mello's order. The firing was severe, and the damage done exceeded that of the first bombardment. Several women and children were killed, but the extent of damage and loss of life is not known, as no news is permitted by the Government to be sent direct from Rio Janeiro. Part of de Mello's fleet is still keeping up a vigorous blockade of Santos. Copies of Admiral de Mello's proclamation have been received here. The leaders of the revolters declare that President Peixoto, with the aid of corrupt members of the senate and venal deputies, has overridden the restrictions put upon his powers by the constitution. Peixoto, he asserts, is trying to place Brazil under a rule of absolute tyranny. "If by my aid," the proclamation continues, "in making this stand for liberty, our cause shall triumph, I shall hand over the government to the charge of these honorable men who gave freedom to our nation before."

Four members of the Brazilian Congress on board the rebel cruiser Aquidaban have signed the address to the public. They say that President Peixoto and the members of his cabinet have been stealing public funds, destroying the autonomy of the states and fomenting national war, in order to serve their own ends. These acts, together with the dictatorial conduct of both the president and vice-president, compel the signers, as representatives of national will, to make the present solemn fight for freedom. They gave Admiral de Mello command of their forces with a view to restoring peace, restoring law and re-establishing republican principles. The address closes with an appeal to all patriotic Brazilians to help their cause.

Confirmation of the report of the renewal of the blockade of the Rio Grande ports by the revolters had been received. Fighting has taken place at Uruguana. The Brazilian minister here is sending arms and horses to Gen. Hypolete. The State of Parana is in open revolt against Peixoto.

London, Sept. 25.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says a cipher letter has been received from Rio de Janeiro showing that restoration of the monarchy is undoubtedly the intention of the revolt, and adding that the army and navy will soon co-operate to this end.

The Brazilion minister in this city has received the following dispatch from Rio Janeiro: The revolution is growing weaker day by day. Admiral de Mello is reduced to the last extremity. All the states denounce his attempt to overthrow the present government, and the people are enthusiastic for Peixoto's government. The army generally is loyal. The city is as tranquil as if no revolt had occurred, and the government is as fully confident that it is sufficiently powerful to maintain its authority.

Buenos Ayres, Sept. 25.—Ships of the insurgent fleet are blockading the port of Santos. The town of Rosario is in the hands of the rebels. The national troops retreated to San Nicolas, fifty miles distant from Rosario.

Washington, Sept. 26.—The delays and accidents that contributed to prevent the United States government from affording adequete protection to the interests of its citizens in Brazil appear to be about an end. The Charleston left Montevido for Rio several days ago, but no official or definite information to that effect was had until this morning, when a brief despatch, dated yesterday, was received from Mr. Hill, U. S. Consu, at Montivedo, stating that she left on Friday. She ought, therefore, to reach Rio inside of twenty-four hours.

AMONG recent awards at the World's Fair have been the following in favor of B. C. industrialists: Messrs. Turner, Beeton & Co., Robert Ward & Co. and the Alert Bay Canning Co. have secured prizes for canned salmon exhibits; Mr. T. E. Ladner, of Ladner's Landing, has also received a premium for fish guano making.

ON Saturday last the Victoria lacrosse team won another important victory in Eastern Canada. This time it was a Quebec team that took second place, and the game was played in connection with the demonstration to Governor-General Aberdeen. The first game was won by the home team in one minute, the second, third and fourth by Victoria, in 1, 5 and 5 minutes, respectively; the fifth by Quebec, in 10 minutes, the sixth, seventh and eighth by Victoria, in 7, 3 and 7 minutes, respectively, and the ninth by Quebec, in 10 minutes.

World's Fair Grounds, Chicago, Sept. 21.—A serious accident occurred this morning on the movable sidewalk which extends the length of the Casino steamboat pier. A plank came in contact with the under part of the machinery and the section of the sidewalk was torn from its fastenings. The seats became derailed and slipped, overthrowing over 200 passengers violently on the pier. The small elevation of the sidewalk proved a safeguard against any loss of life, but many of the passengers, men, women and children, were severely bruised and cut. A few were removed to the Hospital by the ambulance corps. The employees on the pier and sidewalk kept the people cool and avoided a panic.

Valetta, Malta, Sept. 25.—The British battleship, Camperdown, the flagship of Rear-Admiral Markham, grounded this morning at the entrance to the habor. Efforts to float her have thus far been unsuccessful. She is in a dangerous position. The Camperdown was the vessel that recently during the manœuvers of the British fleet off Tripoli, Syria, sank the battleship Victoria, causing great loss of life, among the drowned being Vice-Admiral Sir George Tyron, commander-in-chief of the Mediterranrean squadron. Later.—The Camperdown was floated at 2 p.m. slightly damaged.

Ottawa, Sept. 28.—A report has reached here from Vancouver that the Rev. Mr. McKay, the well-known missionary, had to pay the poll-tax on his wife, who is a Chinese woman, upon their landing off the Empress of India at Vancouver en route for Ontaria. Much indignation is felt here over the matter. Mr. Parmelee, Controller of Immigration, was seen by your correspondent and said that if the officer had imposed this charge he was guilty of a great mistake. The Chinese Immigration Amendment Act of 1887 provides that Chinese women, when married to a man of another nationality, shall be deemed to be of the same nationality as himself, and is therefore exempt from the tax. Mr. Parmelee says that if such a charge was made, it should be refunded at once.

Toronto, Sept. 28.—To-day, W. G. Osgoodby, the proprietor of the *Dominion Illustrated Magazine*, and William W. Stacey and Albert J. Corbett, proprietors of a gift enterprise conducted in this city, were arrested and lodged in the police cells on a charge of "unlawfully, fraudulently and deceitfully conspiring together to defraud the public."

Garnets, from the mine on Garnet Creek, near Fort Wrangel, have, according to Surveyor McGrath of the U. S. contingent of the Alaska boundary party, been taken out pretty freely this season, for use at San Francisco in the decoration of a private house. The garnets are found in large quantities, but they break and chip easily; to keep them perfect they must be wrapped up in paper. Some of the curio dealers in Fort Wrangel keep a bushel or two of these stones on hand to sell to tourists. The stone is blasted out from the ground and is often much damaged in the operation.

Coroner S. Clark has held an inquest into the death of Henry Oliver, who was killed in the Columbia flour mill at Enderby. The verdict was accidental death. Deceased was standing near the shaft with the belt off, when the belt was in some way put in motion and the unfortunate man was dragged into the gearing. He died ten hours afterwards.

Walkerton, Sept. 28.—The mass meeting held here by Sir John Thompson and his associate ministers was very largely attended. Five thousand people listened to speeches in the drill shed which were delivered by Sir John Thompson, Foster, Finance Minister; Hon. John Haggart, Minister of Railways, and others.

A Leap-Year Proposal.

It is generally supposed that the idea of young girls proposing marriage in leap year is a pleasant little fiction of the humorist, but there is evidence that sometimes the fair sex does avail itself of its quadrennial privilege. An anecdote told in England of a member of the House of Commons is a case in point. According to the raconteur who is responsible for the story, the Commoner had been paying attention to a young lady for a long while, and had taken her to attend the House until she was perfectly posted in its rules On the last day of the session, as they came out, he bought her a bouquet, saying:

"May I offer you my handful of flowers?"

She promptly replied, "I move to amend by omitting all after the word hand."

He blushingly accepted the amendment, and they adopted it unanimously.

Certainly the proposal was most subtly put, and only goes to show how much better and more practical than that of most men is a woman's proposal.

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TO CONTRACTORS.

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

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

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

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

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

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner of Lands and Works.

Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B.C., September 28th, 1893.

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For Sale, a Thoroughbred Berkshire Boar, 2 years old. The animal may be inspected in the Agricultural grounds, Westminster, during the Exhibition.

ALEX. ANDERSON,
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AT THE COURT HOUSE, VERNON, commencing at 10 a.m., on the 12th day of October, 1893, I will offer for sale a great portion of the land known as "The Commonage," between Okanagan and Long Lakes, and mostly situated on the shores of those lakes. There are 259 lots, varying from one acre to forty acres in extent.

TERMS OF SALE.—The parcels of land which front on the lake will be offered at an upset price of $10 per acre, and the remaining parcels at $2.50 per acre.

PAYMENTS.—One-third cash and the remainder in six and twelve months, with interest at six per cent.

Maps and catalogues may be obtained from Government Land Office, Victoria and Vernon.

M. LUMBY,
Assistant Commissioner of Lands and Works.
Vernon, August 30th, 1893.

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