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Official Gazette

The Pacific Canadian.

Vol. I. NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, NOV. 25, 1893. No. 11.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HOTELS, Etc.

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

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

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

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

THE TELEGRAPH HOTEL, Front street, opposite to the Ferry Landing. Nothing but choicest of liquors and cigars. Telephone 163., P. O. Box 89. HOGAN BROS., Proprietors.

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

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

DEPOT HOTEL, Columbia Street, New Westminster. The best $1.00 a day house in Canada. The rooms are superior, and the Hotel is well adapted to the needs of families, to whom special rates are given. Board by the week at reduced rates. P. O. BILODEAU, Proprietor.

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

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

DRAYING, Etc.

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

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

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

MUNICIPALITY OF COQUITLAM.

RE. COQUITLAM MUNICIPALITY. Notice is hereby given that on or before the 31st day of December, 1893, the Municipal Council of the District of Coquitlam intends making application to his Honor the Lieutenant Governor in Council of British Columbia for an extension of its Municipal limits.

Said extension to include all those lands lying and situated between the Municipal boundary of Coquitlam and the Pitt River, on the east; also all those lands lying and situated between the Municipal boundary of Coquitlam, the city limits of New Westminster and the Fraser River on the south.

October 23rd, 1893.

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

Pure Bred Berkshire Pigs.

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

THOMAS SHANNON,
Cloverdale, B.C.

Mainland Truck and Dray Stables.

NEW WESTMINSTER,

GILLEY BROS.

Draying & Teaming Promptly Attended to.

ALDER AND FIR WOOD AND BARK ALWAYS ON HAND.

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

Orders received for Gilley & Rogers' Coal.

JUST OPENED.

The new and Most Elegantly Furnished

GUICHON HOTEL.

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

We Lead, Others Follow.

C. E. ROOS, Manager,

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.

High School Entrance Examination.

The semi-annual examination of applicants for entrance to a High School will be held in the High School building, New Westminster, commencing at 9.15 a. m., on December 4th, 1893.

Candidates must be punctual.

S. D. POPE,
Superintendent of Education.

Education Office, Victoria,
November 22nd, 1893.

$1 per Year!

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

CITY AND DISTRICT.

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

HON. Premier Davie and Mrs. Davie returned to Victoria on Tuesday.

CITY politics are beginning to inspire much popular interest, which is a good indication.

OWING to the pressure of Assize news, the CANADIAN is not able to give this week the usual supply of current news of the week.

THURSDAY being Thanksgiving Day, was generally observed as a public holiday, and the business places were all closed.

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

THE High School entrance examinations will be held in the High School building in this city commencing at 9.15 a.m. of December 4th next.

LA GRIPPE appears to be again becoming epidemic. It has been very severe up the coast of B.C., and there are many cases now in Vancouver. It is spreading widely in Europe.

As will be observed by By-Law advertised in another column, the Council of Coquitlam is preparing to open up that splendidly situated municipality by locating a number of much needed roads.

AT the Vancouver Assizes last week, Sangster, who wantonly shot an Indian in that city while under the influence of liquor, was found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to fifteen years in the Penitentiary.

FIVE criminal cases will come up at the Assizes which open in Victoria on Monday next. They are: Regina vs. Crosier, which will probably be dissmissed; Regina vs. Wilson, obtaining money under false pretences; Regina vs. Carruthers, murder; Regina vs. Ramos, larceny; and Regina vs. Stroebel, murder.

THE prisoners Rutter and Keily, of Langley, accused of stealing a horse and a cow, came up in the County Criminal Court on Monday. They pleaded "Not guilty," and elected to be tried under the Speedy Trials Act. Monday, Dec. 4th, was set for the hearing of the case.

THE *Columbian* is our authority for the statement that Messrs. Kitchen and Sword intend shortly to hold public meetings throughout the electoral district of New Westminster. This is very proper, although it is just possible they may wear themselves out before the real contest commences.

ON Sunday an Indian was brought to St. Mary's Hospital from Chehalis. While hunting he had attempted to pick up his rifle from the bottom of the canoe. Somehow the rifle went off, and the bullet shattered the man's arm very badly. Amputation was found necessary, and the operation was successfully performed.

THE body of Mrs. Robt. Bonson, daughter of Mr. John Sprott, Provincial road inspector, was brought from Kamloops to this city on Tuesday and buried in the Oddfellows' Cemetery. The funeral cortege was an unusually large one. Rev. T. Scoular conducted funeral services in St. Andrews Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Benson's death occurred at Kamloops on the 17th inst., and is mourned by a large circle of friends, who held her in high esteem.

THE marriage of Edward George Parnell, of New Westminster, to Rachel Olive Lougheed, late of Orillia, Ontario, was celebrated on Tuesday in the presence of a select company of friends at the home of the bride, Saanich road, Victoria, the Rev. Joseph Hall officiating. At the conclusion of the ceremony a sumptuous repast was partaken of. The wedding presents were numerous and costly.

PREMIER Davie was interviewed Monday night by the Mayor and Council relative to the application for the grant of the Government reserve on Royal Avenue for the Columbian Methodist College buildings. The application was refused some weeks ago by the executive, but Mr. Davie promised the delegation that on his return the matter should be further considered. He also promised to recommend that city prisoners should be admitted to the Provincial jail for a less term than thirty days until such time as the city could build a lock-up.

THE steamer Capilano, which, as mentioned a couple of weeks ago, was chartered by the Westminster Fish Co., to go up north after halibut, returned from her first trip on Monday. The expedition was very successful, and 30,000 pounds of halibut were brought down. The company have established a fishing station on an island in Queen Charlotte Sound, and it is expected that enough fish will be already caught to supply the vessel with a cargo on her return. The company shipped 20,000 of the first catch to New York. The Capilano left on her second trip on Tuesday morning.

A BAZAAR in aid of the Orphanage of the Good Shepherd at Sapperton, will be held in the drill shed, Westminster, on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 4th and 5th. The object is one that appeals to every kindly heart, and it is to be hoped the many ladies who are devoting their time and energies, and their purses too, to the good cause of charity will be able to rejoice in the success of their efforts. The bazaar will open at noon on each of the days named, and a great variety of useful and ornamental articles will be displayed. An inviting hot dinner will be served from 12.30 to 2 o'clock each day, and a cold lunch will be available during the rest of the afternoon and evening. Under the arrangement one may help the cause of our common humanity and be none the poorer in pocket.

THE weather on Thanksgiving Day proved very unpleasant. Snow commenced to fall in the morning and continued nearly all day, turning to rain at night. About two inches of sloppy snow fell, rendering traffic very disagreeable. Friday morning the snow had entirely disappeared, and the rain continued all day.

IN the Salvation Army Barracks, Monday and Tuesday evening, the 27th and 28th, at 8 o'clock, special meetings will be conducted by Adjutants McMillan and Evans, showing 115 social lime light views of the Salvation Army.

AT St. Mary's Church, on Monday, Mr. E. Cantell and Miss A. E. Jennings were united in the bonds of matrimony by Ven. Deacon Woods. The happy couple left for Victoria to spend the honeymoon.

COMMENCING with our next issue we will mail the PACIFIC CANADIAN to any subscriber in Canada till the 1st of January, 1895, for one dollar.

THE MARKET.

Considering that Thursday was Thanksgiving Day, for which occasion most people had bought extra supplies, and that the weather was very disagreeable, the market yesterday was a very fair one. There was an average quantity of produce, and although the attendance was not as large as usual, sales were brisk, as most of those who came were buyers. There were some parties purchasing for Vancouver, which was quite an advantage in disposing of large parcels. There are no special features to note.

Live ducks are still quoted at 50 to 60 cents each. Geese were not offered. Turkeys rather stiffened in price and may be quoted at $1.75 to $2 each alive. Chickens, live, $4.50 per doz.

Butter remains at 50 to 60 cents per roll. Eggs, 40 to 45 cents per doz.

There was a large lot of meats disposed of. Whole pork is quoted at $8 to $8.50. Beef, fore quarters, $4.50 to $5; hind quarters, $7; cuts, 7 to 11 cents per pound. Mutton 8¼ to 8¾; cuts 11 to 13 cents.

Hay remains at $13 per ton.

Oats are quoted at $27; wheat, $28 to $30. There is a light demand for barley but none offers.

Potatoes of fair quality bring $14 per ton, and there is constant inquiry for a superior article.

Turnips continue at $10 per ton; marigolds, $7; white carrots, $10; red carrots, $12.50; beets, ¾ cent per pound; cabbage, ½ to ¾ cent per pound: onions, 1¼ to 1½ cents.

Apples range from $1 to $1.25 per box. Cranberries, 35 cents per gallon

Civic Affairs.

A public meeting of the ratepayers of Westminster was held in the City Hall on Friday evening of last week, the lately organized Property Owners' Association taking the initial steps. Nothing of consequence transpired, and the meeting adjourned for one week. It has been expected during the week that at last night's meeting business of importance would be discussed, but as the CANADIAN has to go to press on Friday evening to catch the early mails on Saturday morning, no report of the proceedings can appear in this issue. At the first meeting the following platform of the Property Owners' Association was submitted:

1. The reduction of the civic expenditure by 25 per cent.
2. The question whether it is desirable that the rates for electric light should be increased.
3. The abolition of the salary allowed the Mayor.
4. The protection and encouragement of manufacturing industries by low taxes on all property used by them for the carrying on of their businesses, or by rebates on such property, and by allowing the supply of water on easy terms.
5. The advisability of paying for civic labor by the hour instead of by the day.

Surrey Agricultural Society.

Mr. H. T. Thrift, of Hazelmere, was in town on Wednesday, and he was a very pleased man. The reason was that he had just got an official letter stating that his application to the Dominion Government, on behalf of the Surrey Agricultural Association for a grant of forty acres of the old reserve on the Yale road near Clayton had been favorably considered and that the deed to the Society would be issued forthwith. Mr. Thrift was one of the prime movers in the organization of the Surrey Agricultural Associatien, and at the very start applied for this land. Subsequent boards of directors neglected the matter, which, however was again taken up by the board of this year, of which Mr. Thrift is secretary, and it must be matter of no small pride to him that after three or four yoars it fell to him to be the active agent in accomplishing what he had formerly striven for, and which places the Surrey Association in much better position than any of the other associations in the rural districts. It is only proper to add that the people of Surrey have to thank Mr. G. E. Corbould, M.P., for his very effective aid in securing the grant.

The Canadian Magazine.

The November number of the "Canadian Magazine" has come to our table. This admirable periodical is published in Toronto, and is commencing its second volume. The number before us, if a fair sample, is more than creditable. The contributors are among the best known literary men in Canada, and whileall the articles are highly entertaining, there appears a special endeavor to present treatises on Canadian subjects. "State Education and 'Isms," by W. D. LeSeur, is an able essay on the subject of sectartarian schools. Edward Meek discusses "Plebiscite" in a masterly manner, and in the course of his article makes a comparison between Parliamentary government and Republican government that every Canadian should read. "Down the Yukon," by Wm. Ogilvie, F.G.S., is a wonderfully entertaining sketch of a journey in the wilds of the far north. The style is beautiful, and the interest never flags. The essay abounds with information presented in the clearest and most agreeable manner. Other articles are "The Canadian Club Movement" by W. Sanford Evans; "The Battle of the Eclipse," by E.B. Biggar, being a graphic account of the fatal battle of Isandhlwana in the Zulu war; "The Old Bastille of Paris," by H. S. Howell; "Beowulf, the English Homer," by Prof. L. E. Horning; "Banana Cultivation in Jamaica," by Allan Eric; "Peculiarities and Illustrations of Humor," by T. V. Hutchison; and a number of short poems, tales and notes, making altogether a most readable publication. Magazines have not heretofore flourished in Canada. Few of them deserved to. But if the *Canadian Magazine* maintains the high merit of the November number, it is well entitled to the support of the Canadian people.

LILLOOET.

Correspondence of Pacific Canadian.

Mining operations in this vicinity are about done for the season. The weather up to the present time has been mild and pleasant, and as a whole the result of the season's work has been better than an average so far as the production of gold is concerned, and the prospects for next year are very encouraging. There are several new companies preparing to commence operations early in the spring, some of them on a very extensive scale. One of the largest is that of Messrs. Macpherson and Ross, who propose to bring at least two thousand inches of water from the falls of Cayoush Creek, a distance of four miles, to work the benches in the immediate vicinity of the town of Lillooet; also those opposite the town on the other side of the Fraser River. They have had Mr. Ferguson, a practical hydraulic engineer, and Mr. Campbell Johnson, both of Vancouver, here taking measurements, grades and necessary observations to enable them to estimate the cost anc practicability of the undertaking, and from what can be learned everything is satisfactory. They have bonded some of the best mining properties and located others, so that now they command a very large amount of good mining property in the vicinity. They left here a few days ago for England, feeling confident that they will make a success of the undertaking.

Mr. John A. Whittier has also had Messrs. Ferguson and Johnson examining and surveying some mining property about 16 miles from Bridge River, and if the expense of bringing the water is not too great work will begin as soon as possible.

Messrs. Scott and Guthrie have got a lease from Government of 160 acres of mining ground on the Saw Mill Flat on Fraser River, about six miles below the town. It is known to be good ground, and as water can be brought to it easily, there is no doubt but that it will be a profitable undertaking.

There are many other mining operations about to start, one of them the working of an antimony ledge which has been discovered a short distance from here. It is said to show a large body of ore. Some of it has been assayed at the Government Assay Office at Victoria, and is seventy-five per cent of pure antimony.

Nothing would assist such enterprises in developiag the mining and agricultural resources of the district more than the construction of a wagon road from Lytton up the Fraser to Lillooet. The work would not be expensive, not exceeding six hundred dollars per mile. The construction of this would save shippers about 65 miles; besides, it would afford easy access to, and enable a large amount of mining and agricultural lands to be utilized profitably. It is to be hoped that from the observation made by the Hon. Mr. Davie during his travels in the country last summer that he fully realizes the advantages of such a road, and that the construction of it will be undertaken next season.

18th Nov., 1893.

Floods in Japan.

There has been frightful loss of life and tremendous destruction by floods in the northern and middle provinces of Japan. At Toyooku the water rose 20 feet and submerged all the houses in town. At Minower the water attained the height of 30 feet, sweeping away many houses. It was still worse in the neighboring perfecture of Okayama, where the Atkawhe river rose 18 feet and broke down the great embankment, carrying away 209 houses. About 100 persons are unaccounted for. The police station was demolished and its chief killed.

Going northward the storm beat with violence on the island of Sado, where it broke to pieces six vessels in the port of Yebisu, and nine others at Suizu, whereby four seamen lost their lives, but before going so far it touched Toyavakyn and carried away 48 houses and broke the roads at Shinminato, but happily without any loss of life, while in the city of Toyama it swept 80 houses away and over 1,000 are under water.

The Yoshino rose 27 feet in Tukushima Ken. Many houses are demolished and embankments burst in many parts. In Kawabe and neighborhood 400 houses were carried away and the fate of over 200 persons is as yet unascertained, while a similar number of houses have been swept away at Kuboya.

At Tanoura in Buzen a large number of junks and fishing boats were smashed to pieces. Reports of the greatest loss of life so far, come from Futakata Gunin Hyogio Ken, where the mountain side gave way, burying two villages and killing fifty persons. At Misumi in Kumamotogenu, nine-tenths of the houses were damaged and all those of the Rice Export Company were blown down.

At both entrances to the port 120 vessels were shattered to splinters but the number of men drowned has not been ascertained. The wharf at Oita harbor was half demolished, and the majority of the houses are destroyed. Thirty large junks have been cast ashore and damaged. Mount Takasaki gave way, inflicting further serious damage. The Tsurusakigawa river burst its banks and carried away many houses to the sea. In all sections bodies of men and cattle are to be seen in heaps. At Moki 2 vessels foundered off Tanowia, seven others were wrecked. Men were seen clinging to topmasts and crying for help, but no help could be given, and they sank into the sea. The total number of vessels wrecked in that neighborhood cannot be much under 70.

PROVINCIAL.

The net loss of the Dominion Express Co. by the Seabird Bluff accident was $1,000.

For the purpose of providing work for the poor of Vancouver, the Council will spend $25,000 clearing land, charging the same to the owners as taxes.

At Vancouver an unknown party put a cartridge on the tram track. The car exploded the cartridge, and the bullet crashed through a plate glass window. Several pedestrians narrowly escaped.

Owing to the high wages which seal hunters are asking for the coming season, it is said that men will be got out from Eastern Canada to take their places. It is reported that several of these hunters are already on their way to Victoria, and that they have been hired to go on Mr. Wm. Munsie's schooners.

The resignation of Chief of Police T. O'Connell was accepted at Monday evening's meeting of the Nanaimo Council. There are a number of applications for the position, but the applicants are not men of experience and it is expected that the Police Commissioners will have a difficulty in making a choice.

It is understood that the tenants of the well-known Belmont farm, on Esquimalt harbor, have received notice to vacate the land, some 230 acres opposite the harbor entrance and naval yard, the land having been purchased by the Imperial Government for the purpose of the fortifications now to be constructed. The price is not made public.

The grand jury at the Vancouver assizes, in their presentment to Mr. Justice Drake, recommended that a small swift steamer be put on to patrol the northern coast, with a view to putting a stop to murders and the several forms of lawlessness arising out of the whiskey peddling openly carried on. The presentment has been forwarded by Mr. Justice Drake to the Attorney General.

The Vancouver Young Mens' Christian Association appealed to the citizens a month ago for $20.000 to save their building. The foreclosure time was midnight on Sunday last. A mass meeting of citizens was called at 8 o'clock on Sunday. They were $2,000 short. D. Oppenheimer, Dr. Wilson, H. P. McCraney and others were telephoned to and subscribed the amount. The Union Jack was brought in and waved. The excitement was intense.

Engine No. 4, of the Nelson and Fort Sheppard Railway, arrived at Nelson Monday morning. Regular train service will begin between Nelson and Spokane by December 5. Five miles beyond the depot site, at the rim of the lake, will be the temporary terminus of the road. The rest of the distance, on the right arm of the letter U, which will be formed by the return of the line to the heart of Nelson along the beach, will not be completed until next season. There are two heavy bridges yet to construct between the depot and the terminus of this season's work, which will probably delay completion until December 1.

The flag over the Dominion hotel, Victoria, was at half-mast Tuesday in respect to the memory of the late Stephen Jones, whose death occurred at ten o'clock that morning. The deceased had been ailing from bronchitis but a few days. He was 76 years of age, having spent over twenty years in Victoria, and was a native of Milltown, county Kerry, Ireland. After coming to Victoria from Clinton, Ontario, in 1872, he went to Portland, but soon returned, assuming the proprietorship of the Orleans hotel, at the foot of Cormorant street. In 1876 he bought the property where the Dominion hotel now stands, and after erecting that building, retired from business in 1889, leaving his son Stephen as proprietor of the house. He leaves a wife and family of nine.

The Winnipeg By-Election

Winnipeg, Nov. 22.—The election for the House of Commons to-day was one of the hottest contests in the history of Winnipeg. There was intense excitement during the whole day and the streets reminded one of the "boom" days. The result was a sweeping victory for the Liberals. The main issue of the contest was tariff reform, of which ex-Attorney-General Martin is a strong supporter. Both parties were confident of victory, but not by a large majority. The total figures are: Martin (Liberal), 2,208; Campbell (Conservative), 1,769; majority, 439.

TWILIGHT.

Slowly dies the long June day,
Softly rolls the earth away,
Lovelier light at length divining,
All a dream of misty bloom,
Trembling stars and golden gloom,
Larger heavens and sweeter shining-
Which is dearer, dusk or day?

Where the glory dyed the dark,
Lost in light the ruby spark,
Violet gleam and saffron splendor,
Melt and mingle into one,
When the long June day is done,
All the depths throb close and tender—
Is it day, or is it dark?

Love! the long June day had life,
Silver showers and sunny strife—
Now its rosy wraith fades o'er us!
Eld's vast twilight fills our eyes,
Yet what freedom of the skies
Parts the star sown way before us—
Is it death, or is it life?
—Harriet P. Spofford in Harper's Bazar.

A TALE OF CRIME.

M. Theodore, chef de surete, sat in his cabinet deeply perplexed, his two elbows on his desk, his head on his hands. He was musing.

"And was it going to last, this, which had been going on for so long awhile? And these assassins, were they going to end by beating him? Were they going to compel him by adverse public opinion to send in his resignation?

"Parbleu! It looked so, and as if they did it on purpose, passing the word from one to another to force him to get out of their way. Eight assassinations, one after another! Crimes of the worst calibur, with startling details, which peopled alike with horrifying visions the sleep of the bureaucrat and the concierge. And not an assassin, for all their skillful work, had they been able to lay their hands upon. They had fled, every man of them. They had disappeared, vanished—piff, like a puff of air. Celerity, dispatch, their motto, and to go without leaving an address behind them! Frankly, it had begun to pass the bounds of all reason.

"And now to top off these eight other crimes there was still another, a ninth one—a murder like the others, accomplished the evening before under similar conditions."

The chef de surete pulled himself together, threw back his head like a warhorse sniffing battle, and—the door opened.

It was his secretary who presented himself, bearing a card in his fingers.

"A gentleman, monsieur, who insists upon seeing you. He declares," and the secretary smiled a little at the absurdity of the idea—"he declares himself in a position to furnish you with definite particulars regarding the crime of yesterday."

"Ah, the crime of yesterday!" The chief turned quickly. "Then bid him enter," said he, and while the secretary regained the anteroom to do his bidding M. Theodore cast his eye upon the card before him.

"Frederick Bouscal," he read in a half voice. "Bouscal, Bouscal. It seems to me that I know that name—that I've heard it somewhere."

He scrawled a line upon a scrap of paper and handed it to the secretary, who returned it, at the moment ushering in the visitor who had asked to see him, dismissed him with a word and was ready for the matter in hand.

M. Theodore raised his eyes. Before him was a man simply but neatly clothed, and with a frank and honest countenance, though veiled as by a cloud with sadness.

"You have particulars to give me, have you not?" questioned the chef de surete. "Particulars of the crime of yesterday?"

"I hope so, monsieur," simply responded the visitor.

"Ah, hope so! You are not sure, then?"

"It rests with you, M. le Chef, whether I am or not. All depends, in fact, upon an operation, the means of which you alone are able to furnish me."

"Explain, if you please."

"Certainly, and at once, though doubtless you have heard it spoken of, M. le Chef—a certain scientific procedure which permits, under certain conditions better even than description can do it, a reproduction of the portrait of an assassin. Briefly, behold my meaning. You know, of course," he continued, "that in the phenomenon called vision the object which we see throws, or forms, upon a screen in the eyeball itself—in plain words, upon the retina of the eye—an image which remains there until displayed by another. It has been proved also that this image continues even after death."

The door of the cabinet opened anew, and the secretary of M. Theodore re-entered, holding in his hand a roll of papers, which he laid before his chief, then turned and was gone again as quickly as he had come. M. Theodore lifted it up and ran his eye over the contents.

"You are named Frederick Bouscal, are you not, monsieur?" he demanded presently, addressing his visitor.

"Yes, M. le Chef, Frederick Bouscal"——

"Your age?"

"Fifty-eight years, M. le Chef."

"Hum-m-m!" M. Theodore rapidly twirled the sheets beside him. "Twenty-seven years," he murmured, as if thinking aloud. "So it was you then who was imprisoned two years ago and condemned for contumacy and the theft of 1,000 florins?"

A sudden flush empurpled the countenance of the visitor.

"No, monsieur," he responded, with an effort, in a dull voice. "No, it was not I—it was—my son!"

"An employee of the Credit Agricole, was he not? And—you are ignorant of what has become of him."

"Absolutely. It is 15 months that his mother and I have been without news of him."

"Pardon me, monsieur," said the chef de surete. "I have reopened a painful wound, but I listen to you—you were saying"——

The man passed his hand across his brow and eyes to clear his vision, then resumed:

"I was saying, M. le Chef, that in the case which occupies us now the reproduction of the assassin's portrait should be entirely possible. It is probable, if not sure, that the eye of the corpse now lying upon the slab of the morgue contains the exact reproduction of the features of the one you seek. With your permission I will draw it from them."

"Draw it, but how?"

"By photography—it is my business, M. le Chef. And this matter, this subject I speak of, I have studied it long and almost with passion, for I hold it to be, in case of success, one of the most useful and beautiful applications of modern science. I know it can be done. I have myself experimented, and in one instance have reproduced the lineaments of the physician who had leaned above the bed of the dying."

The man spoke with animation, and while speaking his voice vibrated, his eyes burned, his whole countenance was illuminated, irradiated with the light of a legitimate pride.

"Then so be it, monsieur," agreed the chef de surete. "Take your instruments to the morgue tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock. I will see that the clerk is instructed. Later on I shall myself be there. I have the honor, monsieur, to wish you good morning."

In the obscure nook at the morgue where he had inclosed himself, in accordance with the arrangements made at the office of the surete, Frederick Bouscal, his body bent, his face drawn, watched anxiously the result of his last washing. The plate was there before him in its bath of quicksilver, into which he had dropped it awhile ago with such fear and infinite precaution.

Sensitized? Vitalized? At least it should be, and if the conditions of the crime were such as he supposed them, and the victim before dying had really seen her murderer's face, the portrait of the assassin would be there under that bed of gelatin en traine to melt away.

His throat closed as by a grip of iron, the operator held himself immovable, hearing only, with painful distinctness, the gurgle of the water as it dripped upon the faces of the dead in the adjoining chamber, the plunge of his blood as it throbbed and hammered through the arteries of his heart.

And at last the moment came—the moment that was to reveal to him all or nothing. He rose—that poor, trembling photographer rose, I say, took it carefully by its dripping edges, that plate upon which his fate was hanging, half closed his eyes, held it to the single ray of light that filtered through the yellow pane, to stagger back with a groan of anguish, to let it crash into a thousand pieces. His son! Good heavens! The face of the murderer, the face of the son!

Five minutes later when Frederick Bouscal, the photographer, came from his nook, and the chief de surete, awaiting him with impatience, hurried to meet him, he saw immediately by the pallor of his face, by his somber eyes that he had nothing good to announce to him.

"Well," said he, "nothing?"

"No," responded Bouscal, "nothing."

"Allons! no matter. Try it a second time. Do it again."

"Impossible! The transparency of the cornea is destroyed. I wished to wash it, and I burned it through mistake in the vials. I salute you, M. le Chef!" And Frederick Bouscal turned away.

The next morning the commissaire of the quarter of Ternes, forwarding to the prefecture his regular report, headed it with the following item:

"Today at 10 o'clock a summons to 109 Rue Laugiere. A call from the concierge, suspicious of charcoal fumes from the room of the Bouscals, man and wife, his locataires. The door by my order was forced. Too late—they were dead, both of them, side by side upon the bed, a brazier of lighted charcoal plainly indicating the manner of their death. A double suicide—poverty the cause."—Tit-Bit Prize Story From the French.

The People Who Enjoy Fun.

People so fond of humor that the ridiculous is of more importance to them than their welfare will be highly gratified by the proposition of the railroad lines east and west to run excursions to the World's fair at one fare for the round trip. The joke is as rich in quality as it is large in quantity. Thirty hours is the length of time mentioned as making the trip from New York to Chicago. No stop over checks will be allowed. No sleeping cars will be provided, no parlor cars, no chair cars. The jolly excursionist, it is supposed, will sit bolt upright in the redolent atmosphere which hangs about the day coach as the result of a long contact with tobacco, cold lunches, decayed fruit and perspiration, and for 30 hours, with no opportunity to stop off for sickness, will watch the changing landscape with open and bloodshot eyes. When he arrives at the World's fair, he will be permitted to stay one week if he is alive.

No provision is made for extending the time to persons for whom the joys of the excursion have been too poignant and who may be required to spend two or three weeks in the hospitals recovering from the delirium of insomnia or the typhoid fever which they have picked up in the holiday coach.—Chicago Herald.

The Motion of a Swimming Fish.

One of the most recent applications of chrono-photography—by which is meant photography applied by means of a series of short and rapid exposures to the representation of moving objects in successive positions—has been devised in France for the study of the swimming motions of fish. A rayfish was chosen as the subject of investigation, and the successive photographs were taken at intervals of one-tenth of a second. They show completely the movement of the fins and present a similarity to the photographs that have been obtained of the motions of the wings of a flying bird.

The swimming action begins with a lifting of the front part of the fin. This lifting motion runs rapidly backward along the fin, the front part being in the meantime depressed once more, and just before the motion ceases at the tail the movement recommences at the front end of the fin.—Youth's Companion.

MEN WHO HAD LUCK.

STORIES CIRCULATED IN A GROUP OF TACOMA SPORTS.

Most of Them Were Told by Professional Gamblers and May or May Not Be True, but an Affidavit Is Required For the Yarn About the Gold Seeker.

"Well, that was luck."

The speaker was one of a group of half a dozen men who were standing on Pacific avenue puffing away at Havanas and talking just to pass time away and to clear their throats. The conversation had been about the livery stable man, Martin, of this city, who had fallen heir to $350,000 three years ago and didn't find it out until a few days ago.

"Talk about luck," said one of the group, who was a gambler, "we see plenty of it. Do you know that one day last week a man entered one of our gambling houses with a nickel and won out $400 in three hours? He had gone clean busted the night before and found the nickel in an out of the way corner in his room the next morning.

"That blokie went to the gambling house with the intention of placing his 5 cent piece on the number 5. He got into the room when the roulette ball was whizzing around on its tour of numbers. He rushed to the table and got down his nickel on the five just as the game runner shouted 'All down!' In a few seconds the ball started on its 'rear end' bouncing, and in a few seconds more the man shouted 'Five!' That gave the man with the nickel $1.75 for his 5 cents. Then he put $1 on No. 17, and that number came up, giving him $35 more. He continued to play with varying luck until in three hours he had won $400. And the next day he was broke again. He borrowed a nickel and tried the game again, but it didn't go."

"I can tell a story of a man who was lucky," said a business man. "In the early days of the gold excitement in California, there came into San Diego a man who was ragged and sick almost to death. He was taken in hand and fed and fixed up. Then he told a story of a wonderful find of gold he had made. It was only a few days off, he said, and he would take a party to the place if they would outfit.

"Several men who heard the story of the great gold in the mountains that was theirs to go after got up a party of 50. The start was made with that man as leader. After a few days' travel it became evident that the man had forgotten the way. They traveled on, trusting to luck, however. Indians were hostile at the time, and they started in to mow the gold hunters. They picked off one after another with their bullets. A score were thus taken off. Then a fever struck the party, and 11 more went the way of death.

"By this time the 19 survivors were crazy with rage. They had been 14 days out and were traveling in the most arid country. Food was growing less and less, and death faced everybody. On the afternoon of the fourteenth day the leader, who had caused so much misery, was given three days more to find his gold 'find.' If he was not successful by that time, he was to hang.

"Well, the three days had almost passed, and still there was no sign of the find. The last hour was almost up. It seemed that the man must hang. There were only five minutes more, now two minutes, now one minute, now a half minute—then came his luck. Just as the time was up for the hanging that man dropped dead."

"I don't see how he was lucky," put in the gambler who had told the first story.

"Why," said the business man, "he was lucky because if he hadn't died he would have been hanged."

Another gambler told how a few days ago a green Swede who knew nothing about the game, but determined to try his luck, had won nearly $1,000. He had been an onlooker once or twice and seen big winnings. He went to the roulette wheel with $20, and in a few hours he had won out $800. It seemed that no matter what number he put chips on—and he played recklessly, as all new players do—it came up every time. That was pure luck. The man played no combinations or "arrangements," because he was as green as grass and knew nothing about the game.

"I have a friend," spoke up one of the group, who is connected with the city government, "who by the merest luck made a discovery that is netting him millions. His name is Perkins, and a few years ago back in Minnesota he made his discovery. He was a traveling man for a grocery firm, and while walking to a train to go from one country town to another one day he whittled a stick.

"He had whittled the stick in a triangular shape. On the train the idea struck him that the shape would be just what was wanted for railroad spikes. The square spikes in vogue were not the right thing because they split the grain of the green ties when driven into them, and when dry the wood shrank away from them. The triangle shaped spike would not split the grain, and subsequent shrinkage would be done away with. Perkins submitted his discovery to Pullman, and now the spikes are being made by millions at Pullman, Ills., making millions for Perkins and Pullman."

Another gambler here chimed in with the statement that during the past week a gambler from Seattle had won $2,300 at faro in Tacoma rooms in two sittings. Both sittings occupied 13 hours, and the first sitting resulted in the winning of $1,300 and the second $1,000. During the latter game the man was out nearly the whole $1,300 he had won at sitting No. 1, but he picked up and won big money. "I suppose he has gone back to Seattle with his dough," said the gambler, "as I have not seen him for some days."—Tacoma News.

Kind Indeed.

Collector (angrily)—Do you intend to pay this bill next week or never, sir?

Trotter—Well, since you offer me a choice, I say never. Really very kind of you. Good day.—Truth.

Stealing Ideas.

It must be surprising to the uninitiated to see how soon fashions become generalized in Paris. A "creation," a new fashion, is hardly out of an exclusive house of the Rue de la Paix—hardly out of the workrooms, it might be said—when you see it copied in the show windows of the Louvre and the Bon Marche, where it can be bought for less than one-fourth of the price asked by the great couturiers. At first the rulers of dress thought that some of their workpeople were bribed to give points, but they soon discovered that the pilfering of ideas took place in the showrooms instead of the workrooms. The Louvre and the Bon Marche engaged handsome, distinguished looking young women, dressed them as if they had $20,000 a year and were accustomed from infancy to having and wearing the best, gave them a private carriage and had them go to the great costumers to order garments "just come out."

These afterward served as the models of things which the week after you might buy by the dozens. The large shops resort to this means to obtain novelties not only in the beginning of the season, but all the year round, and the couturiers have no way of avoiding the sales, for their showrooms are open to all who wish to purchase and give orders. To be sure these couturiers make most of their creations for authentic princesses and duchesses, but here also the shops get the best of them.—Cor. New York Tribune.

An Eccentric Washington Woman.

There is a woman in Washington society whose eccentricities in certain lines are so well known as to pass without comment. Her position as a matron of literary proclivities is the motive for sundry gatherings at her house during the season. On one occasion the guests bidden to the literary feast were informed upon arrival that they must enter by a side door, as the morning being rainy they would otherwise track mud over the hall carpet. That the hostess is not so much a respecter of persons as of things is further evidenced by her conduct at an afternoon reception.

Those of her guests whose garments were ornamented with jet were asked during their stay to remain in the second parlor, where the furniture was of mahogany. This sorting out process was explained by the frank announcement that if people would wear sharp ornaments on their clothes she must protect her own property by excluding them from the sacred precincts of the first parlor so that the rosewood furniture could not be scratched.—Kate Field's Washington.

How to Keep a Chameleon.

The Florida chameleon, which also is frequently brought home by the tourist, is a bright and intelligent creature. He requires almost unlimited sunshine to bask in, and flies, which he catches on the end of his long tongue, to eat. A fernery is a comfortable place for him. This fellow, it is said, has a temper, and if not well treated or if teased he will show fight, though he can hardly do much harm. The genuine chameleon, after whom the Florida lizard is named, is one of the quaintest and oddest of pets, but he is a native of the old world and rarely seen in our country.

Another American of the family, often sent from the west and south to pet lovers, is called the horned toad, though he is no toad, but a lizard. He is said to be an interesting pet and capable of being taught. All the small members of this race live on insects and need to be kept in very warm quarters.—Olive Thorne Miller in Harper's Bazar.

The Boomerang Is Not New.

The boomerang, the Australian native's weapon of offense and defense, referred to in all reference works as an instrument unknown until after the discovery of Australia, was doubtless known before the time of Christ. Pliny the elder, a contemporary of our Saviour, writes as follows in his "Natural History" respecting an instrument made of the wood of the aquifolia:

"If a staff made of this wood, when thrown at an animal, from want of strength in the person throwing, falls short of the mark, it will come back toward the thrower of its own accord, so remarkable are the properties of that tree."

It is altogether probable that the learned Pliny did not consider the shape of the "staff" and referred its peculiarities to the nature of the wood of which it was made.—St. Louis Republic.

Blunder Worse Than Guilt.

There are some penalties on innocent acts essential to human safety, and the signaler whose failure has destroyed a train must be punished, even though, when he pleads that he was in a "dwam," he is to his own mind telling the simple and sufficient truth. Nature is even harder on blunder than on guilt, and though man has no right to be as stern as nature, which, for example, executed a dynamiter at Madrid—not for his intention to murder, but for his carelessness in dropping his bomb—still, there are points upon which he must be nearly as hard.—London Spectator.

Colonel North's Strong Room.

Colonel North is said to have at Eltham one of the strongest of strong rooms probably in the world. Not only is his gold and silverware stored here, but lady visitors to Eltham are provided for, special arrangements being made for "taking care" of their jewels during the night. The "room" is floored with cement and walled all round with weighty granite. To get into its interior you must pass through many gates, all fitted up with burglar alarms. The treasures are kept in iron cages, and the "room" is 30 feet under ground.—London Tit-Bits.

The Difference.

Two soldiers lay under their blankets looking up at the stars. Says Jack, "What made you go into the army, Tom?" "Well," replied Tom, "I had no wife and I loved war, Jack, so I went. What made you go?" "Well," returned Jack, "I had a wife and I loved peace, Tom, so I went."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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THE ASSIZES.

(Continued from last week.)

THE QUEEN VS. SNELL, ASSAULT.

This case was tried before Judge Harrison. Snell was accused of assaulting one Currie, in an altercation connected with the sale of a horse. The jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty" and Snell was discharged.

THE QUEEN VS. WALTERS, ABDUCTION.

The prisoner, Wm. Walters, was charged with the abduction of Annie Robertson, a girl of fifteen, from Clayton in August last. The case was very clear and it is not necessary to give the evidence. The jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty." Judge Harrison deferred sentence till Saturday, when the prisoner was sentenced to two and a half years in the penitentiary.

THE PITTENDRIGH MURDER.

On October 27th, 1892, A. E. Pittendrigh, son of Capt. Pittendrigh, Stipendiary. Magistrate of this city, went to where some Indians were camped near the Crescent to seek information regarding a lost boat. Shortly afterward the dead body of the young man was found with a bullet hole in the back of the head. The tragedy shocked the whole community, the victim being widely known and highly esteemed. A couple of Indians attempted to fasten the crime upon an Indian woman who had fled up the country. Officers were sent in pursuit and the woman was brought back. Her evidence effectually cleared the murdered man of the accusation of immorality, and pointed unmistakeably to two Indians known as Pierre and Jack as the perpetrators of the foul deed, and these men were at once arrested and committed to stand their trial, the woman being held as a witness for Crown. We will give only a synopsis of the evidence produced at the trial, the particulars of the tragedy being already well known to most readers.

The following jury were empanelled: R. H. Patterson, foreman, J. Bonner, W. A. Dempster, Jas. Nelson, E. Livingston, H. Corbie, W. R. Melville, M. C. McLean, H. O. Foster, R. Irwin, A. J. Jones.

Captain Pittendrigh, the father of the murdered man deposed to having last seen his son alive on October 27th, 1892. It was at lunch and he had said he was going to look for a canoe which belonged to him and Charlie Homer; he was going to try and find an Indian named Adam, whose camp was on the River bank near the Crescent, and who he thought knew something about it.

Police Officer deposed to having found the body of A. E. Pittendrigh on the side hill path of the Crescent, and taking the body to the City Police Station, where Mr. Moresby indentified it.

Mr. Chas. Homer was sworn and corroborated the evidence of Captain Pittendrigh concerning the lost canoe.

Dr. R. E. Walker, who had made the post mortem examination, stated that she found that the man had been shot from behind. The bullet had entered the posterior base of the skull and had taken an upward course following the interior of the skull to the front where it had lodged.

Mary, an Indian woman, was then called. She said she had first seen Pittendrigh at Chehalis two years before the shooting. She saw a man passing the camp, and saw Jack take a revolver out of his box in the tent the night of the shooting. It was Jack who said, "Let us go down town and get drunk." They came back and then they had dinner. There were three, the two men and the witness. They loaded the revolver before going down town. Pittendrigh returned at about 4 o'clock. She first saw him on the railway bridge. He passed the tent and turned up the path. Witness was washing at the back of her tent. Pittendrigh passed about 20 feet from where witness was. He had a pipe in his mouth. He took the lower trail, and as he turned she saw Jack give the revolver to Pierre and then saw Pierre fire the revolver at Pittendrigh. She then saw the man fall. Jack and Pierre were on the right side of the trail. She could see where Pittendrigh dropped from where she was standing. Pierre and Jack were kneeling down. Pierre was in front and Jack was very near him. After Pittendrigh fell they came down the hill a little above Jack's tent. Mary knew the time because she had a clock in the tent. When the Indians returned Jack struck Mary when she said, "What is the matter with the white man?" Then he told Mary she had better come up to where the white man was and have her throat cut. They got a knife and said if she did not come and have her throat cut there would be some of her friends killed as well as herself. They said they did not want the white man to hang them. Then Jack said, "Let us go down town and get a bottle and get drunk and then we will kill her." She then went up to the tent of Moody's sister. Matilda was there. They wanted her to go for a policeman. She was afraid of the two Indians. Pierre returned later and dragged her around by the hair. Matilda told Pierre to stop. He continued to abuse her and she called for help, when her brother Alexander came. Jack was outside when Pierre was beating her. They dragged her back to Pierre's tent, but she got away and ran to Philip's tent. Philip's wife, Lucy, was there alone. Pierre followed and took a drink from a bottle and then beat her again. Then Jack came and said they had found the white man. She lit a match and looked at the clock. It was 12 o'clock. Then the witness went to her brother and asked him to take he away up the river. Then she saw August in the river fishing. She got into a canoe and went away because she was afraid of her man Pierre that he would kill her. She had only one boy. She did not know how old he was. She and her brother went to Sumas Slough. In Jack's and Pierre's were some blankets which they slept on upon some hay. There was a trunk there at the foot of Jack's bed. Her boy was playing with Lucy's little girl at the bridge when the man was shot. Witness thinks Lucy heard Jack say to Peter, "Don't beat her any more, they have fund the white man." Witness did not know where Pittendrigh lived. She never saw Pittendrigh at Chehalis except when he took the shirts to her to wash. He only spoke to her about the shirts and did not stay, and again when he came for them. He paid her six bits. Pierre was outside. She always got two bits for washing a white shirt. She had a good memory for faces, and would remember the face of a man she had only seen once and know him two years after. She recognised Pittendrigh's face again when she saw him on the bridge. When Pittendrigh first passed it was about three o'clock. She was standing inside her own tent. She said she did not tell Lucy that a white man had taken her hand at the sail-house and held it up. She did not tell Lucy that she took a pistol from the tent. She did not tell Lucy that the white man said, "If you don't come I will take a little knife and cut you." She did not say, "If you cut me I will shoot you." She did not tell Lucy then that she shot the white man. She did not tell Lucy that the white man came there to ask for Cecile, and finding that she was not there wanted to cohabit with her. She did not tell Lucy that the white man tried to pull her up the hill. She did not say, "If you cut me I will shoot," nor that she shot. Philip was there, that was after her Indian (Pierre) choked her. She did not tell Lucy before her husband that she shot the white man. Philip did not ask her if she shot him nor did she tell him so. The trail was about 10 feet from the tent. Pittendrigh was shot just as he turned on the trail or on the turn of the trail The white man was shot on the bend. She had known Lucy for a long time. Lucy's husband is Philip. He is a relation of the prisoner. Peter was at her tent at Chehalis when Pittendrigh came for the shirts. She got six bits for washing three shirts and handed the money to Peter, who said, "No man would pay six bits for washing three shirts. The man is coming after you that is why he paid you so much." The pistol and cartridges were Jack's. Jack, Charley, Pierre, Alexander and witness lived in the two tents close together. She came from Chehalis, so does Pierre. Pierre was half Chehalis and half Douglas. Jack a full Douglas and witness a full Douglas. The women of the Douglas tribe never hunt or shoot. The pistol in the tent was a toy pistol, belonging to Louis a boy.

At 12.45 o'clock the Court adjourned to the ground at the Albert Crescent in order to allow the witness Mary an opportunity of pointing out to the Judge and Jury just the position she had seen the body of Pittendrigh lying and the place she had said that Peter and Jack stood when the fatal shot was fired.

At 4 p.m. after returning from Crescent, Mary was again put in the witness box and stated that Pierre had said to her that Pittendrigh was no good, and at another time he said he would fix the white man.

Paul was next called and pointed out the prisoners by name, and related how he and Constable Douglas had found the body of A. E. Pittendrigh. He described also the position of the wounded man, his hat and pipe and the blood marks on the spot. The policeman only struck one match. The hat was lying a little above where Douglas struck the match.

A great deal of evidence was put in by Mr. Leamy for the prosecution, the whole of which went to confirm the testimony of the Indian woman Mary, who was the chief witness for the Crown.

Mr. Gaynor opened the case for the defence, first calling Lucy, an Indian woman. She said she was a sister of the Indian Moody. Mary had told witness that she saw a white man go up to her (Mary's) tent and ask for Cecile. Mary said Cecile went to Harrison. The white man then wanted to go for Mary. That meant that the white man wanted to sleep with her. The man then caught hold of her hand. She tried to get away when the white man said he would cut her hand. Mary said then that she reached for a revolver and fired and shot the white man. Philip had asked Mary if her story was true, and Mary had said it was. Pierre and Mary came in together. Pierre was drunk. They had not been in long when Peter commenced beating his wife. Witness had been married to Philip about four months. She was not married to him at the time of Pittendrigh's murder but lived with him at that time.

Philip, an Indian, was the next witness, and said he was a deck hand on the Delaware. He got to his tent on the night of the murder. His klootchman and Mary and Alexander were in the tent. He asked Lucy what was the matter. His wife told him that Mary had told her that she (Mary) had shot the white man. Witness said he could not talk English well but would try. His wife had told him that Mary had told her that the white man came to her tent. He wanted Cecile. She told him Cecile had gone away. The white man said he wanted her (Mary) and jumped at her, catching her hand. He then took a knife out of his pocket. Mary said she then jumped and grabbed a pistol. The white man went up the hill, and following him she struck him on the back of the neck with the pistol when the fire went off.

Matilda, an Indian woman, stated that she was picking cranberries the day of the murder. She knew nothing of it.

Peter, one of the prisoners was asked to tell the tale of the murder in his own way, without questions, and related the following story:

At 1 o'clock Louis said, "Let's go down to the swamp." They went, and met there a half breed to whom they gave two bits to get liquor. He got a bottle and the four of them drank it. They stayed till 5.30 p.m. At Harvey's store he saw Alexander, and he then told witness that Mary shot the white man. At Philip's tent he saw Philip and his klootchman, when witness went to Moody's tent to look for his klootchman. She was there, and said she (Mary) had shot a man. She said she did not know if the white man wanted to kill her (Mary) or only stay with her. Mary said they found the revolver that shot the white man. When they went to Philip's tent, Mary had hid herself, and then went away in a canoe. Witness said it was six o'clock when he got back from the swamp. He knew because he looked at his watch. Witness owned a rifle. Jack had a rifle and a pistol. He knew Jack's pistol and saw it in Jack's tent. He did not know where he kept it. Jack had some paper cartridges for the revolver. He had shot Jack's revolver off some time ago. He did not see it the day that Pittendrigh was murdered. Mary had told him it was his father's revolver that she shot the white man with. He did not know what had become of it since. Mary did not tell witness where the white man lay. He did not ask where the body was. That was the time he drank the flask of whiskey. He had no bottle at Philip's tent. He saw Jack first at Milligan's wharf on the night of the murder at 6 o'clock. Jack was not at Philip's when prisoner (Pierre) and Mary were talking the shooting. Jack said to Mary, "What is the matter?" She did not answer.

Jack, the other prisoner, father of Pierre, also took the witness stand. He claimed to know nothing about the murder except what he had heard about Mary killing the white man. He had a revolver and always kept it under his pillow. The morning after the murder he had found some cartridges in his bed, and had given them to his son Charley Jack to throw away. They were like those in Court. He never kept the revolver loaded and he did not know what became of it. Pierre knew Pittendrigh, and had worked for him at Chehalis hatchery. August said he saw Mary go up the hill after the shot.

Pierre, recalled, said he did not know Pittendrigh and had never worked for him. Jack might know him, but he did not.

August, recalled, said he did not say he had seen Mary running down the hill, but had told Jack he saw two men on the hill after the shot.

The defence was based upon a statement said to have been made by Mary that she had shot a white man. A number of Indian witnesses were produced to bear out the evidence of Lucy, but most of it was hearsay and contradictory.

Able addresses were delivered by the counsels for and against the prisoners. The charge of the Judge was most painstaking. He read over the whole of the evidence, commenting upon the important features as he proceeded, and calling the attention of the jury to points in favor of the prisoners in the most impartial manner.

The jury retired and after about an hour's deliberation returned a verdict finding both prisoners guilty of wilful murder.

His Lordship then passed sentence that the prisoners should be hanged on January 15th, 1894.

THE MARSHALL MURDER CASE.

Near Huntingdon, on the Sumas branch of the C.P.R., a farmer named Marshall was found dead in his house on the morning of April 20th last. There was a bullet hole in the corner of the eyebrow and another in the back of the neck. His pockets had been rifled. Circumstances pointed to two young men, one named Stroebel, the other Everley, as the parties guilty of the crime, and they were arrested, and have since been in prison awaiting trial.

The trial opened on Monday. The jury consisted of A. W. Ross, Charles Nelson, H. M. Tiffin, James Flatt, D. Nicholson, S. Rammage, J. Lusier, A. L. Kipp, W. Cameron, Jas. McDonald, W. Carter and J. Peck, jr.

At 1 o'clock p.m. the Attorney-General opened the case before Mr. Justice McCreight. In going over the evidence the Crown Solicitor carefully explained to the Jury the plans drawn by Mr. C. E. Woods, C.E., laid before them. He pointed out the facts brought out in the preliminary examination of the prisoners. There would be evidence brought before the Jury showing the chain of circumstances, amongst others the finding of two shells in one of the prisoners rooms; the footprints of a peculiarly shaped foot of a lame man, and also the statements of the prisoners, both before being brought to jail and afterward.

The first witness, Ira Irehardt, a trapper, was then called. He swore that at the time of the murder of John Marshall, he resided near Huntingdon, about two miles and a half from the boundary and half a mile from Marshall's house. He remembered the 19th and the evening of that day. Between 9 and 10 o'clock Marshall's dog commenced barking loudly. His reason for being interested in the barking was that he had a bear trap set near Marshall's, and thought that a bear had got into the trap. After supper he went to get Marshall to go with him to the bear trap, but as it would be about a mile to go round to Marshall's, he decided not to go that night, but before daylight next morning. He took a Winchester and a hatchet and went to the trap, which he found had not been disturbed. He then went out to Marshall's on his return. He found the house door open, and in going in saw a man lying on his back with blood on his face. The dog was standing over the man, whom he recognised as John Marshall. A lamp was burning on the table. He immediately went to Huntingdon and told the station agent and others. On returning he saw a pocket book lying on the floor. The table had the appearance of having been recently used by two men to have supper. Witness then described the footprints at the little gate going towards the track. The foot appeared to have been a No. 6, with the foot turned to the outside, making the deepest impression on the soft ground. It was a leather shoe, not a rubber one.

Dr. Boggs was next examined. He said he had been called in to make a post mortem examination of the body of John Marshall. He found a small circular wound at the inner corner of the left eyebrow. The left brow was smoked off and the skin blackened. He probed it and found the course was towards the centre of the skull, a little downwards. On turning the body he found a wound on the back of the head. He thought at first the wounds were connected, but on opening up the posterior wound exposed the vertebral column, and found the bullet between the first and second joints. This bullet had penetrated about one and a half inches. He then opened the skull cap and found that the bullet had gone below the base of the skull, and had lodged in the spheroid bone. The singing of the eyebrow and blackened surface of the wound indicated heat and close contact with the weapon. The posterior wound caused death. Either wound might have done so, but the front one not necessarily. There was a bruise on the bridge of the nose which might have been caused by a fall or a blow from a club. It was a weapon carrying a small bullet, about 36 or 38 calibre.

To the jury—Witness could not say how far the weapon which inflicted the posterior wound was from the victim, as the bullet had passed through the vest and shirt first. It was in the clear part of the neck below the hair and below the collar of the vest.

Wm. Blair was then called, and when sworn, said that he lived about a mile and a half from Huntingdon on the British Columbia side. He saw Marshall last on the 19th of April. He was in his field ploughing. He saw him also between 12 noon and 1 p.m. Stroebel, one of the prisoners at the bar, was with him at the table in the house. Stroebel had a blackthorn stick. He did not notice Stroebel's shoes. Marshall had plenty of stock. He had seen him with plenty of money. When the body was dis-

Continued on fourth page.

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(Directly in rear of Bank of Montreal.)

Subscription, $1.00 per annum, in advance

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The Pacific Canadian.

NEW WESTMINSTER, NOV. 25, 1893.

In the mild controversy which this journal has been engaged in with the *Columbian* regarding the press of British Columbia, we take the lame article in Tuesday's issue of our contemporary to be a practical abandonment of the field. Since the last issue of the CANADIAN, however, another matter in the same connection has transpired, and we feel in duty bound to place the case before our readers as fairly as we know how.

The Vernon *News* recently changed proprietors, and the Opposition papers, hopeless, apparently, of the new managers conducting the paper in the Opposition interest, and always ready to think ill of fellow-publishers, proceeded at once to imply that the *News* had been bought over to the Government side by Mr. Davie. That gentleman at once took advantage of the opening given him by his opponents, and wrote to the new publishers of the *News* as follows:

The proprietors of the Vernon *News*:

Dear Sirs,—I am not acquainted with you even by name. Neither was I aware until I saw the enclosed extract from last night's *Times* that any change had taken place in the ownership of the Vernon *News*. I however enclose you a cutting from last night's *Times*, in which the audacious lie is asserted that the Government (or its members) have manipulated the purchase by you of the Vernon *News* and that the policy of the paper is dictated accordingly. I thought it well to send you the cutting as otherwise it might have escaped your attention before your next issue. I need not say, that if you find that you can support the Government we shall be glad. It will be of course a voluntary matter with yourselves, and I think I may safely say that the result will show that you have adopted a wise policy.

Your truly,
THEODORE DAVIE.

When this letter appeared the organ of the Island Opposition and the two organs of the Mainland Opposition fairly surpassed themselves in Scathing Satire. Liberality in judging men and their actions being a virtue unknown to these journals, it perhaps never occurred to them that probably Mr. Davie's letter contained the exact truth, nor had they "gumption" enough to understand that they were playing right into the Premier's hand, the whole tendency of the Opposition press criticism being to drive the Independent newspapers into the Ministerial ranks. The *Columbian* in its Monday's issue was brilliantly witty at the expense of Hon. Mr. Davie, and incidentally of the Vernon newspaper. Now the *News* is not at all a journal of the watery kind, and on learning of the insinuations cast upon it, has asserted itself in a manner not to be mistaken, practically finishing that particular hunt. Here are a couple of extracts from the *News*:

"The first issue of the *News* under the present management was published on the 9th inst. (Mr. Henderson still retains his interest and is still business manager.) The previous number, in which appeared the valedictory of the late editor, is the one from which the *Times* draws its astute conclusions. Not a word of that issue was from the pen of the present editor, and the new proprietors had not at that time assumed in any way control of this paper, and yet it is from these premises that our far-sighted contemporary draws the very logical conclusion that the *News* is now to be classed among those journals to which the *Times* delights to apply the endearing term of "Government organs."

"We reiterate the assurance which we gave last week, that this paper will be conducted on strictly independent principles, with a view to the advancement of the best interests of this district; and we most emphatically state that all rumors to the contrary are entirely false and misleading. In no way—directly or indirectly—has Government influence effected the change of ownership in this journal, and as long as it continues under the present management it will continue to advocate those measures which in our opinion will forward the interests of the Okanagan district and the Province in general, and will oppose with equal vigor any action of the Government which we may consider unwise or unjust."

THE present incumbent of the Presidency of the United States is probably the most competent executive officer who has ever filled that high position. He has had to deal with questions that would make ordinary strong men hesitate, and he has dealt with them boldly, effectively, and wisely. His latest manifestation of fearless capacity is the determination to re-instate Queen Liliuokalani on the throne of Hawaii, an act of justice which, while it will bring upon him the bitter hostility of the American caballers in Hawaii and of a large section of the people of the United States, will nevertheless cause the name of President Cleveland to be admired and respected around the circle of the globe for generations to come.

THE ASSIZES.

Continued from third page.

covered he (witness) was at Mr. Ackerman's. Ira Irehardt came in and said Marshall had been murdered. He seemed rather excited. He was not positive if Irehardt said anything about tracks He had known Stroebel for some time and had always known him as a good boy. Irehardt knew where he lived.

Mr. Porter testified that he saw Marshall several times on the afternoon of April 19th. He saw him with Blair and Stroebel in the field. They came to where he was ditching. Stroebel had helped to milk a cow at about 5 o'clock. After taking a drink of the milk, he said he would wash his hands and go home. He did not see which way he went. He had a walking-cane with him. It was a short knotty cane. He thought the cane produced was the same one He did not see Stroebel get over the fence. It would take about 25 minutes to walk from there to Sumas City. He saw Stroebel on the 20th. Stroebel told him he got home at about 5 or 6 o'clock on the evening of the 19th. Witness had Marshall's dog now. He first saw the dog on the 20th about 1 p.m. He did not examine the dog much then, but seven or eight days after saw that the side of his head was swelled and the swelling broke and discharged. After the swelling went down there was left an indentation or crease over the eye. At another time when coming from Marshall's funeral on the 21st witness again asked Stroebel what time he got home on the 19th, and he said he got home kind of late. He had been fishing. He had know Stroebel three years. He was good-natured and often helped his neighbors without being paid for his work or asking anything for it.

T. W. Warnock was sworn and deposed to having met Stroebel at or about 9.45 o'clock on the evening of the 19th on the railroad track going towards home.

Margaret Bartlett was next sworn. She said she was the wife of Charles Bartlett of Sumas City, and kept a hotel there. She knew Stroebel. Prior to May last he boarded at her house. She had a grown up son named John, and had eight children altogether. Stroebel came home on the evening of April 19th last, between 9 and 10 o'clock. He came in and stood by the sink. She went to bed then. He stayed up with her daughter. In the afternoon of the next day she went into his room to change his bed. She found some revolver bullets or cartridges. Two were empty and two loaded. The cartridges were then produced. Witness said she put them in her pocket. The reason she did so was because one of her children had narrowly escaped being shot and she determined to put anything she found away belonging to a revolver owned by prisoner. He had left it lying about, and they began playing with it. After doing her work she left the room and met Stroebel in the hall. He went to his room, turned round and came out. He asked her if she had the cartridges. She told him "Yes." At his request she gave them to him. She remembered that Lucas had made two or three searches in Stroebel's room. The first search was made on the 20th, some time in the forenoon. Stroebel was absent. The first search was for money. Stroebel went to his room in the afternoon, just after witness went to make the bed. Witness met him in the hall. Lucas found two and witness did not know whether they were loaded or not. Witness did not know any more about the case than she had stated. Cross-examined witness said Stroebel's bed had one side against the wall. When the mattress was taken off the slats would remain. If the mattress was lifted up sideways anything upon it would fall on the slats. Lucas and Stroebel were not good friends. The cartridges very likely rolled off on to the slats before Lucas came in to search. Both cartridges were on one slat.

James Schofield was next sworn. He said he resided at Huntingdon and was there at the time of the murder of John Marshall. He knew the prisoner Eyerly. On April 28th he had some conversation with him regarding the murder. He had met prisoner early the day named and asked him if he knew anything of the murder. He said he knew all about it, that he had been "down there" that night. I asked him if he told anyone else about this and he said "No." He said he would tell me. We walked along the track towards my office where found two men, so passed on down the track. He told me that April 19th while he (Eyerley) was carrying wood into the house Stroebel came up and said, "Let us go down and rob Marshall." He, Eyerley, replied, "I don't want to get into trouble." Stroebel said, "you won't. I know where he keeps his money and will go in and get it while you stay outside and watch that no one comes." The signal was to be a whistle. Stroebel promised to give him a dollar and a half. Eyerley said, "All right, but if you don't hurry up I'll be in bed." Stroebel said he would not be long. Eyerley then went on to tell witness that he went to bed and presently Stroebel rapped at his window and he got up and went through the window. They took the road to Marshall's. Stroebel went in and Eyerley waited on a stump about 180 yards from Marshall's gate. After waiting there a few minutes he began walking up and down the track feeling frightened. He then heard a man yell, a dog bark and two shots. Eyerley then walked towards Huntingdon at a lively rate. Hearing someone behind he turned and the person said, "Is that you Jake?" He replied, "Yes, is that you Hal?" The person whom he recognised then as Stroebel, replied "Yes." Stroebel appeared to have come across the field. Eyerley asked him if he got anything. Stroebel put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a white flour sack and then a buckskin wallet. He poured some gold into his hand, apparently some 8 or 10 twenties and some smaller pieces. There appeared to be some more gold in the pouch. Eyerley asked him about the two shots. Stroebel replied that he had no time then to tell him, but would do so in the morning. He asked how he got the gold. He replied, "I had to hit him with my stick." That was all he told me. Eyerley told me it was 8 or 9 o'clock when he was getting in wood, when Stroebel first came to him. Mr. Moresby was there the afternoon of April 20th. Eyerly might hear of the murder in common with other persons. The rate of wages there is from $1.60 to $3 per day. Witness was present when Marshall's body was moved. A purse containing $10 was lying under the body. Eyerley "implied" to me there was more gold in the wallet. He did not go in the office on account of the men there. He was not in the habit of associating with Eyerly, but was not at enmity with him. He did not offer him money to tell him, nor did he ask for any. He believed he asked Porter for money after speaking to him, and offered to tell him about the murder for 50 cents. He would solemnly say that Eyerley was not paid anything in consequence of what he told him. Before the murder witness heard very little of Eyerley. Since that he had heard a lot and nothing good. Wired Mr. Moresby in consequence of the conversation with Eyerley.

Geo. W. Hilliard, a youth, was sworn. He said he knew the deceased and saw him in his house the Sunday prior to his death. Mrs. Bartlett's son was with him. Marshall asked them to have something to eat but they declined. They chaffed him about his girl. He said he was going to buy her a new dress and had the money to buy it with. He pulled out of his pocket a buckskin purse about seven inches long and poured out into his hand five or six twenty dollar gold pieces. Was at Mrs. Bartlett's that morning in Stroebel's room before he got up. I went to see Bartlett's son. I asked him to get up and go fishing. The revolver was lying on the table. I picked it up and saw there was one chamber loaded. I turned the cylinder round so that it could not go off. We got fooling around and I accidentally pulled the trigger and the cylinder jumped two holes and the revolver went off, the bullet going through the partition. I laid the weapon on the table and went downstairs. We then went out fishing and called at Marshall's. I don't think Marshall had any girl, we were simply fooling him. I don't know Irehardt's house or anything about him.

William Moresby was then sworn. He said that in consequence of information he had received on April 20th last he went to Huntingdon. He was shown a trail. He came to a gate and a house which he was informed was Marshall's. The witness here described the finding of the body and its position. There was a cover over the body which he removed and the first thing he saw was the purse now in his hand. He found a severe bruise across the bridge of the nose. There was a $10 bill and some small coins in the purse. On examining the body he found a hole made by a bullet. Witness partly searched the body and searched the premises. He saw a great many tracks on the verandah and also outside. On going into the house he found a clot of blood near the door. He looked about the house. It did not look like as if it had been disturbed. Witness then went to Huntingdon and telegraphed for Dr. Boggs, who made a post mortem. Afterwards he had searched the house and found $90 in notes in the bedroom under the window. It was in the leather purse produced. (Purse handed to jury.) $80 was also found in another purse which witness produced. This was in gold. The body lay near the post marked on plan. The purse appeared to have been dragged out of the pocket with something else and dropped. He found nothing else of importance. The key of the door was on the inside. A rifle stood in the corner unloaded and without cartridges. Captain Pittendrigh held an inquest, at which Stroebel gave evidence. Witness arrested Stroebel on the 22nd, charging him with the murder of John Marshall. He warned him as is customary, and he said he knew nothing about it. It was at the Huntingdon Hotel. He went to bed and witness sat on the edge of the bed and then they spoke again of the murder. He again warned him. He was silent for a time, then burst out crying, and said "Will they allow me to see my brothers and sisters before they hang me." Witness assured him they would, but that it had not come to that. Witness left him in charge of a special constable. He told me that on leaving Porter's he had gone to get his fishing rod, which he had left a little way from the track. He pointed out the spot when they were in the train going to New Westminster. That was about half a mile below Marshall's house. From information received witness went to Huntingdon on April 28th. He met Mr. Schofield, the C.P.R. agent. Eyerley was with him. Schofield informed him in Eyerley's presence that Eyerley had made a confession to him. Eyerley then commenced but witness stopped and warned him in the usual way that what he said would be taken down and used as evidence against him at his trial. He told him that one lie from his mouth might be the cause of hanging an innocent man. That if he did, every decent man would look on him as a dog. Eyerley then said he would tell the truth. He also said he had visited a cousin or relation, who had advised him to come in and tell all he knew about it. He then told witness the same story that has been given as evidence by the witness Schofield. He told witness that Stroebel promised to divide the morning after the robbery. I then charged Eyerley with the wilful murder of John Marshall, and at once arrested him. He brought him to New Westminster on the 29th. He was placed in the women's word. Stroebel was in the men's ward. (Witness here drew a plan of the position of the wards.) There were three tiers of cells in the men's wards. There are about 22 cells in each tier. A gallery runs around each tier. The boy Eyerley might have been lying when ne spoke to him. Since then he stated to him that he had told him a lie. This was sometime in June, and after he had been shifted to the male department in a cell next to that of a colored man named Collins whose cell was between the two. The boy had let out words about the murder since.

D. Lucas was next called. He said he lived at Sumas City and kept a hotel there. In April last he was Acting-Marshal. He knew the prisoner at the bar, and saw him on April 20th at Mrs. Bartlett's hotel. He asked witness if he had heard of the murder of John Marshall. About 3 p.m. at Bartlett's hotel he asked Stroebel if he would go across the boundary line. He said they might take him to Westminster. Witness said it was only a matter of courtesy. He asked witness what it was he wanted. Witness replied that he wanted him to point out the Chinaman to Mr. Moresby. He went over with witness and also returned with him. When near the Bartlett Hotel he told him that an examination had been made of the body, and that it was found that Marshall had been shot once with a 44 calibre revolver. Stroebel said, "That lets me out. Mine is a 38 revolver." Witness said, "Let me see it." He said, "Wait and I will go to my room and get it." He did so and handed it to me. After examining the revolver witness told him there had been two chambers recently fired and the balance had been thrown out without being fired. Two of the cartridges had been thrown out without being fired and one chamber had had no cartridge in it for some time. Witness said to him, "Have you not had four cartridges?" He said, "No." Witness said, "Did you not have the revolver with you on the 19th." He said he did. Witness said, "Why do you carry it without cartridges?" He said he was in the habit of doing so. Witness said, "Is it possible the cartridges are in your room." He said he had no cartridges and witness did not find any at that time. He was with witness when he came down from searching his room. Witness told him he would take care of the revolver. He said witness had no right to take it, and that he would charge me up with it. On April 21st he saw the prisoner Stroebel at the inquest. He saw the prisoner next when he was writing letters. He left Johnny Bartlett with him and came to Huntingdon. Johnny came afterwards and handed witness a piece of paper which witness opened and read it. In the Bartlett hotel witness had some conversation with Mrs. Bartlett. In consequence of this he started for Huntingdon but turned back and went to Bartlett's again. At a building near the hotel, and shown on the plan, was an alleyway in which he found two cartridge shells, exploded ones. At the Bellingham Bay and B. C. depot he had met Stroebel and asked him to take a walk. He said, "You've got me now Lucas; you are fixing to arrest me for the murder of John Marshall." While taking a walk toward the boundary line witness asked him what he had done with the four cartridges. He said he did not have any. Witness showed him the two empty shells and said he had thrown these out of his room window. He said it was a lie. He said he did not throw the cartridges out of the revolver the day he took it from him. He said no one had found them in his room, nor had he taken them away from anyone. That was another lie and if witness would go back with him he would prove it. Witness said to Stroebel, "Take a drink," and he said he would. As he stepped over the boundary line at the Huntingdon Hotel Stroebel was arrested for murder. Prisoner wrote an order for witness to go to his room and get some white shirts. He handed the order to Mr. Moresby. Witness took it and went to Stroebel's room and made a search. He put a dark suit of clothes in a valise. Under the matrass he found two cartridges lying on a slat

Cross-examined, witness said: At the time Stroebel said, "That lets me out" he had not been accused of any crime. Two of the revolver chambers were powder burned and had only recently been discharged. The revolver produced looked like the one taken from the prisoner and produced at the preliminary trial. Witness was all along acting in his capacity as marshal. The shells produced were either the same or much likes the ones he picked up, so were the cartridges. They fitted the revolver. Mrs. Bartlett was the person who gave the information leading witness to ask Stroebel if he had not taken the shells away from some person who found them in his room. When witness found the cartridges under the mattrass Mrs. Bartlet was with him. Witness was not a private detective. He had lived in San Diego, California, and also in Mexico. He had lived in Sumas for the last three years, and was Marshal of Sumas City. He believed his services were appreciated by the citizens, and he intended to run again for the office. He did not like to say he was much sought after. He had made several arrests, but never had Stroebel under arrest, and had not heard of any charges against him previous to the murder. There was no competition or ill-feeling between Mrs. Bartlett and himself regarding the hotel keeping. Sumas was a small place. Witness had suspected Stroebel of the murder. He thought Stroebel wanted to go to Vancouver. He would swear it was not Victoria. He had only his socks on when he saw him and it was at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of April 22nd that witness first saw Sroebel on the American side. It was at the Bartlett Hotel. He was writing a letter. He did not wait, but after talking to Bartlett in a back room, came out and went to the Huntingdon Hotel. Witness would not swear to the distance between the two hotels. He stepped on the verandah. A good many people were there, including Mr. Moulton. Mr. Truswell might have been there. Witness went into the saloon. He did not not take a drink and did not have a cigar. He stayed twenty minutes in the bar-room. Johnny Bartlett then came up. After speaking to him, he went to Fuller's near Sumas Creek. The creek is a quarter of a mile from the boundary. He did't think Stroebel suspected him of knowing anything. The ground under the window where he found the cartridges was damp. He didn't know whether slops were thrown out there. The cartridges were easily found. The weather was as warm as it is now. He had no overcoat. He ceased searching after finding the two cartridges. He took a drink every day, but didn't take a drink every time he went to Bartlett's. He was at the inquest. The calibre of the bullet found in the body was 38. The inquest had not been held at the time he told Stroebel they were 44 calibre. Witness admitted he was lying when he told Stroebel it was a 44 calibre. He could tell the difference between a revolver chamber from which a charge had been fired and one from which the cartridge had been taken, the latter would be more or less greasy. He thought he had authority to confiscate the revolver on the grounds of the murder having been committed and having suspicion that Stroebel had done it. His salary as City Marshall was whatever he could make. He remembered meeting O. B. Ackerman at Sumas City. He didn't boast of his detective abilities. He had told his brother he was a detective. Witness said he had been looking out for that son of a b——, Stroebel, some time. He did not often make use of that expression. Said to Ackerman if Stroebel returned I would hang the son of a b——. I don't remember seeing the young man now in Court (Mr. Jessup). I don't remember having any conversation with him about Stroebel, or saying Stroebel had too much brass in his face. [illegible] April [illegible] the 22nd [illegible] am married and my family live in Sumas. I went to bed about 8 or 9 on the 22nd. My salary at the time of the murder was $30 a month in addition to the statutory fees. I would not be paid for anything I did on this side of the line. I got no remuneration whatever for looking up the case on this side.

The Attorney-General recalled Mrs. Bartlett, who said she knew Mr. Loughgreen. Between the 10th and 15th of April she met Mr. Loughgreen in front of his hotel, and held a conversation with him. She forgot if Mr. Molson was present. She asked him if a person had money in the bank would they not have a book to show for it. She had said nothing about Stroebel owing her money. She had never asked Lucas to arrest Stroebel before he murdered them all. She was never afraid of Stroebel. Stroebel being always in work she was never anxious for his board bill. About the 10th or 15th he probably owed a month's board. That was nothing unusual. Witness was not pressing him.

Charles Collins (colored) testified that in May last he was with the prisoner Stroebel in the Provincial jail. Their cells were contiguous. His was to the right of witness'. Eyerley was also in jail at the time. He was placed in the cell next but one to witness on his left. He heard a conversation between them on a certain afternoon about this affair. Eyerley shouted to Stroebel from his cell, "How do you think we'll come out?" Stroebel replied, "Don't know—guess we'll come out all right—all you have to do when in court is to say you know nothing at all about it." The boy Eyerley said, "What will they do with me if I tell a lie?" Stroebel then said, "Everything will be all right so long as you say nothing at all about it." The boy said, "All right, Hal, but you fired two shots, didn't you?" Stroebel said, "Oh, go to bed and sleep, and I'll talk to you in the morning." Nothing else was said on that occasion. Witness was not now a prisoner. He came out of prison in August. He was in on account of a drunken row. The cell next to witness' was empty. They could easily talk to one another. They did not talk loudly as a rule for fear the guards should "carch on." (Laughter.)

Officer Richard Lister was then sworn. He said he was second jailer at the Provincial jail. He occupied that position since before last May. The prisoner Stroebel was an inmate of the prison at that time. Witness was in charge of that part of the main wing of the jail where he was confined. He recollected Eyerley being confined in the female part and his subsequent removal to a cell in the main wing near to Stroebel's. He thought there were two cells between them. Their cells were on the first balcony. His duty as guard was to patrol the same. Prisoners were not supposed to converse after being locked up. While in his office he had heard loud talking and went out on the balcony to find out the reason—which it was his duty to do. He heard Eyerley and Stroebel talking in a loud tone. He could not have heard what they said from where he stood if they had spoken in an ordinary tone of voice. He heard Eyerley ask Stroebel, "Hal, you did fire two shots, didn't you?" He did not hear Stroebel's reply. Eyerley then asked Stroebel what he fired at, and he replied either a "log" or a "stump," he was not certain which. Eyerley then asked some question about a revolver, the sense of which witness did not catch. Stroebel's answer to the question was, "That's a lie, I only said so." Eyerley used some insolent talk to the prisoner Collins. That is all witness could remember.

The Attorney-General recalled Mr. Moresby, Governor of the Provincial jail. Witness identified the revolver produced as the one he received from Lucas and also the shells. The dynamite had been extracted from the cartridge produced, but it was the same cartridge to his knowledge. It fitted his own revolver, which is a 38 calibre. At the request of the prosecuting counsel witness showed the Jury which barrels of the weapon had been fired, and which were loaded at the time he received it from Lucas. Prisoner Stroebel had a diseased bone in the right leg which caused him to limp in a peculiar manner. (Witness here, at the request of the Court, imitated Stroebel's walk.) He had a pair of prisoner's shoes in his possession. (Shoes produced and shown to Jury.) The left shoe is worn more than the right, as the prisoner in walking treads very lightly on the latter. (Stroebel eagerly watched the Jury while the shoes were being examined by them.) He received the pistol from Lucas the day before he arrested Stroebel.

Mr. Davie called Phillip A. Lawrence, who was sworn and said he lived at Sumas City, Washington, and was an attorney. At the time of Marshall's murder he was at Seattle. He returned to Sumas April 21st, and conversed with Mrs. Bartlett about the murder. Between 9 and 10 o'clock on the morning of his arrival, Mrs. Bartlett came into his office, and after speaking on other business said: "Have you heard of the dreadful affair of Marshall's?" Witness said: "Yes, I have heard something since I came home." She said: "Mr. Lawrence, I know more about that than you think I do." Witness told her if she knew anything it was her duty to tell the proper authorities. She said: "I do not care to for fear I might get fixed the same as Marshall." Mrs. Bartlett told witness she expected some money from Stroebel, which he had told her he expected from New Westminster. This was about 10 days before the murder. She owed witness no money at that time, but a business arrangement was pending between them, whereby she would owe him money.

Charles Moulton was then sworn: Witness knew Mrs. Bartlett and Mr. Loughgreen. He was present at the conversation between them on or about April 15th. Mrs. Bartlett said Stroebel owed her money and she would like to get it. He kept a hotel and saloon at Sumas. He knew Stroebel and had dealings with with him about land at Vancouver, in consequence of which he lost the land. Loughgreen and himself were in partnership in the transaction.

D. Lucas was re-called. He said he saw Mrs. Bartlett when he went to look for the cartridges. She asked him if he was going to arrest Stroebel. He said, "No, why should she ask?" She said after hearing him speak to him about the revolver she felt alarmed, and going to his room found two empty and two full cartridges, which Stroebel had taken from her, and that she had since searched for them without finding them. Witness wrote a statement for her to sign, and whilst reading it she remarked, "I wish you would arrest that man, I fear he will murder us all."

Samuel H. Webb, gunsmith, was then called. He said the weapon now shown to him wbs a 38 calibre revolver, five chambered, and was a common trade pistol. The cartridge now shown was a 38 calibre. He would take the bullet now shown to be a 38 calibre Smith & Weston. (This was the one taken from the back of the victim's neck). This other bullet is also a Smith & Weston. Both could be fired out of this revolver. Witness had fired one of the loaded cartridges out of a revolver on Sept. 11th into a sack of flour. The revolver is rifled. There is a similarity in the appearance of the bullet fired by him and the one found in deceased's neck, but it may have been caused by the rust in the barrel. The first bullet may have been fired out of another pistol similarly rusted. When a bullet is fired out of a rusty barrel the rifling becomes "leaded." The barrel of this one is rusty. (A microscope and a hand lamp were sent for and brought into requisition and witness showed the Jury with great particularity the two bullets.) Witness resuming said that this third bullet was so much battered he was unable to say whether it was a Smith & Weston or not. (This was the one found in the centre of deceased's head.)

William Porter was re-called. The deceased's dog was then brought into Court and witness pointed out the places where the animal had been wounded.

Mr. Davie—"We can't get much information out of him. That concludes the case for the Crown."

Mr. Morrison then addressed the Court on behalf of the prisoner. He would show that the pistol was fired by Hilliard on the Sunday before the murder and that Stroebel fired two shots out of it on the Tuesday previous. The defence would also account for every movement of the time passed by Stroebel from the time he left Porter's to the next morning. He asked the Jury not to regard the confession of Eyerley. He would first call Mr. O. B. Ackerman, contractor.

This witness was then sworn. He said he had known prisoner seven or eight years. His general character has been very good during witness' knowledge of him. He knew Sumas and John Marshall's house. He had lived in Sumas three or four years. Marshall's house is 300 yards from the railway. A person coming along the track can easily see the house building. Mr. Blair lives nearest, about a quarter of a mile off. Mr. Ewen's is farther away. George Stroebel's house is next and his house next. Marshall's is two miles from Sumas according to the section lines. Witness went to Bartlett's after hearing about the murder. He examined the bed and mattrass in Stroebel's room. He had placed his knife on the mattrass and lifted it up, and the knife fell on the slat. He had spoken to prisoner since Marshall's death twice. He was at the preliminary examination at Sumas. He had had a conversation with Lucas regarding it. He remarked from what he had heard at the trial he could not see much against him. He said he believed he was guilty. Witness told him if he believed so he would do nothing to assist Stroebel. Lucas accused him of being prejudiced in prisoner's favor. Also that he had been on the look out for him some time in order to get a hold upon him. Have known Stroebel for seven years. His reputation for general peacefulness is good. Knew Marshall. He and I were good friends. Knew Irehardt. He was living on Ewen's place on the 19th of April. Another man lived with him who went under the name of "Old Sleuth." Saw him the day Marshall's body was found. Irehardt came to my house about 9 o'clock on the 20th. Wm. Blair, Jessup, and my family was present. He told us Marshall had been killed with a club. I asked him if the club had been found. Irehardt said he saw no club. Said nothing about tracks. I then went to the house and saw Marshall lying dead on the porch. I took charge of everything, staying there till next day. The track was made with a boot with a high heel. Think it was a No. 7 boot. A crowd stood there talking about the track. At the time I believed the track might have been Frank Jessup's, as I had seen him and his brother go out some little time previous. He wore a cowboy's boot. On the evening of the 19th of April was at Mr. Burns' house, half a mile northeast from my house. Started for home about ten. Heard nothing remarkable but my own dog's barking. Heard no other dogs barking. My place is nearer to Irehardt's than Marshall's is. Between my house and Irehardt's is open timber. Cross-examined: Don't know "Old Sleuth's" proper name. It was said Irehardt had a partner. Don't know much of him. He was at Marshall's the day the body was found. He left a few days after the murder. Have heard nothing of him since. Don't attach any significance to this. Have had no conversation with the prisoner since on the subject. When Irehardt came to my house he stated that he had been to Huntingdon. Don't know if any people from there were then at Marshall's. Went over directly I finished breakfast. I went the shortest way, which was nearly a mile. I reached Marshall's about 10 o'clock, and did not examine the tracks until about 3 o'clock. There were then nearly forty people there—some in the house, some walking about outside. Jessup walked through the gate soon after he came. Don't know of his being there on the 19th. Saw no one but Frank Jessup and his brother pass through the gate. Sure that I heard no shots and that only my own dog barked. Am Reeve of the municipality, and a Justice of the Peace, which is why I took charge of the house. It is about half a mile from the intersection of the wagon road to the railroad, altogether about four miles from Huntingdon to the railroad. In spring the road is bad, full of hills and holes. A person could not go along it quickly in the dark. I measured the boot track near Marshall's gate and gave the measurement to Mr. Moresby. The frost last winter did not continue into April. No sane man in my opinion would go along that track in the night. He would very likely get all over mud.

Elmer Jessup, who lived with Asa Ackerman at the time of the murder, said he knew deceased. I corroborate the evidence of Asa and O. B. Ackerman respecting the wagon road except that at the time of the death there was nothing whatever to show there had beed a wagon road from the railroad to the Huntingdon wagon road. I am convinced that prisoner Stroebel could not go along the route indicated owing to his being lame and the place being full of mudholes and logs. Was present at Asa Ackerman's when Irehardt came and told us of Marshall's death. He was very excited. He said, "Do you know—" then stopped, and pointing to Blair, said, "I left the two men at your place last night." He then said Marshall was murdered and had been struck a left-handed

blow with a stick. I and my brother Frank then went up to Marshall's house and saw the body. We and others looked about for some clue, in doing which we walked through a gate. The gate led us into a mud hole. There were no tracks of any kind. Was at the same gate again about 3 o'clock. Saw the track everyone was talking of. It was either my brother's track, or someone had made it since. My brother went through the gate when there in the morning. Frank wore a high-heeled boot. He afterwards told me the track was his. There is no other place except the lumber trail mentioned where Stroebel coud have crossed to the railroad from the wagon road. The place is a natural cattle guard. They won't cross here (indicating on the map.) Won't swear they could not, but am certain they never do. They might in the dryness of summer or in a hard frost. Wagons are never taken through either by day or night. No one could get out of the gate where I saw my brother's track without clinging to the fence, or he would be mired. There would be no such thing as taking a short cut out through the gate to the railroad track.

Elizabeth Bartlett, sworn—Live at Sumas. Remember the Sunday and Tuesday before Marshall's death. Stroebel stayed at our house. Saw him on Tuesday afternoon. Went with him for a walk along Harrison street. He had his pistol and wanted me to fire it off. I declined. He then fired into a stump. He asked me again to fire and on my again refusing he fired a second shot. He then put the empty shells in his pocket. I saw him on the evening of the 19th in the dining room. He had three little fish. I laughed at him and asked was that all he could catch in one day. (Laughter.) He then threw the fish away and went into the kitchen, and afterwards to bed. Next day I saw him with cartridges like those produced. The pistol produced is like the one from which he fired the shots.

Charles Brown, who appeared in custody, sworn—Am an inmate of the Provincial jail. Saw Eyerley in prison. Eyerley told me he was in jail for telling a lie on Stroebel. Asked him how was that. Eyerley told me he had told Mr. Moresby he and Stroebel went down to the man's house, witness forgot the name, and that he (Eyerley) stayed outside while Stroebel went in. Eyerley said he told Moresby that he heard two shots fired and that then Stroebel came out with money which he said he would divide with him in the morning. I asked Eyerley what made him tell such a lie, and he said he thought Mr. Moresby would bring him down to Westminster and lodge him in an hotel and give him $3 per day. Asked why he should swear away a man's life, he said he would tell a different story at the trial.

Orrin Eyerley, father of the prisoner, Eyerley, said he had resided in Sumas City for over three years. My son was 15 years old at his last birthday, the 15th of May last. Remember the Marshall murder. The night of the murder I saw my son at 15 minutes after 9 o'clock. He was in bed in my house. Went to bed a few minutes afterwards and did not see my son until the next morning, when he got up and built the fires. If my son's clothes had been muddy I should have noticed them. My son was at supper on the 19th about 6 o'clock. I saw him at 7 o'clock and did not see him again till he was in bed.

The Attorney-General proposed that the jurymen be taken to Huntingdon and shown the whole lay of the land.

After a little discussion His Lordship asked if it would be necessary for him to go.

The Attorney-General—There will be plenty of fresh air, and it will do you good after sitting several days in a stuffy court room.

Counsel for the defence objected to this course, but His Lordship ruled in favor of the Attorney-General.

The court met pursuant to adjournment and proceeded by special train to the scene of the murder. The ground was gone over and it was made clear that there had been some very loose evidence, not to use a harsher term, in regard to trails that had been stated to be impassible. The party, consisting of 52 persons returned to Westminster at 7 p. m. and proceeded to the court house, when court was adjourned till Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

On resuming, a good deal of time was taken up in the discussion of matters not ultimately affecting the trial.

After lunch, Stroebel, one of the prisoners, was called. He said he remembered April 19th last, and also the evidences of the witnesses, Porter, Blair and Ackerman, which he believed to be true. After Mr. Porter and myself finished milking the cow, I went to the railroad, crossing the ditch by the grade. I had left some salmon eggs at the side of the trestle, and went to get them, and then got my fishing rod, and fished along the creek for about 2 1-2 hours. Just before dark I came to the bridge and crossed over again to the railway track opposite my old house, and as I came to the grade I met three men going north. I did not recognise the men or speak to them. They were strangers. After passing the men, I looked back at them, and in doing so my foot slipped off the track, and I fell, striking my knee on the rail. This hurt me, and delayed me about half an hour, as I walked slowly on to Sumas. It was between 9 and 10 o'clock when I got to the hotel. I had caught three fish, after being out all day, and I did not want to give anyone else a chance to laugh at me. I knew Lucas, and heard his evidence. I remember that Lucas came to me with Mr. Moresby and asked that I should go with them to point out the Chinaman who was working on Marshall's place the day before. I went to the wash house and pointed out the Chinaman. Suspicion of having been implicated in Marshall's murder was thrown on me early on the morning of the 20th. Lucas came to see me again. He asked to see my revolver. I went up stairs and brought down the revolver and gave it to him. I then went up to look for the cartridges with Lucas. I looked where I put them under the quilt at the foot of the bed. On the Sunday before the murder, George Bartlett let my revolver off by accident in my room. On Friday the 17th I saw Miss Bartlett. I heard her evidence and corborate it. On the 21st I don't remember any talk with Lucas. On the 22nd I was writing but don't know whether Johnny Bartlett got the writing or not. I remember going with Lucas across the boundary line, and his asking me to take a drink. I refused. He said I had taken a drink with him and Mr. Moresby, and insisted upon me taking a drink with him. I did so. I took raspberry wine with a little whiskey in it. I had no conversation with Lucas the next day about taking cartridges out of my pocket. I don't remember saying to Lucas "That's another lie" or anything of the kind. I did say to Mr. Moresby in my room, "Will I have the chance to see my sisters before I am hanged." I had told him before this that I was innocent. I said this because I had never been arrested before and thought it would be my only chance. I first knew I was suspected of the murder on the morning of the 20th at 9 o'clock. I went to see the body but as I saw a notice "Nobody allowed on the premises" I did not go in. On the way down here after my arrest where the creek comes into the trestle I showed Mr. Moresby where I was fishing. He was not in the seat with me but sat on the other side of the car. I have known Everly for the last three years. We were not on good terms. I hardly dared to go on the street at night for fear of being hit on the head with a rock or something. I was walking on the sidewalk with Miss Bartlett one evening when Eyerly fired a piece of brick at us which hit Miss Bartlett on the ankle. I ran after him but could not catch him. I wanted to knock the face off him. Jessup helped me chase him. I fired one or two shots in the air. This happened about a month before the murder. I heard the evidence of Collins about a conversation in the goal. Eyerly was telling me that he was on the upper side of Harrison street cutting wood on the 18th of April. He asked me what I fired the shot at. I told him I shot at a stump. I had several talks with him in the prison. I was pumping him to find out why he had told such a lie. I told Eyerly to tell the exact truth when he came down here in answer to his question how do you think we will come out of this case. I got the revolver from Bill Roe. I let him have $2 and he told me to keep his gun till he paid me, and to try and sell it for him. There were five cartridges in the gun when I got it. Either Schofield or the boy (Eyerley) made up every word of the story told by Schofield. The latter did not see him at all on the 19th. I deny seeing Eyerley at all that night. I wore the pair of shoes I have on now. I got the revolver from Roe. I carried it but did not use it more than twice. I never bought any cartridges. I got two in the gun, one night when I took it away from Bartlett. He was drunk and I think he took it from my room. I don't know where Bartlett got the cartridges. They were not mine. This was about three weeks before the murder. I took up the shells. That made seven I had in all. The first time I fired it off was when I was chasing Eyerley. This was about six weeks after I got the gun. The cartridge first fired was one of those I got from Bartlett. I am not sure if I fired one or two shots at this time. The next time I shot was on April 18th. I was with Miss Bartlett. One cartridge was in the gun, four were under the quilt in the bed. The firing on the hill was about five or six weeks before the murder. I think I have got this mixed up. I think the taking of the gun from Bartlett was six weeks before the murder and the firing in the air three weeks before. On the morning of the murder, witness said he had gone into Marshall's, and got a drink of milk. He had bought a mouth organ, and Marshall asked him to play a tune. He played for some time, and then Marshall went to show a Chinaman his work, and I stayed in the house to watch the bread he was baking. It was from the actions of Lucas, and from a report spread by Porter that I had been seen with a revolver the day defore that I was led to think I was suspected.

Ira Irehart was recalled and stated that he had a partner named T. Montgomery. Had never heard him called "Old Sleuth" till in this court. Montgomery stayed sometimes in his cabin and sometimes with a friend named Black on the other side of the line. He did not stay in his cabin on the nights of the 18th or 19th of April, but returned on the 20th, and was back and forward till about 1st June, when he left. He returned again on or about the 6th of the present month.

S. P. Black, station agent at Sumas City, confirmed the evidence of Irehart regarding the movements of Montgomery, and stated explicitely that said Montgomery had slept in a bed-room in the Sumas depot on the night of the murder.

W. H. Falding, the Court Registrar, was called and being shown the writing of Stroebel, which he had acknowledged, and comparing it with the other letter, which the prisoner said he might or might not have written, stated positively that he believed them to have been written by one and the same person.

The letter was as follows:

Sumas City,
April 23rd, 1893.

I have got myself into a h—— of a scrape. Old Marshall was shot here last Wednesday, and people think I did it. I guess they will take me down to Westminster and try me on a jury down there.

There was neither address nor signature.

David Eyerley, the other prisoner, was then put in the witness box, and his evidence was refreshing. It was a contradiction of everything that had gone before, and was given in a laughing manner. He non-plussed his solicitors, irritated the Attorney-General and threw no light on the affair and left the matter just where it stood.

A document signed by Mrs. Bartlett was put in by the prosecution. It was corroboratory of the evidence of Lucas, and told hard against the prisoner Stroebel.

Mrs. Bartlett, being recalled, said she signed the document under pressure. That Lucas had threatened to send her to jail if she didn't tell something about the murder. The statements in the paper were not true.

Lucas, recalled, said he never made any such threat and that Mrs. Bartlett signed the document voluntary, after it had been read to her by her daughter.

Lucas swore to the document and its contents, but it was shown that he could not read.

This completes a summary of the evidence. As nothing appeared to connect Eyerley with the crime except his own confession, since repudiated, the case against him was dropped, and he was discharged.

Mr. Aulay Morrison, for the defence, made a stirring appeal to the jury on behalf of the prisoner, and was followed by the Attorney-General, as Crown Prosecutor, who called attention to the weakness of the defence, and strong circumstantial evidence that pointed to Stroebel as the perpetrator of the crime.

In charging the jury, His Lordship went over the evidence very thoroughly and carefully, and presented the salient points in a clear and impartial manner. He charged against the prisoner.

The Court then adjourned till nine o'clock, at which time the court house was literally jammed with people, the trial having evoked unusual interest. At 9.45 the jury entered the court and the foreman announced six for conviction and six for acquittal, with no hope of an agreement being arrived at, and each juror determined to abide by his vote.

The jury was thereupon discharged, and the Court adjourned *sine die*.

On Tuesday morning Attorney-General Davie applied to Judge McCreight in Queen's Court Chambers for a change of *venue* in the case of Albert Stroebel. Mr. Davie explained that the Fall Assizes would commence in Victoria on Monday next, and the new trial could then be proceeded with, which would be better than holding the case over another six months, as some of the witnesses might not then be available. Mr. Morrison consented, and the *venue* was accordingly changed to Victoria.

HIRD, the tailor.

The Salvation Army.

We publish the following by request:

Commandant Booth, the Commissioner of the Salvation Army for Canada and Newfoundland, has fixed the date of the Annual Self-Denial for November 25th to December 2nd. The proceeds of the self-denial effort in Canada and other countries is a remarkable testimony of the Army's progress and development.

During this week every member of the Salvation Army, from the Commissioner to the latest recruit, along with the thousands of many friends, abstain from all luxuries, and indeed a great many of the necessities of life, in order that they may be able during this week to contribute more liberally to the various operations and institutions of the Salvation Army.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then the Salvationists have good reason to be proud of their success in this direction, as the London Missionary Society, Methodists, Primitive Methodists, and English Presbyterian Assembly, and the American Episcopal Board of Foreign Missions have now all got their weeks of Self-Denial.

The Salvation Army's Self-Denial effort in Canada in 1888 produced $2,828.92; 1889 produced $5,993.16; 1891 produced $12,257.18; and last year the steady improvement continued and produced the magnificent total of $14,080.85.

This year, as the needs are still greater, an extra effort is being put forth, and the Commisioners fully expect a substantial increase.

Alds. Anderson, Collins, and Trustee G. I. Wilson are spoken of as candidates for the Mayoralty of Vancouver.

MUNICIPALITY of COQUITLAM

A BY-LAW

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[L.S.]

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

NOTICE.

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

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

The Bank of England's Condition.

London, Nov. 16.—In its financial article to-day, the *Times* says: "Alarming rumors prevailed in the city yesterday. Reports have been current for days affecting the management of the Bank of England concerning the losses of the bank supposed to have been incurred owing to certain irregularities which have not been denied. The enquiry is proceeding, but enough is known to prove that the losses are much less than alleged by reckless scandal mongers." The *Times* believes these rumors that certain directors of the bank are about to retire are without foundation, in fact the financial editor says in conclusion: "There must be some fault in a system under which the irregularities in question occurred. The bank ought to make known at once the facts to the public."

XMAS, - 1893

New goods arriving daily at

H. MOREY & CO'S

Don't place your orders before seeing our Stock.

Opposite Masonic Block,
NEW WESTMINSTER

OPEEND TO-DAY.

A NEW

BUTCHER SHOP

—ON—

COLUMBIA STREET,

Opposite Reid & Currie's Foundry.

FRESH MEATS

Of all kinds en hand.

A Call Solicited.

D. GRAY, Prop.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

Columbia Street, New Westminster.

THE OLD RELIABLE HOUSE.

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

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

Get Prices!

-CITY BREWERY-

New Westminster.

The product of this Brewery is second to none in the Province, and ranks first-class wherever known.

Orders left at the Merchants' Exchange or the Holbrook House will be promptly attended to.

J. W. ANDRZEJEWSKI,
Proprietor.

TO CONTRACTORS.

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

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

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

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

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

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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

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

BON MARCHE

JUST OPENED OUT:

PURE MERINO WOOL BLANKETS,

In White and Colors

These Goods are similar to those manufactured by the late New Westminster Woollen Mills, and guaranteed all wool.

H. B. SHADWELL & CO.,

624 & 626 Columbia Street, New Westminster.

P. O. Box 405. TELEPHONE 7-4.

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:
Opposite C. P. R. Station, Columbia St

Brunette Saw Mill Company, limited

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Timber, Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Pickets, Doors, Windows, Frames, Mouldings, House Finish, Mantels, School Seats and Desks, Fruit and Salmon Boxes, &c., &c., &c.

Importers of Plate, Sheet, and Fancy Glass

Lumber accurately Sawn, and Orders Promptly Filled.

D. LYAL & CO.,

——DEALERS IN——

Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods,

Pianos, Organs, Music, etc.

NEW WESTMINSTER, - - B. C.

CAMPBELL'S CORNER!

Oldest Business Premises in the City.

LEADING LINES:

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.

CAMPBELL & ANDERSON

(SUCCESSORS TO JAMES CUNNINGHAM,)

ESTABLISHED 1862.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers

IN FOLLOWING LINES:

HARDWARE.

Carpenters' Tools, Farm and Garden Implements.
Shears, Scissors and Razors, Table and Pocket Cutlery
Axes, Picks, Mattocks, Shovels and Spades.
Cross-cut Saws, Buck Saws and Hand Saws.
Peevies, Canthooks, Wheelbarrows and Scrapers,
Baling Wire, Russel Barb and Woven Wire Fencing.
Iron and Lead Pipe, Pumps and Sinks.

PAINTS.

White Lead and Red Lead, Dry and Mixed Colors, Enamel and Carriage Paints and Artists' Table Colors.

OILS.

Lubricating and Paint Oils, Kerosene Oils, Cycle and Sewing Machine Oils.

STOVES.

COOKING AND HEATING STOVES,
STOVE FURNISHINGS AND CASTINGS,
PARLOR GRATES, TILES,
STOVE PIPE, ELBOWS, ETC.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

Tinware, Woodenware, Enamelled Iron Ware, Lanterns, Baskets, Pails, Tubs, Brushes, Mops, Brooms Churns and Wringers.

BRUSHES.

Paint & Varnish, Whitewash, Scrubbing & Blacking.

CORDAGE.

Manilla, Cotton and Lisal Rope, Baling Rope, Binder Twine, Hop Twine, Salmon Twines, Sack Twine, Lath Yarn, etc.

CROCKERY.

DINNER SETS, TEA SETS, CHAMBER SETS, FISH AND GAME SETS. FRUIT SETS.
TEAPOTS, JUGS, CUPS AND SAUCERS, FANCY CHINAWARE, ETC.
STONEWARE JARS, CROCKS AND CHURNS, CUSPIDORES, ETC.
TABLE AND HANGING LAMPS, GLASSWARE, CHIMNEY GLOBES, SHADES, ETC.
WINE AND LEMONADE SETS, TABLE SETS, WATER JUGS AND DECANTERS, GOBLETS, TUMBLERS, SYRUP JUGS AND CRUET BOTTLES, BAR GLASSES, FRUIT AND HONEY JARS.

LEATHER AND RUBBER BELTING, ENGINE PACKING.

Lime, Plaster and Cement, Drain Pipe, Terra Cotta Chimney Pipe.

Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Cartridge Belts and Gun Cases, Cartridges, Shells, Wads, Caps and Primers, Shot and Bullets, Powder in bulk and in flasks, Game Traps, Etc., Etc.

Prices Reasonable. Correspondence Invited.

Country Orders will receive Prompt Attention.

Columbia Street - New Westminster.

THE HOUSE ON THE CORNER.

(Continued from last week.)

He drew her into the shadow of the stephanotis, and, as he kissed again and again the fair forehead that stooped towards his breast, he blessed his happy stars that had given him so rich a prize without the exaction of a serious sacrifice.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE'S VALUE.

The sun had set, and the gray veil of twilight covered the closing flowers. Lord Willmore and Laura Kingdon sat together by the window, engrossed in that tender converse which delights in the gloaming.

She told him all of herself that she had to tell: of her parents' early death, and the necessity which had prompted her to accept the position of companion; of her several experiences in that capacity, and the accident which had made her the bosom friend of Muriel O'Connor. She told him of her one relation, a younger sister, dear to her as flesh and blood could be, who was married to a sea-captain, now expected home from a long voyage. To that sister she was going on the morrow, to help her prepare for the reception of her husband, and to welcome him home. She described a humble little cottage in the unfashionable locality of Wapping, where Dorothy Dundas awaited the return of her errant spouse.

"Wapping does not sound nice," said Laura deprecatingly; "but the house is really pretty and snug, and so nicely situated on the bank of the river. It is most interesting to watch the craft passing up and down, and we don't notice the mud when the tide is in. If you would care to come to such an out-of-the-way place, I should be so very glad to introduce you to my sister and her good husband. He is a rough sailor, but O! so good and true-hearted, and he loves Dorothy very fondly."

She gave Willmore the address, and told him how he could reach the place; and as she was to remain at Wapping for a few days, he readily agreed to visit her there, for at the flood of his passion a day's absence seemed unendurable.

They had scarcely observed how dark the room had grown, when the door opened to admit a stream of light from the hall, and another visitor.

Laura and Willmore, enveloped in shadow, were not noticed by the new-comer, who, standing in the radiance of the hall-lamp, could himself be very distinctly seen by them. He was a gracefully-built young man of middle height, clad in evening dress, with a cape-coat flung carelessly across his shoulders. His face was partially concealed by the shadow of his opera-hat, which he had not removed. That Laura should hastily withdraw her hand from Lord Willmore's caress was not unnatural, but the lover subsequently asked himself whether the action was not rather due to recognition of the visitor than to the mere intrusion upon their conference.

The young man, evidently supposing the room to be unoccupied, began to rate the servant soundly:

"What's this?" No lights? All gone to bed? Or not up yet? Come, light up, light up, you lazy baggage! Is this a room to show me into? Where's your mistress? Don't know? Why the devil don't you know? Light the gas, idiot, and don't talk to me in the dark! Saucy bundles of rubbish you servants are! Don't have so much to say!"

The gas was lighted, and the servant withdrew. The new-comer found himself face to face with Laura Kingdon and Lord Willmore.

"Hallo!" he said, nodding to the lady with insolent familiarity, "hallo!"

"Good-evening, Mr. Kestrel; have you called to see Miss O'Connor?"

"Called to see you, my dear; want word with you par-ticuler-lar-lully. Who's your friend? 'Duce me."

Mr. Kestrel had evidently dined. Lord Willmore surveyed him with disgust, and frowned heavily as he noted that Laura was trembling and appeared to be strangely embarrassed.

"Who is this man?" he asked.

Without waiting for Laura's introduction, the other replied with emphasis:

"This gen'leman is Ralph Kestrel—the Ralph Kestrel—sir! Who are you?"

"This is Lord Willmore," said Laura, "a friend of Miss O'Connor's."

"What, another of 'em! A lord, eh? My Lord Tomnoddy, glad to make your acquaintance."

There was something ineffably offensive to Lord Willmore in the intrusive and drunken familiarity of this numskull, and the sneering suggestiveness of the reference to Muriel O'Connor was not lost upon him. The thought flashed through his mind that Chester must be right, that his own first impressions were correct, and this dainty little home was the web of a human spider. And if that were the case, what of Laura Kingdon, the intimate of an adventuress? How could it be possible that she should touch pitch and not be defiled? She trembled in the presence of this intoxicated blackguard; she was palpably ill at ease; there was most clearly an understanding between them, and he did not hesitate to class it as blameworthy.

But if Laura Kingdon had so far lost his good opinion, how much more was he confirmed in his evil surmises when, having treated Mr. Kestrel to the haughtiest of snubs, he (Willmore) invited her to withdraw with him, and was met with a request, conveyed in agitated accents, that he himself would withdraw, and leave her in privacy with this swaggering debauchee!

He was too much shocked and amazed to offer the least opposition. With a cold bow, the significance of which was lost upon Laura Kingdon, he passed out into the garden in silence.

But, once shrouded by the friendly gloom of the bushes, he paced along furiously, muttering between his teeth, and frequently exclaiming aloud in passionate resentment.

Rage grew upon him as he revolved the matter: rage at his own folly in loving such a creature; rage against her for her saintlike face, her innocent voice and manner, for the presumed corruption of her life, and, above all, for the affront she had put upon him in preferring the society of such a disgusting cad as this Ralph Kestrel.

His first impulse was to quit the house at once, and follow out his friend's advice to the letter. Their hostess had deserted them immediately after dinner without explanation, and making but the lightest of apologies.

Muriel's conduct was equally unaccountable. Had she considerately intended to leave him to a solitude a deux, why had she not taken charge of Cecil Chester, who would have been very much in the way had he not taken himself off? Where, by the bye, was Chester? He had disappeared into the shrubbery. Willmore groped his way thither, and called quietly for his friend. In the utter stillness of the fallen night his voice must have been heard all over the garden, but no reply came, and Willmore concluded that Chester had left the house. Perhaps the best course would be to follow him. He sought the door with that intention, but on reflection there was something not only gauche but ridiculous in this running away, without leave taking, of two guests who had eaten a hearty dinner, just because the hostess was detained from them by some probably unavoidable circumstance. Willmore could not run the risk of looking ill-mannered and absurd. If Chester had gone, so much the more reason that he should remain to carry out the formalities of good breeding.

This, he told himself, held him back from rushing from the place; but he was not quite candid with himself in the matter. Love held him there by stronger chains than etiquette. His feeling towards Laura flew to all points, like a weather-vane in a veering wind. Now he hated her for her frailty, now he pitied her helplessness; now he loathed her for that he dared not formulate, yet loved her throughout: it was inevitable. The thought did enter his heart that appearances might wrong her, but only to be scouted by gusts of cynicism and worldly self conceit. Upon one thing did he congratulate himself over and over again; he had not been dishonoured by asking her to be his wife. Lord Willmore, in common with most men of his class, had a great respect for the sacredness of the marriage tie, and he conceived it to be the highest honour that a man could tender to a woman. Many a time had he dallied with love, imagining himself its victim; but he had ever been chary of offering his name to the object of his passion. He now thanked the prudent teaching of his father, and congratulated himself on his own self-control that had held him back in the moment of insanity from profaning that precious gift which he yet hoped to lay at the feet of a worthy woman. But if he dreamed for a moment of abandoning his pursuit of Laura Kingdon, he quickly cast the thought aside.

With redoubled ardour he coveted the girl who could only have become his wife at cost of grave family dissension. He felt himself free to possess her, and liberty gave vitality to passion. And a fiercer flame was added to the fire that burned in his heart: he would be revenged upon her falsity, upon the class of birds of prey which she represented. Little he recked of the suffering his conduct might cost her. The cruelty of a jealous passion is almost inhuman. If his knowledge of the world's sad pictures showed him a vision of wrecked womanhood, lost beauty, broken heart, and mind degraded, he closed his eyes against it callously, and crushed pity with some such judgment as:

"What does it matter? It will be all the same a hundred years hence."

CHAPTER V.

COMPROMISED.

As soon as Willmore was out of hearing, Ralph Kestrel approached Laura, and asked abruptly:

"Is this true?"

"Is what true?"

"This coming home of your sister's husband?"

"Captain Dundas is on his way home."

"No humbug? True for a fact, eh?"

"I believe his vessel will be reported any hour. Why do you doubt my sister? It is she, I suppose, who informed you. Why do you ask me? How does it concern you?"

"Your very good at asking questions, Laura; be discreet in answering any that may be put to you—for your sister's sake."

"What do you mean?"

Laura Kingdon asked this question impetuously, with a tremor in her voice and a wild look of apprehension in her large blue eyes, turned up to him in the glare of the gasalier.

The other stared at her with drunken impenetrability, and shook his head slowly several times; then, trying to pat her on the cheek, an attention which she evaded, he hiccoughed:

"You'll know all about it, my dear, in good time—in good time."

She caught him by the arm as he turned away.

"Ralph Kestrel, if you contemplate any wickedness against my sister; if you have forced yourself upon her again, and she has been weak enough to receive you, in spite of my warning, in spite of her solemn promise to me I implore you to desist from this persecution. I warn you that the time has come when she will be no longer without a protector, and your attempts to corrupt her, while they may ruin all the happiness of her life, may bring about your own destruction."

She stood like a challenging angel before him. She towered up like a prophetess delivering an oracle of doom. Her small nature became majestic, and, as she looked him through and through, the Dutch Courage with which he had fortified himself deserted him, and he quailed like a chidden cur.

"Who says I mean wickedness? Who says I've seen her, or know anything about her? Mind your own business, my dear Laura, if you please. Dolly wrote me t' say confounded husband coming home—I must keep clear. Thought it was humbug—put me off trying to see her. You say it's true; that's all right. That's all I wanted to know."

As Laura Kingdon watched the man's half-closed eyes, and listened to his shuffling pretences, suspicion of some imminent danger to her sister through him rose fiercely in her mind.

"I do not trust you, Ralph Kestrel," she said scornfully; it is my bitter sorrow that I first made you acquainted with Dorothy while her husband was at sea. I have learnt some part of the disgraceful proposals you have made to her in defiance of all the restraints of courtesy, manhood, and honour. I know that you have visited her again and again; how often and with what success you have urged your infamous suit I do not know, for I fear that Dorothy has not told me all. But this I believe—for my sister is not bad; she is only weak, lamentably weak and foolish—I believe that she may yet meet her husband without shame, and rest upon his heart in the blessed consciousness that she has not forfeited her right to his devoted love. If I thought otherwise I would not implore you, as I do now to abandon the vile purpose which I know too well you have entertained. If you have now or ever had one spark of devotion for Dorothy, be chivalrous, and blot yourself entirely out of her life. Captain Dundas is a true and faithful man. His love for my sister admits no distrust of her. He would stake his soul upon the purity of hers. One little rift in the

SUSPICION.—WHAT IS THERE BETWEEN YOU AND LAURA KINGDON?"

earthly canopy of his trust and a tempest would follow that would destroy not only a happiness which has hitherto been perfect, but life itself—his life, her own, and that of the wretch whose vanity and brutality came between them."

The girl's vehemence seemed to sober Ralph Kestrel. He replied with indignant protests and denials.

"Why, Laura," said he in a reproachful tone and with great seriousness, "I can't think what has put such fancies into your head. Dorothy's a very dragon of virtue. I own I was a bit of an ass with her, but she pretty quickly sent me to the right-about; and you know, Laura, I'm sweet on Muriel, and Muriel's sweet on me. That's where the love lies. We shall be man and wife one of these days, as soon as—as soon as—certain things have happened. A fellow can't be sweet on two girls at once. I don't care a rap for Dorothy, upon my honour I don't, and in proof that all is over between us I've brought you her letters. Silly letters they are. Don't read 'em. Burn 'em up, burn 'em up."

He produced a little bundle of letters, and dangled them tantalisingly above her head. Laura sprang at them with a cry of joy.

"O, thanks! thanks! A thousand, thousand thanks!" she exclaimed; "and what has passed between us shall be utterly forgotten."

"Utterly?"

"Give me the letters."

"There!" He dropped the packet into her hands.

In her delight and emotion Laura caught his hand as well, and pressed her soft lips to it, unaware that the library door had opened, and that Muriel O'Connor, Cecil Chester, and Donovan stood watching her.

CHAPTER VI.

"MENS SIBI CONSCIA RECTI."

It was scarcely possible that a girl caught in so compromising a situation could avoid some show of embarrassment. A hot blush swept over Laura Kingdon's face as she looked up and saw Muriel O'Connor and her guest gazing in at her amazedly.

"She has some shame, at all events," muttered Chester to himself. "This is the old love evidently, and she is 'off' with him for the sake of being 'on' with poor Ernest."

And his deluded friend was hugging himself with the fond imagination that this siren, with the Madonna face and calm gaze of purity itself, had been hitherto a stranger to passion, and possessed no past which she would wish to conceal! His immediate surprise gave way to a cynical smile, and then his face hardened into anger as he reflected, and realized the absurd position of his friend thus duped.

Laura noted his thoughts with swift instinct, and caught a dark impression upon Muriel's face which she had never seen there before. And behind these two leered the malevolent countenance of Dennis Donovan, a man of whom she had a rooted dread and abhorrence. But so strong was she in her own innocence, so stimulated by the loving triumph she had achieved for her sister, that these sinister looks gave her self-possession instead of increasing her embarrassment. She said calmly to Kestrel, "Here is Miss O'Connor," and, turning to Muriel, made some quiet remark about Lord Willmore having gone to seek her and his friend in the garden.

Nobody spoke. Chester, for one, was astounded at what he took to be her cool audacity, a conclusive sign to him of a practiced intrigante. The silence did not seem to effect her in the slightest degree. Announcing her intention of seeking Lord Willmore, she glided out into the darkness through the stephanotis branches with perfect grace and dignified composure.

Then Kestrel approached Muriel, and began some incoherent explanation which she cut short by introducing him to Chester. The latter bowed somewhat stiffly, and Donovan drew Kestrel at once into a distant corner of the room, where he seemed to subject him to a severe examination.

Muriel sank down at the piano, and played some soft strains, conversing through the music with the golden-bearded Chester, who leaned over her and watched the white fingers straying over the keys. Why did he linger there? Mere idle curiosity, he told himself, induced him to do so. He could not deny that there was a fascination about this woman, a magnetic witchery around her, which made his very nerve tingle with an intoxicated delight; but he would not admit even to himself that he was at the very mercy of her enchantment. No, it was curiosity that held him there, the interest of a study of human nature, in which he might compare the signs, which the science of physiognomy declared infallible, with the actual nature of the subject under examination, as he, in the self sufficiency of his judgment, believed it to be.

Her eyes, those "windows of the soul," were undoubtedly irridescent; he saw them clearly in the light of the candles on the sconces of the piano. Yellow eyes of a deep orange tint, strangely flecked with blue. He tried in vain to associate them with some evil characteristic, to justify his prejudice against her. There was nothing imaginable to be coupled with these eyes but a brave honesty, tempered with the commanding qualities of intellect. He could not find any trace of the coquette in those eyes—they might belong to a gamester.

"Ah," thought he, "presently we shall see these yellow eyes gleaming upon green cloth."

He passed in review the red hair—unmistakably, indisputably red, but lovely hair—a wavy mass of it thrown boldly off the forehead, broad and low, and lightly confined by a golden fillet; the long, finely-chiselled nose, gently satirical; the large mouth, with its firm yet flexible lips, disclosing with every word a row of beautiful teeth; the ruddy complexion, genuine as the glow on a camellia. It was provoking that he could not detect a single sinister indication to accord with his conviction that, to use a homely phrase, "she was no better than she should be." And then, as she discoursed, to the rippling accompaniment, of melodies that flowed from beneath her hands, nervous and well shaped—a model for a sculptor—of an infinite variety of subjects, hovering like a bee, from flower to flower, and extracting sweets from all, he began to charge himself with lack of generosity, with unmanliness, in seeking with such cruel persistence for a rift in the lute that sounded so purely, for poison in the draught that appeared so fragrant and joy-giving.

She had almost converted him from his antagonism, almost won him to believe in her defiance of himself, when he happened to cast his eyes towards her other guests in the corner of the room.

Ralph Kestrel, sitting astride a chair, with his elbows on the back, was smoking a cigarette. His face was turned towards Chester, who saw upon the young man's handsome, dissolute features an expression of almost satanic cunning. Over Kestrel's shoulder, like the arch-enemy himself, lowered the villainous countenance of Dennis Donovan, with a look of such ferocity and determination that Chester shuddered.

At once his suspicions of Muriel O'Connor surged back.

What were the words of La Bruyere?

"If men wished to be held in esteem, they must associate with those who are estimable."

If Muriel O'Connor and Laura Kingdon were honourable women, why did he encounter such men as these under the same roof? They could not touch pitch without being defiled, and that these men were pitch was beyond a doubt.

Then he thought of the spectacle of Laura eagerly grasping at the bundle of letters—love-letters—her love-letters, of course; and the impulsive thanksgiving of the kiss she had bestowed upon Ralph Kestrel's hand. There had been a piteousness in that scene, as he understood it.

Could it be that these girls were in the power of two knaves—innocently in their power—and needed a deliverer? All the chivalry of Cecil Chester's manhood rose in arms at this idea. The repressive training to which he had been subjected had but held in abeyance the romantic impulses of his youth. His imagination kindled at the thought of beauty in distress, as it might have done fifteen years before. The house became an enchanted castle, Dennis Donovan an ogre, Ralph Kestrel a magician, and himself the champion knight whose spurs were to be won in a valorous contention with supernatural powers.

Muriel assisted his reverie with one of Balfe's entrancing strains, and presently, glancing up and perceiving that he was in cloudland, she commenced to sing the words of the melody in a rich low voice that vibrated with unsuspected passion.

She sang and he listened. The song swelled into fuller, freer tones, like the heavenward flight of a swift bird, drawing at last to its close as such a bird circles gently downward to its nest in the waving corn.

The spell was broken by Kestrel.

"Brava, dear girl, brava!" he exclaimed, approaching the piano. "Never heard you sing that better."

And Donovan followed with:

"There's just one song you sing better, darlint, and sure we'll have it now for the sake of good luck. Miss Muriel, just give us, plaze, 'The Wearing of the Green.'"

Chester looked at Muriel keenly, expecting to see some confirmation of his latest view concerning her. She would show loathing and fear of the evil-looking Donovan, of course; she would shudder at the approach of this cigarette-smoking, blear-eyed puppet: she would sing the patriotic song as bidden.

But his calculations were all upset.

Muriel O'Connor rose from the piano, and in tones as dulcet as those she had recently blended with the music—with a face bright and smiling as the moon that rose over the trees—no sign of repulsion, no semblance of fear, laughingly declined to sing "The Wearing of the Green."

At this juncture Lord Willmore entered by the window alone, very pale, his manner cold and constrained. He crossed the drawing-room at once to where Muriel O'Connor stood, and courteously but firmly took his leave, and passed out into the hall without taking any notice of the others.

Chester saw that something had happened to greatly change his friend's feelings towards that house, and shrewdly connected it with Laura Kingdon. He hastily excused himself to Muriel, who, greatly to his discomfiture, showed no disposition to detain him, and followed Willmore into the hall.

The friends did not speak until they were in a hansom-cab, speeding towards clubland; then Chester inquired gently:

"What's up, old fellow?"

And the other replied:

"Don't ask me, Cecil. You were perfectly right. We'll never enter that house again!"

It is always satisfactory to be told that your foresight has been accurate, your judgment correct; but now Cecil Chester was not quite content with that satisfaction. He said nothing, but—inconsistent man that he was—he made up his mind to return to the house at the corner before many days.

CHAPTER VII.

TROUBLED WATERS.

Dennis Donovan, with an obsequiousness that was coldly received, had insisted upon accompanying Chester and Willmore to the outer gate, and walking with them some hundred yards to a cab-rank. Thus left alone with Kestrel, Muriel turned upon him like a tigress:

"What is there between you and Laura Kingdon?"

Kestrel had availed himself of the temporary distraction caused by the

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leave-taking to attack a decanter of brandy, and the suddenness of this question made his surreptitious gulp go the wrong way, causing him a violent choking fit.

Muriel took him by the shoulder in a strong grasp, and shook him back into possession of his powers of speech, and at the same time considerably clarified his reasoning powers.

"'Tween me and Laura Kingdon?" he hiccoughed. "Don't know what you mean."

"I saw you give her some letters. What has passed between you?"

Kestrel was not in a condition to reason clearly, but his drunkenness induced a capacity for excessive cunning. He flattered himself that nobody could get the better of him when he was drunk. The less said about Dorothy Dundas the better, he now told himself. Muriel had such a way of cross-questioning a fellow. Better put it upon Laura, since Muriel was inclined to misconstrue what she had seen.

It was a good joke to compromise the Diana-like Laura, and make mischief between her and her friend. It would serve her out for meddling between him and her sister.

"My precious girl," said he, endeavouring to take Muriel's hand, "don't be cross. Silly little fool! tried to make love to me—wrote silly letters—made an ass of herself. I threatened to tell you; said I was going to give letters to you. Devil of a stew! Cried her eyes out. Begged me not to ruin her. Give her back letters—bundle o' nonsense. I couldn't stand tears, so gave 'em back. There you have it."

"Swear to me you do not love her—that you never have loved her!"

Muriel's eyes blazed, and the harsh ring of her voice told of a raging jealousy.

So seldom had Kestrel an opportunity of swearing to the truth that he responded with such alacrity and in such solemn terms as carried conviction. Muriel's distrust of him was appeased, but her anger against Laura Kingdon burst through all restraint:

"How dare she! how dare she! how dare she!" she exclaimed, crossing the room as if she would go and seek the traitress in the garden; "she has fed at my table, slept under my roof, gone with me everywhere, been in all things as my second self, and—she knows that I love you!"

Ralph Kestrel caught her by the arm as she was rushing out, and, drawing her to his embrace, stemmed the tide of her passion. Not out of any consideration for Laura—they might come to blows, for all he cared, and he could have stood by and laughed at the humiliation of both—but because he wanted to utilise the precious moments at his disposal before the return of Dennis Donovan.

"My own dearest Muriel," he cried, "I know it too. No one knows it so well as I do. And I'm true to you, Muriel; true as the stars above us. Come away from that window, dear. Minx not worth making a fuss about—not now, at any rate. Come along over here, and sit down. I've something to say to you."

How amazing and how pitiful is the infatuation of a noble-minded woman for a worthless man!

The gracious Muriel O'Connor seemed under a spell at the touch of the maudlin rake. Her anger melted away like a tropical storm, and soft tears filled her eyes as they gazed with tenderness upon the flushed face of her worthless lover.

Had Cecil Chester seen her at that moment he would assuredly have blotted her image from his heart for ever. His refined sensibility could not have endured a spectacle which would have seemed to him to indicate utter debasement.

But in truth there is no shame where there is no vile or guilty thought; and a love that exalts its object into worthiness is an enchantment, not degradation. Let us not blame Muriel O'Connor that her warm heart kindled under the magic of sympathy, and that her imagination created from such poor material an idol fit to be adored. He had not always appeared before her in the lamentable aspect of a drunken man. At his best he was but a contemptible, soulless fellow, and no generous act or noble thought ever sprang from him; few women could admire his character, or, knowing, could respect him; but many, refusing their minds' testimony, yielded to that weird influence which makes one human creature the slave of another.

Ralph Kestrel, soft and subtle, gay of manner, elegant of bearing, handsome, and witty, had a fascination which all women admitted and most found it difficult to withstand. Brought to the house at the corner originally by Donovan (who had introduced him for purposes of his own), he had straightway marked Muriel as a prey for his avarice. An underling in a Government office, he found his salary quite insufficient for his support as a man of fashion, and was seeking to augment his income by an alliance with some lady of fortune. Muriel O'Connor appeared to answer his requirements in this respect, but her resources were veiled in an uncertainty which he had succeeded in penetrating; and therefore, although he lost no time in paying her "honourable" addresses, he held off from an open engagement until, as he put it, "things should be a little more settled," contenting himself with borrowing from her incessantly to supply his prodigal expenditure. And Muriel was generous to profusion with the man whom her heart had selected to be her husband, although her reason told her many a bitter truth to his prejudice. It was business of this kind which now made Kestrel eager to speak with her before the return of Dennis Donovan, from whom his pecuniary needs had so far been concealed.

Leading Muriel to the inner recess of the drawing-room, he began an onslaught of endearment so indiscreetly coloured by his intoxication that no woman, however deeply in love, could endure without protest. But there was little resentment, only a deep distress in Muriel's voice as she bade him good-night, and begged him never to approach her so unworthily again.

"But, my lovely Muriel, you madden me with your coldness," Kestrel urged. "Can you not understand what it is to be loved—to love—as passionately as I do? I have not seen you for three days, my darling, and you have not given me one kiss yet, not one, and I want a thousand—yes, a thousand!"

"Take this with you, then." She raised her face to his, and rested a moment in his embrace. Dennis Donovan, entering with catlike softness from the conservatory, saw them through the palms, and stopped instantly in the shadow, as if turned to stone. His eyes gleamed out of the foliage like those of a panther about to spring; his breath came short and thick in heavy pants that were almost audible; his whole frame shook with a transport of fury; for this man, whose nature was savage, whose whole aim in life was bloodthirsty and vengeful, had in him that softness which in all beings, human and animal, marks their distinction from the demons of fable and fancy: he could love. And with an overwhelming, vehement passion he loved Muriel O'Connor. He had not dared to utter his love, or to give the smallest sign of it, knowing well that a premature declaration would rob him of all his hopes, and destroy the momentous projects in which she and those she influenced were his tools and catspaws. But while slowly weaving his toils around her he had not feared for the ultimate result. She seemed so cold, so reserved, so much outside, above, and beyond all vulgar sentiment, that he had not conceived the possibility of the picture which now met his view: Muriel O'Connor surrendering herself to the caress of this paltry libertine. Swiftly and steathily he glided forward like a cloud of Fate, his eyes fixed upon the lovers, until in the shadow of a great buhl cabinet he crouched, and his hand came in contact with the Japanese dagger that hung in its sheath upon the wall. He drew it forth quickly, and the light of the moon gleamed upon its curved blade. Then, as they began to speak, he cowered down, his limbs gathered together for a spring, a rush, his heart on fire, his arm nerved to the utmost tension, his brain insane with hellish frenzy.

"My pretty Muriel," Kestrel murmured soothingly, "I'm going to ask you a tremendous favour."

Muriel raised her head. She was pale, and her face wore an almost terrified expression.

"Not to-night," she said. "Ask me for nothing to-night. Let me think for once that you love me as you swear you do. Do not ask payment for every kind word or act you bestow upon me."

"Who wants payment?" cried Kestrel, firing up with indignation. "I don't want payment! You shall have it back—every penny. I'll give you a cheque on my bankers to-morrow. Do you want to insult me?"

"I would not offend you, Ralph, indeed—"

"But you have offended me! What do you think I am made of? Have I no feelings? Payment, eh?"

"Forgive me, dearest; I spoke upon impulse. It was sweet to feel your love, to hear you vow it—and always you are spoiling all. It is asking me for money you will be every time; and it grieves me, dear, to feel a sort of doubt whether, after all, it is only as a friend that you think of me—a friend who can help you in your troubles. I am proud to do it, Ralph, and will always help you, dear; but I stopped you because I had prepared a little present for you, dear, and I wanted to give it to you all of my own accord, and you never asking me for anything this time at all."

"A present, eh? Ah, that's my sweet Muriel! But, by jove! you make a mistake; indeed you did. I wasn't going to ask you for money—'devil a stiver!' as your Irish girls say. I—I wanted you to—to—"

He paused, his brandy clogged brains refusing to provide a substitute for his intended petition.

"Tell me, dear. I will do anything to please you, Ralph," urged the submissive Muriel.

"I sha'n't ask you anything now, as you're such a brick," said Kestrel, evading the difficulty. "Show us the present—see if I like it. Is it money?"

"No, dear, not money this time; I thought what you had on Wednesday—"

"Tuesday—it was Tuesday."

"Well, on Tuesday, then; I thought that would last you."

"Every penny gone—every penny!"

"Well, dear, I'm sorry for that. I have got a scarf-pin for you. See, is it not a pretty one?"

"Humph! Yes, it's very pretty; but I say, sweetheart, you'll have to stump up a merry little fifteen as well. Sorry to have to ask you, but can't help it."

"O Ralph!"

"Don't say 'O Ralph!" but out with the money, and make haste. We shall have that fellow Donovan back again any moment. O, he thinks I'm a Johnny, he does! He's been letting me into some nice little plans, I can tell you. I've promised to do what you want—or what he wants—but, Muriel, my dear, every man has his price, and mine's twenty pounds at the present moment. See?"

"I have no money here."

"Rot! you've always got money. Fork it out! I'm going a journey; must have coin for hotel bill, railway ticket, and all the other infernal things."

"I can give you a cheque for ten pounds."

"Cheque won't do, and ten pounds won't do; must have cash. You've always given me cash before."

"But to-day I spent all I had in buying you that pin—indeed, it's the truth I'm telling you."

"What the dickens did you do that for?"

"Why, dear, it seems not nice to give money to the man one is engaged to; it is like buying him; it humiliates you and it humiliates me."

"What bosh! Stuff! fiddlesticks! It's just because you're so jolly mean, that's all! Look here, Muriel, if you're like

JEALOUSY.—IN THE SHADOW OF A GREAT BUHL CABINET HE CROUCHED.

this before marriage, I'm blest if I shan't think twice about marrying you at all!"

She gazed at him for an instant, trembling from head to foot; then answered coldly and in a strange voice: "Very well."

This did not please him so well as it did the crouching figure by the buhl cabinet. Kestrel felt he had made a mistake, but, being drunk, had not tact to rectify it. He went from bad to worse.

"Look here," he said savagely, "It's all very well for you to say 'Very well,' and I dare say that's all your love for me amounts to—just a bit of cheap jewellery and 'Very well;' but I can tell you this, Miss Muriel O'Connor—or, to call you by your right name, Miss—"

"Silence! You swore never to utter that name, even to myself."

"Swore it? yes; and you swore to love me. I've sworn lots of things; you've sworn lots of things. Break one oath, break the lot. I don't care. I'll be even with you. That blackguard Dennis Donovan thinks he's the monkey and I'm the cat; so do you. But I'm not to be fooled with, I can tell you. Secrets I've got out of you, and money I will get. Dirty work's worth dirty money. So pay up, my precious wife that is to be—"

"Never! Your wife? Never!"

"Fork out the ten, I say, or by heaven I'll split—blow all your blooming tricks into the air, see if I don't!"

The clock struck eleven. An ominous silence fell upon the room. Kestrel stood balancing himself, with his legs wide apart and a leer of defiance upon his sodden face. Muriel faced him, deathly pale, sick with disgust, stricken with shame and dismay. The shadow by the buhl cabinet remained dark and motionless. At length Muriel spoke:

"I have told you I have no money in the house to-night—I have no means of getting any. I will write you a cheque for fifty pounds, which you must consider the price of your silence. Is that understood?"

"Make it a hundred."

"I can spare but fifty pounds."

"Say sixty, Muriel."

"Sixty, then."

She sat at her davenport, and rapidly wrote the cheque; then rising, she rang the bell for a servant.

"Take this and go," giving Kestrel the cheque; "go, and forget me and all you know of me."

Turning to the servant who answered the summons, she said impassively, "Show Mr. Kestrel to the gate," and returned at once to the library.

Kestrel gazed after her stupidly for a moment; then muttered to the servant some incoherency about a "bit of a tiff," and pouring out half a-tumbler of brandy gulped it down, and staggerd out at the door.

When Muriel O'Connor returned to the drawing-room, which she did as soon as she heard the garden-gate close, she was weeping bitterly; her whole frame shook with the repression of hysterical sobs.

At the door stood Donovan, apparently in the act of departing.

"Dennis," she cried in great excitement and emotion, "Ralph Kestrel has threatened to disclose all he has learned of our plans. Have you trusted him with the Kilmelly affair?"

"It was yourself that said, 'Tell him all—trust him with all; I'll go bail for Kestrel.'"

"Then follow him, watch where he goes, do not lose sight of him. He is intoxicated, and may get into trouble to night. We have quarrelled, and in his present condition he may destroy all our hopes. Follow him at once—watch him—watch over him."

"Be easy, be easy!" replied the Irishman with a sinister smile. "I will take the best of care of Mr. Ralph Kestrel this night, Miss Muriel, for your sake and my own; and remember, then, that it's yourself as put the business into Dennis Donovan's hands to act for ye as seems best."

"As seems best to you, Dennis; yes, as it seems best to you."

Muriel O'Connor passed from the room and upstairs to her bedchamber, sobbing convulsively; and Dennis Donovan, with the same strange smile distorting his features, left the house steathily by the gate in the wall, and followed a distant figure that staggered along in the moonlight.

As he went, his hand clutched the dagger that he had snatched from the wall, and he muttered over and over again the words:

"For your sake and my own! for your sake and my own!"

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE UNDERGROUND

Muriel O'Connor, locked in her bedchamber, safe from the observation of all, abandoned herself to the bitterness of love's disappointment and despair. The room was in darkness, save where the moonlight streamed in at the diamond-paned window and fell upon a couch at the foot of the bed; and there lay Muriel prostrated with grief, her tears flowing beneath the tumbled masses of her hair.

Presently there came a gentle tap at the door, and, although she did not respond, the raging of her sobs was subdued a little. The knocking was repeated, and Muriel raised her tear-stained face into the moon rays to listen, but still she did not answer the summons. Then came a gentle voice saying "Muriel! Muriel dear!"

The tears ceased to flow, and her fair forehead was knitted into a frown, but still she made no response.

"Muriel dear! Muriel! Is there anything the matter?" came Laura's soft tones through the door.

Muriel rose to a sitting posture, and her eyes flashed angrily in the flood of light as she answered shortly,

"No."

"Are you in trouble?"

"No."

"Are you ill—in pain?"

"No."

"Will you not let me in, then? I have something to say to you."

"I do not wish to be disturbed."

"I want to tell you that I am going out."

"Going out?"

"I shall not be back again to-night?"

"What?"

Muriel rose to her feet, and flung back the loosened hair that fell about her shoulders.

"I am going to my sister."

"To your sister? To-night? Why?"

"Let me in, and I will tell you."

Muriel moved a pace towards the door, stopped, hesitated, and finally turned away.

"No," she answered in a cold hard tone. "Go—to your sister."

Laura Kingdon paused for a moment, surprised and hurt by this unaccustomed treatment; then, connecting it with the situation that had been witnessed in the drawing-room, her pride and scorn of all uncharitable misconstructions restrained her from saying more than:

"I shall be back on Monday. Good-bye!"

To which Muriel O'Connor vouchsafed no reply.

With a heart too full of serious misgivings on other grounds to take much heed of this, Laura descended the stairs and passed from the house. A pale angry face at an upper window watched her as she hurriedly turned the corner of the road, and took the same course that Ralph Kestrel had taken shortly before; and far into the night a furious woman paced to and fro in a moonlit room, inveighing in desperate terms against love and friendship.

Ten minutes later, two trains drew up at the platform of an Underground railway-station. Into one, bound eastward, stepped hastily a young woman clad in dark attire, a veil drawn over her face so as almost to conceal the beauty of its contour and the deep lustre of her blue eyes; while from the train going west alighted a counterpart of this traveller, so deeply resembling her in height, face, and form as to seem identical with her.

The trill of guards' whistles, the slamming of doors, the snorting of engines, the rumble of many wheels, and Laura Kingdon was speeding to her sister's home, while Dorothy Dundas stood trembling on the platform of the railway station whence her sister had departed in quest of her.

CHAPTER IX.

DESERTED.

Alone in a second-class carriage of the train that burrowed its way eastward, Laura Kingdon sat scanning with anxious interest the contents of that little bundle of letters which she had obtained from Ralph Kestrel. They told a melancholy story of blind infatuation, dread of the home-coming of a husband whose devotion had failed to win the allegiance of a weak romantic nature. They were mad letters in which the writer abandoned herself to the tyranny of passion, and flung off every restraining influence of prudence and honour. Laura read on through page upon page of folly, closely written, reckless, full of yearning for reciprocated love, full of tempestuous upbraiding for coldness and lack of sympathy and response. She read, and her soul grew sick within her; even her first fierce determination to save seemed to faint by the way.

When she had left the drawing-room, ostensibly to search for Lord Willmore in the garden, that purpose had been driven from her mind by a burning anxiety to know the truth as to the relations existing between Kestrel and her sister. Dorothy's was one of those shallow natures almost incapable of keeping a secret, although with cunning enough to attempt deceit; and it had not overtaxed Laura's penetration to discover signs of a dangerous predilection on the part of her sister for Kestrel.

Her offers to come and reside with Dorothy during the absence of Captain Dundas had been again and again obstinately rejected, and this fact alone had caused Laura unceasing anxiety. Her remonstrances had at last caused a rupture in the affection that bound the sisters closely during all their lives, and it was easy for Laura to perceive that some powerful disturbing influence was at work to so counteract the forces of nature and duty.

The imminent return of Dorothy's loyal-hearted and unsuspecting husband—who, when leaving for the Antipodes, while the winter yet lay heavily upon London, had taken Laura apart for a moment on the snow-swept deck, and had given her special charge of her sister, for his sake—increased the terror of the situation.

With the key to all the dreaded truth in her possession, Laura cared little for her personal interests. The embarrassment of being discovered kissing a libertine's hand affected her little, as we have seen, and even the newly-pledged love of Lord Willmore had become second in her thoughts. As she stepped into the garden she saw that the lamps had been lighted in the summer-house across the lawn, and thither she quickly bent her steps. Flinging the letters hastily upon the table, she took up the first that came to hand, and, in the right of her sisterly guardianship fell to perusing it. The letter proved to be of recent date and ran thus:

"My own Cruel Beloved,—He is coming home; he will be here on Sunday at the latest. Why have you deserted me? Why do you not write? I love you so dearly that my love is all my life. His return is to me like the coming of an executioner. He has been good to me, and I dare not look him in the face. I cannot welcome him home; I cannot bear the thought of long years in the custody of my gaoler. I dare not think of one hour in the presence of my judge. Death would be better far than that Ben and I should ever meet again. Save me, Ralph! save me, I implore you, from my husband or from death! Night and the day is one ever-growing fear. I shall go mad if you do not come between me and despair of living again with one I have never loved.—Yours, yours, yours,

"Dorothy Dundas."

"My God!" cried Laura aloud, dropping her hand with the letter in it upon the table in the full light of the lamp. "My God! if he had read this!"

She raised her eyes, and Lord Willmore stood before her. Instinctively she clutched at the scattered letters, and, gathering them together, rose and stood over them like a tigress over her young. A deathly pallor overspread her face, that had been burning with the shame of what she had read; the gentle calm and purity of her countenance was all gone, for amidst the conflicting emotions of her heart she took to herself all the guiltiness of her sister, and suffered a tenfold humiliation. To a purity without stain, to a truly unselfish nature, to a vivid sense of honour and chastity, the disgrace of one near and dear is more acute than if it were personal.

In the presence of her newly-sworn lover Laura Kingdon felt her sister's abasement as if it were her own. And he, standing there in the lamplight rigidly, his features aghast with dismay, pallid as hers, his heart scarcely beating in his breast—what were his thoughts, his fears, his convictions of the meaning of what he had heard and saw? He could not doubt that Laura herself had been the writer of those letters. He was acquainted with her penmanship, and the glimpse he caught had shown the characters to be apparently identical with Laura's writing. And had she not impulsively gathered them from his sight? Had she not previously trembled in the presence of that drunken roue, and shamelessly sought a private conference with a man who boasted of his licentiousness?

Clearly as the day, Ernest Willmore saw himself as the dupe of intrigante whose sordid haste to better her social condition had outstripped all discretion. And yet his faith in her goodness was stronger than he realised. It was an instinct, like his belief in God.

(CONTINUED.)

HIRD, the tailor.

Rare Chance to Purchasers.

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

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

OUR STOCK IS MADE UP OF THE FOLLOWING;

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

Cunningham Hardware Co.

PITHER & LEISER

VICTORIA, B.C.

(Successors to BOUCHERAT & Co.)

IMPORTERS OF

WINES, - LIQUORS - AND - CIGARS.

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

Guarantees a Good Fit and Workmanship, or no sale.

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

ADDRESS;

E. HIRD,

LIBRARY BLOCK, NEXT THE POST OFFICE,

New Westminster, B. C.

MEDICAL HALL.

ONE OF

THE LARGEST and THE BEST STOCK OF

DRUGS and SPECTACLES

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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

THE TORONTO SHOE STORE.

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

BOOT AND SHOE LINE

Ever shown in WESTMINSTER at the

Toronto Shoe Store.

M. W. MI

DUPONT BLOCK.

THE TREATING CUSTOM.

Thousands of Men Made Drunkards Because of This Pernicious Practice.

The baneful effects of intemperance, which today is so rife all through the land, steal upon its victims more insidiously perhaps through the prevalent practice of treating than through any other channel. To invite a man to take a drink at one's expense is the order of the day. To put him thereby under the implicit obligation of returning the same or of making him feel uncomfortable until he has balanced in some way the kindness which he thinks he has received is an essential consequence which to him is very dishonorable to neglect or shirk.

This custom and its consequences wrap society as a cloud. In it men move, and through it the chief work of harm and of the disintegration of character is accomplished. In the lower state of society it saturates the very language that is spoken. It pervades the very air that is breathed. It shapes the sentiment most frequently formed at home and abroad. Multitudes of children daily grow accustomed to it, and youths are fast falling victims to its snares.

Take any man who has found himself chained by the habit, the unquenchable habit for drink that is tearing his very vitals to be appeased, and ask him how this going the path of self destruction began, and he will tell you, if he speaks carefully and exactly, that it was not love of the liquor, that it was not the need he felt for it, but that it was the personal pressure of a custom brought to bear upon him by the false obligation under which he felt himself placed to accept the "treat" or the singularity and unmanly position in which he was put by refusing to accept the same.

Whatever or wherever may have been the origin of this custom of treating now so prevalent in our country, whether it be from the old mediæval idea of hospitality carried to abuse or a practice introduced from a foreign land, it matters not to our subject, but it has waxed strong with our busy, hurrying American people.

The American scandal, the "saloon," is at once its feeder and its propagator. These two dreadful festering sores on our social and body politic, the custom of treating and the saloon, must be eradicated or turned into purer channels where they may be cleansed from such dire habiliments as are hastening thousands upon thousands to eternal ruin. The force of this custom, combined with the shrewdness and desire to gain on the part of the liquor dealer and the studied adulteration of intoxicants, themselves intended to demand more, and the promiscuous sale privately and publicly of the same, is the fruitful source of the far extending evils so frequently described and so menacing to the free institutions of our country.—Father Tiernan in Church Progress.

Alcohol In the Tropics.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, who has had large experience in traveling in hot climates, says of the use of alcohol in the tropics:

"At 55 years of age, having passed most of my life in New England up to that date and having been a total abstainer all my life, I first entered tropical lands. Thence to the present time, seven years, I have been the greater part of the time in tropical climates. India. Burmah, Madagascar, west coast of Africa, from the Congo to Sierra Leone, Brazil, are among the countries I have visited and in which I have remained some months each. It has always been safe not to touch anything alcoholic. I have never taken a drop even as medicine. Alcoholic drinks are especially deadly in hot climates. Everywhere I have found total abstainers less liable to fevers, bowel complaints, rheumatism and other diseases than those who use alcoholics even in moderation. In one town in India, I remember, an English couple were the only white persons exempt from malarial fevers during a three years' residence, and they were the only abstainers in the place. Alcohol is a poison and acts quicker within the tropics than elsewhere."

The Rum Curse In Europe.

The thirty-fifth report of the Reformatory and Refuge union states that in Great Britain and Ireland 145,000 persons are every year committed to prison as drunkards, of whom 112,000 are men and the rest women. An English paper, from statistics taken from the press of the United Kingdom, reports the records of murders of women by inebriate husbands since Jan. 1, 1889, to Jan. 1, 1891, to be 3,004. In a late debate in the German reichstag it was stated that there are at present 11,000 persons in hospitals and insane asylums who are suffering from delirium tremens.

Wine Statistics.

Italy's annual production in round numbers is 697,000,000 gallons of wine, while France and Spain yield each 608,000,000 gallons. Spain is the chief exporter, getting about £12,000,000 for the 200,000,000 gallons which she sells abroad. France gets about the same sum for her 56,000,000 gallons, while Italy gets only £2,800,000 for the 45,000,000 gallons annually exported.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Fire burned a $35,000 church at Halifax.

FATAL ACCIDENTS.

Daisy Agnes Borg, Chicago, had her neck broken by being shut up in a folding bed. Her brothers shut her up for a joke.

EPIDEMICS.

Many new cases of yellow fever were reported at Brunswick, Ga.

A suspicious disease, supposed to be cholera, has broken out at St. Vincent, Cape Verd Islands.

DEATH BY DROWNING.

Thirteen men were drowned by the burning of the steamer Frazer at North Bay.

The propellers Albany and Philadelphia collided off Point aux Barques, and word comes from Sand Beach, Mich., that 25 men were lost by the upsetting of a boat.

"CRANK" CRAZE.

A crank in Cleveland tried to shoot a banker because he was not given $50,000 on demand.

George H. Stokes, a New York crank, asked Sir Oliver Mowat to endorse a draft on Queen Victoria. He said he was one of the Royal Family. He was arrested.

PROHIBITION.

Wellington County temperance people have organized for the plebescite.

The Royal commission on Prohibition continued the taking of evidence in Toronto.

The prohibitionists of Glengarry met at Alexandria and organized for the coming plebiscite.

SUICIDES.

Mrs. F. L. Chesnut of Maitland street, Toronto, committed suicide by taking a dose of laudanum.

Suffering from mental depression and the loss of fame and fortune, Henry Vincent, a Frenchman, aged 45 years, a friend of the late Gen. Boulanger, shot himself in a New York boarding house.

AGAINST THE LAW.

Sixty-three Anarchists were tried at Milan for holding a meeting on Sunday. No breach of law was revealed and they were all liberated.

A man named Ennis has been held in jail at St. John, N. B., for several days without any definite charge having been preferred. He was arrested at the instance of his employer.

THE REALM OF BUSINESS.

Coal is 60 shillings a ton in some districts in England.

The steamer Lahn brought $750,000 in gold to New York.

The Fuerst Bismarck brought $675,000 in gold to New York.

Bradstreet's reports 28 failures in Canada this week, as compared with 39 last week.

DEATH IN MANY FORMS.

John D. Ham, formerly of Newburg, died very suddenly at Napanee.

T. A. Mara, a prominent merchant of London, took a dose of morphine which had been sold him in mistake for quinine and died from the effects. Other members of his family who took the medicine have recovered.

RAILWAY FATALITIES.

Four persons were killed by a railway wreck near Fostoria. O.

Bath Beach, L.I., railway station was burned. One man was killed by a train going out.

By a rear-end collision on the Chicago Rock Island & Pacific Railroad at 71st street, Chicago, five people were killed and eleven injured.

THE SPHERE OF SPORT.

The International Field Trials took place at Chatham.

San Antonia, Texas, wants the Mitchell-Corbett fight.

The Elizabeth N.J. race track was closed for the season.

The fourth annual international field trials were contested at Chatham.

The races of the season were held at Sarnia. There were some good races.

Twenty thousand young trout were placed in the London Gun Club's pond at Dorchester.

THE LABOR WORLD.

The miners have almost won the recent strike in England.

Ottawa labor men are looking for a mayoralty candidate.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western officials have ordered all their mines to start on full time. This will give employment to 5,000 men and boys.

The Carnegie Steel Company has reduced the price of steel rails $5 a ton and proposes to defeat all competition. As a result some of the smaller rail producers are likely to be forced out of business.

MEN OF NOTE.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., has sailed for England.

Sir Charles Tupper has sailed from Montreal by the Parisian for London.

The Emperor of Germany has gone on a hunting expedition to the Black Forest.

A public dinner in honor of the Duke of Devonshire was given at Ulster Hall, Belfast.

Emperor William has decorated Prof. Mommsen with the star of the second class order of the crown.

Mr. Gladstone has appointed Prof. Ingram Bywater to succeed the late Prof. Jowett as master of Balliol College, Oxford University.

WARS AND RIOTS.

England has asked the United States to use its influence to settle the Brazilian war.

It is said Britain an France will remain strictly neutral as regards the trouble in Brazil.

Recent reports from Rio Janeiro indicate that Admiral Mello, the insurrectionary leader, is losing ground.

The Brazilian Government will banish any foreigner who attempts to incite feeling in favor of the revolutionists.

Word comes from South Africa that King Lombengula's son-in-law has been killed and that the King is about to sue for peace.

There are rumors in Key West, Fla., that the long-expected revolution in Cuba has begun in earnest, but no confirmation of the news has been received.

Morocco has acceded to the Spanish demands for reparation for the attacks on Melilla by the Riffians, and has sent 2,000 horsemen to compel the tribes to cease hostilities.

TALES OF MURDER.

The victims of the Barcelona bomb explosion were buried.

A colored man named Richardson kicked his wife to death at Dresden.

The Allen inquest has been again adjourned. The prevailing opinion is that the shooting was accidental.

At Halifax Richard Savage, aged 27, a New York street car conductor, shot his wife and child and then committed suicide.

At Brockville, Charles Shipman, accused of murder, pleaded guilty to manslaughter and was sentenced to seven years in penitentiary.

Miller Davis, who murdered Sheriff Dollerhide because he had shot and wounded Davis' brother, was hanged at Centre Point, Ark.

Albert Wilson, who murdered Miss Marshall in Warwick, and was acquitted on the ground of insanity, has been brought to Toronto Asylum.

"Doc" Andrews whose criminal malpractice is said to have caused the death of Lucy L. Denning at Toronto was arrested at Buffalo and brought back.

Anarchists caused a bomb explosion in the Lyceum Opera House, Barcelona, on Tuesday night, which killed about twenty-five persons and seriously wounded three or four times that number.

THE DEAD.

Robert Gladstone, a nephew of Britain's Premier is dead.

Prof. Herman August Hagen, of Harvard College, is dead.

Hon. Justice Taschereau, of the Supreme Court, died at Quebec.

Mrs. Margaret McLaren died near London, Ont., aged 103 years.

Gen. Samuel James Bridge died in Boston in his eighty-fifth year.

Francis Parkman, the eminent historian, died at his home near Boston.

Miss Annie Pixley, the well-known American actress, died in London, Eng., from brain fever.

Julius Froebel, the well-known statesman, died at Zurich. He was a nephew of Dr. Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten system.

Mrs. Abbie M. Leland, widow of Major William W. Leland, of Gen. Grant's staff, and mother-in-law of Joaquin Miller, died at Nyack, N.Y.

The remains of the late Annie Pixley (Mrs. Fulford), who died in London, Eng., will be cremated and the ashes will be brought to London, Ont., where they will be placed in the grave of her child.

OVER THE LINE.

California Exposition buildings are nearly ready.

Ald. Geo. F. Swift was inaugurated as Mayor pro tem, of Chicago.

The New York Sun says the battle against a robber tariff is not yet won.

Citizens petition the Governor of Florida to prevent the Mitchell-Corbett fight.

The New York Times intimates that the big armored cruiser New York has been badly constructed and is unstable.

It is said the new U.S. tariff bill will put a duty on crude and refined sugar, as well as increase the duty on whiskey.

Many serious fights took place throughout the United States on election day. Several people were shot at Camden, N.J.

In the State elections in the United States, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio and New Jersey went Republican. No material changes are reported in the Southern States.

CHURCH NEWS.

Rev. E. D. Silcox, who has been pastor of Embro Congregational Church, has resigned.

A life size statue of Mgr. Satolli will be unveiled in the Church of Our Lady of Grace, Hoboken.

Mgr. Satolli, Papal Ablegate, accompanied by Cardina, Gibbons, visited Niagara Falls, Ont., and was received by a number of Candaian clergy.

The Liberal Presbyterians of the United States, in convention at Cleveland, declared their intention to remain within the fold of the Presbyterian church.

Rev. Herbert S. McKitrick, whose parents live in Orangeville, Ont., has died of fever in Tarsus, Asiatic Turkey, whither he went in January last to take a position in St. Paul's Institute.

CANADIAN POLITICS.

The Quebec Legislature was opened with the usual formalities.

Mr. D'Alton McCarthy held meetings at Tara and Southampton.

Sir John Thompson stated that Parliament will meet early in January.

Mr. D'Alton McCarthy and Rev. Dr. Wild spoke to a large audience in Stratford.

Hon. Joseph Martin will be the Liberal candidate for the Commons in Winnipeg.

President Vanhorne of the C.P.R. declared that the big corporation was out of politics.

Cardwell Patrons met at Beeton and selected E. Jeffs as their candidate for the Legislature.

A portion of the Dominion cabinet is holding tariff interviews with the farmers of eastern Ontario.

The P. P. A. have nominated P. D. Mc Callum of Bosanquet as their candidate to succeed the late Hugh McKenzie, M. P.P.

Mr. A. Currie, of Nottawasaga, has been chosen as the candidate of the Patrons of Industry for West Simcoe in the Ontario Legislature.

WORLD OF CRIME.

The Italian Inspector-General of Customs is under arrest for crookedness.

Burglars robbed the St. Catharines Clothing Company of about $3000 worth of goods.

Burglars entered the postoffice at MacLeod, Alberta, and carried off $175 in cash and the registered mail bag.

Francis Weeks, the convicted New York embezzler, has been taken to Sing Sing prison to serve his 10 years' sentence.

R. B. Morrison's store at Morriston was burglarized, but the robbers dropped their swag on the sidewalk, having evidently been frightened.

Burglars supposed to be amateurs, put in a night's work at Ayton, Ont. They visited two stores and two hotels, and all they got was $1.50, a bottle of Scotch whiskey and a box of cigars, which they took from Ringel's hotel.

President Cleveland has pardoned Agnes McKinley, the woman who took a young girl from Toronto to Buffalo for immortal purposes, on condition that she at once leave the United States. The McKinley woman was convicted in Buffalo.

John C. Eno, who went from Quebec and offered to surrender on the charge of misappropriating in May, 1884, funds of the Second National Bank, of which he was President, was arrested in New York and formally charged with the offence.

Hop Lee's Laundry.

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

762 COLUMBIA STREET.

CABINET WORK.

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

A call solicited. Carpenterwork promptly attended to.

NOTICE.

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

Dated this 2nd day of November 1893

A. FERGUSON,
Solicitor for the applicants.

E. J. NEWTON

Importer and Manufacturer of

Harness, Saddles, Etc.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

STOCK SADDLES A SPECIALTY.

547 Front St., New Westminster.

J. HENLEY

Manufacturer of

Mineral Water, Syrups, Essences,

ETC., ETC.

Factory in rear of City Brewery.

Cunningham St., New Westminster, B.C.

The Western Fisheries & Trading Co.

Limited.

(Successors to W. H. Vianen.)

WHOLESALE AND EXPORT

FISH AND GAME

MERCHANTS.

SHIPPING, HOTELS and FAMILIES supplied at lowest prices.

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

Warehouse and Store—Front Street.

Telephone No. 6.

Freezer, Ice House, &c.—Lulu Island.

P. O. Box 449.

EVERYTHING AT COST FOR NEXT 60 DAYS.

LOOK AT PRICES.

Alarm Clocks $1.25, former price $2.00. Solid Silver, stem wind American Watch $8.00, former price $12.00. Men's Gold-Filled (guaranteed 15 years) Waltham or Elgin, $12.50, former price $18.00. Rolled Gold Chains (guaranteed 5 years) $2.00, former price $4.00.

30 per cent. discount on silver and plated goods.

CALL AND GET PRICES.

JOHN D. BENNETT,

Watchmaker & Jeweler.

Xmas Goods.

H. H. LENNIE & CO.

Have just opened out a fine line of goods for the Holiday Trade.

Fancy Art, Needle work direct from London England, Dolls, Toys, Photo Albums, Dressing Cases; also a fine lines of Celluloid Frames. Our stock of Burlin Wools is now complete.

Call Early and get your choice from a good selection.

No Trouble to Show Goods.

H. H. LENNIE & Co.

Y. M. C. A. Building, Columbia St.