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The Pacific Canadian.

Vol. I. NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, DEC. 30, 1893. **No. 16.**

BUSINESS CARDS.

HOTELS, Etc.

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

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

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

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XMAS. - 1893

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ALDER AND FIR WOOD AND BARK ALWAYS ON HAND.

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The new and Most Elegantly Furnished

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

We Lead; Others Follow.

C. E. ROOS,
Manager,

$1 per Year!

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

CITY AND DISTRICT.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

AFTER to-morrow date your letters 1894.

MESSRS. W. McDonagh, of Otter, T. B. Leith, of Mud Bay, and D. McLennan of Clayton, school teachers, are calling on old friends here. They gave the CANADIAN sanctum a cheery call.

MAYOR CURTIS entertained the members of the City Council and City officials at a choice supper at the Guichon hotel Tuesday night after the adjournment of the Council. Everything passed off nicely.

THE weather during the fore part of the week was the most delightful imaginable. The bright frosty nights and warm sun-shiny days made almost ideal conditions for Christmas time.

CHRISTMAS was quietly observed in Westminster on Monday last. It is safe to say most people thoroughly enjoyed the holiday and its good cheer, while any cases of distress among the needy were relieved by benevolent individuals and associations.

INDIAN JACK, who is to be hanged January 15th with his son Peter, for murdering A. E. Pittendrigh, has regained his health. Jack collapsed completely after his trial, and the doctor did not expect he could live to the end of the month.

MR. D. M. Robertson, of Tinehead, is out as a candidate for Ward 1 in the Surrey Council. Mr. Robertson was brought out some time since to oppose the present representative of the ward, with whose action the past year many electors are dissatisfied.

MEARS, brother of the man recently convicted of murdering O'Connor, who was accused at the time of the trial of intimidating one of the chief witnesses, and subsequently skipped, was arrested a few days ago by Officer Calbick and is now behind the bars in Westminster.

IT is pleasant to record that the Y. M. C. A. here has successfully emulated Vancouver in the recent canvass, the result of which was announced on Sunnay evening. The subscriptions number 235, representing the amount of $6,000, which clears the floating debt and provides for the expenses of next year.

MR. R. B. KELLY, of Westminster Junction, was taking in the Market yesterday in quest of Big Turkeys for his shooting match, which comes off today at the Junction. It is so convenient to run out on the train, and the sport is so seasonable, that there is sure to be a large attendance and a good day's fun.

MR. JOHN KEARY, of Kensington Prairie, has announced himself as a candidate for the representation of Ward 4 in Surrey Council. He is a man much esteemed by his neighbors, and has the qualities to make a first-rate representative. He is certain to be elected, and although a new man in the council, the people of his ward will expect good services from him, and feel that they will not be disappointed.

THE contractors for the Maple Ridge dyking scheme, in which 7,650 acres are to be redeemed from the Lillooet river, received word from the Premier by wire Monday that the Government will guarantee four per cent. interest on the bonds and amend the provisional act relating to reclaiming lands. The Dyking Co. attempted to float the bonds and found the people were chary about taking them as the act could not be readily interpreted. The bank was appealed to for funds. They referred the matter to Marshall & McNeill, who gave it as their opinion that it was not advisable to advance the money unless the act was amended and more explicitly phrased; hence the present action of the Government, which is received with great satisfaction.

THE Victoria *Colonist* gives the following brief sketch of "Tom" York, who died of la grippe at Sumas on Thursday of last week: Thomas York, one of the earliest pioneers of the Province, and as well known as any man in the country between Victoria and Cariboo, died at his home, Upper Sumas, Thursday morning, aged 78 years. Influenza was the immediate cause of death. Thomas York was one of the coal miners who came out from Brierly Hill, Staffordshire, England, under the Hudson Bay Co. in 1854. He first worked at the Nanaimo coal mines, and subsequently at the Whatcom mines. In the gold excitement of 1858 he was one of the first party to locate at Yale, and successfully mined near there for a few months. During the fall of 1858 he entered into the hotel business at Yale, and was one of the first hotel proprietors of the town. It was a memorable hostelry to the men in the early mining days of Cariboo. He successfully carried on business for a period of ten years. Leaving the town in 1868, he located land on Sumas prairie. He was at one time a partner of O. L. Romano, who ran a ferry across the Fraser at the point where Alexandria bridge now stands, ferrying all the freight across for the miners located on the Fraser. Mr. York's son, Fraser, was the first white child born in Yale, and was named after the river.

MANY subscribers of the PACIFIC CANADIAN will find by inspecting the address label on their paper that their term of subscription expires with this issue. We will be very glad to have them renew for another term, and will also be glad to receive their remittances. Small sums counted by the hundred aggregate a large sum, and we expect our friends to respond promptly, for we have every reason to believe the CANADIAN is appreciated in its constituency. We will not be too hasty in striking off subscribers who overlook their little payments; but one thing we will do promptly, and that is strike off the list every man who intimates to us that he does not care to receive the paper. The CANADIAN goes on its merit, as the best newspaper published west of Ontario for $1 per year, and it will soon have the largest list of subscribers of any journal in British Columbia.

REGARDING the recent attempted escape of Penitentiary prisoners here, the Vancouver *World* publishes the following item which may be taken for what it is worth: "Certain facts concerning the Penitentiary shooting affray, which took place ten days ago, have leaked out, and it is reported, the affair will be ventilated in the courts. It has been learned from what is believed to be a reliable source, that James Kennedy was shot by Guard Smith without apparent cause. That Kennedy did try to escape is true, but he was recaptured and was going quietly along when, it is alleged, Smith shot him with his revolver in the calf of the left leg, being only about a foot away at the time. Two guards can swear to this fact, so it is said."

THE MARKET.

There was a small market yesterday. The supply of produce was not large and purchases were slow. Chickens were still in demand, and large turkeys were asked for. There is a small demand for beets and parsnips. Apples are overdone in all lines, but there is sale for choice lots. Quotations do not vary much from last week, and are as follows:

Ducks, 60 to 70 cents each. Geese, live, $1.50; dressed, $1.50 to $2.25. Turkeys (too many small birds) $1.50 to $2 alive: dressed, $1 to $2. Chickens, live, $4.50 to $5; dressed, 40 to 55 cents. Hens, $6 per doz.

Butter, 55 to 60 cents per roll. Eggs, 37½ to 45 cents per dozen.

Pork, 8 cents; Beef, forequarters, $4.50; hind-quarters, $6.50; cuts, 7 to 11 cents. Mutton, by the carcase, 9 cents; cuts, 11 to 13 cents.

Hay, $13 per ton.

Oats, $25; wheat, $28 to $30; peas, none; barley, none.

Potatoes, stiffening, $16 to $18; turnips, $9; white carrots, $9; red carrots, $12.50; mangolds, $9; beets, scarce, 1 cent; parsnips, 1 cent; cabbage, 1 cent; onions, 1½ to 1¾ cents.

Apples, $1 to $1.25 per box.

Cranberries, 35 cents per gallon.

TINEHEAD.

Correspondence Pacific Canadian.

Sharp frosts have succeeded the late heavy rains, and we are now enjoying seasonable weather.

The work of brushing out the last remaining mile of the H'jorth Road under the superintendence of Mr. Neil McIsaac is going ahead. Councillor Bothwell, however, seems to be throwing every obstacle he can in way of securing this much needed improvement, which would shorten our journey to town by over five miles.

As showing the great dissatisfaction in the settlement regarding our newly established Post Office, a petition containing over fifty names has been secured, and will be forwarded to Ottawa asking that it be placed as originally petitioned for. The settlers are manfully keeping their pledge not to use the office in any shape or form until the wishes of the majority are respected.

The committee appointed by the Presbytery of Westminster to inquire into the case of discipline from Tinehead Church, met at Cloverdale last week. To the charges of having used profane language, Sabbath breaking, and falsehood, verdicts of guilty, a case of inadvertance, and not proven were respectively returned. The accused who was seeking election as elder, made many mistakes during the trial; but his fatal mistake was in not denying *in toto* all three charges, as from the one-sided way in which the case was conducted he would without doubt have been fully acquitted. Hard swearing, endeavoring to clear the delinquent was the order of the day. Such conduct, however, does not tend to elevate the religious tone of any church.

The farmers hereabout are wondering who is looking after the contractors on Coast Meridian road work. The ditching at best is only half done, and the newly laid corduroy has had to be repeatedly relaid. The sooner the Council sends a practical man to look into this matter the better. No wonder they are looking out for a new councillor in Ward one.

Our only successful sportsman Mr. Albert Ward has succeeded in bagging three fine deer and two large bears lately.

Our annual social was held in the school house on Thursday last. The Rev. Mr. McElmon, of Cloverdale, presided. The attendance though large was not so numerous as in previous years. Several good songs and recitations were rendered. The dance which followed was much enjoyed.

Winnipeg, Dec. 26.—E. E. Harley, bookkeeper for Hough & Campbell, lawyers, decamped two weeks ago, $8,000 short in his accounts. The police have been working quietly, and traced him from Winnipeg to the Pacific coast, from where he returned to Regina, and was arrested there this morning.

Christmas Examination of Haney Public School.

The closing examinations of the above school took place on Wednesday 20th inst.

There was a large number of visitors present. Taking into consideration the inclemency of the weather and the frightful condition of the roads throughout the section, the large attendance of parents and friends showed that a deep interest is taken in the welfare of the children of this section.

After the morning exercises were gone through, a bountiful repast was provided and served by the ladies, consisting of chicken, pies, cakes and all the nice things children delight in.

The exercises being resumed the various classes were thoroughly questioned on the different subjects, and the ready answers given testified to the knowledge acquired by the pupils. At the completion, the parents expressed themselves much pleased at what they saw and heard, and congratulated the teacher, Mr. F. McKenzie, on the highly satisfactory progress made by the children. In reply the teacher assured them he had tried to do his duty and felt pleased to know his efforts had been satisfactory. He thanked them for their attendance at his first examination in Haney and in conclusion wished them the "Compliments of the Season."

The National Anthem being sung, the children were dismissed for their Xmas holidays, which will continue until January 10th.

The following programme was intermixed with the various classes:

Recitation, "Welcome," by F. Stephens.

Recitation, "The Farmer's Boy," by D. A. McCannel.

Recitation, "Boys' Rights" by Archie Ferguson.

Recitation, "Which Loved Best," by Alberta Cook.

Recitation, "My Country," by D. B. Docksteader.

Recitation, "Old Reading Class," by Herbert Ansell.

Speech, by Essie Best.

Recitation, "Grandma's Angel," by Norma McCannel.

Dialogue, "Trades," (10 boys.)

Recitation, "Somebody's Mother," by Henry Richie.

Recitation, "Lord Uln's Daughter," by Thos. Marshall.

Recitation, "The Two Stockings," by May Best.

Recitation, "Robin's Even Song," by Frank Cook.

Song, "Shoemaker John," Norma and Hume McCannel.

Recitation, "When Santa Claus Comes," by Mary Ferguson.

Speech, by Charlie Cook.

Recitation, "Conceited Grasshopper," by Allie Cook.

Song, "Prayer on the Pier," Mamie and D. A. McCannel.

Speech, by Hume McCannel.

Rectitation, "Schoolboys' Troubles," by John Marshall.

Recitation, "I'm but a Little Fellow," Hector Ferguson.

Dialogue, "Susa's Lesson," by Norma and D. A. McCannel.

"Farewell," by Tillie Marshall.

"Good-bye," by Frank Stephens.

A New Year's Dream.

From an occasional Contributor.

The clock has just struck 12 midnight. The last moment of the year 1893 has passed. I am feeling gloomy, sad and blue. I am here alone in a big barn-like house, full of queer noises. I can hear my own heart beat, I may say, and have been half sleeping, I believe, and dreaming. I dreamt it was raining heavily, and I was standing on the bank of the mighty Fraser river in my evening clothes, and long stove-pipe hat on, looking at the procession of Government officials, mayor and aldermen of New Westminster City coming to call on me the Mayor of Liverpool. First in the long troupe was our Premier bowing to the surfs below (not, observe, serfs of the *Columbian*), smiling and rubbing his hands, conversing with Mr. Brown, M.PP. They were making it up as they walked on over the beautiful structure. Davie said: "Well, you've got it up. Not a bad job. Wonder whether our new building will ever be as well finished?" Just then M.PP. Brown slipped and fell bang in the river. Kitchen and Sword both were thought by onlookers to have jumped in to save their leader; but not so, the Premier's remarks about the buildings had been caught by them and they collapsed with their chief. Kitchen was heard to remark to Sword as they struck the water: "We are fairly in the soup," Sword replying "This sharpens my weapon." Both struck out manfully for shore. All three rolled on to the railway track. Kitchen and Sword exclaimed together: "Who has pulled up the track?" and the City men said "Sh-e-e-e!" And not another word was said, until Sword with a hideous roar, "Let us Ford the river home!" Then Aldermen Herring came, looking so chirpy, his mouth shut firmly, but grinning. Just as he arrived on the incline towards South side of the Phantom Bridge, an enormous Snow Ball some tons in weight came rolling along and over went the Druggist, and the various members of the piscatorial societies of the Fraser river, seeing the accident to their brother, and thinking he might drug their daily drink, arrrived en masse headed by an enormous sturgeon, on whose back he mounted and was carried down to W. Ladner's garden to land. The various members then feeding on cabbage, Herring alone declining. He said, "I have a bone to pick with you." The Minister of Finance then slid down on a wire to Punch's, singing aloud, "Well, we are the interest ahead for a year!" This seemed to trouble me, but Robbie Burns, who was selling liquor wholesale explained it to me by double entry. He opened a book and read "The Odds and How to Lay Them." This I cannot understand. I fail to see the connection. I've laid the odds. So did Herring on the bridge. Then there was a general stampede for Punch's, and on my arrival I heard our Silent Member holding forth brilliantly. Editor Kennedy had arrived, hence the cause. "You are on my dunghill now, sir! I'll let you know what a flopper is!" and so on. Then ladies of W.C.T.U. and Salvation Army flocked into Punch's spacious bar room. Proposing drinks to settle matters, eau de vie was suggested by a wag, and we all drank. One lady being told it was the water of life drank eagerly and nearly choked. Another old gal winked, swallowed it, as if she had been accustomed to a little blue ruin in the early morn. Then we all sang to to a hymn tune, "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer."

For some moments my dream was very confused. At last I saw the dear old K. de K., with Capt. Grant as pilot, steaming into Liverpool towing a shadow of a bridge, with Capt. Card and Mounce walking home across the bridge with bags of boodle made by the Surrey, which they said had sunk as the clock struck twelve. Then it was unanimously agreed the K. de K. should be recommissioned. "Let us go back to the good old times" was the song vociferously sung by all, headed by Joe Armstrong. Ayer's Jerry Pectoral is accountable for all this nonsense and dear old grippe.

A New Year's story dreamt and written *a la* Dumas, by

FUNGUS.
Poverty Hill Dairy Farm, Liverpool.

COMMUNICATIONS.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Surrey Roads.

To the Editor of the Pacific Canadian.

SIR,—As the time of year approaches, when the free and independent electors will be called upon to elect suitable persons to represent them and their interests in the several Municipal Councils of the country, it occurs to me that now would be a good time to pause and review, not only the work of the past year, but in the light of the experience gained during a series of years, consider if it is not possible to effect improvements in many ways in the administration of municipal affairs. As the construction and repair of the roads in a rural municipality is, or ought to be, one of the most important matters requiring the attention of the ratepayers; not because this one or that one is interested in them particularly, but because the well-being, comfort, progress, and rapid development of any given neighborhood is dependent in a great measure on the condition of the public roads. This granted, the necessity for a proper and well-devised system of road supervision and maintenance becomes apparent. And right here I would direct the attention of my fellow ratepayers of Surrey to the careful consideration of the policy hitherto adopted in the expenditure of the public money on road construction, and if possible discover in the light of past experience if a better and more economical system cannot be inaugurated for the future. In the first place there has been expended on the public roads of this Corporation since our incorporation in 1879 somewhere in the neighborhood of $70.000. Now this is a large sum, and it occurs to my mind, under the present system, has the amount been expended to best advantage? Have we a fair proportion of the benefits we should have from the expenditure of that sum? Is the work done of such a permanent character that we can say we *now* have good value for the money? For myself, I am obliged to confess we have not. Then the question arises, why not? I answer because of almost utter lack of system pursued in laying out, superintending, and the execution of the contracts. In many instances, the incompetence, or worse, of the parties having the work in charge, or a fear of offending a supporter by strictly and honestly enforcing a compliance with the conditions of the various contracts, has been the cause of much inefficient work being accepted. Hence the conviction forces itself upon the minds of many that it would be immensely to the advantage of the ratepayers of the Corporation if there were a thoroughly competent road superintendent appointed, responsible direct to the Council, who could intelligently lay out and superintend in a practical and business-like manner all road contracts, have the work done at the proper time of year, and relieve the several councillors of the *unpleasant duty* of refusing to accept inferior or incomplete workmanship from supporters, friends or brothers even, whom he may fear to offend by a strict adherence to duty. The manner of performing and commuting for statute labor could also be improved immensely. Of that, with your permission, I will have something to say later.

HENRY T. THRIFT.
Hazelmere, B.C., Dec. 26, '93.

Pemberton Meadows Lands.

To the Editor of Pacific Canadian.

SIR,—It is very gratifying to observe the fearless manner in which the CANADIAN has on each occasion dealt with the latest *independent* or Pemberton Meadows wagon road *scheme*. As an old pioneer in assisting to open up and develope a new district, and knowing from experience somewhat of the difficulties the first settlers have to contend with in hewing a home out of the wilderness of B. C., one would not by act or word do anything that would interfere with, or in any way be a hindrance to, the construction of a road or roads entered upon for the purpose of giving access to any portion of the public domain of the Province to actual settlers. In fact, as fast as the land can be surveyed and made available for settlement, facilities should be provided for all who wish to take up lands and make homes for themselves to do so. But for any number of persons to go into any given section of the Province and gobble up all the available choice lands therein, with a view to compelling actual settlers to pay them possibly five hundred per cent or more advance on the Government price of such land, for which they have done nothing nor given any equivalent, these parties are a hindrance of the worst kind to the development of the country, and if as in the case of the Pemberton Meadows lands sharks, they have paid the Government $20,000, they have all they paid for, having acquired the land at the Government price. They do not propose to improve such lands themselves and there is no opportunity for actual settlers to obtain other lands in the neighborhood, hence if it is necessary to construct a road into their property through an almost inaccessible district, they should be compelled to provide for and have such road constructed as a condition to them retaining the ownership after the lapse of a certain time.

Hence one can but feel that it is the duty of every voter and ratepayer in the Province to oppose, by every honorable means in his power, the unjustifiable, selfish and unpatriotic expenditure of large sums of public money for the private advantage of the element most detrimental to the best interests of a new country—viz., the *unimproving* land speculator.

I trust the CANADIAN will maintain the uncompromising and *really independent* though Pacific stand hitherto adopted in regard to these wildcat schemes.

Yours, etc., H. T, T.

Stabbing Affray in Victoria.

An Italian named Rafael Pulltan, a resident of Humboldt street, caused the police of Victoria considerable trouble last Saturday evening. During the evening he got into a quarrel with a fellow-countryman named Joe Nucci, the particulars of which he could not well explain, the result being two cuts underneath his left shoulder blade, one on his left arm a little below the elbow, and another on the right hand. Pulltan first found his way to Morrison's drug store after he had emerged from the row, where the police were communicated with. Sergeant Hawton immediately had the unfortunate man removed to the city police station, where his wounds were unofficially examined, the cuts showing signs of having been inflicted by a small penknife.

In order to make sure that the wounds were not dangerous the sergeant then had the man removed to the Jubilee hospital, where the injuries were properly attended to. Pulltan says that he was stabbed with a long dagger knife, and that his assailant has been threatening to kill him for some time past under no provocation whatever. As the man was considerably under the influence of liquor, however, a clear story of how his trouble occurred could not be obtained. The police are nevertheless well acquainted with Nucci, having parted him and Pulltan in fights before.

When the wounds were examined in the hospital by Dr. Richardson, they were found to be of a much more serious nature than was at first supposed, one of the cuts in his back reaching to his lung, and may result fatally. Nucci was arrested late in the evening by Officers Mowatt and Abel, on a charge of assaulting Pulltan with intent to do grevious bodily harm.

A Man Shot by a Provincial Constable.

Donald, B.C., Dec. 24.—John Barr, the foreman of the Columbia River Lumber Company, was shot here last night about 7.30 p.m. by H. Redgrave, a Provincial constable. The circumstances as far as can be gathered are as follows: Redgrave and Barr had a discussion in the Forest House, which was not of a character to lead their friends to believe that there would be any trouble between them, and they left the house together, talking in ordinary tones. Shortly after Barr returned with a bullet hole in his upper lip, saying that Redgrave had suddenly turned on him and shot him. Special constables were at once sworn in by Mr. W. G. Neilson, J.P., and proceeded to search for Redgrave, who had disappeared. Dr. Symonds was sent for, and on his arrival Mr. Barr was taken upstairs and a search made for the ball. It was found that the shot had taken effect in the upper lip, following the outside of the jaw, and burying itself in the muscles of the face, but owing to the great swelling of the cheek, it is impossible to locate the bullet until the inflammation has been subdued. Mr. Barr is a powerful man, and to this is due the manner in which he withstood a shock which would have prostrated most men.

Donald, B. C., Dec. 26.—Redgrave was found at his house and arrested on Saturday night. Mr. Barr has been removed to Golden hospital. He is doing well, but the bullet has not yet been extracted.

Paris, Dec. 22.—The police continue to receive a large number of suspicious looking packages, supposed by their finders to be infernal machines. These packages are either found in the streets or are addressed to individuals. Most of them on examination prove to be harmless and are evidently intended to make make people believe that the Anarchists are still actively at work. Some of the packages, however, are really dangerous. For instance, one found a few days ago on the window sill of the Mairie of the Thirteenth Arrondissement, was found to contain a quantity of blasting powder and seventy revolver cartridges. A fuse had been attached to the package, but it had owing to some defect in the arrangement, burned out without causing an explosion. On the package were inscribed the words, "Death to the Bourgeoise!" August Vaillant, the anarchist, under arrest for causing the explosion in the Chamber of Deputies, which crime he has confessed, has received donations amounting to 3,000 francs since he was lodged in prison.

London, Dec. 22.—Edward Stanhope, secretary of state for war from 1887 to 1892, in the cabinet of Lord Salisbury, died suddenly this morning at Seven Oaks, Kent. He was born in 1840.

BON MARCHE

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PURE MERINO WOOL BLANKETS,

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Special Attention given to the Mainland Trade.

Hello! Hello!! Look Here.

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

Why,

HIRD, THE TAILOR.

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

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

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Watchmaker & Jeweler.

MUNICIPALITY of COQUITLAM

A BY-LAW

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTICE.

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

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

THE ORIGIN OF ANTHRACITE.

A Possible Solution of One of the Mysteries of Science.

The main difference between anthracite and bituminous coal is that the former is devoid of volatile matter. Heretofore the theory generally accepted to account for this difference was that presented half a century ago by Professor Rodgers while conducting the first geological survey of Pennsylvania. Observing that the anthracite beds lay in the eastern part of the state in close proximity to the Archean axis of elevation, he surmised that these coal beds had, so to speak, been "coked" upon the elevation of the Appalachian chain—that is, he supposed that the heat and pressure accompanying the Appalachian elevation, acting most vigorously near the axis, had distilled and removed the volatile matter of the coal bed nearest it.

To adjust the theory of increasing facts, Professor Lesley added the supposition that the heat involved in this theory was brought up by conduction when the superincumbent layers of rock were extremely thick, which have since been mainly removed by the erosive agencies which have been active over the region for millions of years. The inadequacy of these theories has led Professor J. J. Stevenson of the University of New York to propound another and simpler theory, which was ably defended by him at the recent meeting of the Geological Society of America.

He would account for the lack of volatile matter in anthracite coal by the simple fact that it had been longer exposed to that kind of decay which takes place in vegetable matter when immersed in water, and which consists chiefly in the loss of the hydrocarbons which constitute the volatile elements in bituminous coal. On this supposition the anthracite beds are those which were formed earliest in the swamps and lagoons of the carboniferous period and remained longest devoid of the covering of sedimentary deposits, which subsequently preserved them from further change. This theory is confirmed by the fact that there is no such strict relation of the anthracite beds to the Appalachian axis of elevation as Professor Rodgers had supposed and by many other considerations which Professor Stevenson is about to publish. This simple cause seems adequate to account for all the phenomena and probably solves one of the long standing mysteries of geological science.—Independent.

Saintly Race Horses.

Said one of a group of turfmen in the cafe of the Brower House a night or two ago: "I shut up an old chap who was railing against the wickedness of racing horses yesterday, and he was shut up so tight that he stayed shut as long as I was about. It was on the ferry crossing to go to the track, and he was holding forth at a great rate to three young men who sat near him and who had been discussing the day's card. They didn't appear to mind his lecture—in fact, they seemed to rather enjoy it—but nevertheless I thought I'd chip in and make a bluff at shutting off his steam.

"So I opened the last issue of 'Goodwin's Guide,' and said as solemnly as I could, 'Sir, you must be in error about the utter wickedness of the turf, because this little book shows that many racing men select saintly names for their horses, as, for instance, St. Anthony, St. Augustine, St. Croix, St. Cyr, St. Elmo, St. Hubert, St. John, St. Leona, St. Lucas, St. Luke, St. Maxim, St. Mark, St. Michael, St. Pancras and St. Patrick, all of which are running this season.' All the old fellow said after staring at me in astonishment for a moment was: 'Well, well, well! Bless my soul!' and he was heard no more."—New York Herald.

Music the Kernel of Welsh Nature.

Music is the very soul and kernel of the Welsh nature. A musical ear is the national birthright. Every Welsh preacher who migrates to an English church finds the greatest difficulty in abstaining from that weird, peculiar intonation of his sermon which is known as the hwyl, and which is often strange and objectionable to English ears.

A remarkable and subtle fact which will be interesting to English readers and at the same time significant of the sensitiveness of the Welsh musical ear is that it is positive discord to many among the Welsh congregations if the minister, in "giving out" the first verse of the hymn, does not so pitch his voice that it shall be in harmony with the key in which the tune has preliminarily been played by the instrumentalist.—Westminster Review.

German Greetings.

In Protestant Germany the usual greeting is "Good morning;" in Austria, "Serous;" in south Germany, "Gruss Gott" ("God greet you"), while the Roman Catholic parts of the country have adopted the formula recommended by Pope Benedict XIII in 1728—viz., "Praised be Jesus Christ," with the response, "Forever and ever, amen." In modern society the older expression, "Gott befohlen" (French, "Adieu"), used at leavetaking, has been changed to "Empfehle mich" ("I commend myself to your good wishes"). In the mining districts you are saluted with "Gluckauf" ("Safe return to bank").—Lander und Volkerkunde.

To Preserve Grapes.

A French method of preserving grapes in something very close to their natural condition has some interest at this season. Shoots of the vine, bearing, say, two bunches of sound grapes each, are placed in bottles or vases filled with water containing charcoal in solution. The bottles are then hung along the edges of notched shelves in a dry place. It is said that if the water be renewed from time to time grapes so treated will keep in good condition into April.

New Light on History.

Teacher—Who was the first murderer?

Son of Distinguished Lawyer—Nobody knows. In the Cain and Abel affair Cain had no lawyer to defend him, so the case went by default, and he got convicted.—Brooklyn Life.

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

There is one I know. I see her sometimes pass
In the morning streets upon her way to mass:
A calm, sweet woman, with unearthly eyes.
Men turn to look at her, but never stop,
Reading in those blue depths the death of hope,
And a wise chastisement for thoughts unwise.

Pure is her brow, as of a marble saint;
Her brown hair pencils it with ripples faint,
There is no shadow on it and no light;
Her cheeks are pale, like lilies in eclipse;
Hardly a little redness on her lips
Paints the sad smile where all the rest is white.

Tall is she and bent forward like a reed
Which the wind toys with as she walks with speed;
Girllike her limbs and virginal her waist;
Of the world wonders there is none so sweet
As is the summer lightning of her feet,
Speeding her onward like a fawn in haste.

What is her secret? All the world has tried
To guess it. One I knew in guessing died
And was no wiser for his mortal pain.
Each has turned sadder from the thankless quest
And gone back silent, even if he guessed,
Knowing all answer would be counted vain.

I knew her once. I know her not today.
Our eyes meet sometimes, but hers turn away
Quicker from mine than from the rest that look.
Her pale cheek quivers, a flush comes and goes,
As in the presence of a soul that knows,
And her hands tighten on her missal book.

Men have done evil, yet have won to heaven:
Lived in blood guiltiness, yet died forgiven.
May I not, I too, one day win my grace?
Ah, no! the sacrilege of this worst sin
Outweighs all grace. I dare not enter in
Nor kneel, God's robber, near that angel face.
—London Sun.

Gounod's First Earnings.

The way Gounod earned the first money by his compositions is related by the Freres Lionnet in their "Memoirs." They met him at the house of Escudier in 1855. At that date he had already produced his "Sappho," but at his own expense. He asked the Lionnets, who were then in vogue in the Paris salons, to sing some of his melodies. To encourage them he sat down to the piano and sang a few of them himself. They admired them greatly. "Yes," he said, "everybody admires them, everybody compliments me on them, but no publisher will bring them out. They are said to be too difficult for the public. By the way, I have just composed a song to the words of Beranger entitled 'Mon habit.' I consider it one of my best compositions, and I think it would suit you well." Thereupon he sang it.

Anatole Lionnet promised to sing it the next evening and did so. He then spoke to the publisher about it, but the same objection was made. "Yes, it is charming, no doubt," said the publisher, "but it will not sell. However, if M. Lionnet will undertake to sing it for a few nights I will consent to publish it and give Gounod 100 francs for it." Gounod joyfully accepted the modest sum; it was the first he had earned.—London Globe.

Four Bits and No Kiss.

The following account of a ceremony which was performed in Tucker county, W. Va., is worth relating and will serve to show how solemn an affair the question of matrimony is considered to be in the infant protege of the Old Dominion;

"Do you take this woman, whose hand you're a-squeezin, to be your lawful wife in flush times and skim?"

"I reckon that's about the size of it, squire."

"Do you take this man you've jined fists with to be your pard through thick and thin?"

"Well, you're about right for once, old man."

"All right, then. Kiss in court, an I reckon you're married about as tight as the law can jine you. I guess four bits will do, Bill, if I don't have to kiss the bride."—Cor. Washington News.

She Had to Give a Reason.

The other day I was told of a little girl who attended a distribution of prizes given by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She had won, you must know, a book as a reward for writing the best essay on the subject given, and with the other successful children, was undergoing a viva voce examination. "Well, my dear," said the gentleman who had given away the prizes, "can you tell me why it is cruel to dock horses' tails and trim dogs' ears?" "Because," answered the little girl, "what God had joined together let no man put asunder."—Leisure Hour.

Miss Knowles' Victory.

Miss Ella Knowles, who missed by a few votes being elected attorney-general of Montana, was afterward appointed assistant attorney general. A few weeks ago she was sent to Washington on important business relating to Montana's school lands, which was pending in the interior department. About $60,000 was involved in this litigation. Miss Knowles had to make a presentation of the state's claim before six heads of law divisions. Finally she got it before First Assistant Sims and secured a decision in favor of her state.

Paddington, a London district which contains 100,000 inhabitants, burns 30,000 tons of garbage a year in furnaces which furnish sufficient power to light all the streets of Paddington and reduce the cost of electric lights to all the householders in the district.

The first forks made in England were manufactured in 1608. Their use was ridiculed by the men of the time, who argued that the English race must be degenerating when a knife and a spoon were not sufficient for the table use.

In cleansing japanned goods never use hot water. Wet a cloth slightly in warm water and rub the article to be cleaned. Should any smear appear sprinkle with flour and wipe dry.

A man at Stamford, N. Y., has the watch Major Andre offered as a ransom to his captors. He has documents to prove that it is genuine.

Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is. This bit of philosophy is valuable to the married man.

QUEER AND GIFTED.

AN ARTIST WHO PAINTS MONEY LIKE THE REAL THING.

A Soldier, Socialist, Artist and Journalist, and He Has a Hobby—His Great Regard For Rabelais—Some of His Remarkable Paintings Described.

Poor Victor Dubreuil, who lives in Forty-fourth street, paints United States currency so that it looks real, and yet he rarely has in his pocket two coins to jingle together.

Over the bar of a Seventh avenue saloon hang several of his pictures. One is called "Barrels o' Money." The barrels, or kegs, are of good, stout oak, set in a row three deep, and from their yawning mouths $1, $5, $10, $20, $25 and $50 and $100, $200 and $500 bank notes, apparently fresh from the United States treasury, are escaping by hundreds. The bills in some of the barrels are weighted down with heaping shovelfuls of gold coin of the larger denominations. These seem to glitter in the light, and so do the diamonds and turquoises which have fallen from the kegs and lie sparkling beside them on the floor. With them are large bank note sandwiches done up in paper wrappers, over the edges of which crisp new edges of the bills curl temptingly.

To the left of this painting hangs another of about the same size, which, as it not only tells a story of its own, but is the key to the life, struggles and aims of the man who produced it, is the most important and interesting in the place. The spectator appears to be standing inside the railing of a bank or large mercantile counting house. Before him is the teller's or bookkeeper's desk, upon which, cleverly foreshortened and painted, lies a ledger, the ruling and writing on the pages of which are well simulated. To the left of the book is a bottle of ink, from which a pen protrudes. Under the desk lies an overturned stool. The cash drawer, with its brazen handles, is open, and a desperate looking man, with unkempt, tawny brown hair and long beard, squints along the glistening barrel of a loaded seven shooter on the other side of the grating around the desk, while an aged crone in a red cloak stands beside him, and with her skinny arm thrust through the open window in the grating transfers, with a greedy and triumphant leer, bulky packages of realistic bank notes from the drawer to a fold in her skirt.

Stand in what part of the room you will, you are compelled to gaze down the barrel of the revolver, which covers the spectator at all points, and to shudder at the hungry leer of the woman, which, strange to say, is unmistakably seen to linger upon her careworn face, although her eyes, those windows of the soul, are hidden by her blood red cloak.

The woman is the artist's ex-washerwoman, now gathered to her fathers. Her desperate looking accomplice with the pistol is the artist himself, and the entire picture is the key to the aspirations, disappointments, joys and sorrows of Victor Dubreuil, ex-financier, soldier, journalist, organizer, porter and stableman, and at present artist, author and socialist agitator.

This will be better understood when it is explained that the title of the picture is "A Prediction For 1900; or, a Warning to Capitalists."

"I am vat you peeps call vairsateel," said the artist. "I paint ze steel life, ze genre, ze landscape, ze portrait—anyzing vatevare. I gome to Amerique. I have no monnaie. I go to Theophile Keeck, ze bankaire on Clinton place. I work zere as stapleboy dwendy-two hours a day for four mons. I get dwelf dollaire a mons. By my economie I safe forty-five dollaire. Zen I say: 'Dubreuil, you owe monnaie. You must pay heem. You cannot get reech as a stapleboy. Vat, zen, will you do?' I sait, 'I vill pecoom one arteest.' So I do so."

Besides being an artist, M. Dubreuil has been a soldier, serving with the French army in Mexico. He was clerk in a banking house and then went into the business on his own account. He became interested in the formation of a company which should do for France and Africa what the East India company did for England and India, with the difference that through Dubreuil's company the workingman, not the capitalist, was to reap the reward. To further this scheme, he became a newspaper man, and for six months published La Politique d'Action. Judging by his own statements, this journal was so searchingly and caustically truthful as to arouse first the ire and then the fear of capitalists, who, according to his story, ruined him.

During his good fortune and his bad there has been one occupation that has always engrossed this soldier-banker-socialist-artist. It has been the study of Rabelais, with the intention of explaining him to his fellow countrymen and the world.

In the quiet retirement of his studio, on West Forty-fourth street, the self taught artist toils day and night to finish the annotations on Rabelais' works, which are nearly done, and at which he has been laboring for 18 long years. These, he declares, will open wide the eyes of the entire world, and with inventions at which he has been toiling will bring him in by next year sufficient means to return to France, liquidate his indebtedness centime for centime, crush his enemies and reorganize his African Development company. Dubreuil believes that Rabelais has foretold for all time the outcome of the capital and labor situation, and that it is only necessary to make the laboring classes read the great satirist through his spectacles in order to start them on the right track toward working out their temporal salvation.

Besides the Rabelais commentary and the inventions, which include a new motor for vessels, suggested by the recoil of cannon, and a patent suspender, which he is arranging to sell to the American government, the artist is painting an allegorical conceit which he calls the "Apotheosis of Liberty."—New York Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A SENSE OF PROPORTION.

The Potent Factor It May Become In the Problem of Life.

"I am trying to cultivate a sense of humor and a sense of proportion," I heard a clever woman say the other day, "and you have no idea what a wonderful help they are to me." I have since had a practical illustration of the potent factor that the latter sense may become in the problem of life, and now I fairly appreciate her statement of the power of proportion.

Having lingered very late over a more than usually fascinating game of chess the night before, I was beguiled into an extra nap in the morning, making me late for the early train which I wished to catch in order to keep an important appointment in town.

As the sky was lowering, indicating rain, I pulled out a pair of old shoes and did not discover until I was at the breakfast table that a little nail in one of them had come through the inner sole and was piercing my heel.

It was too late to change them, and the pricking made me cross. I am quite sure that I snarled at the dear little woman who had increased my joys and lessened my sorrows these several years past, and that I scared my young folks into unwonted silence.

I actually hobbled on my way to the station, the little nail stung so venomously, and before I arrived there I fancied that my shoe must be half filled with blood from its lacerations.

I hardly returned Papa Clipston's courteous greeting, and let somebody else help old lady Sturgis on the train, which neglect would have cut my wife cruelly and ought to bring me to shame.

The office boy slunk into the remotest corner as I slammed into the room, and the man from Chicago will no doubt retain to the day of his death a supreme conviction of the disagreeableness of Bostonians as per example exhibited to him on that occasion.

When at last there came a lull in the rush of the day, I removed the shoe and sent it out for repairs. In 10 minutes it came back, the offender removed, and peace was restored.

It was then that bright woman's remark came back to me, and I felt its truth. That little piece of iron, penetrating the sole of my foot, had put awry my whole body, brain, nerves and temper.

What a gigantic disproportion between cause and effect! And, besides the consequences to myself, there was the reaction upon my wife, making her unhappy all day long—for, strange as it may seem, the dear soul loves me—and the awful example of irascibility that I set to the office boy, and nobody knows how much dislike and distrust of Bostonians was planted in that hospitable Chicago breast, which will permeate through generations yet unborn.

And all for a tiny shoe tack!

Don't you see now how wise it would be to cultivate a sense of proportion?

As for a sense of humor, I have that, for I can smile even over a coal bill.—Boston Herald.

A Clerk's Stupidity.

A clerk in a dry goods store told us a humorous incident which had for its heroine a well known society girl. The young man has in charge a department where paper patterns are sold, and the other day in walked the aforesaid young woman anxious to buy the pattern of a wrap for her aunt. "What size?" queried the clerk. "Oh, I do not know," answered the girl. "Cannot you give me some idea?" went on the youth, anxious if possible to make a sale. "She is rather large and above the average height," laughed the fair maid, but this answer was not one bit helpful, so she was obliged to go away without the desired pattern, but as she was leaving the store a bright thought struck her, and she returned to the counter, and with evident triumph in her face and manner announced, "I can get it now; she's 45 years old," and she could not understand why this vivid description did not enable the stupid person behind the counter to give her the exact size that she required. —Philadelphia Times.

McMahon and Grevy.

In Paris, in the revolution of 1880, a law student was soundly kicked by one of the king's officers for tearing down a copy of the ordinances placarded on the wall. The officer was armed, the student was not; so the latter ran away. Nearly a half century later—in 1879—the officer called upon the student to bid him goodby, having just resigned the presidency of the French republic on account of a radical difference with the majority of the national assembly on questions of state policy. He combined with his adieux, also, a graceful word of congratulations on the student's election to succeed him in the presidential chair. The student was Jules Grevy; the officer was Patrice de MacMahon, who died ripe in years and honors.—Kate Field Washington.

Ancient Child Burial.

There was an order in the Church of England up to the year 1552, that if a child died within a month of baptism he should be buried in his chrisom in lieu of a shroud. The chrisom was a white baptismal robe with which in mediæval times a child when christened was enveloped. A sixteenth century brass in Chesham Bois church in Buckinghamshire represents Benedict Lee, chrisom child, in his chrisom cloth. The inscription underneath the figure stands thus:

Of Rogr. Lee, gentilma, here lyeth the son, Benedict Lee, crysom whos soule ihu pdo.

—Westminster Gazette.

It Does Almost Seem So.

"I like the Staybolts' way of forbidding their children to talk slang, or to call each other by nicknames, and all that," said Mrs. Billtops to her husband, "but I think they are almost too precise about it. This afternoon I heard little Mabel Staybolt asking our Clara if she heard the Katherinedids sing last night. Now I think that is carrying it to extremes, dear. Don't you?"—New York Sun.

A "National Bouquet."

Among the many suggestions concerning a national flower, one which comes from a Vermont farmer has decided point and interest. He proposes that we shall not attempt to settle upon a national flower, but let each state choose a state flower, and have a "national bouquet," composed of all the state flowers.

Already certain of the states have emblems which would make very appropriate and pretty elements in such a great American nosegay.

Massachusetts people prefer the trailing arbutus for an emblem. California, on the other side of the continent, has by law adopted the eschscholtzia or poppy as its state flower. The cedar sprig of Vermont and the pine branch of Maine would contribute a needed tinge of green to the nosegay, while the orange blossom of Florida would lend its fragrance, and the mountain laurel of Alabama would crown it resplendently.

The goldenrod and the aster would belong to the first state which should formally adopt them, and so would the graceful shooting star of the central west and the prairie rose. There are flowers and trees enough to "go around."

A bouquet composed of all these state flowers and tree branches would grace all formal occasions and would typify the union of the states. It would say "E pluribus unum" to the ordinary intelligence more plainly than the Latin motto does.—Youth's Companion.

Tattooed Royalty.

The Grand Duke Alexis' right arm is adorned with a dragon which covers it almost entirely from the wrist to the elbow. The new Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is tattooed much the same way, while the Duke of York has a couple of crossed flags upon his forearm. King George of Greece, his second son and his nephew, the czarowitz, are each of them tattooed. Besides these there are among the tattooed princes Queen Marguerite of Italy's brother, the Duke of Genoa, Archduke Stephen of Austria and Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Emperor William.

Princess Waldemar of Denmark, wife of the sailor son of King Christian, has a beautiful anchor and a crown tattooed on her arm, halfway between her shoulder and her elbow, and which of course is conspicuous whenever she wears a low dress. Her husband likewise has naval emblems tattooed on his arm, and so, too, has King Oscar of Sweden, who served for many years in the navy before ascending the throne. His sons have followed his example.—Boston Herald.

Decidedly Unconventional.

Mrs. Angeline Allen is at it again. Mrs. Allen is the young woman who nearly threw Founder Bradley of Asbury Park into fits last summer by appearing on the beach in a bathing suit, in which material was very scanty. She is now riding around Newark, N. J., on a bicycle, wearing a pair of tight fitting corduroy breeches, patent leather shoes, a zouave jacket, a man's shirt, and possibly some other clothes not visible to the general public. The natives watch for her with bated breath, and her appearance is the signal for a rush to all the front windows along the street.—Newark (N. J.) Correspondent.

Germs In Milk.

Those fortunate people who have "their own cow" have an extra care laid upon them by their possession. Their milk cans must be kept in an absolutely perfect condition.

They should be washed, scalded and wiped perfectly dry after using. Then they must be set out in the sun for 12 hours, or, if that is impossible, put before the fire. Just before they are used again they should be washed, scalded and dried again. There is nothing in which germs develop so rapidly as in milk, and extra care is necessary to make sure that the utensils contain no germs.—New York World.

Nervous Excitability After Death.

Experiments made by M. d'Arsonval with an instrument he calls a myophone prove, contrary to the older opinion, that nervous excitability may exist for many hours after death. The old test of the muscle shortening is no doubt not applicable long after death has departed, but as the sound given out by the myophone proves, the death of a nerve is much less rapid than has been hitherto supposed, and a nerve may act on muscle in a state of electric excitability without producing more than simple molecular vibration.

Knew What to Say.

I didn't hear it myself, but I know a man who says he was present when a Mrs. Newlyrich said that when she visited Pompeii she "went right up and looked down the creature," explaining that as she wasn't Irish she didn't see why she should speak with a brogue and say crater.—New York Recorder.

Emperors and empresses, kings and queens, write to each other as brother and sister. Reigning grand dukes also enjoy this privilege when addressing kings, but sovereigns not possessing royal honors are designated as cousin.

Wood, like wool, requires to be shrunk before used for manufacturing purposes. Pitch pine beams will shrink in thickness from 18¾ inches to 18¼, spruce from 8¾ inches to 8⅝, white pine from 12 inches to 11⅞, yellow pine a trifle less.

It is reported from Japan that a syndicate of Americans has a project on foot for the establishment of a gigantic clock and watch manufactory in Tokio, which is to employ over 10,000 workmen, labor being so cheap in Japan.

A man with a large thumb should never marry a woman with a similar characteristic. There will in such case be a constant struggle for the mastery.

Receivers have been appointed for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe and the St. Louis and San Francisco railways.

HIRD, the tailor.

The Brazilian Revolution.

Rio de Janeiro, Dec. 23.—The report that Rio de Janeiro had surrendered to insurgent forces and that Peixoto is in the hands of his enemies is without the slightest foundation. In fact a sensation more ridiculous could not have been attempted at this time.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 23.—A telegram has been received at the state department. It came from Consul-General Towns, and contained no mention of an attack on Rio. It says: "Arrangements have been made by which foreign merchantmen arriving at, or departing from Rio, will be assigned certain points outside the line of fire where cargoes may be received and discharged in safety, under protection of war vessels of their respective countries."

Montevideo, Dec. 23.—News has just been received here of a fight which began on Wednesday between the government troops and the insurgent forces from Santa Catharina. General Saraiva's men had joined with those under Salgado, making a total of 8,000. The fighting took place in Itajahy, near Martine. According to last reports received here the rebels had lost 400 men, but had the government troops so badly penned in that surrender seemed unavoidable. The robels are well armed, having lately received 200 rifles brought down from Rio on board the Aquidaban.

Another of Mello's steamers, the Melleoro, is reported ashore at Narra, near Itajahy. While she was reconnoitering the harbor entrance where she ran aground the government force of artillery there, which has 40 guns, opened fire upon her and kept up the cannonade till all her crew were killed.

Rio de Janeiro, Dec. 22.—While part of the Insurgent fleet was proceeding along the coast to the State of Rio de Janeiro a few days ago, three officers deserted their ships. They have been arrested by the Government and have given considerable information concerning the condition of the Insugent forces under Admiral Da Gama, the monarchist who commands the Insurgent fleet. Monacangue Island, which is directly North of Armacao, was taken from the Insurgents the night before last after a sharp fight. The whole Insurgent fleet kept up a hot fire on the Government forces but succeeded only in delaying somewhat the capture. The Nictheroy side of the harbor is now in the Government's possession in Rio harbor. Admiral Mello who is at sea, has done great harm to the Insurgent cause, they say, by his open advocacy of the restoration of the Empire. The Insurgent forces were demoralised by his manifesto in favor of the monarchy and many men of the Insurgent fleet lost all sympathy with the cause. The Government forces now hold Bom Jesus, Governor's and Macangue Islands. These important gains have completed the circle of fire around the Insurgent forts, Villegaignon and Cobrass.

A Train Robbery.

Coffeyville, Kan., Dec. 24.—The south bound passenger train, No. 12, on the Iron Mountain division of the Missouri Pacific Railway which left this station at 6.30 o'clock this evening was held up and thoroughly robbed by five masked men at Seminole station, in the Indian Territory. Five miles south of Coffeyville the switch lock was broken and the train ran into the siding on which a box car was standing on which was a red lantern. The point of the robbery is a small station on the open prairie. The engineer, James Harris, was carefully guarded by one of the men with a Winchester, while the rest proceeded to rob the mail and express cars and every passenger on the train from the smoker to the sleeper. The leader was a tall man who went through the cars and relieved the frightened passengers of their money and valuables, while the party kept up a fusilade with Winchesters and revolvers. They evidently secured a large amount of money. A party of young people from Coffeyville who were out driving, sat in their conveyance close to the scene and witnessed the affair. They were the first to bring the news of the robbery to town. Several gentlemen of this city who do business in the Territory were victims of the brigands. Fortunately no one was injured by the shooting which was all done by the robbers. One young man who was in the smoker got up as the robbers came in and walked ahead of them through the different cars in the hope of avoiding them. When they got to the rear of the last car they caught him, took his watch and $17, and made him jump off. He walked back to Coffeyville, but was too badly rattled to describe the affair. They held the train about an hour and a half, and the rear lights of the car could be seen from the Missouri Pacific yards here, while the train was being gone through. Conductor, engineer, firemen, and porters were relieved of everything they had even to their pocket knives. The train continued on toward Fort Smith after being relieved, and the desperadoes mounted their horses and left in a westerly direction. They were dressed in cowboy outfit, and were all young men. They are a remnant of the Starr gang, and from the description given by Conductor Brownell, the leader is Jim Wooten, the fellow who led the raid on the Mound Valley bank.

Codina Confesses.

Barcelona, Dec. 23.—Jose Codina, the Anarchist, who has already confessed that he threw the bomb which caused upwards of 36 deaths in the Lyceum theatre, says he was selected by the Anarchist group to assassinate Gen. Campos in September last. It was his intention to assassinate the general while reviewing the troops, but when the latter arrived Codina says his courage failed him, for the reason that he realized that if he threw the bomb amid the crowd surrounding the general he would have killed and wounded hundreds of persons. He had the bomb ready to throw, but the thought of the many innocent persons that would suffer restrained him. Pallas, another Anarchist, who was with him, urged Codina to throw the bomb, and finally snatched it from him, saying, "You're no good." Pallas' nerves were evidently unstrung by the wrangle, and for a time he hesitated to throw the bomb. Had he thrown it as originally intended he would have killed the general. Pallas up to the time of his execution declared that he alone was responsible for the attempt to assassinate. Shortly after Pallas was shot. Codina began his preparations to avenge his comrade's death, and the explosion in the Lyceum theatre followed.

HIRD, the tailor.

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NEW WESTMINSTER, DEC. 30, 1893

THE FISHING REGULATIONS.

In this issue will be found a copy of the proposed new Fishing Regulations for British Columbia. A reasonable time will be allowed for all parties concerned to communicate with the authorities regarding any propositions that may be suggested by experience looking to the perfecting of the regulations in the interest not of a class but of the community. The editor of this journal does not possess the practical knowledge necessary to an intelligent criticism of the requirements of the fishing industry, but in one special line it was made abundantly clear last season that amendment is imperative, or else our own Canadian fishermen will inevitably be driven off the river. We refer to the operation of the clause of the regulations providing that any British subject should be eligible for a fishing license. The abuses which resulted are well known to our readers. American citizens came over here and went through the form of becoming British subjects, worked their licenses to the last dollar, and then returned to their own country to enjoy the profits. Worse still, subjects of the Emperor of Japan, scarcely a few weeks in the country, became possessed of the apparently cheap qualifications of British subjects, and passed to the river in numbers to compete with the resident tax-paying fishermen of the Province.

From our reading of the new regulations, it does not appear that any proper provision against this abuse is proposed, and in the interest of our own people we suggest that clause 16 should be amended so that no man may take out a license who has not resided in the Province for a period of at least six months, and in the case of licenses granted to canners and others who supply the various markets, the like condition should hold good of requiring the licenses to be operated by British subjects of at least six months' residence.

In making the above suggestions, we have in clear view the important rights of the canners, upon whom, indeed, the very existence of the fishing industry here, largely depends; but the resident public have rights, too, and it is in the interest of that public that, so far as equity will permit, Canadian fish be caught by Canadian fishermen.

A PUBLIC meeting was held at Nanaimo last Saturday evening, at which Hon. Premier Davie was the principal speaker. The members for Nanaimo, Messrs. Keith and Foster, were also present and addressed the meeting. The speech of the Premier was the most masterful and comprehensive yet delivered by that gentleman during the current campaign, and was received by the large audience in a manner that quite discouraged the friends of the Opposition. Mr. Keith, from his point of view, made a very good reply, and Mr. Foster acquitted himself creditably; but without a doubt Mr. Davie scored heavily for the Government. Nanaimo as an Opposition constituency, appears to be falling into line with certain others of like kind on the Mainland, whose people have found themselves practically unrepresented during the last couple of years, and have grown a little weary of the situation. People cannot be expected to keep on chasing the end of the rainbow, after they learn the deceptive and evanescent character of it.

MR. DANIEL JOHNSON, of Mud Bay, one of the best known and most widely esteemed settlers in Surrey, has yielded to the earnest solicitations of his friends and consented to be a candidate for the Reeveship of Surrey for the ensuing year. There are large interests at stake, and those who are most concerned and best informed are strong in the belief that to no other man can the affairs of the Municipality be so fittingly entrusted at the present stage. We shall have more to say on this subject next week, and meanwhile we recommend Mr. Johnston to the electors of Surrey as the candidate of Peace and Progress.

THE WIDE TIRE ACT.

Many farmers throughout the agricultural districts of B. C. will probably be surprised to learn that on Monday next a law comes into force that prohibits the use on the public roads of ordinary agricultural wagons. This law is an absurdity, and if the provisions of it are enforced there will be a huge revenue in fines. The Mission City *News* is properly indignant, and says: "It is difficult to "perceive what object Mr. Kitchen had "in view when he introduced the above "bill in the last session of the Legisla- "ture. We can understand why it "was passed by the Legislature, in the "condition it is in. The territory east "of the Cascades is exempted from its "provisions. Hence the members from "that section had no object to vote "against it. The city members were "indifferent to the hardships it worked "upon the people. Mr. Kitchen lives "upon a piece of prairie land and his "legislation was largely confined to his "own home. The law, we understand, "comes into effect about January 1st. "Most people of the District of New "Westminster, which Mr. Kitchen is "supposed to represent, had bought "their wagons with the ordinary tires "previous to the passage of this absurd "piece of legislation, and are now un- "able to duplicate them. In fact many "of them have not yet paid for the ones "they had. It is to be hoped that the "Legislature at the coming session will "hasten to repeal this obnoxious and "silly Act, and substitute something "substantial and beneficial to the "people."

The Vancouver *News-Advertiser* is in favor of the enforcement of the act, and if Mr. Kitchen is the member responsible for it, the farmers of the various municipalities may well wonder if that is the way their interests are to be considered by the gentlemen of the Mainland Opposition. Following is the item from the *News-Advertiser:*

"The Provincial Act requires that every wagon or vehicle, carrying a load of 2,000 pounds or upwards on any public road in B. C. west of the Cascades, shall have tires at least 4 inches wide, under a penalty of $25 for the first offence in breach of the Act and any penalty up to $50 for subsequent breaches, or in default of payment of fine, imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month. The Act comes into force almost immediately, namely, on the 1st January, and it is to be hoped that the City as well as other municipalities will enforce its provisions. Unless this be done there is no hope of good suburban or rural roads, which are now cut to pieces by heavy lumber and other wagons with narrow tires."

COMMENTING upon the alleged dissolution of the Imperial Federation League, the Toronto Empire says: Sir John Lubbock has issued a circular proposing the reconstruction of the Imperial Federation League. Speaking of the dissolution of the League a few weeks ago, the Pall Mall Gazette said: "Anyone who knows anything is perfectly well aware that the Imperial Federation League started with, and has accomplished, an educational purpose. It wanted to familiarize the patent fact that we are interested in more of our heritage than these right little, tight little islands. It has done so. And though the League were doubly dead, there are more than hundreds of educated Englishmen whom it has brought to see eye to eye—hand to hand, if need be—with the fighters and the thinkers that have made Great Britain into a Greater."

Bella Coola Curiosities.

Colonist: After another season spent in the collection of the implements, images and other curiosities of savage life peculiar to the Indians of Bella Coola, P. Jacobsen has returned to Victoria, and will remain here a few weeks before going to the West Coast to carry on a similar search there. He brought down several boxes of stuff, the greater part of which is to be consigned to the Swedish Government, on whose behalf Mr. Jacobsen has been collecting for the past season. The first and main shipment was made to them some months ago, and this supplementary lot will be forwarded as soon as packed. It includes several very curious objects. One of these is a mammoth image, more than life size, of A-la-coot-la, the man-eater, crowned with the cedar bark rings peculiar to his dance, arrayed in bearskin and painted and otherwise got up so as to present a most ferocious aspect. A-la-coot-la bears in his huge arms what by tradition should be a "mummy" or human carcase, but in deference to popular prejudice the skeleton of a bear has been substituted. There are also curious looking masks, representing the spirits. Hal-hok-sua, a two-faced character who tempts the Indians to eat mummies, and Bek-bek-koolla-nusa, whose taste being more moderate the temptation he offers is only to bite pieces out of folk's arms. In addition to these there is a box full of stone implements and another of masks. The work Mr. Jacobsen has undertaken for the Swedish government is done by direction of Professor Gustav Retzius, one of the most noted anthropologists of Europe, who paid a visit to Victoria early in the summer and went up to Bella Coola, intending to stay there several months to study the traditions of the Indians. He was, however, unexpectedly called home, in consequence of the death of one of his learned associates. In a letter just received here Prof. Retzins tells of the great interest which the first shipment of Indian curios has excited, and expresses surprise that the Canadian governments and people make no effort either to get a good collection or to gather and preserve the weird traditions of the British Columbia Indians.

Mr. Jacobsen brought a number of masks which he has presented to the Provincial museum, and also the skins of magnificent specimens of the grizzly bear, wolf and cariboo, which also were intended for the museum, but not being wanted there, are now to be otherwise disposed of. He has besides these a great collection of drawings in colors, made by the Indians in illustration of their traditions and customs.

FISHERY REGULATIONS.

Draft of the Rules Proposed to be put in Operation in British Columbia.

1. Fishing by means of nets or any other apparatus whatever, without license from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, is prohibited in all the waters of the Province of British Columbia.

2. Provided always that the Indians may at all times have liberty, upon application to the Inspector of Fisheries, to fish for the purpose of providing food for themselves and families, by any means other than spearing, trapping or penning on their spawning grounds, but not during the close season, or in places set apart for that purpose, or in such other places as may be set aside by law.

3. Meshes for nets used for capturing "Quinnat" or Spring salmon in the tidal waters of British Columbia may be used from the 1st of March to the 15th of August, and shall not be less than 7¾ inches, extension measurement.

4. The meshes of nets for capturing salmon, other than spring salmon in the tidal waters, shall not be less than 5¾ inches extension measurement to be used only between the 1st of July and the 1st of October in any year, and nothing shall be done in either case to practically diminish the size of these meshes.

5. The use of seines for the purpose of catching salmon is prohibifed in the waters of British Columbia.

6. Drift nets only shall be used for capturing salmon and shall be confined to tidal waters, and no net of any kind shall be used for capturing salmon in the inland lakes and fresh or fluvial waters of rivers or streams. But Indians may nevertheless use dip nets for their own purposes in any such waters, by first getting permits from the Inspector of Fisheries.

7. Drift nets shall not be used so as to obstruct more than one-third of the width of any river, branch or channel thereof.

8. The use of seines or other nets for capturing salmon is wholly forbidden within the distance of 500 yards from any point in any direction whatever from the mouth or any part or outlet thereof of any river or stream in British Columbia.

9. Fishing for salmon shall not be permitted from Saturday morning at 6 o'clock until the following Sunday at 12 o'clock midnight. All nets and other fishing gear set or used, and all fish caught during this period shall be deemed to be illegal, and liable to seizure and confiscation, and the person or persons so violating the laws shall also be liable to the fines and penalties under the Fisheries Act.

10. The regular annual close time in which salmon shall not be taken in the lakes, rivers and streams of British Columbia shall be from the 1st of October to the last day of February (inclusive) following in every year.

11. The tidal limit in which net fishing for salmon may be carried on for commercial purposes on the Fraser river in canning, freezing or exporting fish, shall terminate at a point across the Fraser 100 yards below Whannock Creek, and at a line across Pitt river 100 yards below the railway bridge. Above these points on the Pitt and Fraser rivers, netting or fishing for commercial purposes is forbidden.

12. The Minister may direct that fishing for salmon with nets, or other means whatever, may be wholly prohibited in such lakes, rivers and streams, tidal or otherwise, in which from their size or other circumstances it may be found that netting therein would seriously interfere with the migration of salmon to their natural breeding grounds.

13. Before any salmon net, fishing boat or other fishing apparatus shall be used, the owner or person interested in such net, fishing boat or fishing apparatus, shall cause a memorandum in writing, setting forth the name of the owner or person interested, the length of the net, boat or other fishing apparatus, and its intended location, to be filed with the Inspector of Fisheries, who, if no valid objection exists, may, in accordance with instructions from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, issue a fishery license for the same, and any net, fishing boat or fishing apparatus used before such license has been obtained, and any net, fishing boat or fishing apparatus used in excess or evasion of the description contained in such license, shall be deemed to be illegal and liable to forfeiture, together with the fish caught therein, and the owner or person using the same shall be also subject to fine and costs under the Fisheries Act.

14. All salmon nets and fishing boats shall be numbered to correspond with the number of the license, and shall also have the name of the owner or owners legibly marked on two pieces of wood or metal attached to the net, and such marks shall be preserved on such nets or fishing boats during the fishing season, in such manner as to be visible without taking up the net or nets; and any net or fishing boat used without such marks shall be liable to forfeiture.

15. The following shall be the manner and disposition in which fishing licenses shall be granted for catching salmon in the Province of British Columbia:

16. Each *bona fide* fisherman being a British subject and actual resident of British Columbia shall be entitled to own a license to fish for salmon.

17. Each firm, company or person actually engaged in the business of freezing and exporting salmon, shall be entitled to obtain not exceeding seven licenses.

18. Each resident company or person actually engaged in the business of shipping or exporting salmon in ice, not in the manner of freezing or canning, shall be entitled to obtain not exceeding seven licenses.

19. Each firm, company or local trader dealing in salmon for home consumption in cities, towns, villages or country places, actually engaged in such traffic, shall be entitled to obtain not exceeding three licenses.

20. Each company or person carrying on the business of salting, curing or smoking salmon for the domestic or foreign market, and not engaged in the fishing business in any other way, shall be entitled to obtain not exceeding two licenses.

21. Each firm, company or person actually engaged in carrying on the industry of canning salmon within the Province of British Columbia shall be entitled to obtain not exceeding twenty licenses. The company or individual shall give a satisfactory statement as to the extent and capacity for work of the cannery, before the license shall be granted.

22. Each firm, company or person referred to in the foregoing six sections to be entitled to obtain licenses shall be *bona fide* incorporated companies registered in Canada or resident British subjects, and the actual owners or proprietors of the specified business and fishing gear for which the licenses are to be obtained.

23. Each and every license so obtained shall in no case be transferable under any conditions whatever, without the consent, first obtained in writing, from the department.

24. The fee payable for every license by the companies or individuals referred to in the foregoing sections, shall be alike throughout the Province—namely, ten dollars each—and the license shall be called a Commercial License, and the size and extent of the net to be used under any such commercial license shall not exceed in length three hundred yards.

25. Every settler or farmer actually residing on his land or with his family, and is a bona fide British subject, shall be entitled to obtain one license free of charge, by applying therefor to the Inspector of Fisheries, to fish in any of the waters of the Province except in any prescribed limits at the mouths of rivers and streams or during any close time set apart by the Department of Marine and Fisheries. Such license to be called a Domestic License. The net to be limited in length not to exceed three hundred yards, with meshes the same size as in the commercial license and to be used only for family purposes and not for trade or barter.

26. The young of the salmon at the different stages of their growth, as fry, parr, and smelt, shall not at any time be caught, killed or had in possession by any one in the Province of British Columbia, but if caught by accident in the nets lawfully used, they shall be liberated alive, at the cost and risk of the owner.

27. Salmon trout and white fish may be netted in the lakes in the interior of the Province, under license to be first obtained from the Department of Marine and Fisheries, which license shall cover gill net fishing, with a limit of net not to exceed 2,000 yards, with meshes not less than five inches extension measure. But salmon trout and white fish shall not be fished for or caught by any means during the months of October and November in any year in British Columbia. The fee for a license to catch salmon trout and white fish shall be $5.

28. Brook trout of any kind and speckled trout, shall not be fished for, caught or killed in the Province from the 15th of October to the 15th of March, both days inclusive, and by no other means whatever than by hook and line or angling, provided that Indians may at any time kill these trout for their own use, but not for the purpose of traffic or sale.

29. The use of firearms of any kind or of spears of any description, torch-light or use of any explosive materials to catch or kill fish is prohibited in the waters of British Columbia.

30. The above regulations shall supersede and revoke all former regulations heretofore made under the Fisheries Act which relate to the fisheries in the waters of British Columbia, and the above regulations shall come into force and effect on the day of , 189 , when all former regulations will become repealed.

31. All materials, implements or appliances and gear of any kind used, and all fish caught, taken, killed, bought, sold or possessed in violation of any of the above regulations shall be seized and confiscated, and any person, persons or companies violating any of the above regulations shall also incur the penalties provided by the Fisheries Act.

NOTE—The above draft is subject to changes in the phraseology, and will be revised by the Department of Justice ultimately. Meanwhile it is hoped that practical suggestions by those interested will be made, so that the Minister of Marine and Fisheries may bring them to the attention of His Excellency the Governor-General-in-Council.

The British Navy.

London, Dec. 20.—Sir Charles W Dilke, advanced Radical, member for the Forest of Dean division of Gloucestershire, held last night that the supremacy of the British navy was no longer beyond question. The French navy, he said, was superior to the British as regards rapidity of organization, though it was inferior in materials of construction. The government ought to consider that England would be unable to count upon any outside help in the event of a single-handed war.

Vice-Admiral Edward Field, Conservative member for the Eastbourne division of Sussex, said that besides being able to cope with any two nations combining their fleets, Great Britain must provide squadrons for the defence of the foreign stations. In cruisers, he said, Great Britain was far behind.

Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth, Liberal member for the Clitheroe district of Lancashire and secretary to the admiralty, said the present was not the time to make a statement for the government in fragmentary form. If the House confided in the government members might rest assured that the government would not be behind their duty. The government had already hastened the construction of torpedo boat destroyers, of which there would be 42 at the close of the present financial year. The building of the barbette ships the Majestic and Magnificent had been delayed in order to ascertain whether any lesson of instruction could be learned from the ill-fated Victoria. The government was fully alive to the necessity of keeping pace with the naval expenditures of foreign nations and plans to that end had occupied the attention of the admiralty for some time.

Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, leader of the Liberal Unionists, twitted the previous speaker with avoiding every vital point of the question. The prime minister's contention that the navy was more than sufficient, said Mr. Chamberlain, was not accepted by anybody deserving to be regarded as an authority. If war was declared to-morrow the navy would be compelled to cut and run. France and Italy knew this perfectly. Mr. Chamberlain taunted the government with evading great measures. They wanted no questions, he said, they wanted merely a blank check. Was it wise for the House of Commons so to confide in any government? If war occurred, unless Great Britain was prepared for it, tens of millions of pounds would not prevent her defeat. He greatly feared that the estimates would prove altogether inadequate, inasmuch as the government had said nothing to indicate that they recognized the gravity of the situation. Yet the emergency was far greater and the danger nearer than was the case in 1884. In concluding Mr. Chamberlain urged that whenever any of the allied nations built three warships Great Britain out to build five, and whenever they built one cruiser, Great Britain ought to build two.

Sir William Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared that the Admiralty was taking all necessary steps to maintain the supremacy of the British navy. The prime minister, he said, in comparing the British navy with other navies, had mentioned the year 1897, because all vessels known to be building in different countries would then be completed. Britain would then have 21 first-class warships, France would have 15 and Russia would have 9. When the government declared the situation satisfactory, they repeated the opinions of experts of the Admiralty.

Hiring out Convicts.

Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 23.—J. H. Daniels, formerly a New Yorker, but recently a resident of Missouri, has a plan for the removal of a large number of the negroes of the South to the Congo Free State and other African countries. He has written to Alfred Leghait, the Belgian minister and envoy extraordinary at Washington, asking him what inducements the Belgian government would offer a colony of some 20,000 intelligent negro emigrants from Alabama and Georgia for settlement in the Congo Free State. The minister replied that no such proposition had ever been made before, and he could not say positively what his government's policy in the matter would be. He said he thought the chances were that the Congo government would furnish transportation to a good class of emigrants. He asked Mr. Daniels to favor him with particulars, what sort of tradesmen, whether some would serve as soldiers, etc. Mr. Daniels replied that he could furnish as many emigrants as the Congo State might want. They would all be good citizens and almost every trade and profession would be represented among them. A competent detective made an investigation and reported that Daniels was "all right."

Caroline Foster.

Caroline Foster, the unfortunate woman who was shot by her lover Rudinski at San Francisco on the 16th inst., is slowly sinking at the Receiving hospital in that city and death is only a question of a few days, as the physicians have given up all hope of saving her. Her story is sad, but only a too common repetition of what one hears almost daily. Deserting her husband and child for "a handsome man," she in turn was cast off and finally received her death wound at the hands of another lover, crazed by jealousy, of whom she had tried to rid herself.

Caroline Hunt was born in British Columbia and being left an orphan early in life, was adopted by a family named Hurrell and lived happily with them until she married a man named Foster. She came from Burgoyne Bay and frequently visited at Vancouver, where she had many friends and was highly respected. Two years ago, however, she disappeared, and as it afterwards turned out deserted her husband and six months' old child for a man who fled with her to Arizona. The man for whom she had sacrificed home and reputation turned out to be a counterfeiter and, pursued by the officers of the law, fled, leaving his victim to face the world alone among strangers. She finally made her way to San Francisco, where she met John Rudinski, a Pole, who fell in love with her, and with whom she lived as Caroline Burke for some months. She evidently tired of Rudinski and went to Raymond, Merced county, and served as waitress in a hotel. Rudinski, who is of a wildly passionate and jealous disposition, had a friend named Mateske, and when she went to Merced it was arranged that Caroline was to correspond with Rudinski (who said he was going to hunt work in Portland) through the medium of Mateske. Rudinski did not go, and became wild with jealousy when Caroline wrote to Mateske. He declared she was going with other men, and finally bought a revolver with which he swore to kill her. Caroline in the meantime returned to San Francisco, but refused to live with Rudinski. Finally, on the evening of the 16th, he followed her from a restaurant where she had had supper to a lodging house on Grant avenue, where she went to call on a friend. The lodging house keeper saw Rudinski speak to Caroline (he was then asking her for the last time to return to him, but she refused) then when Caroline repulsed him, the man drew a pistol, fired a shot at her and fled. The unfortunate victim with a shriek ran down stairs and fell to the ground mortally wounded, the bullet having passed through the left lobe of her liver and the diaphragm. She was carried to a drug store near by while her assailant, pistol in hand, rushed along the street like a crazy man, and was finally captured, taken to the drug store and identified by Caroline. The woman was then removed to the hospital and Rudinski to prison.

The unfortunate woman has endured the pain of her wound with remarkable fortitude, and camly awaits for the end that must soon come. For a long time she refused to give her name, and it was only through a friend who had known her in happier days that the particulars of her early history were learned. The most pathetic part of this sad story is the yearning of the poor creature after the baby she deserted when she fled from her happy home. In all her wanderings she had carried with her a little dress and tiny pair of baby's shoes, and when she learned her death was approaching she had them placed in the bed beside her, where she wishes them to remain till the end comes.

Brampton, Dec. 26.—The ice in the Etobicoke river broke yesterday, and becoming jammed at the bridge on Main street, caused the water to back up, and now the streets in the neighborhood are five feet under water. The occupants of the houses on the flooded streets are living up-stairs.

It is understood steps will be taken to form a rural municipality at Okanagan Mission immediately after the holidays.

Port Arthur, Dec. 25.—Robert Maitland is dead. He is one of the pioneers not only of Port Arthur but of Toronto, where he resided a while back in the fifties, and was proprietor of Maitland's wharf there.

NOTICE.

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

Dated this 2nd day of November 1893

A. FERGUSON,
Solicitor for the applicants.

DELTA MUNICIPALITY

Delta Municipal Highway By-law, 1893.

WHEREAS it is necessary and expedient to establish certain Highways, and also to rescind certain Highways now Gazetted within the limits of the Municipality of Delta.

Be it therefore enacted by the Reeve and Councillors of Delta as follows:

(1.) That a Highway now Gazetted, commencing at a point at the center of west side of Sec. 31 T. 3 and running East one (1) mile more or less, be rescinded.

(2) That the Highway now Gazetted, commencing at the Northwest corner of Sec. 1 T. 5 thence West 12° 25' thence north 58° 30' (west mag.) 18 chains, thence north 69° west 10 chains, thence north 56° west 21 chains 72 links to the South East corner of James Ellwood's lot, thence true North along J. Ellwood's East boundary 8 chains more or less to the present Gazetted road, be rescinded.

(3.) That the Highway established commencing at the North East corner of the Chowassen Indian reserve, thence due west between said reserve and lot 107 G 2 to the S. W. bank of Chiloktin slough and having a width of 22½ feet on each side thereof, thence along the Southern bank of said slough in a Southwesterly direction to the Gulf of Georgia and having a width of 45 ft., be rescinded.

(4.) That the highway Gazetted commencing 50 links West of the S. E corner of the S. W ¼ Sec 11 T. 5 thence West 25 chains more or less to the S. E. corner of the Delta Cemetery lot, be hereby rescinded.

(5.) That a highway be established commencing on the Crescent Island road, thence East along the North side of lot 105 T 6 as far as lot 103 G 2 and having a width of 16½ feet.

(6.) That a highway be established commencing at a bridge on lot 101a G 2 running Southerly 15 chains following the bank of a small slough and having a width of 45 feet with a jog ½ chain Easterly, thence Southerly 21 chains and having a width of 16½ feet inside the present dyke to a washout on said lot, thence along the slough bank to lot 102 G 2 and having a width of 45 feet.

(7.) That a highway established by clause 1 of the Delta Municipality Highway Bylaw 1888 commencing at a stake on the South side of Trunk road ten (10) chains West from West side of S. E. ¼ Sec. 2 T. 4 thence South to Big Slough, a distance of about 1½ chains more or less, and being 66 feet wide on the West side thereof, be rescinded.

(8.) That the highway now Gazetted on the half section line through lot 149 T. 6 be hereby rescinded and in lieu thereof that a highway be established commencing on the corner between lots 148, 149 & 150 T. 6, thence East, thence North through lot 149 T. 6 on the dividing line between G. Watson and J. R. Watson's claims to the Gazetted line in Tilbury Island Slough.

(9.) That the Raitt road be widened from E. O'Brien's N. W. corner West to the Indian reserve to a width of 66 feet.

This Bylaw may be cited for all purposes as the Delta Municipal Highway Bylaw 1893.

Passed the Municipal Council on the 2nd December 1893.

Reconsidered and finally passed on the 23rd December 1893.

C. F. GREEN, Clerk Municipal Council.
H. D. BENSON, Reeve.

NOTICE.

The above is a true copy of a By-law passed by the Municipal Council of the Corporation of Delta on the 23rd day of December, 1893, and all persons are hereby required to take notice that any one desirous of applying to have such By-law or any part thereof quashed must make his application for that purpose to the Supreme Court within one month next after the publication of this By-law in the British Columbia Gazette or he will be too late to be heard in that behalf.

C. F. GREEN,
Clerk Municipal Council.

NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the Electors of the Municipality of Delta that I require the presence of the said Electors at the Delta Town Hall on the ***8th day of January, 1894, at 12 o'clock noon,*** for the purpose of electing persons to represent them in the Municipal Council as Reeve and Councillors. The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows:

The candidates shall be nominated in writing; the writing shall be subscribed by two voters of the Municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of this notice and 2 p. m. of the day of nomination; and in the event of a poll being necessary, such poll shall be opened at the Delta Town Hall on the ***11th day of January, 1894,*** of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

Given under my hand at Ladners Landing on the 26th day of December, 1893.

C. F. GREEN,
Returning Officer.

J. HENLEY

Manufacturer of

Mineral Water,

Syrups,

Essences,

ETC., ETC.

Factory in rear of City Brewery.

Cunningham St., New Westminster, B.C.

IN THE HEART OF THE ROSE.

Where lies the scent of the rose?
In the heart of it.
'Tis a secret the butterfly knows,
And a part of it
She whispered to me one June—
I shall not forget it soon.

There, where the petals meet,
In the heart of it,
Lies a chalice deep and sweet.
'Tis the part of it
Where the rose distills the dew
It gathers the warm night through.

I shall make of the rose a friend.
In the heart of it
A message I'll send, I'll send,
Or a part of it,
For the heart of the rose is small
And cannot contain it all.

She will pin the rose on her breast,
And the heart of it
Will whisper my love—has she
Already a part of it?
Sweet rose, lie lightly above
The pure heart of my love.

—Meredith Rhys in Kate Field's Washington.

AFTER THE SUPPER.

Dating from a certain moment—the second bottle, I believe—I no more remember what happened to me. A curtain, like a misty cloud, descended upon my memory, similar to the between acts baize of fairy spectacles.

Nevertheless nothing is surer than something did happen to me; many things even. Everything proves it to me. My coat on the floor, my cravat as a nightcap and, above all else, if ever I doubted it, my haggard face, fatigued and pale.

Truly a fine business! At my age, eight and thirty years, to allow myself to be surprised by champagne like a schoolboy on a holiday! Stupidity's no name for it!

But what plagues me most is to guess what I did last night, particulars, you know, as to the events of the evening.

Question my servant?

Perish the thought of it! Expose myself to the blushing before a lackey! Besides he would only be able to formulate theories from the hour of my return and—and my behavior on reaching my bedroom.

I divine it, that behavior, 'tis enough.

They pretend that with a single bone Cuvier was able to entirely reconstruct an antediluvian animal. It remains to me then only to find some analogous thing to as readily reconstruct my existence for the last 12 or 15 hours—a suggestion, a hint, one or two indications, more or less.

Where find them?

Ah-h, my pockets!

A childish habit of burying everything there clings to me still and will now perhaps serve me well. Behold the moment of rummaging, then, like the culprit that I am.

I tremble guiltily. What am I going to discover?

Gingerly I slip two fingers into the side pocket of my vest and draw out my portmonnaie.

Empty?

By Jove!

In seeking to pick up my overcoat my notebook falls, scattering upon the carpet a heap of papers.

The first of these papers that catches my eye is the slip of the Cafe Anglais.

The trump card of the night's misdemeanor.

Thanks to this bill I learn immediately that the misdemeanor occurred in:

"Salon 14." I could have sworn it.

'Tis always, some way, "salon 14" to which I gravitate.

The total? Eight hundred and twenty francs. Peste! I've not been stingy, it appears.

How many were they, I wonder? Who were they? My habitual friends, it is probable, but still—no?

An inspiration! This menu, in betraying their tastes, will also to me reveal their names. Let us try to decipher it.

Huitres Portugaises—These are the kind that Lucien prefers and that they import from Arrachon expressly for him.

Lucien was of the suppers, then, it is clear. So much for No. 1.

Potage a la puree de gibier—I greatly deceive myself, or that potage is one to which Maxime is specially partial. Maxime, then, for No. 2.

Filets de sole a la Joinville—Fernand, to a certainty; an Orleanist filet, pure and simple.

Canetons de Rouen a l'orange—No one but Polastron for that, an out and out Rouennais, he.

Salades de legumes a la Russe—'Tis useless to ask if Semenow was there.

Bombe a la Cardinal—From whom could this have come? Stay, Marcel! Who but Marcel is cousin to a cardinal?

Lucien, Maxime, Fernand, Polastron, Semenow, Marcel—Behold my table recomposed.

Women also were at that supper then? Beyond a doubt. These scattered photographs attest it. Female suppers out or supperesses, if I may call them so, have always a rage for distributing their portraits. Henriette of the Varieties in her costume of the Revue, her great English coal hoppers squeezed into tight French slippers. Quick, conceal thyself!

And Jeanne, the eternal, in powdered hair and leering over her shoulder at the risk of a wry neck.

The third—ah, the third, I do not know her. 'Tis strange!

Not a bad lot, either, the third. She's even pretty. Small head, low brow, tiny nose, a mite of a mouth. Nothing but eyes—superb eyes at that! Lashes like a fringe, and a genuine blond.

Deuce take it! No, I do not know her. The little yellow curls that dance about her brow look even in this photograph like a golden smoke.

Nearly a child, too—18 years perhaps, at farthest. Dressed modestly besides. A high neck robe, puritanical in cut, but which only the better develops that which it envelopes. Exquisite figure, slim and lithe as a bending willow.

Decidedly she is a very pretty little girl. And—and I see in her ears neither pearls nor diamonds, nor even on her fingers a single jewel. The reason possibly for her air of disdain.

Disdain, did I say? This child, who as yet knows nothing of life, yet seems already bored and wearied! Bah! women or girls, they are all alike.

Still, where did she come from? Who is it that I have had, unknown, to sit at my table? Maybe it was her debut—the opening of a great success that I already foresee and predict.

She sat beside me, of course. I talked with her, 'tis certain—all the madnesses probably that came to my head. She refused me, or left me. Behold the reason why, perhaps—that I made myself drunk.

But let us resume. There were then in salon 14 six men and three women. My personnel's complete. What happened then? I have the actors, but not yet the drama.

Let us continue the voyage in my pocket.

THE CARTES DE VISITE.

The devil!

Two cards, as I'm a sinner!

The first bearing the name and address:

R. DE FAYET-MORET,
Sous-Lieutenant—Infantry.

The second:

JULES BUHOT,
Captain 120th of the Line.

What is it that all this tells me? I've never known in all my senses as many militaires as this. There is under it of course a quarrel, a row, an altercation. These two cards, cold and glacial, have assuredly been exchanged for two of my own!

Behold the drama demanded: A duel—two duels perhaps.

But two duels with whom? Duels apropos of what? Whom have I offended? For it is I, it is I, surely, that am the offender—I, who know so well that I am truly unbearable when—when a little high up.

In this case what am I, provoked or provocator?

Now I think of it, it seems to me that my left cheek pains me a little and is bigger than the other—the scar of battle unquestionably.

Pooh! An illusion! What other nonsense will I get into my head? Stay! what is this written in the corner of the lieutenant's card, the Lieutenant R. de Fayet Moret? "Ten o'clock at St. Maunde."

At St. Maunde! Zounds! an armed encounter; the hour of the rendezvous. Nothing could be clearer!

Quick, run! There is still time perhaps!

No, the hour has passed. 'Tis 11:30 now!

I am dishonored!

No one will believe me when I say that I slept too late and got up with a splitting headache.

I have no longer the strength to interrogate my pockets. Still, let us see.

Fine and hemstitched; an airy, cobwebby batiste. But it is not one of mine.

It bears in one of its corners, too, a baron's tortil.

What next? A handkerchief in my pocket that belongs to another! Behold me on the road to the galleys!

Ah, my head, my head!

And these flowers in my buttonhole—this wilted boutonniere. Tiny myosotis blossoms that have closed their blue eyes. The thread that holds them is half untied. A bouquet too modest and simple for me to have bought from a regular flower vender, to have stolen like the handkerchief or to have had bestowed upon me by demoiselles of the theatrical clique.

It was given to me, I know it. Just how it was given to me too. A continuation of the story of that unknown little blond. She gave me these myosotis blossoms, knowing that I was going to fight—that I was going to fight for her—in all probability.

Yes, that is it—it could be nothing else!

My apprehensions redoubled. Awhile ago I wished to know, now I fear to learn too much.

I hesitate to plunge too deep into the depths of my overcoat. Suppose, like the comedian Arnal, in the fair of the Rue de Lourvine, I draw out my hand full of soot or of blood!

What?

This overcoat—this overcoat is not mine!

No, mine was chestnut color, and this is the color of a Corinth raisin.

I have not, then, voyaged in my pockets. I have voyaged in the pockets of another.

But then, if this overcoat is not mine, no more is the duel mine!

Nor mine the bill of the Cafe Anglais!

Nor mine the photographs!

Nor mine the cards of the militaires!

Nor mine the wilted myosotis blossoms!

Nor mine the theft of the baron's handkerchief!

And the romance and friendship of the little blond?

Not mine, either!

Bah! what matters it? The address can still be found by means of the photograph.—From the French.

People Who Live Long.

Sir George Humphrey has investigated the life histories of centenarians in England with the view of ascertaining the causes and circumstances of longevity. As one reads the habits and life of these men and women who attained to the age of 100 years and more, one is struck by the fact that they were almost invariably lean people of spare habits and of great moderation in eating and drinking. Of 37, 3 took no animal food, 4 took very little, 20 a little, 10 a moderate amount and only one acknowledged taking much meat. With regard to alcohol the returns are much the same, and abstemiousness is found to be the rule of life of these centenarians.—London Hospital.

Prize Winners For Humane Stories.

To Mrs. Frances Birdsall Stearns of Harrisburg, Tex., and Miss Marshall Saunders of Halifax have been awarded two of the three prizes of $200 each offered by the American Education society of Boston for the best stories of equal length with "Black Beauty" and illustrating kindness and cruelty.

A FULL HARVEST.

Seems like a feller'd ort 'o jes' today
Git down and roll and waller, don't you know,
In that air stubble, and flop up and crow,
Seein sich craps! I'll undertake to say
There's no wheat's ever turned out that away
Afore this season! Folks is keerless, though,
And too fergitful, 'caze we'd ort 'o show
More thankfulness! Jes' looky hyonder, hey?
And watch that little reaper waitin thue
That last yaller hunk o' harvest ground—
Jes' natchur'ly a-slicin it in two
Like honeycomb, and gaumin it around
The field—like it had nothin else to do
On'y jes' waste it all on me and you!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE VERGE OF DEATH

There was great excitement at Newell's ranch.

Miss Rose Newell was coming out from the east to visit her father, and the employees of the ranch, with three exceptions, were on the tiptoe of expectancy.

Those three exceptions were old Barton and his wife and James Lyall, or Deacon Jim, as he was more commonly called.

The morning of the day on which Miss Rose was to arrive the cowboys, with the exception of Deacon Jim, spent two hours or more in making preparations for the event.

Deacon Jim alone appeared in his ordinary everyday clothing.

"Why don't you fix up, deacon," some one asked, "and do the honors of the occasion?"

"I don't propose to make a fool of myself," Jim replied, "by parading before Miss Newell like a circus clown. I'm not so anxious to show off what little clothing I own, and I guess she's seen better many a time.

"Humph! Have you fellows got an idea that Miss Newell is going to take any notice of you? It's hardly likely she's going to come out here and get dazzled by such common cow punchers with a lot of gaudy trappings. I ain't fool enough to make a spectacle of myself and give Miss Newell a chance to laugh at me, you bet!"

When the carriage bearing Miss Rose arrived at the ranch, the cowboys, with the exception of the deacon, stood about the door, each one "with his best foot forward," anxious to be seen by the young lady and hopeful of making an impression on her heart.

That night when Jim came in from the plains they gathered about him, intent on singing the praises of Rose's loveliness.

"I tell you, deacon," Anson said, "you just ought to seen her; I never saw a woman so beautiful in all my life."

"I don't doubt her beauty," the deacon replied, "but what good would it have done me to have seen her? She's not going to care anything for us."

"Maybe you know about that," said Anson, "and maybe you don't. If you had seen her smile when she saw us, you might think differently from what you do now."

"Yes, and she was looking right smart at me when she smiled!" cried Ab Johnson. "I noticed that."

"Humph!" said Anson. "She was looking as straight at me as she could look."

"She wasn't!" exclaimed Ab angrily.

"Hold on now," said Jim. "It isn't worth while for you to fight over that. I can easily believe that she'd 'a' smiled, whichever one of you she was looking at, when she saw the clothes you had on. It was enough to make her smile, I'm sure."

Ab and Anson muttered something, then went away, and the subject was dropped.

From that time on they viewed each other as rivals and were never on good terms again.

A month passed.

Miss Newell proved a very sensible young lady, and though she had grown up under the influences of the highest refinement she adapted herself readily to her new surroundings.

She treated her father's employees with the kindest consideration, laughing and chatting with them with perfect freedom, little suspecting what stress they placed upon every word and every ripple of laughter that fell from her lips.

Anson and Ab both grew more sanguine and hopeful as the days went by, and each in his own heart came to feel assured that he was winning his way into Rose's love.

Deacon Jim had continued on from the first in the even tenor of his way.

He never thrust himself forward at all—never made any effort to gain admission to Rose's society, but if anything rather seemed to avoid her.

A change had come over the deacon too. Always serious, he had become almost melancholy.

He liked to mope about alone or sit for hours gazing thoughtfully into space.

He was in love, though he tried hard to conceal the fact from himself, and for all the world would not have admitted it to any one else.

One morning when the men were preparing to begin the work of the day a dispute arose between Anson and Ab, and as it grew warmer and more bitter the former said:

"When I become a partner on this ranch, you'll go, Ab Johnson, as sure as shooting. I won't have you here."

"When you get to be a partner!" sneered Ab. "When I get to be a partner, you'll go, and don't you forget it."

"You a partner!" Anson said mockingly. "Why, Rose Newell wouldn't have you if you were the last man on earth!"

"My notion is you'll both see that you are making fools of yourselves," old Barton observed. "Miss Rose will never have either of you. If I had to name anybody on this ranch that she was most likely to marry, I'd say it was Deacon Jim."

There was a universal roar of laughter at that last remark, and every one seemed to think it a good joke.

"Why," said Anson, "the deacon don't stand a ghost of a show. He ain't shined around her a bit, and they never take any notice of each other, scarcely. You're off, Barton—away off. Jim ain't in it at all."

That day Rose rode with her father across the country, and late in the afternoon was returning alone to the ranch.

When within two miles of her destination, she was aroused from a drowsy reverie by a rushing, surging noise that came suddenly up from behind her like the onsweep of a great storm.

She listened an instant, glanced back, then uttered a cry full of terror.

A little distance away she saw a great herd of cattle in full stampede, sweeping down upon her in one mighty, irresistible mass.

On over the level prairie the horse sped, and on, on, in the rear came the surging sea of horns.

One mile was thus run and part of another, and the girl, bending low over the horse's neck, urged the animal to a still greater speed, while a hope of escape came to her heart.

But at that instant the horse stumbled and fell to its knees, and she was thrown forward to the ground.

The horse recovered its footing and sped away.

She arose, looked about her in a daze of wonder, saw the herd almost upon her, and in a hopeless despair attempted to run, but with a cry of pain she sank down helpless.

She had sustained a sprain and could not support her weight.

She heard the cattle as they swept up nearer and nearer over the hard, dry sod.

Another minute would bring them upon her.

She shuddered and covered her face with her hands.

Then she felt a pair of strong arms about her.

She was lifted up and set upon a horse's back.

A man sprang quickly in front of her to the saddle, and planting his spurs in the animal's side swept away at full speed.

There were a few minutes of uncertainty, a few minutes fraught with terror, alternating with hope and despair.

Then it was over, and amid a wild shout from the assembled cowsboys the horse halted at the ranch while the herd swept by but a few yards away.

It was Deacon Jim who had saved Miss Newell's life, and everybody agreed that he had performed a brave deed.

Even Anson and Ab admitted that.

Jim, however, considered his act of very little consequence except for the result, and he did not like to hear it mentioned.

The next morning Miss Rose sent for Jim, and blushing and trembling he went to her room.

She was lying on a couch looking more beautiful than he had ever seen her before.

She thanked him profusely for her rescue, and showed not only by language but by her looks how truly grateful she was.

How the deacon ever came to say it no one could surmise, and even he could never account for such boldness and audacity.

"Miss Newell," he said, "to do you a service is a glorious reward of itself. To save your life, believe me, is a privilege worth living for."

Then, blushing at his own temerity, he arose to leave the room, but she held out her hand to check him.

Soon it became noised about that the deacon and Miss Newell were to be married in a few days and that the deacon was to become a half owner of the ranch.

This information was not pleasant to Anson and Ab, but bitter as it was they had to swallow it.

"I can tell you how it came about," said old Barton. "She's a girl of sense, and it is not what a man says or the way he looks that takes with her, but it's the way he does. Jim won her by his actions, which appealed to her heart, while you chaps tried to win her by your dress. If it's clothes a girl wants to marry, she can beat taking you fellows all hollow by going to a clothing store and buying a suit."

"Blamed if I don't believe she could!" said Anson.—Boston Globe.

Berlin, Dec. 21.—The Federal Council have rejected the proposal to abolish the exceptional laws governing Alsace and Lorraine. This course was taken in harmony with the views of Prince Von Hohenlohe, the Imperial Administrator, who thinks the two provinces not yet ready for the ordinary legal conditions prevailing in other parts of Germany.

Paris, Dec. 22.—Many reports are heard as regards the prospect of international measures against the anarchists. The exact truth, as ascertained from official sources; is as follows: Spain and Austria sent circular notes to the powers simultaneously, but not in concert, to ask whether international measures against anarchists might not be discussed in a conference. No specific suggestion or proposals were made in these notes. England and Germany declined to consider the matter. Belgium offered her co-operation only on the condition that a definite plan be proposed in advance. Austria then dropped the subject. Spain, however, reopened the matter in fresh communications, suggesting treaty changes which would provide for quicker extradition, a less complicated process of expulsion and more careful national surveillance of suspects.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointment:—

30th November, 1893.

JAMES D. BYRNE, of the City of Vancouver, Esquire, to be Official Administrator within and for the Vancouver County Court District.

London, Dec. 22.—Sir Edward J. Dean Paul, Bart., committed suicide on Wednesday evening by taking prussic acid at a hotel in Piccadilly. The dead man was one of the best whips in England and America. He took first prize for driving a team in the competition at the Chicago exhibition.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
14th December, 1893.

THE Public Offices of the Provincial Government will be closed on Monday the 25th, and Tuesday the 26th inst, and on Monday the 1st and Tuesday the 2nd day of January, 1894.

By Command,

JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary.

E. J. NEWTON

Importer and Manufacturer of

Harness, Saddles, Etc.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

STOCK SADDLES A SPECIALTY.

547 Front St., New Westminster.

[L.S.] E. DEWDNEY.

CANADA.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

To Our faithful the Members elected to serve in the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia at Our City of Victoria—GREETING.

A PROCLAMATION.

THEODORE DAVIE, *Attorney-General.*

WHEREAS We are desirous and resolved, as soon as may be, to meet Our people of Our Province of British Columbia, and to have their advice in Our Legislature:

NOW KNOW YE, that for divers causes and considerations, and taking into consideration the ease and convenience of Our loving subjects, We have thought fit, by and with the advice of Our Executive Council of the Province of British Columbia, to hereby convoke, and by these presents enjoin you, and each of you, that on Thursday, the Eighteenth day of the month of January, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, you meet Us in Our said Legislature or Parliament of Our said Province, at Our City of Victoria, FOR THE DISPATCH OF BUSINESS, to treat, do, act, and conclude upon those things which in Our Legislature of the Province of British Columbia, by the Common Council of Our said Providce may, by the favour of God, be ordained.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent and the Great Seal of the said Province to be hereunto affixed: WITNESS, the Honourable EDGAR DEWDNEY, Lieutenant-Governor of Our said Province of British Columbia, in Our City of Victoria, in Our said Province, this Fourteenth day of December, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, and in the fifty-seventh year of Our reign.

By Command.

JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary.

The Toronto Shoe Store.

We have much pleasure in tendering our second holiday greeting and wishing you all the compliments of the season. Our stock is large, of the best goods, and prices are all in favor of the buyer. We believe in keeping the money moving, small profits and quick returns, and as times are hard and money scarce, we will help you out by cutting the profit to the bone. The trade may squeal, as they have, but it is our customers we wish to please, and we are bound to do that with Good Goods and Low Prices. Call and see us.

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LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

CHAPTER I.

Near one of our largest cities, easy of access to the business thoroughfares, a stately mansion has stood for many years, overlooking a scene of unusual beauty. Immense resources must have been at the owner's command to enable him thus to realize the conceptions of a faultless taste. Residences are not rare that betoken abundant wealth, but often one can easily detect discrepancies that are unmistakable evidence of unrefined taste and a love of splendor that has outrun the means of uniform gratification. An imposing or showy front is too often united with cramped or shabby outbuildings, and unsightly arrangements in the rear are veiled by some fanciful device too feeble to conceal the secret.

Without the fabled ring of invisibility either a very little imagination would lead to a correct idea of the interior of such pretentious dwellings. Throw back the heavy curtains, seldom allowed to admit free light and air, and the parlors will be found filled, not furnished, with objects of great value and beauty, it may be, but in nowise harmonious with the appropriate furniture or colors of the apartments where they are found. Bargains from some insolvent debtor's forced sale, perhaps, and bought as being "all we can hope to obtain, and they will answer to fill up just here." The owner's eye has never been trained to shrink painfully from such unfortunate combinations.

Pass from the parlors to the dining room. If here the various articles were only suited and arranged with pure taste or for home comfort and enjoyment, how attractive we should find it! How dazzling the exhibition of cut glass and silver, how beautiful the rich snowy damask—if displayed for guests of distinction or fashion! If not, drop these curtains, close the door and pass far back to a wing of the house, the common dining and sitting room—untidily kept and penuriously furnished. The table is spread for only the family. Is that bill of fare inviting? Will anticipations of it quicken a weary husband's homeward steps or call soft and loving smiles to children released from the close air of the schoolroom? Are these carelessly dressed young ladies, idly lounging on the dilapidated sofa, impatiently awaiting the tardy meal, the same, so elaborately attired and brilliant with jewelry, for whom you half lost your heart last evening at the grand ball?

But this is hardly kind. If any prefer fashion and show to true taste and solid home comforts, why criticise their choice, unless by returning to the purer atmosphere which we left for this digression the contrast may "show unto you a more excellent way."

It requires a more experienced observer than the writer to give any just idea of the mansion to which your attention is recalled. You see true grandeur combined with exquisite neatness and gracefulness—the very ideal of home—no touch of coldness or formality, and from the highest turret to the lowest office about the extensive grounds this bewitching harmony and symmetry makes the picture perfect.

Now we will enter and stand a moment in the spacious hall. Look up that winding stairway. Easy of ascent, with many a broad landing, to the lofty dome above all. See how the rich sunlight comes flashing down, gilding those grand old pictures on the wall—lingering caressingly over the fairy statuette in that alcove, gleaming through the bright flowers and luxuriant vines, on these brackets, into the cages near by and waking up the birds to a wider gush of melody—sparkling and twinkling and scattering diamonds on the golden heads, white arms, bare feet of the little rogues playing in that pictured brook or placing a "glory" on the brow of that sleeping babe.

In the magnificent suit of rooms on the right the same refreshing union of richest beauty and softest repose attracts you as you enter. The costly curtains, closed only in the evening, are now thrown far back. The fragrance from "a wilderness of sweets" in the garden perfumes the room, and the free, life-giving sun is shining unchecked over all. Nothing here need shun its brightest beams. It rests on the pure brow of the beautiful matron standing by the deep recessed window, just touches the few threads of silver in her luxuriant hair, gently kisses the still fair cheek and beautifies as it passes.

How richly the heavy silk falls about her stately figure! At this moment, however, we miss the quiet dignity that one is wont to associate with stateliness. One hand plays restlessly with that unpretentious ring on the other, and as her fingers press the golden band do we not know well how her heart repeats the loving words that years ago bound it there? Very precious is the costly diamond, the "silver wedding" ring, given when 25 years of married life have passed, as full of happiness "as human desire can seek or comprehend," but every ray of many hued light that flashes from it can never speak to her with the magic voice of this simple circlet.

How earnestly the lady gazes from the window! The mellow light and fragrant air of the glorious "Indian summer," the profusion of choice flowers, the bright autumnal hues just beginning to enrich the shrubbery, might well claim her attention, but her eye seeks something beyond. She waits and watches for the expected husband, and the shadow on her brow would indicate some anticipated calamity or trouble.

While thus absorbed a tall, noble looking young man enters and rouses her from this unwonted abstraction. She meets him with a loving greeting, and truly, if his face be a correct index to his character, he is a son for whom a mother may thank God.

A few moments' pleasant conversation follows, but both are restless and ill at ease. At length the young man spoke abruptly.

"Mother, dear, when do you expect my father?"

"I have been watching here for him the last half hour, and surely he must soon be home."

"Do you indulge any very sanguine expectations that our firm can possibly avoid a total failure?"

"If they listen to reason rather than pride and honestly acknowledge their embarrassments, your father thinks a settlement may confidently be hoped for that will not only protect others from loss through them, but secure to each member of the firm a comfortable living, with proper industry and frugality, till this financial storm is passed."

"And surely, for their own interests, they cannot longer hesitate."

It rests on the pure brow of the beautiful matron.

"They seem bereft of sound judgment, and I have no doubt it is your father's efforts to bring them to the realizing sense of the danger of longer delay that so detains him."

"He must be sorely tried at any hesitation at such a crisis."

"Ah, yes. While business is so paralyzed, should they attempt to struggle longer with the adverse circumstances by which they are surrounded, the effort will involve them in irreparable ruin—and, sadder than all else, the blow may fall at a time when they cannot prevent great loss to those who have trusted in them, and thus add to other trials the imputation of dishonesty.

"That is the bitter penalty almost invariably meted out to those who by failure impoverish others."

The young man stood silent and thoughtful for some minutes, while his mother earnestly watched the changes that swept across his face, and as they deepened she fondly passed her arm around him, saying cheerfully:

"Why, George, my dear son, you are surely too manly to despond when for us there are no darker clouds in prospect than loss of property, for you may rest assured no blot will tarnish your father's honor, and therefore if we can remain undivided I feel very little disturbed at the thought of pecuniary loss. I am chiefly annoyed at the anxiety your father may be compelled to endure before he can bring his partners to consent to an immediate settlement. But you, our eldest son, are young, strong, well educated, enterprising and energetic.

"It would seem that you would find more true enjoyment in an opportunity to employ your talents in efforts to build up our fortune anew than in the inheritance of wealth so abundant as to call for no exertion on your own part. Many a one whom God has richly endowed has 'buried his talents in a napkin,' and through the enervating influences of wealth has lived and died a mere cipher instead of the glorious being an industrious life with limited means would have made him."

George for a moment drew his mother closely to his breast, and leaving a passionate kiss on her cheek replied:

"You misunderstand me, mother, dear. Indeed I quite like the idea of engineering my own way in the world. It is for you and my good, kind father that I feel regret and sadness. It is not so long since, but I can well remember by what untiring industry, what patient efforts, your present position was attained. No inherited wealth placed us where we now stand, but the sweat of father's noble brow, aided and cheered by your loving care and skillful management, just as every true American should glory in building up for himself a prominent place in society. And now that in middle age you are among the highest and noblest, where you both are so well qualified to shine, it does hurt me cruelly, my darling mother, to see a change in prospect.

"If you could but retain your present position and let your children begin their life's work now, as you did, that would be perfectly satisfactory, and we should have no cause for sorrow or regret. And indeed I cannot see why this should not be so.

"Father has never allowed all his property to mingle with the concerns of the store. Why not pay all, and if need be, more than his proportion, then insist on an immediate dissolution of the firm? The property honestly vested in your name, my mother, would easily support you in your present style without any noticeable change. You and father have 'borne the burden and heat of the day' quite long enough. Let us young ones take our turn now."

George had spoken with great earnestness and rapidity, and his mother fondly and wisely abstained from any interruption at first, but now she checked him, saying, with a loving smile:

"The blow has not yet fallen, my son, or at least we can know nothing definite until your father returns. But of one thing we may be certain—none will suffer loss by the failure of a firm in which his name stands prominent, even if to secure them from it we are reduced to extreme poverty. Whatever property I may legally claim is held only for the good and honor of us all unitedly and subject at all times to your father's disposal. I fully appreciate your sorrow and great reluctance on your parents' account to any change in our present life.

"But, my son, 'let not your heart be troubled.' We have strength and energy sufficient still to return cheerfully to the labor and close economy of earlier days, if need be, and it will be much easier than when we first began, for now we have 'cheerful lads and merry lassies, too,' who will bring not only willing hearts and hands, but sunshine and gladness wherever our lot may be cast. And, my boy, you will hardly credit me when I tell you that as a matter of taste and preference I should much prefer some less prominent position than to live surrounded, as we are now, by all this pomp and show.

"These cares and anxieties are to me far more wearing than our first simple country home, and in this feeling your father fully sympathizes. Yet for our children it has had its peculiar advantages, and we have accepted the trust with grateful hearts for their sakes. If the younger members of our family can be happy when called to take what the world calls a lower position, you understand, your mother for one will be quite content. No friend that is worth the name will be lost to us, and I have an abiding faith that 'a righteous man will never be forsaken nor his seed called to beg bread.' I see your father turning into Broad street, and now we shall soon know all."

"But his step is slow and his whole air dejected. He is grieving for your sake, dear mother, I see plainly, even if you have no dread of the future."

"No, no! He sympathizes entirely in the preferences of which I have spoken, and I have also understood from the first the probable termination of the present troubles. Something has annoyed your father at the store, I have no doubt. I fear Le Barron will make strenuous objections to an honorable investigation and open acknowledgment of inability to proceed with the business."

"Ah, yes. But he would make no difficulty if he did not fear his lady wife, who is altogether selfish, extravagant and heartless."

"I am not so sure about him, my son. His course for two years past during our absence abroad has been altogether rash and unscrupulous, showing radical defects in his character. She may have tempted him into wrongdoing, but we will not be too severe in our judgment of her. The great injudiciousness of her early training may give her some claims to our pity."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Newton was met as he entered the parlor by his wife's gentle "home welcome" and an affectionate greeting from his son. Then, after a few moments' general conversation, he said:

"I know you are waiting anxiously to hear the results of this day's deliberations, and feeling full confidence in your courage to meet and endure bravely any adverse circumstances I come without hesitation directly to the fact that we are compelled to give up our business and close the store. You, my dear Lucy, were prepared to expect this when we parted this morning, but I regret that our children cannot as readily comprehend the necessity of a change so complete and sudden as we shall be compelled to make."

Mr. Newton was met by his wife's gentle "home welcome."

"Give yourself no uneasiness, my dear father, on our account. We should be unworthy of our parents could we not meet adversity (if labor and a simpler style of living be adversity) without complaint. You have not taught us to look upon wealth as the only source of true happiness."

"We certainly have endeavored to give you nobler ideas, and you, my son, are sufficiently mature to view life as a school for high and lofty aspiration and pure and nobler principles, but I feel much solicitude for the younger members of our family."

"Never fear, Edward; you have a strong band around you that will not fail in the hour of trial. Let us know, if you please, the history of this day's deliberations, for the more clearly we all understand the more readily will we be able to fix upon some plan for our future course."

"It has been a hard struggle to convince my partners that we had no alternative but to close the concern if we would save our honor. They could not but understand that an attempt to continue this hopeless struggle would only sink us deeper. But, naturally, they shrank from a public acknowledgment of failure, and he whose recklessness and insane speculation has wrought this ruin finds it very bitter to have it manifest to the world that we by having placed entire confidence in his integrity have wrecked ourselves."

"You refer to Le Barron, father, do you not?"

"Yes. In truth, I think the sin must rest entirely on him. He has been long in charge of the financial department. Indeed, for two years he has had the entire supervision of home business, Freeman acting under his directions, while I, as you well know, have been in charge of our foreign affairs during that period. I needed the change after 25 years' close application at home, and also greatly desired to consummate our long cherished plan of giving you all the advantage of foreign travel, when your mother and myself could share part of the pleasure with you. It was an unwise arrangement, as the results now prove, but I did not dream till since your return by what cruel temptations Le Barron was surrounded. You know, dear Lucy, his wife's extravagant tendencies, but cannot even imagine how fearfully she has involved her husband by their gratification. His natural fondness for wild speculation has always been his besetting sin. In our business everything of the kind has been peremptorily forbidden.

"After Le Barron's connection with us, knowing of this weakness in his character, I watched him very closely. It was the only point where I had the slightest misgiving, but during the 18 years we have been together I have never until now detected the least deviation from the strictest line of honesty. Misguided, miserable man, but he was fearfully tempted. The net woven by his wife's selfish love of dress and fashion was gathering closer and closer around him; certain destruction stared him in the face; a grand speculation was insidiously proffered him; he yielded to the infatuation; the bubble burst, and pecuniarily we must all go down together."

"But, my dear father, why should you suffer for his wrongdoing, so contrary to the well understood regulations of the firm?"

"Because, my son, he was the accredited manager of the business in my absence. By a long and vexatious legal process and by hard measures I might possibly secure ourselves from any great change. But it would be all uncertain, and I cannot for many reasons feel this to be the better way, certainly not the kindest and most noble. Poor Le Barron, he has all that he can bear now. I greatly fear all the disgrace and odium must in the end rest with him. Freeman has been careless and blundered, but is not otherwise culpable, I think."

"When did you first apprehend any danger, father?"

"Only a short time before we left Europe I received a friendly intimation that while the present cloud overshadowed our country generally it might be advisable for me to return and resume the charge of the business at home. I was not at first greatly disturbed, although I had for some time felt that Le Barron was not keeping me as fully posted with regard to home affairs as was desirable. And so I had admonished him several times, and in my last letter had spoken rather severely. He at first promised more punctuality, but in his last he excused his seeming negligence on the plea that business had been for some time so unusually brisk and prosperous it left him but little leisure to communicate with me.

"This I knew could not be correct, and fearing he had dared to venture on some wild scheme in my absence I became seriously alarmed, and as you well know recalled you abruptly from your pleasant travels and hastened home, giving no explanation for this sudden change in our plans to any one except your mother. For the last three months I have been occupied in making a most rigid investigation, and now you have the results."

"How has Le Barron carried himself during your examinations, which he must know would end in the discovery of his fraudulent course?"

"With a hardihood and indifference that have been very painful to me. But within the last week, as his duplicity became more fully revealed, he has broken down completely."

"Now that you know all," said Mrs. Newton, "surely he has not the effrontery to urge longer delay in closing the business."

"Ah! He is half frantic. All his hopes and courage are crushed, and he dreads the revelations which must be made to his family more than death or dishonor."

"Has his wife thus far received no intimation of the storm that is gathering about her?"

"Some, I imagine. But before this the wretched woman must have been told the whole. When he became satisfied that the revelation could no longer be delayed, I took the responsibility of making our determination public and urged him to hasten to Roseville before the tidings could reach his family through general gossip, and before this the tale is told. If Mrs. Le Barron has any love or prudence left, she must prove it now, for she cannot look upon her husband without realizing that his life and reason are both in danger."

"There is little hope for him if his safety depends at all upon his wife's gentleness or prudence," said George. "She loves nothing but her own self. You would be shocked could you know how shamefully her family have always been neglected and tormented whenever their wishes interfered at all with her selfish gratification."

"Why, George! I thought she loved her children passionately and indulged them most injudiciously. But for years I have known very little of them."

"You know, dear mother, your children are often thrown into their society, and etiquette has made an occasional call necessary, although the atmosphere has been very distasteful to us, and thus we have of necessity known more of them than you could. Oh, mother, it just occurs to me that on returning from our ride this afternoon I left Lillian and Rose to call at the Le Barrons. I had no heart to accompany them, knowing as I did of father's anxieties, and now I fear they will meet with a stormy reception."

"Oh, my son, I am very sorry. Should they learn of this misfortune there, it will be a rude shock for our dear girls."

"I am inexpressibly grieved," said the father. "We could have made the revelation so much easier. I have these dear ones very near my heart of late. To them life has been thus far only sunshine. How will they endure the shadows?"

"Lillian is naturally quiet and self possessed, but Rose all life and joyousness."

"Oh, father! You do not yet know our Rose if you fear for her," said George earnestly. "I do not believe that I cherish warmer affection for one sister than the other. Neither will repine, I am confident, but in times of trial of whatever nature little Rosie will teach us all.

Her smile will be just as glorious, her sweet voice be heard in cheerful carols as fresh and hopeful and hope giving in a lonely cottage as in princely parlor. Is it not so, mother?"

"Yes, my son. You judge correctly. Our girls, my dear husband, are brave spirits and will not murmur at any change that brings no reproach and threatens no disunion, but Rose seems gifted with an abundant overflow of cheerful courage that is peculiarly inspirating to all who are brought within the sphere of her influence, and which will ever be to her the strongest assurance of peace and happiness under all circumstances."

"But, my dear Lucy, it is not simply the effect of a change in our pecuniary state or social position may have on our daughters that has caused me so much anxiety. On those points you and George cannot trust them more fully than I do. But you cannot both have forgotten that there are other ways in which our misfortune may imperil their peace of mind. They have given their happiness into other hands than ours."

"You refer of course to Dunbar and Grenville. Why, my dear. Eustace has so grown up with our children, and Lilly and he have so long thought and felt in unison that I would as soon expect our boy here would shrink from the trial."

"No, dear; I have no fears for Lillian's peace, but a slight and most natural misgiving about Grenville. I wish Dunbar were here for her own sake more than fears for his constancy."

"Ah, now you touch the one fear that has often made me tremble of late, and which all this day I have weakly tried to banish. Grenville's faults lie mostly in his pride and aristocratic notions, but he has truly a loving heart, and for our child I am confident his affection is very deep and pure. On such love, you know, I have ever felt it safe to lean trustingly. If he should fail our darling, she has given him so truly the full love of her intense nature, how could she bear it?" And the mother's voice was full of fear.

George had listened to his parents' conversation with tightly folded arms and compressed lips, but now stepping quickly to his mother's side he laid a hand lovingly on her shoulder and said:

"Again, I say, my dear parents, have no fear for our noble girls. Lilly's happiness is in safe keeping. I would pledge my life for Eustace's truth. He will, I think, be here tonight. As for Grenville"—he hesitated, and his eyes became almost fierce. "Our Rose's danger lies in another direction than the loss of our poor wealth."

"I do not understand you, my son."

"You know, father, since our land has been so full of bitterness you have been fearful that this wild election strife might lead to civil war. I have listened with deference to your maturer judgment, but even while it forced itself upon me as a correct idea my heart did not recognize it as a danger that could really befall us. The United States at war with each other! It truly seemed absurd and impossible. But the last few weeks have brought the idea before me with a fear that seems like certainty. And, father, should war come upon us, Grenville is a southerner, though educated at the north, and this is what fills me with apprehension for my sister. He has not been frank with us. His feelings are with the south."

"Why have you never told us this before?" said Mr. Newton, with deep emotion.

"Because, although it is some weeks since this suspicion has haunted me, I had not been sure beyond a doubt till within two days. Why, it is only last Sabbath evening we were all expressing the most decided Union sentiment. Rose, the darling, you will remember, was the most earnest and enthusiastic among us, and Grenville listened and replied to her with an interest apparently so true, with no shadow of dissent, that I reproached myself for cherishing uncharitable fears. But the deceiver," cried the young man, while the veins on his flushed brow stood out like knotted cords; "let Rose know with certainty but half what I have learned, even since I parted from her but a few hours since, that he is linked with the south and will strike hands with her in case of war—she will cast him from her at once."

"Yes, my son, and break her heart in doing it."

"No, mother. I hardly think that she will be broken in spirit upon a question that divides the affections of so many. She is extremely enthusiastic in her views upon this matter, but her true heart was given to what she believed to be real solid worth. When she finds it was but a phantom, she may suffer for a time, but fear not—she will bear it bravely and come out of the fiery furnace unharmed."

"This grieves me cruelly," said Mr. Newton. "How insignificant are all other troubles compared with this. Anxiety for your parents and bearing with you this grievous knowledge of your sister's coming trial was heavy burden for your young heart to carry, my son."

"Did I not tell you, Edward, that through God's blessings our boys were growing up towers of strength for our later years? And shall we not trust our girl in our Father's hands?"

"We will, my dear wife. But before our daughters' return let us each understand that this fear for Rose must lie unspoken for the present. We will not anticipate the trial. Grenville will doubtless be with us this evening and must be present at our deliberations. I much prefer that his own words or acts should reveal him to our child. Let us drop this painful subject or we shall have no power to control our fears when we meet them. The certain and known trouble should have our attention just now, and as you wisely counsel, dear wife, we will try to leave our children and their future in our Maker's hands."

They sat silent a few moments, when George, turning to his father, said:

"Have you yet been able to form any plans for our future?"

"Nothing definite of course. For the last three months the probable termination of our affairs has been constantly on my mind, and naturally schemes for our coming efforts have frequently arisen and as often been rejected. When all is completely settled, if I am not greatly mistaken, we may hope there will be a surplus left us for a comfortable beginning, but how we must descend in a pecuniary sense we cannot yet foresee.

"Legally we might leave this good mother a great abundance for the continuance of her present style, or something very nearly like it, and she would doubtless allow us to have a home with her while we were building up a new foundation. But she has some curious, old fashioned notions about cleaving to husband and children and sharing all deprivations with them, and I cannot say that I feel in the mood to resist her loving judgment. But when we are all together this evening we must have a full and free consultation. Whatever arrangement can be matured that will best employ your different tastes and at the same time be most conducive to the general good of all will, I know, be your governing motive rather than any selfish gratification."

"Thanks, father; I think you do not judge me incorrectly. I am conscious of no wish but permission to aid in making this change as little harassing and painful to my parents, brothers and sisters as possible. For myself, as long as no dishonor can rest upon our name, I feel no uneasiness—but there is the carriage."

CHAPTER III.

As the young ladies entered the parlors the parents' hearts shrank from the interview, and George fully shared the pain. That they were laboring under some strong excitement was very apparent. They passed, without pause, directly to Mr. Newton's side, and the eldest, laying a trembling hand on his arm, said:

"What is it all, father? We called at Roseville and were told that the ladies were engaged, but while we stood on the steps receiving this message we could not fail to hear Mrs. Le Barron using the most violent and abusive language to her husband, and, oh, father, she coupled your name with injustice and dishonor, employing the most bitter terms, which she surely intended us to hear."

"Both accusations are utterly false," indignantly replied George.

"Oh, we of course were sure of that," answered Rose, seating herself on her father's knee; "but tell us directly, papa, for that you and mother are greatly disturbed about something is very evident."

"Oh, we of course were sure of that," answered Rose.

Drawing Lillian closer to his side, Mr. Newton answered:

"My dear girls, we are only disturbed because we must tell you that which may bring our children uneasiness and disappointment, but no dishonor."

The fair faces were pressed caressingly to his brow, and Lillian gently answered:

"Suspense will be harder to endure than any misfortune we may share with you and mother."

"You are right, my darling. We have no intention to conceal aught from our children or leave you in needless suspense. Our business during our sojourn abroad has been, by criminal mismanagement, ruined, and it now only remains for us to arrange a settlement in the most honorable manner and begin life anew."

An acknowledgment of "failure" always brings to the young a kind of mysterious awe, a shrinking from the first step into an unknown and untried region, and the father felt the dear forms his arms encircled tremble for a moment, but that soon passed when they observed their mother's calmness, and Lillian replied:

"But why did Mrs. Le Barron speak of you so bitterly, father? Surely you did not merit such fearful accusations."

"No, indeed," exclaimed George. "She may thank her own extravagant folly for it all. Her husband would never have ventured on such measures as that of which he was guilty during father's absence if she had not so wickedly involved him by her insane love of display. No blame can possibly rest upon our father."

"Ah, yes, my son. In trusting so implicitly to another's honor or judgment I am to blame. The principal of an extensive and complicated business like ours should never relax his vigilance."

"But, father, will not your loss in this failure be as heavy as the others?"

"Yes, my Lilly. By far the proportion."

"Then why did that wicked woman cast unjust aspersions on you?" said Rose, with excitement.

"None of the members of the company will credit her words, nor indeed the business world generally, my pet. The unkind language you heard was simply the ebullitions of a disappointed and ambitious woman, who should receive our pity rather than our harsh censure."

"But, dear papa, tell me, please, is this failure so severe that any will lose or suffer by you?"

"My dear little rosebud, we shall be able to pay every penny. Your eyes can meet the gaze of the universe fearlessly and sure that none is impoverished through our losses."

"Then who cares, or why should we all look pale and anxious over this?" replied the bright girl, clapping her hands joyously.

"But, little one, are you aware that to do this we must leave our pleasant home, resign all the appliances of ease and luxury that now surround us, lose caste among many of your companions, while we labor and economize strictly to be able to supply the family with the bare comforts of life? How can my darlings endure this great and sudden change?"

"Grandly, my dear papa. I don't dislike the change at all. I was telling sister but a few days ago that our mode of life was not satisfactory, being, as it has always been, utterly useless. For years we have been simple works of art about the house for others to look after and arrange in suitable lights. In the morning we cannot rise till Marie or Therese comes to dress us, and all day long they dance attendance upon our whims. At night we must be disrobed and put to bed like little babies. I have long felt dissatisfied with myself, because I was conscious that I was not developing all the powers God had given me and yet could not understand how to change the daily routine of busy nothings. Now we may at least learn what hands and feet were made for."

"But, dear father," said the eldest sister, with some hesitation, "I thought our mother had a fortune invested in her own name, entirely subject to her control, to provide for just such an emergency as this. That surely will supply all your wants. Then why speak of returning to the hard labor and close calculations of your younger days? Your children will cheerfully do that. Our parents should rest now and allow us to learn the same useful lessons you so wisely practiced in your youth."

"Why, my dear girl," said Mrs. Newton, smiling, "your thoughts seem to run in the same channel as your brother George's."

"They often do that, mother," said George, throwing his arm lovingly around his sister.

"And do not mine also, Sir Brother?" asked Rose with an injured air.

"No, Skylark; oh, no. Your thoughts 'soar singing up to heaven's high arch' and thence descend upon us with sunshine and rosy hues in the darkest hour, you darling little sunbeam, you!"

"But, Rosie, what will Jasper say to this hasty descent and all this talk about learning the use of hands and feet, eh? I fear that he will rebel at the two years' probation yet to be passed and spirit you off to that southern Eden he so enthusiastically portrays to prevent you from sharing with us the changes we anticipate."

Mr. and Mrs. Newton tried by a warning look unseen by Rose to stop George's allusion to Grenville, but soon felt that he was acting wisely. A word apparently lightly spoken might awaken a train of thought that would in some degree prepare her for the first shock should her betrothed prove unworthy.

Rose answered her brother gayly: "Never you fear for Jasper. He does not alone love wealth or station and will be the same to me in a lowly cottage working with embrowned and hardened hands as when playing the butterfly in those grand old parlors, or if he cannot," her gay smile suddenly faded and a look of hard, stern resolution such as her friends never witnessed before settled about her lips, changing the expression of her whole face—"or if he cannot—then let him pass. He would not be worth regretting."

"Ah, that may be," said her sister, "not worth regretting, but could you help it, darling?"

"Help it?" cried the spirited girl. "I should scorn such a man too deeply to mourn for him. But, Lil, are you trembling lest Eustace may wish to desert you? Ah, I shall not allow that. He has been too long a true brother to fear any change in him."

"No, sister, I am not fearing or doubting, but one cannot resist the intrusion of many unwonted thoughts in contemplating a change so entire and sudden. But you need not fear I shall do Eustace injustice. We have known each other too long. I would as readily doubt George, or you, my only sister."

"It would be very strange, my children," said Mr. Newton, "if your minds did not at times turn toward possibilities until you have seen both your friends and they fully understand your present position. I do not say this because I have the remotest suspicion that loss of wealth will produce any change either in Dunbar or Grenville. On the contrary, I expect to see increasing tenderness and a more earnest desire to shield you from trial and hardship."

Rose sat unusually quiet, and George's loving watchfulness changed the current of her thoughts by saying:

"Your question, my gentle Lilly, remains unanswered. You were inquiring concerning property belonging to our mother. Could you not read an answer in father's glance which made her cheek as fresh and blooming as your own? She will not accept by right that which would embarrass her husband in settling the whole concern on the broadest basis of old fashioned honesty."

"And that, my son, is but simply doing my duty, not at all deserving your gallant compliment. Would you willingly give any the least occasion to accuse your father of wrong or injustice because legally I might retain that which could enable him to make a most satisfactory settlement of this whole business?"

"Oh, no, mother; I rejoice that you can do as you propose if by so doing the most captious can find no blame in father, yet you must allow me to be a little proud of you notwithstanding."

"And all this time," interrupted Rose, "no one has spoken or thought of Alfred and Ralph."

"You are indeed greatly mistaken, my child; our boys have not been long absent from our thoughts. I am very thankful that these developments have transpired during their vacation. I hope we can manage to aid them in completing their education."

"Alfred will never agree to that—never," cried Rose. "Do you think he would consent to our laboring to keep him in college at such a crisis as this? No, indeed; I know my brother better. Much as he prizes his literary advantages, they would never repay him for the deprivation of sharing with us in these united efforts."

(CONTINUED.)

Nelson's First Train.

Spokane, Dec. 20.—When Conductor Sinclair's train reached Spokane from the north at 6.40 o'clock last evening with 70 passengers the first round trip over the Spokane & Northern and Nelson & Fort Sheppard read was complete. The arrival of the train at Nelson, B.C., Tuesday evening was the signal for the wildest kind of a demonstration. The entire population turned out. Five gallons of free whiskey was opened before the passengers had fairly alighted from the cars. Free busses decorated with streamers took the passengers all over town, while a merry crowd followed the procession through the streets, making a tremendous din. Everything was free in Nelson, and a good many citizens in the town stayed up all night.

HIRD, the tailor.

MUNICIPALITY of COQUITLAM

A BY-LAW

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTICE.

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

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

For Extra Choice Fresh and Prepared Meats

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GRAY BROS'

BUTCHER SHOP

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COLUMBIA STREET,

Opposite Reid & Currie's Foundry.

FRESH MEATS

Of all kinds on hand.

A Call Solicited.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

Columbia Street, New Westminster.

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GOOD STYLE,
GOOD FIT,
GOOD WORK.
GOOD FABRICS.

The Latest and Choicest Patterns in Scotch and English Tweeds, Etc., for fall and winter wear.

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The Cheapest & Largest Tailoring House in the Province, employing at present 20 hands.

We make men's suits from $5 to $15 cheaper than others, and yet make more money than "the old time big profit," small business, slow coach Tailors.

Something New---Our List.

All Wool Business Suits	$18.	Old price	$25.
Irish Serge, heavy weight	$20.	" "	$30 to 35
Fine Worsted Suits,	$25 to $35.	" "	$35 to 45
All Wool Pants, -	$4.50.	" "	$6.50

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

Waterproof Ulsters & Overcoats to order from $14 up.

Cloth sold by the yard. Suits cut and trimmed if you want to make them at home.

An immense stock of Ready Made Clothing for Men and Boys.

Samples and rules for self measurement sent on application

You will find us in the Curtis Block—the Store with the Granite Pillars.

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of Wall Paper.

To make room for New Stock, we will give

A Discount of 10 per cent

on all Cash Sales, for 30 days only.

G. F. WELCH & SON,

Corner Agnes and 6th Streets, Westminster.

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AT PARNELL & GUNN'S

they are selling

100 lb. Sacks Shorts,	$1 25	Hungarian Flour,	$4 70 per barrel
100 lb. Sacks Bran,	1 15	9 tins Tomatoes,	$1 00
90 lb. sacks rolled Oats,	3 60	11 tins Pease,	$1 oo
100 lb. sacks of Wheat,	1 5o	11 tins Corn,	1 oo
5 lb. Boxes of Tea,	1 1o	Ceylon Tea,	4o cents per lb
5o lb. mats China Rice,	1 85	13 lbs Currants,	$1 oo

All other Groceries at very Lowest prices for Cash

FREE DELIVERY TO ANY PART OF THE CITY.

Don't forget the address:

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Clothing, Men's Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Trunks and Valises

Try a Pair of $2.50 or $3.00 Pants.

A Fine Assortment of Gentlemen's Japanese Smoking Jackets

Corner Columbia and Mary streets, New Westminster.

UNCLE SAM, FLORIST.

A GLIMPSE OF THE BOTANICAL GARDEN IN WASHINGTON.

Finest Collection of Palms In the World. The Victoria Regia, a Lily Which Will Hold Up a Child—Plants Included Among Congressional Perquisites.

Uncle Sam's botanical garden in Washington occupies a tract of between eight and nine acres of land almost in the shadow of the capitol.

If you are a newly elected member of congress and have not been initiated into the full scope of your perquisites, you will probably receive within a short time after your arrival a letter from some person you never knew and never heard of, asking you for an order on the superintendent for some choice ferns, palms or hanging baskets to be filled at their own suggestion. Perhaps the letter comes from some resident of Washington, for there are many here who are on the outlook for new members of congress, especially those who do not bring their families with them, or it may come from one of your own constituents, who is well versed in all the congressional perquisites. So it will not be long before you learn that there is a vast variety of things beside seeds and congressional reports, which only await your order informing the custodians where the articles may be sent.

Each member of congress is entitled to a certain amount from the botanical garden each year, the kind and the amount being of course subject to the rules of the superintendent. If a senator should send for one of the rare specimens of palms or cactuses, it is very doubtful about the request being honored. The last specimen of a rare plant would not be given up under any circumstances. The most of the orders sent in are for roses, geraniums and blooming plants, of which there is a great supply. If the representative or senator prefers to have his quota of plants sent to his greenhouse in his native town or city, he is furnished by the clerk of the house of representatives with a wooden shipping box, in which the plants are securely packed and shipped by express to their proper destination.

Upon entering the botanical garden by the west gate you will notice on each side of the broad walk an endless variety of cactuses, in all of the varied conditions of growth and scratchiness. Some seem to grow after ideas peculiarly their own, as if their chief charm lay in their scrawny ugliness. Others are very pretty and would help wonderfully to adorn any conservatory or bay window. This avenue extends for about 250 feet, when the decorations of the avenue change, and you find yourself amid an avenue of palms.

You may have hurried by the great variety of cactuses, but you will certainly loiter along among the choice collection of palms gathered from every quarter of the globe where palms grow.

The largest of all the conservatories is the palmhouse, with its immense dome shaped roof. The building has to be a large one to accommodate some of the immense palms which it contains, many of which are 40 feet high. Here you will find palms from Mexico, Brazil, Central America, South America New Caledonia, Australia and the South Sea islands; palms with long trunks, palms with thin leaves, with broad leaves, with long names and with short names, that you read and forget with an ease that is wonderful, so that the most you carry away with you is a memory that you have seen the largest variety of palms in the world.

In the large basin, 90 feet in diameter, is the Bartholdi fountain, which was purchased at the Centennial exposition of 1876 by the library committee for the Botanical garden. The fountain is of cast iron and cost $6,000. In the basin of the fountain grows the Victoria Regia, the largest species of water lily in the world. The lily is an annual, and as the season in Washington is too brief for the lily to reach its maturity, the seed has to be imported each year. The plant is a native of Brazil, and the seeds are imported in water, for if they were kept dry during the length of time which would be required for transportation the seeds would be worthless. In August the Victoria Regia is in its full glory, and it is during this month that the amateur photographer delights himself by posing a small child upon one of the immense leaves. By this novel experiment we are better able to judge of the size of this giantess of the lily family.

Among the other wonders of the botanical garden is a large bed of elephant grass, which grows to the height of 18 or 20 feet. As a rapid growing plant this grass seems to be the first in its class, but during the winter season it dies down to the roots. When in blossom, the bed looks like a small section of the jungle transplanted to American soil.

The trees in the botanical garden have been selected more with a view to their adaptability to the soil and climate and to their worth as shade trees rather than to illustrate peculiar kinds or varieties of trees, and altogether the general effect of the tree planting has been very successful, in that the requisite amount of shade has been secured as well as a harmonious touch of general embelishment of the garden.—Boston Herald.

National Flowers.

The flower badges of nations are as follows: Athens, violet; Canada, sugar maple; Egypt, lotus: England, rose; France, flower-de-luce (lily); Florence, giglio (lily): Germany, cornflower; Ireland, shamrock leaf; Italy, lily; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mignonette; Scotland, thistle; Spain, pomegranate; Wales, leek leaf.

Mixed Metaphor.

"Brethren," said an earnest exhorter to a body of religious workers, "brethren, remember that there is nothing which will kindle the fires of religion in the human heart like water from the fountains of life."—Springfield Republican.

THE LONDON CABBY.

Dramatic Little Incidents Connected With the Reception of His Exact Fare.

Everybody who has lived in London has witnessed the dramatic little incidents connected with cabby's reception of his exact fare. His hirer, having alighted, stands on the pavement and feels for his purse. Cabby meanwhile leans over the railing of his seat with a benignant and ingratiating smile. That smile, it may be stated at once, is a fraud. It is not a genuine beam of good nature, but is one of cabby's business "props." It is a smile of much meaning, and cabby throws his whole soul into it. It is trusting and confident. It insinuates that cabby feels that he has met in you a man in whom he recognizes a peculiarly generous nature. It means that cabby has no anxiety. He knows that you are going to give him something for himself.

But as a matter of fact, if you watch cabby closely, you will see the hollowness of its professions. Cabby's eyes are very wide open, and he is scanning a great deal more carefully than his fare the little pile of silver that gentleman is turning over in his hand. Then he stretches down his hand, broad and fat, but trustingly, assured that he is about to be treated as a man should be. The fat palm ascends again, but as his fare turns to depart, the smile dies away. For a moment, as if dazed, he gazes blankly into his hand; then a look of mingled contempt and indignation passes over his expressive face. He turns fiercely on his prey.

"'Ere, wot's this?"

"Your fare," floats back to him.

"My fare!" in a tone of scathing scorn —"my fare!"

Then rapidly and with a businesslike manner, as if the time for emotion were passed now:

"'Ere, 'old 'ard; I wants another tanner."

By this time his fare, if he knows anything at all about cabmen, is well under way. Cabby, standing up, dashes the offending shilling on the ground with a gesture of ineffable loathing, as at some unclean thing. No good. His fare is disappearing, unconcerned, and cabby, convinced that the game is up, but loath to relinquish his indignation, slowly unswathes himself from the folds of his voluminous blanket, descends as slowly, picks up the innocent shilling still more slowly, mounts again, gathers up his reins with one final blighting look behind him and drives away, his face that of a man who never till that moment had sounded the hideous depths of sordid human nature.—London Sketch.

Mesalliance.

Mesalliance is always interesting—when it occurs outside of our own immediate circle of relatives and friends. A man or woman sacrifices social instincts, bids defiance to conventions and follows the simple promptings of the heart—and the results? Disagreeable to those most nearly concerned, but fascinating to the outside world. There is no subject so fruitful for the novelist. A well known novel, now widely read, was saved by this. I will not name it, for I cannot break literary confidences. The writer, a favorite living novelist, had reached a point in his story when everything, characters and events, seemed to settle down to a deadly low level of dull commonplace. He was in despair. A friend, an experienced man of the world, gave him a word of advice: "Introduce a mesalliance. That never fails to enliven things." The novelist did so, and his book is selling briskly today.—Vogue.

A Little Tin Mouse.

A Manayunk man who has a pet cat bought one of those new fangled mouse toys from a vender on Market street on Saturday afternoon. When he arrived at his house in the evening, he brought out the mouse and began to run it up and down the dining room floor. Tabby, who was lying on a rug, suddenly gave a jump for the supposed rodent. This scared the head of the house so much that he jumped back and in doing so upset the supper table, breaking nearly all the dishes and mixing up the evening meal into a boarding house hash. The family dog secured the choicest beefsteak, and the cat began to lap up the spilled cream. Mr. Housekeeper had a big sized row with his wife and ended up the scene by getting gloriously drunk. The tin mouse, the cause of all the estrangement, was crushed in the melee.—Philadelphia Record.

Contagion.

Some of the diseases which flesh is heir to are contagious in every sense of the word. A contact so slight that it does not reach even skin contact, but merely contact with the air which smallpox patients breathe, is sufficient to cause smallpox in man. So, too, mediate contact—that is to say, the handling by the well of material touched by the sick—has been proved to be the cause of many diseases, of which erysipelas and scarlet fever may be cited as examples. The products of certain other diseases—typhoid fever, for example—require to be taken into the economy to become maleficent. Still others, such as glanders, must be introduced into the blood current itself before they are dangerous. These facts have been proved by long observation and are not to be disputed. —Baltimore Sun.

Ideas In Bad Dreams.

People have been known to eat indigestible suppers in order to produce dreadful dreams. For instance, a painter of the last century was noted for the horrible nature of his pictures. Report says of him that he used to eat raw beef and underdone pork chops for supper and so bring on nightmares, which gave him fresh ideas.—Exchange.

Chrysanthemum Crape.

A new fabric is chrysanthemum crape, in which narrow riblike cords wave crosswise of half-inch grooves made by an almost imperceptible crimping. Like the waved chiffon the coloring is perfect, all the varied chrysanthemum shades and many more being shown.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

The clouds across the field there float,
And shadows slowly form, combine
And gather shape. A tiny boat
I see, tossed in the foaming brine.
O rower, wait! Brave rower, stay!
Nay, boat and rower fade away.

Again the dim clouds gather o'er
And slowly shape a battlefield,
And, dead or living, wounded sore,
One lies beside a broken shield.
O warrior, canst thou heed or hear?
Nay, for the visions disappear.

Fling down the shining surface bare.
An idle tale it tells to me.
The shadowy form I image there
I trace in earth and air and sea.
Earth, sea and air from pole to pole
The magic mirror of my soul!
—May Kendall in Longman's Magazine.

A VALUABLE VALISE.

Returning from New York city by the E—— railroad a few years ago, I bought of the train boy a copy of a Cincinnati paper, in which I read a long account of the robbery of the City National bank of L——, Ky., and the sudden disappearance of its teller, Harry W. Swope. As usual in such cases, he had been a trusted employee, a member of the church and a society young man. The robbery was a particularly cool one, the gentleman having quietly slipped $90,000 in notes into a valise on the previous Saturday afternoon after bank hours and walked out into the cold world.

That was the last seen of him, and it was not until after the bank opened on Monday morning that any one suspected anything wrong. The affair created an immense sensation. "Society" was shocked, the church scandalized and the bank directors furious. The newspapers printed long stories of the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde sort of existence the young man had led for a number of years, and numerous friends of the "lately departed" knowingly shook their heads as they told the reporters that they knew something like that was sure to happen soon.

This sensation so interested me that when I reached Cincinnati I scarcely realized the express was, as usual, an hour behind time and had failed to make connection with the train to L——. I should therefore be compelled to take the last train going west that night, which would cause me to stop over night in a one horse town in Indiana that did not contain a comfortable hotel.

I knew Mr. Swope by sight, having come in contact with him on a number of occasions while doing business with the bank of which he was teller. The L—— papers I bought in the Union depot gave further details of the affair and contained also the announcement that the bank directors had offered a reward of $1,000 for Swope's capture and 10 per cent of the cash returned, which would make a total of $10,000 if the rascal was caught before he got rid of his booty.

After eating an unsatisfactory lunch I took a seat in the general waiting room of the depot and ruefully awaited my train. As I did so I noticed a young man approach my seat, and placing his valise on the floor alongside my own, to which it bore a strong resemblance, sit down while he looked cautiously around at the clock on the wall and then at the officials moving about.

How long he sat beside me I don't remember, but after a time he slowly arose and walked over to the telegraph office at the farther end of the room. Before he came back a strong lunged individual in uniform stepped up to me and bawled out the names of the towns which the train about to start was bound for. Hurriedly picking up my valise, I made straight for the gate and was soon aboard my train for the west.

The journey was made with the usual discomfort and monotony. The depot at N—— Y——, Ind., where I had to stop over from 10 p. m. till 5 the next morning, had been rebuilt since my last visit to that town, and remembering too well my hotel experience there a year before I resolved to spend one night in the depot waiting room with a few other passengers who shared my misfortune.

All that night the face of the stranger who had occupied a seat beside me in the Cincinnati depot haunted me. There was something about him that reminded me of Teller Swope. He was just his size and build. His mustache, to be sure, was wanting, but that he should shave off this appendage was to be considered a matter of course. The gold spectacles he wore very much resembled those I had associated with the face of the intellectual looking teller, and I had observed on his fingers a number of rings, jewelry that Mr. Swope was said to be very partial to. As I turned the matter over in my mind the more convinced I felt that I had lost a splendid chance of capturing the thief and securing a $10,000 reward.

When 5 o'clock at last came round, I boarded the train for L——, not in the best of humor, and two hours later arrived at home feeling very blue. After taking a slight breakfast, I went down to the office, where the big robbery was still the talk of the clerks. Each of them had a theory of his own as to where the thief had gone, and when they appealed to me for my opinion I dolefully recounted my experiences of the previous evening. Of course they unanimously agreed with me that I had very foolishly allowed the fugitive teller to slip out of my fingers.

Just before going out to lunch a messenger boy languidly entered the office and handed me a note from my wife. Thinking it was the usual commission to get a yard or two of "goods like the sample inclosed," I thrust it into my pocket and started out to dinner. I had not gone far before I suddenly stopped and took out the envelope the boy had given me, opened it and read it. At first I could not understand what it all meant; then I turned it over and went through it again. It ran as follows:

DEAR GEORGE—Come home at once. In opening your valise to get your soiled linen to send it to the laundry I discovered it packed with bank notes! What does it mean? Is anything wrong? Come home at once.

My first thought was to hasten home, but upon reflection I resolved to step around to the bank and acquaint the officials there of my discovery. I found the president of the bank in his private office engaged with several lynx eyed individuals whom I suspected from their appearance to be, as it turned out they were, detectives.

When I was granted an interview and explained my discovery, it created, very naturally, a sensation. At first the old gentleman was inclined to regard me as a crank, but when I asked him to allow a clerk to accompany me home he seemed to be satisfied I was in earnest. He consented to my proposal, but after a moment's thought he said an escort was unnecessary, thinking doubtless that the handsome reward would be a sufficient inducement to insure the safe delivery of the precious valise.

As I left the bank and turned up the street in the direction of home I was joined by a young man who came running out of the bank after me, hat in hand. He said "the old man" had reconsidered the matter and sent him to accompany me back with the money. This seemed to me to be quite satisfactory, and as the fellow was a very genial young man we immediately fell to discussing the robbery of his bank. He congratulated me on my good fortune and knowingly hinted that "the old gentleman" would treat me cleverly in the way of reward.

I said this young man was a very genial fellow, but somehow I soon began to feel an instinctive distrust in him. I plied him with questions concerning the habits and business methods of the missing teller, but he returned evasive answers. In one or two little things he contradicted himself, and finally, when I unexpectedly asked him how long he had been employed in the bank, he replied, after looking at me in a dazed sort of way, "Oh, about a year or two." At once the thought came to me: What if my "escort" was one of the young men I had seen outside the president's office. Perhaps he had overheard our conversation and had planned this neat little scheme of playing the role of a clerk of the bank sent me for "protection," as he insinuatingly put it. If so, I readily saw that he intended to make an effort to get his hands on the valise and then seize the first opportunity to bid me goodby.

This theory was strengthened when I noted that my "protector" seemed gradually to become very uncommunicative, and the conversation during the rest of the journey referred to passing objects and sights. Try as hard as I could I failed to get anything satisfactory out of him concerning the robbery.

When I reached home, I politely asked the young man to take a seat in the hall while I stepped up stairs to get a glimpse of the treasure. I found my wife at the head of the stairs, very excited. In an adjoining room we examined the valise, and at a rough estimate we placed the amount at about the figure the newspapers said Swope had carried off with him—somewhere about $90,000.

I did not tell my wife of my suspicions of the young man down stairs, but I resolved at once to arm myself in order to be prepared for the worst. It is a well known fact that in Kentucky the sixth commandment has long ago been declared unconstitutional, and I quickly made up my mind that if my bodyguard showed any signs of playing me false I would let him have a dose of cold lead.

Contrary to my expectations the young fellow made no offer to carry the valise as we started on our journey back to the bank. At the end of the short street on which I lived we stopped to take a car. My friend had again become very affable, and as we stood on the corner he offered me a cigar. I took it, thanked him, and placing my valise carefully on the ground between my feet I struck a match to light it. Just as I was in the act of doing so I received a blow from the left that sent me staggering into the middle of the street. At the same moment my "protector" disappeared in the other direction.

"Look here, young man," said a gruff voiced fellow in uniform at my side as he shook me violently, "I thought you told me you were going to take the train west tonight. It has just pulled out, and you're left."

Opening my eyes I looked around the waiting room in a confused way and reached for my valise.

It was nowhere to be found!

My brusque arouser instantly took in the situation, and with a look of intense disgust on his face said as he turned away:

"I guess that studentlike sport who was sitting beside you has taken care of your baggage. He passed me a few moments ago on his way to the train with a couple of valises. Next time you go traveling, young man, you had better take some one along with you to care for you while you sleep."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Transporting Tale.

Charlie Ryan, who handles the passenger business of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad from Cincinnati, has also to handle some passenger business that requires Napoleonic genius—to wit, the pass fiends. One of these, a sleek, insinuating fellow, walked into Ryan's office one day in June.

"Ah," he said, "is this Mr. Ryan?"

Mr. Ryan didn't deny that it was.

"Ah, well, I called to see if I couldn't get transportation for myself over your road to White Sulphur."

Mr. Ryan smiled divinely.

"Certainly, sir, certainly; all you want."

"Ah, many thanks. Do I get it from you?"

"Oh, no, sir," bowed the polite Charles. "You get it at the ticket office down stairs. We don't sell tickets up here," and the man was so overcome that he went down stairs and actually bought a ticket.—Detroit Free Press.

The Convolutions of Soup Creek.

Soup creek, in McDowell county, W. Va., is a remarkable stream. The creek passes a hamlet called Vivian, and about a mile below returns, runs around a tract of land about a half mile wide, and then passes under itself. This freak is caused by the lay of the land, which sinks spirally.—Exchange.

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