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The Pacific Canadian.

Vol I. NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, FEB. 10, 1894. No. 22.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HOTELS, Etc.

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CITY AND DISTRICT.

MR. A. J. ANNAND, of Glenwood, was in town yesterday. He reports part of the road obstructed with fallen timber.

MR. J. W. MCCOLL has retired from the legal firm of Corbould & McColl, and will open a separate office. We bespeak for him a flourishing practice.

THE Surrey logging camp of the Royal City Mills Co., will commence operations again next Thursday. The camp has been closed down for a couple of months.

CANON PENTREATH, of Winnipeg, has declined the rectorship of Holy Trinity Cathedral, not being able to agree to the financial offer of the church committee.

THE weather during the week has been mild and spring like, and if it continues so for a short time longer, farmers will begin to think that seeding time is close at hand.

NOTICE of the all-important redistribution bill was given in the House on Monday by the Hon. Premier. Before our next issue the details of it will probably the before the people.

The house of Mr. S. Hobbins, on the Scott road, in the Municipality of Surrey, was destroyed by fire a week ago. Building and contents were a total loss, amounting to about $700.

ANYONE wishing to purchase a first-rate farm of 60 acres at a very moderate price can learn particulars by applying at this office. The farm is in Surrey and is admirably suited for hop growing.

THE many friends of Mr. Murdoch W. Gillis, contractor, who met with an unfortunate accident a couple of weeks ago, resulting in a broken leg, will be glad to learn that he is making a very satisfactory recovery, and is now out of the Hospital.

MR. S. A. CAWLEY, Reeve of Chilliwack, gave the CANADIAN a call on Tuesday. He was on his way, in company with some other prominent Chilliwackers, to Victoria to consult with the Government on matters of great concern to the people of that flourishing valley

THE latest news in regard to the Fraser bridge is a report current here yesterday afternoon that the Westminster delegation, reinforced by delegations from Chilliwack and Delta, waited upon the Government on Thursday evening, and succeeded in arranging everything satisfactorily, not only for the bridge but for the Delta Railway. This needs to be confirmed, but is generally accepted as correct.

MR. H. MCCUTCHEON, late editor and publisher of the Kamloops *Sentinel*, was in the city on Wednesday. He called at the CANADIAN sanctum, and the editor of this journal enjoyed a very entertaining hour's conversation. Mr. McCutcheon is very earnest in his political beliefs, and is an admirable newspaper man. He is contemplating a journalistic venture in one of the coast cities, and if he takes hold he is almost certain to meet with success.

THE refusal of the Roman Catholic Church here to accept for St. Mary's Hospital any share of the proceeds of a public ball given for charitable purposes, was eminently proper. As a general thing Christian churches are too ready to accept profits from methods deemed evil when practiced for the benefit of ordinary laymen. To be perfectly consistent, however, the wide Catholic church should discountenance gambling at church bazaars and inquire into the working of the Quebec lotteries.

A DELEGATION from Delta, composed of Messrs. W. H. Ladner, Benson, Patterson and Arthur, waited upon the Government on Wednesday to urge the desirability of Provincial aid to the Delta, New Westminster & Eastern Railway. The project, as we stated editorially last week, is a most deserving one, and its consummation will conduce largely to the prosperity of the most important agricultural district in British Columbia. From the utterances of Premier Davie at public meetings in Westminster District, it is clear that he realizes the importance of this proposed railway, and the people to be served have therefore reason to expect that every legitimate encouragement will be extended to the enterprise by the Provincial Administration.

THE festival of the Chinese New Year was duly celebrated by the Mongolians of the city this week. The most manifest demonstration of festivity is the setting off of enormous quantities of ordinary fire-crackers. In this way as much as probably $200 was exploded in the air this week. To whites it appears a very childish way of celebrating, and there is an impression that the fire-crackers are set off to chase away the devil, an impression utterly unfounded as regards at least the intelligent class of Chinese, who are followers either of Buddha or Confucius, and therefore do not recognize any devil. In response to an inquiry touching this point, a Chinaman who came into our office on business, answered: "Fire-clackers heap good, plenty fun, Chinaman likee berry much." Then disdainfully: "No debil—just heap fun set off plenty fire-clackers."

THE MARKET.

Yesterday was about an average day on the market as regards supply and transactions. Prices, however, fluctuated somewhat, more especially in the item of beef. There was a surplus of pork, and the price tends downward. The supply of potatoes is not equal to the demand, and they continue strong at an advanced price. Oats are called for, but few are offering. We quote as follows:

Butter, 50 to 60 cents per roll. Eggs, 25 cents per dozen.

Ducks, live, 60 cents each. Chickens, live, $6 per doz. all round; dressed, 50 cents each.

Pork, whole, 7½ cents; cuts, 9 to 11 cents. Beef, forequarters, 4 to 5 cents; hindquarters, 7 cents; cuts, 7 to 11 cents. Mutton, whole, 9 cents; cuts, 8 to 12 cents.

Hay remains at $13 per ton.

Oats scarce, and no fixed quotation for ordinary; an extra fine sample brought $30 per ton. Wheat, $28 to $30 per ton.

Potatoes stiff at $20 per ton. Turnips, $9; mangolds, $7; white carrots, $9; red carrots, $10 to $11; beets, 1½ cents per lb.; cabbage, 1½ cents; parsnips, 1½ cents; onions, 1¾ cents.

Apples, $1 to $1.25 per box.

Moore Thompson.

On Wednesday last Mr. R. A. F. Moore, who has the job department of the PACIFIC CANADIAN, and Miss Alberta M. Thompson, of "The Elms," Brantford, Ont., were married at the Methodist parsonage by the Rev. Mr. Hall at 7 30 p. m., Miss N. Gray acted as maid of Honor and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gray as witnesses. The bride was dressed in pink crepon trimmed with Nile green ribbon and looked charming, while the groom sustained his part with great composure.

After the ceremony the party returned to the residence of Mr. J. C. Gray, brother-in-law of the groom, where a sumptious dinner was partaken of by a number of intimate friends and congratulations extended. After music etc. the wedding couple entered the carriage amid a shower of rice and were driven to their home, corner 7th St. and Royal Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore were the recipients of many beautiful presents and embark on their new journey of life amid the best wishes of a large circle of friends both here and in the East.

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

THE FRASER BRIDGE.

To the Editor of Pacific Canadian.

SIR,—I am sure you take an interest in the welfare of New Westminster and are ready to advocate what you believe is conducive to its prosperity. The great question just now before the people is: Will we have a railway and traffic bridge that is to cost us $250,000 as a bonus, the bridge to belong to the builders and under their control, a toll to be charged and collected by the owners, no guarantee of good service, and no security to the city for the bonus money, while the bridge will be used as a railway crossing from all parts to and from Vancouver, which is and always will be the terminus, and deservedly so? There can be no doubt Vancouver will get the greatest benefit. As it is to be hoped traffic will largely increase in the immediate future, a railway bridge must interfere with other travel, and not be that benefit to New Westminster which we have a right to look for after saddling the city with a debt of $250,000 as a bonus to the builders of such bridge.

Sir, I believe the city will be better served, and derive a greater benefit, by building a good steel and iron traffic bridge, one good and sufficient for intended purposes, on which a toll may be collected, and controlled by the city. Such a bridge would give more satisfaction to farmers and residents generally in the surrounding districts, who could come and go at all times, without fear or danger from passing trains. I believe the Government would be pleased to guarantee a larger bonus if necessary, and also that the neighboring municipalities would be more ready to assist the city in such an undertaking than if the money went to strangers who had no interest but to make money out of the transaction. Sir, the C. P. R. has taught us a lesson we cannot soon forget. Their high rates crush our trade. They take all the profit and in a manner put an embargo on industry. Let us be warned, and not put ourselves in the hands of a company who have no interest but their own to serve. New Westminster first and all the time.

JOHN E. LORD.

Westminster, Feb. 8, '94.

A TERRIBLE calamity overtook the fine tug-boat Estelle in the vicinity of Cape Mudge on Sunday last. The only thing that appears certain is that the boat is a total wreck and that the whole crew of eight persons lost their lives with her. It is said that the vessel was blown to pieces by the explosion of her boilers, but this has yet to be confirmed. The Estelle was one of the best boats of her class in the Canadian Pacific waters, and her machinery was of the best. She was built about three years ago at a cost of $20,000, and made occasional trips to this port. The names of the crew are: Jas. A. Christensen, jr., Victoria, captain; Carl Johnston, Vancouver, mate; Herbert Whiteside, Victoria, engineer; Robert Wilson, Victoria, assistant engineer; George Hallitt, Victoria, fireman; Wm. McLaughlin, Nanaimo, deck hand; and a Chinese cook. Mr. A. Haslam, M.P., the senior owner of the Estelle, left for the scene of the disaster on Thursday morning, and after a careful search is able to add nothing to what is already known, except that the condition of the wreckage confirms the opinion that there was a violent explosion.

HAZELMERE.

Correspondence of Pacific Canadian.

For the past two weeks we have enjoyed very fine weather, bright sunny days and slightly frosty nights. Temperature at this station for January: Mean, max. 40.19; min. 29.18. Precipitation total for the month, 7.73.

Since the excitement of the Opposition members meetings and the municipal elections has passed away, the affairs of this settlement in sympathy with other portions of the corporation, have assumed their old standing. Our neighbors across the line are apparently to be treated in the near future to a mild edition of a railway boom, if the project now under consideration materializes.

Mr. A. J. Annand and his force of men are making good progress with the road work now under construction, from the Glenwood school house north.

As the Opposition have had their fling in holding meetings, etc., would it not be well for those who believe in and endorse the policy of the Government to get together and organize for the coming struggle. I, for one, do not believe in the blue ruin cry of the Opposition members and their organs, and feeling convinced that the majority of voters in Surrey are on the same side of the political fence, the *Columbian* notwithstanding, I would suggest that a public meeting be held at an early date to consider the outlook, etc.

H. T. T.

Hazelmere, B.C., Feb. 8, '94.

GLENWOOD.

Correspondence Pacific Canadian.

Mr. Alex. Anderson has returned from the city to prepare his farm for the spring crop.

Mr. Murdoch Kirby is spending the winter in England with his parents. He is expected to return home in March.

It is reported that a family will soon move on to the J. B. Butchard ranch, which has been vacant nearly a year.

Major Marsh, of Her Majesty's army at Halifax, is visiting his brother here this winter. They are cousins to the much respected Kirby family.

The settlers intend holding a meeting at A. Shields' house to further discuss the advisability of clearing out the Campbell river, so as to enable them to float out and dispose of the immense quantity of cedar and alder logs which abound in this vicinity.

A. J. Annand has a force of thirty men at work on the Anderson road, and under such an able manager the work is progressing favorably.

J. Walworth lost a valuable ox a few days ago. The animal died of red-water, a disease which has killed several cattle in the neighborhood. Would one be kind enough to insert in these columns a cure for the baneful disease.

Mr. Rochart, of Hall's Prairie, had a fat sheep stolen out of his barn a few nights ago. It was carried to the corner of the field, then slaughtered, and the mutton carried away. This sort of thing is becoming very monotonous, as seven head of fat cattle have disappeared this fall in the same way. The proper authorities should look after such doings, and bring the guilty parties to justice.

THE NECHACO DISTRICT.

A Magnificent area of Agricultural and Grazing Lands.

Victoria COLONIST.

The fact is constantly becoming more generally known and admitted that the man who published British Columbia to the world as the "sea of mountains," knew but little about the country. Thanks to the excellent system of explorations and surveys instituted by the Provincial Government some few years ago, and since prosecuted with energy, there have been brought to light vast stretches of the most desirable agricultural and pastural land in Canada; areas sufficient to supply many times the population of this Province and still meet the wants of an immense outside market with farm and kindred products. In the first couple of years, exploratory parties were sent out to generally map out the ground, but now that some extensive farming lands have been discovered, these parties have been formed into survey camps and spend the summer making surveys of the most desirable portions of the land that has been explored.

The party despatched this year under Mr. A. L. Poudrier, and which has recently returned, numbered twenty-five men, two of whom have taken up land and remained behind.

In the summers of 1889 and 1890, Mr. Poudrier had charge of parties whose mission it was to explore that piece of territory called the Nechaco valley, which before that time had been visited in an official sense by Dr. Dawson only, of the Geological Survey of Canada, and his staff. That gentleman then roughly calculated the area of this valley at 1,000 square miles of good agricultural land. This place is about six hundred miles from Victoria, exactly on the 54th parallel. However, when the provincial party went up there they had more time to explore the place, and it was found that Dr. Dawson's estimate could be doubled, if not trebled, there being room for at least five good townships of as excellent farming land as can be found anywhere. The country is mainly open, but where it is covered at all, the obstruction is composed of small woods of poplar and birch, which can be very easily and cheaply cleared. Some fears exist as to the dangers of summer frosts, but this occurs only in elevated places. The Indians have met with considerable success in the limited farming operations in which they have engaged, raising some wheat, potatoes, turnips, carrots and even cucumbers. The Hudson's Bay company's people have been growing barley there for a number of years, and it is said to be the finest barley grown in Canada, and this year a small experiment has been made in wheat, which has ripened to perfection.

In the course of last summer Mr. Poudrier says that over one hundred people came across the survey party, examining the land with a view of settling on it. These people were principally native Canadians, but the greater portion of them were from Oregon. One drawback is the lack of means of getting into the place. Of course cattle raising could be carried on very profitably there now, but for agricultural purposes road communication is needed. The old telegraph trail, which was cut twenty-five feet wide so as to serve as a wagon road as well, is still there, and although much overgrown, it would be a comparatively cheap task to clear and open it up for traffic.

In addition to the estimated three thousand square miles of land fit for agricultural purposes in the Nechaco Valley, there is still a large area that could be used for pasture. The country is thoroughly level, stones and rocks being practically unknown, and the soil of the richest quality.

"In fact," said Mr. Poudrier, "I am quite satisfied that when a road is built into that section the people will come in by hundreds. There is quite a local market offering, as well as the Omenica mining region to supply. There has been laid out this season about half a million acres of the most promising and convenient lands."

Furred game is scarce, so that the Indians are turning their attention to different pursuits than hunting, and are anxious to learn farming. They are a very peaceful and intelligent set of people, nearly all of them being able to speak English or French, and the one, old or young, who cannot read and write in his own language being an exception. They are a branch of the Tinnees Indians, sometimes called the "carriers," from an old custom which prevailed whereby the bodies of the men were cremated after death, and the widows carried the ashes of their deceased lords for the space of a year afterwards.

The party had a good summer, met with some hard weather, but had the good fortune to enjoy the best of health throughout the season, several of them catching the grip on their return. The work last year was altogether surveying the territory that had already been explored.

The Province's Public Schools.

The following digest of the Report of the Public Schools of British Columbia is from the Vancouver *News-Advertiser*:

The 22nd annual report of the Education Department, which has just been issued, contains much interesting information concerning the public schools of the Province. The report discusses the school year ending June 30th, 1893, the records of which are declared to evidence marked improvement and satisfactory progress. The number of Provincial school districts was, at the end of the year, 169, showing a gain of 15 for the twelvemonth, the number of schools meanwhile growing proportionately and numbering 166. Of these, 4 were High Schools, 16 Graded Schools, and 6 Ward Schools, whilst the remaining 140 were rural ones. The increased number of schools naturally necessitated an increased number of teachers and monitors, who were at the end of the school year under report 267 in all, the total showing a gain of 39 on the number similarly engaged in the previous year. The number of pupils enrolled increased to 11,496, a gain of 723 over the total of 1891-2, whilst the average daily attendance, rather more than correspondingly enlarged, being 7,111, or 884 above the quota of the previous year. The percentage of average attendance in the cities reached the fairly satisfactory total of 68.41, that of 53.82 representing the average attendance of the rural districts. As some of these have far extending limits, are provided only with bad roads and are inhabited by a very scattered population, the rural percentage of attendance is relatively the more satisfactory of the two figures.

Teachers salaries during the year amounted to $174,847.33, whilst the incidental expenses of rural schools, amounted to the modest total of $6,374.10, the expenditure of the Education Office attaining a total of $9,336.90, a sum very moderate, having regard to the extensive requirements of such a vast Province as this and the calibre of the officials engaged. The average cost of each enrolled pupil came to $16.57, whilst the total expenditure of the Department on education proper was $21,231.67 under the estimates, a decided exception to the general rule of Governmental expenditure. School houses, built during the year, cost $20,960.11, and furniture and repairs in rural districts involved an expenditure of $3,537.78.

Further statistics show that the Provincial Government in all expended directly and indirectly in connection with education during the year $215,056.22, but of this total $40,280.79 being half the teachers salaries in the cities were, as required by statute, repaid the Department by the various city municipalities.

The highest paid teacher received $125 a month, the lowest ones earning but $50, whilst the average salary was $61.30 a month, so it cannot be said that the profession is here over-remunerated by the State. The Department statistics also show, that as in the United Kingdom, female teachers here predominate, though by no means in the same large ratio, there being on the permanent staff of the Department in 1892-3, 117 males and 125 females.

The cost of education per pupil enrolled was during the year $1.16 more than during the previous twelvemonth, but this the Superintendent of Education ascribes to the circumstance that the small pox epidemic reduced the number of children on the school rolls in certain cases.

The results of the teachers' examinations for the year showed a rapidly increasing number of applicants for certificates, the total of examinees rising from 200 in 1892 to 271 in 1893. All but 35 of these last satisfied the examiners, although 73 of them only obtained the lowest certificate, 12 reaching the highest standard and 27 the one closely approximating, these being first-class, grades A and B respectively. The report makes as to these certificated teachers the following significant remarks: "At the present time, the number of certificated teachers about equals the demand, and the prospects are that in the near future there will be a sufficient number of holders of certificates to enable Boards of Trustees, in case of vacancies, to select from a large number of applicants. Those who have had little or no experience in teaching will doubtless find it difficult to secure appointments. It behoves those, therefore, who propose entering the profession of teaching to fit themselves for the work by utilising every facility afforded them. We would suggest that it would be of great advantage to the inexperienced to spend as much time as possible in visiting orderly and well-conducted schools before undertaking active duties, in order to obtain a knowledge of the methods employed, the discipline observed, and in fact to learn how to manage a school."

It is eminently necessary for the teacher to have a good educational standing, but it is equally important that he have a good knowledge of everything required for the proper management of a school.

It is thus made evident that in the very near future, the less perfectly qualified teachers will not find it easy to obtain appointments, whilst very young applicants will, rightly enough, either have to wait a little ere receiving teachers appointments, or else content themselver awhile with terms of apprenticeship as monitors.

The young woman of sixteen or eighteen, and the young man of eighteen or twenty who obtain certificates of qualification to teach and yet scarcely know the difference between a register and a recitation record book, or who cannot make out correctly the monthly and yearly reports required, are certainly not properly prepared for the profession.

Such are the chief points suggested by a consideration of that portion of the Report, which deals mainly with statistics. There are however in the remainder of the Report, valuable references to curriculum, school methods and results.

A Bad Fall.

Victoria, Feb. 3.—J. Keith, the architect, had a narrow escape from death last night. He fell 35 feet from the E. & N. railway bridge into the water. He struck his forehead either on a stone or piece of wood, for he was badly cut, and is probably suffering from concussion of the brain, although that has not yet been determined. There was no one else on the bridge when he fell, and as he is in no condition to offer an explanation the particulars are not to be had. Some fishermen who were near at hand heard the splash, accompanied by cries and struggles, and quickly rowed their boat to the spot from which the sound came. They pulled him out of the water in a half-drowned condition, and escorted him to the city police station. Under the light he presented a sorry spectacle. His clothes were dripping wet and muddy and blood streaming from a gash in his forehead. Dr. George Duncan, medical health officer, was sent for, and after dressing the wounds and prescribing for him directed him to be taken to the Jubilee Hospital. He was seen there again this morning, and while he seemed to be doing very well the doctor fears that he is suffering from concussion of the brain. Mr. Keith, as an architect, is quite well known. He was a member of the former firm of Eever & Keith, and it was he who designed the accepted plans of the proposed Anglican cathedral. He is also prominent in musical circles.

ORIGIN OF FAMILY NAMES.

Inman and Taverner formerly entertained travelers.

Seamer and Seymour are the descendants of tailors.

Payne, Paine and the like are contractions of pagan.

Tyer, Tyerman and their kinfolks were once hairdressers; so also were the Coffers and Coifers.

Poulter was the man who sold fowls; his name may be recognized in Powlter, Pulter and Puliter.

Mercer was a general storekeeper, and his memory is embalmed in the Mercers, Marcers and Marcys.

Clark was the village penman and the father of a long line who spell their one name in many ways.

Horne is an official name. Its original owner carried the king's horn when majesty was at the chase.

Starch and Stark were synonymous, which accounts for the abundance of the Starks, formerly manufacturers of or dealers in this article.

Heifer herds were yeat herds, hence the Yeatmans and Yeaters. Cowherds, Coherds and Cowarts were the men who tended the herds of cows.

Swain was formerly a man who kept hogs, and his descendants are the Swaines, Swaynes, and perhaps also the Swaims, Swinnerts and Hoggarts.

Church, Churchman and Churcher had a father who lived by the church; Brooks, Brooker, Brookman, by the stream; Wells, Weller, Wellman and Crossweller, by the town pump.

Tiller, Tillman, Mowyer, Dyker and Dykerman, Hedger and Ditcher are all derived from agricultural employments; so also are Marler, Clayer, Chalker, Akerman and many others.

Smith's former popularity is attested by Goldsmith, Arrowsmith, Billsmith, Spearsmith, Neesmith or Nailsmith, Bucksmith or Buckelsmith, Locksmith and many other compounds.

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Job Printer.

KATE JORDAN'S WORK

SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE KISS OF GOLD."

Her Charming Personality — How She Served a Long and Silent Apprenticeship—Stagestruck Once, but Now It Is All Gone.

The charm that lies in a story sometimes defies a definition. We call it "the way a story is told," just as we talk of the expression as the pleasing quality in a face. But it is more than that. It is the magnetic personality of the writer behind the words.

This is what I felt as, with a sigh, I laid down "The Kiss of Gold." The beauty of its diction still haunted me—its humanity that planted a little ache in my heart, and its buoyant description of youth, love and success put, alas! to a wrong use.

I began to wonder about this new author, Kate Jordan, whose story had transfigured a dull afternoon for me. I felt that she was young and had perhaps poured out the story of her own literary experiences in the great whirling life of New York.

Who was she? I determined to see.

A few days later I was mounting a flight of brownstone steps in a quiet up town street, and making known my mission was ushered into a pretty, harmonious room, oriental in style. It showed that an artistic taste had selected the odd trifles that filled it. One right angle was a deep divan covered with rugs and heaped with the most inviting looking pillows. Above it hung a piece of tapestry, an excellent copy of Bouguereau's "Two Loves." The mantel was draped in fishnet that looked as if it had seen good service and was looped up at one side by a long fishing rod. Japanese matting and odd antique rugs covered the floor. On the walls were many choice water colors. But just above the piano were some pictures that interested me more—the original pen and ink sketches of "The Kiss of Gold," daintily framed in white, and also an original drawing of Miss Jordan's heroine in her other strong dramatic story, "The Other House."

A very pretty violet eyed girl in a blue morning gown came in to see me.

"You want to speak to my sister?" she asked. "She writes in a room at the top of the house, just as far away as she can get from all of us, and if you won't mind going up two pairs of stairs I'll take you to her."

I followed my guide up the stairs to a white door at the end of a narrow hall under a stained glass skylight.

Our knock interrupted the soft humming of a comic opera air, and we went in. Miss Jordan was sitting at the window before a long oak writing table, on which was heaped a chaos of papers of almost every color.

MISS KATE JORDAN.

"Please don't look at the table. This is cleaning day," she said brightly as she gave me her hand—such a little hand, indeed the very prettiest real hand I ever saw. "This is my eyrie," drawing forward the most comfortable chair for me. "I can't hear a sound from the house, but the murmur from the street is incessant, and I like that. My pleasantest hours are spent in this little room."

It was a pretty place—all blue and white. The rug, the divan, the lamp shade, the curtains all blue and white, and beyond the wide window, with its frill of Chinese crape, lay the housetops and spires of the city, the smoke from hundreds of chimneys curling into the vivid morning sunlight.

And the owner of it? Her personality was quite in keeping with the restful beauty of the place. Kate Jordan is a pretty, well bred, well dressed New York girl. She looks about 23, and there is nothing in her dress, manner or speech to suggest that she is "literary"—in other words, she is not unpleasantly labeled with the mark of her profession. She is a brunette with white skin, frank, direct eyes, with the dark eyelashes of the Irish, and her lips and teeth are remarkably pretty.

A Russian jacket of brown velveteen was confined at her waist by a dull, silver belt, and a long, straight skirt of brown cashmere hung down from it in graceful folds.

"So this is being interviewed, and I am to talk about myself?" she asked, settling herself among the pillows on the divan: "It's a subject with which I am so familiar, no wonder I do not find it as interesting as some others. To commence, then, I am Irish by birth. Dublin is my native city, but I left it when a baby. I have traveled very little, but hope to see a good bit of the world very soon. I have lived in New York all my life, and I think I know it thoroughly."

"One has only to read 'The Kiss of Gold' to know that," I ventured.

"Dear New York"—and her eyes darkened with enthusiasm—"with its different phases of life, its odd nooks and corners, its people made up of every color and quality, from every country on the globe, like the samples in a tradesman's book. Yes, I know it. I love to study its low life. Frequently I take a car in a poor section of the city and let it take me through streets where the miserables horde, and the atmosphere is tainted, and the languages a Babel-like mixture. My ambition is that some day, perhaps afar off, I may write a successful story laid among the poor of New York, in full sympathy with them, as Dickens, whom I love, was with the London poor."

"Have you written anything besides 'The Kiss of Gold' and 'The Other House?'"

"Oh, yes, I have sent out a ton of manuscript, most of it unsigned. When you look up the biography of any one whose work in the arts happens to make a good impression, you will generally find that they have not come under the public notice at a bound. Like others, I have served a long and silent apprenticeship since the time I wrote love stories before I left school and reveled in seeing them in print with a luxury I do not now know."

"In 'The Kiss of Gold' you seem familiar with life behind the scenes of a theater. Have you ever been on the stage?"

"No, but I have not gone unscathed. Almost every girl who keeps in touch with life in New York is stagestruck at some point in her career. So was I. For more than a year I attended the now defunct Boucicault school of acting. The time as far as stage tuition went was wasted, but Boucicault, with his delicate face, snowy hair and caustic, witty tongue is a figure I can never forget. His brilliancy was fairly scintillating, and I have to thank him for a better knowledge of Shakespeare than I could have had without his aid."

As we chatted about many other things, and I noted the inimitable Irish humor that crept into my companion's phraseology, the delightful play of expression in her face from grave to gay, I inwardly decided that she possessed the possibilities of an excellent comedienne.

"Can you tell me how you came to write 'The Kiss of Gold?'" I asked.

"Can any one tell how an inspiration is born? But the motive of the plot was a most natural one, for the struggle between love and ambition goes on every day in the money getting atmosphere of this city. I lived for years, until very recently, in dear old Chelsea square, where the story is laid—New York's ecclesiastical corner—and sometimes went to service in the little chapel. Watching the students troop in looking like a flock of ravens in their picturesque gowns, I always knew I would somehow or other make them figure in a story. I made Tom Irish, because the reader might more easily forgive his weakness—that instability of purpose that is such a frequent trait in the Celtic temperament, accompanying even good morals and aspirations and intellectual strength. There are many managers in New York like Mr. Plunket. Old Mr. Kent is Boucicault as far as appearance goes. Delatole's selfishness and moral turpitude live in a man I have met, and it is easy to conceive such a man when placed as a critic using his pen as a weapon of threat and attack. Women of Virginia's type, fortunately for human nature, are not rare—quiet heroines who bear burdens and never think of complaining."

A little maid appeared to say lunch was ready, and Miss Jordan lifted her eyebrows.

"How much we could accomplish in this world if so much time were not taken up with sleeping, dressing and eating. And I have such a good appetite, and I can't get up early."

"When do you write?" I asked as I rose to go, "and what are you writing now?"

"I write in the morning always. At night, if I have no engagement, I come up here and scribble. I've commenced my first play—a farce. It seems very laughable to me—still a manager may find it a funeral. Besides that I am writing a new novel and doing some work for the daily press. You will admit I haven't much time to be lazy."

The impression which clung to me as I went down the sunny street was a very pleasant one. Miss Jordon's vitality is strong, her desires earnest. If capability, originality, perseverence and courage get their due reward, her success will grow with her years.

JEAN COREY.

The Development of Pants.

While there have been many changes in the styles of coats and waistcoats, trousers have come down to the present not greatly changed. Diodorus Siculus says of the Belzie Gauls that "they wore close trousers, which they called braccae." The Roman invasion brought bare legs to Britain, and the braccae of the Gauls were discarded for the new order of things. When the Romans took leave and were succeeded by the Saxon, the braccae was compromised by a style of short drawers reaching half way down the thigh and stockings coming up to meet them. The drawers were called breech or hose.

The time of Elizabeth saw the covering of a man's leg develop into a conspicuous part of the attire of a gentleman. The cavaliers wore what were termed the petticoat breeches, and knee breeches followed the absurd petticoat pattern. Trousers for infantry were introduced into the British army Sept. 12, 1812, while cues and pigtails disappeared by general order July 20, 1808.—Washington Star.

A Queer Idea of Enjoyment.

I know, or rather I used to know, a village in Devonshire in which every able bodied man used to subscribe regularly to a common fund. It was an ancient custom and possibly still survives. To what purpose do you suppose that fund was applied? To making every subscriber—that is, every ablebodied man in the place—drunk, dead drunk, I fancy, but certainly drunk, on cider, on certain appointed high days and holidays. Talk of the temptation which a great city offers to a countryman to fall into drinking habits? What singular notions some folks seem to have!—All the Year Round.

THE MOUNTAIN.

From lands of sunshine gay with bloom
We took the northern course and came
To that great city which delights
Grim satire in Seattle's name.

A remnant weak, his people take
The crumbs that from her table fall;
The past is theirs, the future hers
Who crowds them harshly to the wall.

Proudly she sits upon her hills,
Her various waters gleaming round;
Her snowy crested mountains fair,
Soft mirrored in their blue profound.

But one, the top and crown of all,
High soaring far above the rest,
Hid in impenetrable clouds
His towering head, his ample breast.

But, oh, at length a morning dawned,
One more divine earth never knew,
When better far than tale or dream
The mountain clove the heavenly blue.

The mountain! All the snowy peaks
Which mountains seemed the day before,
That day were little hills, so high
We saw the highest climb and soar.

So high! So grand! And yet with all
So sweetly, delicately fair,
We had believed if one had said,
"A dream, a phantom of the air."

And as the perfect day went by
More dreamlike still the mountain grew,
As gathering mists, a purple zone,
Around his base their vesture drew

All white and pure from crown to foot
There floated in the azure deep
A hill of heaven, a mount of God.
It made our hearts with gladness leap.

The things of sense are types of soul.
How oft for many days the best
Is thick involved in clouds that chill
Man's heart within his lonely breast!

And then there comes a day of days,
And floating bright in heavenly air
He sees the mount of God, all white
With fields of faith and founts of prayer.

And by that glorious vision blest
He knows the peace that passeth thought.
God folds him to his heart. His good
Is better than the best he sought.

—John W. Chadwick.

NOT IN THE BOOK.

I was sitttng in a tiny shoeshop, perched high and dry on the sea wall, watching my friend, the "cap'n," stitch shoes—little children's shoes. I called him "cap'n" by way of compliment, this queer old fellow with his bald pate and oily, mackerel face. Truth to tell, I doubt his having arrived even to the dignity of mate, and it was many a long year since his desertion of the Mary Lib and her crew for the safer but less lucrative occupation of making shoes.

The bay before us glinted and sparkled beneath the pale, sunlit sky like a monster diamond, and away to the left stretched the green waters of the Atlantic, mysterious and enchanting.

"Did yeh know thet some summer folks had bought the islun?" casually remarked the cap'n as he paused to rewax and roll his thread.

"Which island?" I proceeded to inquire, for there were some half dozen rock heaps dotting the bay.

"Why-er, the one alongside of Jilly's pint, with the dear little trees on et. See 'em?"

"Oh, you mean 'Pirate's isle'!"

"Well, I never heerd et called thet."

This was too much. I drew a yellow covered guidebook from my pocket and triumphantly read:

"Pirate's Isle." A small island off Jilly's point, noted for having been the resort of pirates before and after the Revolution. The house is still standing from which old Hichborn and his gang were routed by the government inspectors in 1790.

"Gorry, yeh don't say? Wery cur'ous, 'cause my gran'ther built thet house, 'nd he warn't no pirate. Leastways, I never heerd of his bein. He only fished off the Gran banks." And the cap'n favored me with a prodigious wink—a wink of exultation at my defeat and delight at putting my book in the lie. It was not the first time he had done this, and in disgust I tossed the poor paper thing through the open window into the sea. Henceforth the cap'n should be my only guide.

A mighty wave, chancing to dash against the red brown rocks below, sent up a saucy wreath of spray to sprinkle our faces with salt drops. The cap'n looked up from his work and regarded admiringly his old time enemy, Father Ocean, and musing apostrophized:

Old ocean, ever in motion,
Restless sea, never still.

My friend was somewhat of a poet, be it known.

"Thet little islun," he continued, turning to me an unusually grave face—"thet little islun is a dreadful place. Et's got blood on et, 'nd I wouldn't live there ef they'd give't to me. No, sir!"

"Then et doesn't belong to your family now?"

"No, et don't. We sold et a-many year ago, afore mother 'nd father died. I ain't set foot on 't for nigh on to 15 year. Not sence—but you don't want to hear about thet."

"Indeed I do, cap'n. What happened there? Tell me, do," I urged.

"Lord! you be the mos' cur'ous boy as evers I see. You'll cut yerself to pieces some day jes' to see how et'll feel. But mind, now, this ain't a pretty story. Et'll make yeh feel real bad—wuss than pirates 'nd hants 'nd sech, 'cause et's true, ev'ry word of et."

"I'm waiting, cap'n," was the only response. And quietly at first, with many a pause for a long pull at his clay pipe, but with ever increasing emotion, he related the following story, which has haunted me ever since:

"Et were 16 year ago come this fall thet a big feller, named Sam Weston, come ashore with wife 'nd little un. He were mate on the Breezy, a fishin wessel bound fer the banks. He come to father 'nd said: 'Will yeh rent me thet little house o' yourn over on th' islun? Can't seem to fin no berth in the town.' He were werry jolly, 'nd father, he said: 'Aye! Take et 'nd welcome.' Mother, she took right a-hold 'nd helped the gal with 'er duds—she were al'ays helpin some un, mother was—'nd I painted up an ol' dory for 'em to row over 'nd back in.

"Well, bum-by, in 'bout a week the Breezy set sail, 'nd Sam Westen went along of 'er. The gal 'nd little feller were left alone on th' islun. She seemed a bit down hearted at fust, but she were too joyful a creatur' to stay that way long. 'Call me Jess,' she says to mother, 'cause I love ye a'ready. Call me Jess.'

"Lord, Lord! She were a delightful creatur'—tall 'nd slim, with black hair 'nd eyes the color of water. You sh'd hev' heered her laf. Mother used to say et made her feel young agin to hear thet laf, et was so good 'nd hearty.

"Jess c'd pull a dory against any feller along shore, 'nd they all 'mired her after thet big shoal o' herrin come in late, 'nd she helped pick the nets 'cause they was short o' hands 'nd dories. She saved ol' crazy Bill's life one day when his boat capsized in a squall. Bill never forgot that, cracked as he were. The little un, Neddy, too, how she did love 'im! He were a fat, solemn looking little feller, onstidy on his legs 'nd jes' beginnin to talk. Favored Sam, but hed her eyes—bootiful eyes!

"Well, one mild, bright day in winter, the Breezy agin dropped anchor in the harbor. She hed a fust rate haul o' fish aboard 'er, 'nd they'd been a wery easy trip.

"Sittin et supper Peter (my brother thet's dead) said the men off the Breezy was raisin h—l with their money down to Jilly's. Si Jilly kep' the store then 'nd sold bad whisky in a back room. 'Yeh didn't see Sam Weston with 'em, did yeh?' mother asked, kinder anxious. She was very fond o' Jess, mother was. 'No,' said Peter. 'He must hev' steered straight home.' Mother give a sigh o' relief 'nd asked us not to go a-nigh Jilly 'nd his crew thet night. We humored 'er 'nd staid to home. I 'member Peter played on 'is 'cordion all the evenin. Lord, how he did make the thing work! It al'ays pleased mother 'nd father so.

"Long arter midnight, when we'd all turned in, I c'd hear the singin 'nd howlin goin on down to Jilly's. Et must hev been 'bout 2 in the mornin thet a couple o' the devils come reelin by, yellin 'nd cussin. Then I fell asleep, 'nd the nex' thing I knew I was sittin straight up in bed a-list'nin. Et was a knock thet hed woke me—a knock et our door. Quick I jumped into my clothes 'nd run down below. A secon knock come, so very gentle thet et made me feel queer. I thought of the 'Moonfaced Lady' 'nd the 'Wisitin Cod.' Not thet I b'lieved them yarns—Lord, no! I didn't unbolt the door, but called out low: 'Who is it? What d'yeh want?'

"No answer. Then agin, a little louder: 'Who is et? Tell me what yeh want.' 'Nd a strange voice answered: 'It's me, Jess. Let me in.' 'Nd I threw open the door. In she walked with the boy in 'er arms. It were Jess, 'nd yit it warnt Jess. I didn't dare to speak. A fearful look was in 'er eye. Mother was up by this time 'nd in the room. The gal walked straight up to 'er 'nd put the boy in 'er arms. 'Mis' Jameson,' said she in thet cold, strange voice, 'Mis' Jameson. I've killed Sam. He wanted to strangle my baby. See! See! The black marks on his soft little neck. I drove a knife deep, deep, into the cruel heart,' 'nd with thet she seemed to let go o' 'erself, fell right down on the floor screamin, 'nd et was all Peter 'nd I c'd do to keep 'er from banging 'erself to pieces.

"Neddy begun to cry. He were frightened, poor little feller! 'nd mother took 'im away, huggin 'im close Father 'nd Jack Andrews pulled over to the islun 'nd come back lookin white 'nd skeered. 'She done et,' was all father c'd say, 'she done et.' Then come some black days—Jess carried off 'nd Sam buried. Et seemed the wagabond hed gone home thet night mad wi' the drink. 'nd he must have set out to strangle his boy. The marks were on 'im. * * * Some say Jess were a murd'ress, 'nd thet she ought t' hev been hung, but I can't see et in thet light. Anyway they let 'er be. 'nd et warn't long afore she lef' this world o' 'er own accord. Poor creatur'! Poor suff'rin creatur'!"

"And the little fellow, what became of him?" I ventured to ask, breaking the long pause that followed the cap'n's last words.

"The little feller?" repeated my friend, raising his bowed head and mechanically rolling a bit of thread. "Well, d'yeh see a green dory over by the lighthouse?"

"Yes, cap'n."

"And a fine, strappin boy in 'er settin a lobster trap?"

"Yes."

"Thet's the little feller."—Boston Transcript.

The Varied Value of Silver.

Silver, in its relative commercial value to gold, has varied greatly at different times since the two metals were first used for coins. In the days of Abraham the patriarch it was 8 to 1; B. C. 1000, it was 12 to 1; B. C. 500, 13 to 1, and at the beginning of the Christian era, about 9 to 1. In the year 500 A. D. it was 18 to 1, in 1100 it was 8 to 1, and at the time of the discovery of America only 7 to 1.

In the year 1500 gold was only six times more valuable than the precious white metal, and within the next 100 years two pounds of silver could be exchanged evenly for one of gold. In 1616 gold was again on the boom, being 10 times more valuable than its paler brother, and in 1725 it was 13 times more valuable than silver, just as it was 500 years B. C. At the beginning of the present century silver was at a lower figure than it had been at any time since the year 500 A. D.—viz, 15.98 to 1. In 1876 the ratio (commercial) of silver to gold was 20 to 1, and in 1892 it was at the lowest point it has ever reached since the discovery of America—24.24 to 1. The figures for the present year are wanting.—St. Louis Republic.

The Cautious Sultan.

Some one seems to have told the sultan that chlorate of potash is a dangerous explosive. Consequently no druggist or pharmacist in Constantinople is allowed to possess or sell it. The grand master of artillery alone is allowed to have it in keeping.—Constantinople Letter.

Beating Him Down.

Clinker—Is $100 the best you can do for a saloon passage?

S. S. Agent—Yes, sir. What more do you expect.

Clinker—I didn't know but you gave a rebate on meals returned.—Club.

THE LEGISLATURE.

Synopsis of Proceedings.

MONDAY, February 5.

The Speaker took the chair at 2 p.m.

Hon. Mr. Turner presented a petition from the Women's Christian Temperance Union, respecting the franchise under the school act.

The following petitions were read and received:

From John Irving and others, for a private bill to incorporate the Victoria, Vancouver and Westminster railway company.—Mr. Booth.

From D. McGillivray and others, for a private bill to authorize the reclamation of lands in New Westminster district, adjacent to Sumas lake and Vedder creek.—Mr. Punch.

From "The Kaslo and Slocan Railway Company," for a private bill to amend their corporate act.—Mr. Hunter.

From A. H. Maynard and many others for a repeal of sub-sec. 29 of sec. 52 of the "Municipality Act Amendment Act, 1893."—Mr. Rogers. With respect to this petition, the Speaker said it was certainly irregular, in that many of the names appeared to be copied, being written in one hand, and many of them in lead pencil. However, as there were many original signatures on it, and he did not wish to deprive the petitioners of the benefit of their petition, because of their lack of acquaintance with the rules, he would not rule against it.

The private bills committee reported that the rules of the House had been complied with in respect of the bill relating to the Kootenay Central railway company.

Report adopted.

The public accounts committee presented the following report, which was received and ordered to be printed:

"That the total expenditure as brought to account at the treasury from 1st July to 31st December, 1893, is $694,547.22; that the receipts during the same period have been $334,241,95; the expenditure over receipts being $460,305.36. That these figures do not include the returns from New Westminster for the month of December, or from Cowichan for November and December, or Cassair for October, November and December. It must be taken into consideration that the expenditures during the first six months of fiscal year are always the heaviest; also the receipts from taxes are very small, the real estate, personal property, wild land, income and provincial taxes are generally paid into the treasury during the month of June. Besides this, we would draw your attention to the fact that the above expenditure includes the sum of $53,995.05, being the discount on £123,700 inscribed stock sold in London.

"That the amount of cash on special deposit at the Bank of British Columbia on 31st December, 1893, was $575,909.52; of this amount $50,000 is derived from the loan act, 1891, and $529,902.52 is the proceeds from sale of $599,945 inscribed British Columbia stock issued under authority of the Parliament Buildings Construction Act, 1893.

"That the sum of $53,771.38 was overdrawn on current account at the Bank of British Columbia on 31st December, 1893.

"That the subsidy of $3,200 per mile, amounting to $163,000, was received the Dominion government under the Shuswap railway guarantee acts, 1890-91, and became part of the consolidated revenue fund of the Province was paid into the Provincial current account at Bank of British Columbia and had consequently been expended at that date.

"That a cash deposit of $118,400 had been also received from the Nakusp & Slocan railway company in anticipation or in lieu of the Dominion subsidy, under the provisions of section 9 of the railway aid act, 1893, and this amount also became part of the consolidated revenue fund, and was paid into the Provincial current account at the bamk and had consequently also been expended at that date.

"That on the 31st December, 1893, the sum of $49,504.99 was at the credit of the intestate estates fund, and the sum of $27,841.72 at the credit of the suitors' fund, under the act of 1890. That these funds are paid into the bank on current account and were consequently expended at that date.

"That the cash balance at the treasury on 31st December, 1893, was $5,343.76."

Mr. Sword moved, "That in the opinion of this House the incidence of the tax on mortgages is inequitable."

The Speaker ruled the motion out of order, in the following decision: "It is an important financial principle that the House should not be called upon to condemn taxes which they are not prepared on the instant to repeal, as by so doing they unsettle the minds of commercial men in their business transactions, and occasion embarrassment to the Government in their plans for the regulation of the public finances. Abstract resolutions in regard to particular branches of taxation have been not infrequently submitted to the House of Commons by private members, but they have been uniformly resisted by the Government as being inexpedient and impolitic. On the 13th March, 1879, Mr. Speaker Williams, sitting in this chair, ruled that it was incompetent for a private member to move an amendment to a bill that would vary the incidence of taxation. May, ninth edition, p. 575, says: 'Where it has appeared that a proposed amendment would vary the incidence of taxation, Mr. Speaker has declined to put the question.' I must, therefore, rule that the resolution is not in order and cannot be put."

Mr. Kitchen introduced a bill intituled "An Act to Amend the Wide Tire Act, 1893."

Read a first time.

Hon. Mr. Davie introduced a bill intituled "An act for the prevention of accidents by fire in hotels and other public buildings."

Read a first time.

Mr. Brown moved for a return showing: 1. The toal cost to the Province of the land recently appropriated to form part of the Government grounds at James Bay, Victoria. 2. The total amount of contracts let to date for the construction of the new parliament buildings. 3. A statement of the work to be done, not covered by contracts now let—(a) On the construction, fitting and furnishing of the new parliament buildings; (b.) On the laying out of grounds, etc., consequent on the construction of the said buildings.

Motion agreed to.

Mr. Horne moved for a return of all lands sold for taxes under the Assessment Act, 1888, to the present date, showing the description of the property, the date of sale, and the amounts realized for each parcel.

Motion agreed to.

Mr. Horne introduced a bill intituled "An act respecting preference of wages and salaries in case of assignments for benefit of creditors."

Read a first time.

Mr. Kellie moved that an humble address be presented to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor requesting that strong representations be made to the Dominion Government to have the obstructions to steamboat navigation removed between Revelstoke and Canoe River, Big Bend; and further, that prompt steps be taken to protect the townsite of Revelstoke from the encroachments of the Columbia river. The mover said that at the present time, for want of means of access, the expense of getting supplies into the rich country north of Revelstoke is about twice that even of getting into the Cariboo country, being about nine cents a pound.

Motion agreed to.

Mr. Cotton rose to move the adjournment of the House, stating that his purpose was to call attention to a matter affecting the Executive Council, which they should take into their serious consideration. He saw from a report appearing in the *Colonist* that in the case stated before the Supreme Court relating to the ownership of the precious metals in the railway lands, the Hon Attorney-General had appeared for the Crown, and on the other side there had appeared the Hon. C. E. Pooley, who is the president of the council. He thought that this matter, involving millions of dollars and the welfare of many people, must have come before the council, and been considered by the president with the other members, and he thought that that gentleman should not have been willing to take a brief against the government, especially as that brief was on behalf of of the Island railway, the largest corporation in the Province. He had brought up this matter on a motion for adjournment rather than as a vote of censure, because he did not wish to make it a party one, and he thought the House should adjourn so as to give the ministers an opportunity of deciding upon the course to be taken in the matter. He therefore moved "That the House do now adjourn."

Hon. Mr. Davie said if the object of the mover had been, as he claimed, to give members of the Government an opportunity of stating their position, he would have brought the matter forward in a straightforward way, giving the regular notice of his intention, instead of which he had sprung the resolution upon the House, giving no opportunity for the complete answer which might otherwise have been made. His object seemed rather to take the Government unawares than to better the position of public affairs. As to the part in the matter taken by Hon. Mr. Pooley, he thought it showed decidedly bad taste to bring it up in the House. The President of the Council occupies merely an honorary position in the Executive, being in receipt of no salary, and it might as well be argued that he could not undertake a criminal defence against the Crown Prosecutor, as that he should not appear in a case such as that under discussion. Technically no Queen's Counsel should appear in a case against the Crown, without special license, but that rule had long ago ceased to have any effect. Innumerable precedents could have been quoted where officers of the Crown had appeared as opposing counsel in Government cases, but the way this matter had been sprung upon the House gave no opportunity to procure them. It was not advisable that ministers who happened to be barristers by profession should be required to abstain from private practice, but this matter should be left to their own discretion. No lawyer in the Province whose services or opinion was worth having could be got for the present salary of the Attorney-General if prohibited from keeping up a private practice. As to the issue now more immediately raised, if notice had been given he could have met the resolution with authorities bearing upon it, which could not have failed to be satisfactory to the House, and could then have conclusively shown the mover how absurdely wrong he is in the position he has taken. It was to be regretted that the matter had been brought up in this haphazard way, which prevented its being dealt with in the clearest possible manner.

The Speaker remarked that he would like to know under what authority the mover had brought this matter up upon a motion to adjourn, as it seemed to be decidedly a question of privilege.

Mr. Cotton replied that it was under Rule 10, which states that a motion to adjourn shall always be in order.

The Speaker asked if that gave authority for this debate.

Mr. Cotton replied that he had asked for no debate.

The Speaker said the hon. gentleman had commenced the debate. He could find nothing in May justifying the procedure.

Mr. Cotton referred to page 99 of the rules of the House, relating to matters of urgency brought up on motion to adjourn.

The Speaker stated that no urgency had been shown or urged, the motion being simply to adjourn. If it was made regular the mover would have to put it in writing stating the object.

Mr. Cotton thereupon added to his motion so that it read, "That the House do now adjourn in order to discuss the circumstances of the Hon. the President of the Council appearing in the Supreme Court as counsel against the Province."

The Speaker said that this resolution being moved it was for the House to decide now whether it was one of urgency, that should be immediately discussed.

Mr. Semlin thought there should be an opportunity to discuss the question.

Mr. Hall said it seemed to him that the House was practically called upon to say by the vote on this resolution whether or not lawyers should be permitted to become members of the legislature or Government, for if on becoming members for the term of a few years they had to relinquish the practice upon which they would have to depend upon retiring into private life, he thought that few lawyers of any standing would care to make the scrifice.

Hon. Mr. Pooley said he did not wish to make an address to the House unless perfectly in order. He was, however, the only member of the Government affected by this resolution and he wished to say that he was quite able to defend himself when the proper time came.

Mr. Martin, to bring the matter to an issue, moved "the previous question."

Hon. Mr. Beaven wanted to know if there was not a point of order to be disposed of.

The Speaker said he had decided that Mr. Cotton's motion, when placed on paper and extended, was properly before the House, and also that the House should then say whether or not it should be discussed. The point was that the house, having been taken by surprise, should say whether or not it should waive the fact of its surprise and proceed to discuss the resolution. He held that this motion had not be discussed unless the House so decided. He then put the question on Mr. Martin's motion, "That this question be now put."

The motion was carried on division of 18 to 11, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Adams, Anderson, Baker, Booth, Croft, Davie, Hall, Horne, Hunter, Kellie, Martin, Pooley, Punch, Rogers, Stoddart, Turner, Vernon and Watt—18.

Nays—Messrs. Beaven, Brown, Cotton, Forster, Grant, Keith, Kitchen, McKenzie, Milne, Semlin and Sword—11.

The resolution moved by Mr. Cotton was then negatived on the same division except that Mr. Grant voted with the majority.

Mr. Kitchen moved "That whereas in a copy of a report of the Executive Council, dated the 2nd September, 1893, which report has been laid before this House and forwarded to His Excellency the Governor-General, it is stated that 'the number of votes actually polled at the general election for candidates avowedly supporting the Government was equal to the number of votes polled for both opponents and independents combined; and whereas, counting the vote polled for each individual candidate, whether elected or not, as given in the Canadian Parliamentary Companion, the totals are as follows: For independent and opposition candidates, 11,403; for candidates avowedly supporting the Government, 8,177; making a majority of votes cast of 3,226; while an Independent was elected for Nanaimo city by acclamation with a registered vote of 712, making an actual vote against the Government of 3,938. Resolved, that this House regrets the publication in an official document of the false statement above cited." He stated that he moved this resolution for the purpose of "getting at the Attorney General" and giving him an opportunity of producing the figures on which he had based his statements. He did not wish to bring the resolution forward as a vote of censure, and if the Attorney-General proved his statements he (Mr. Kitchen) would have much pleasure in withdrawing it.

Hon. Mr. Davie said he did not wish to speak on the question now, and thus be prevented from addressing himself to the House in answer to anything which might be stated during the debate, but he rose merely to say that, since Mr. Kitchen wished to "get at" him as stated he should show how he proposed to do it. That gentleman now appeared to occupy an utterly ridiculous position. If he made even a correct count of the returns given in the book which he quoted, he would find that the statement in the resolution is altogether incorrect.

Mr. Brown claimed that in previous discussions in this House, it had been established that the statement made by the Attorney-General in the official document is not correct.

Dr. Watt thought the resolution was at least not happily worded, and did not make it quite clear whether or not it was the false statements thus made by Mr. Kitchen himself to which he wished to take exception. His statements certainly were false, for example, where he claimed the whole vote of Nanaimo against the Government because an Independent had been elected by acclamation. Computing the return on the fairest possible basis, which was by crediting the respective parties with the highest number of votes polled by any one man in constituencies where there were several candidates, he found that there were 3,819 votes cast for the Government, 1,779 for the Opposition and 2,721 for the Independent candidates. He thought that at least one-third of the Independent vote might be put down as cast by supporters of the Government; which would give a total of 4,726 for the Government and 3,593 against them. In the face of this fact he thought it was the height of absurdity for the so-called "constitutional convention" at Kamloops, representing at the very most only two or three hundred electors, to say that this House was not representative of the people.

Hon. Mr. Davie rose to speak, but Mr. Sword raised the point of order that he had already spoken.

The Speaker sustained the point of order.

Hon. Mr. Davie remarked that this incident showed how hollow was the pretence that the Opposition moved this resolution with the object of getting an explanation, for when he tried to explain they stopped him with this trifling objection. He hoped the fact that he was thus prevented from explaining would not be lost sight of.

Mr. Sword proceeded to address the House, saying that he could not see how the Attorney-General could possibly have made such a calculation as stated in the report, and he would very much like to have him attempt to justify it.

Hon. Mr. Davie—And yet you object to my speaking!

Mr. Sword professed to be quite willing that the Attorney-General should explain, and claimed that he had objected merely because that gentleman made it a practice to speak twice, "which no other member would have the impudence to do." He most heartily endorsed the declaration of the Kamloops convention that this legislature is not representative of the majority of the people.

Hon. Mr. Vernon expressed surprise that the Speaker had ruled the Attorney-General out of order, because that gentleman had distinctly stated when he rose that he wished merely to ask for information, and not at that time to make a speech upon the resolution. He thought that Mr. Sword's suggestion of "impudence" was altogether uncalled for, as in every legislature considerable latitute in the matter of addressing the House is allowed to the leader of the Government and the leader of the Opposition. In order to give the Attorney-General an opportunity of being heard, he moved the adjournment of the debate.

Hon. Mr. Davie thereupon said he hoped this incident would impress upon the hon. gentlemen opposite how futile such attempts to stifle discussion would be in the legislature, and though they might appear to succeed at public meeting every audience was capable of cor-

Continued on 4th page.

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Secretary.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, 18th January, 1894.

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The Pacific Canadian.

NEW WESTMINSTER, FEB. 10, 1894.

ON Monday last Mr. Kitchen introduced a bill in the Legislature to amend the "Wide Tire Act." It is hardly necessary to say that it will need very radical amendment to make it acceptable to the people, and it is very earnestly to be hoped that the bill now before the House will have the consideration from members of legislative capacity that so important a measure is entitled to. The settlers of Westminster District want no more silly enactments on a matter that touches them very closely. Mr. Kitchen drew on his imagination last year when he stated that the municipalities of the District were all in favor of Wide Tire legislation. As is well known, the Wide Tire Act of last session took almost all the people concerned entirely by surprise, and they resented it. The truth is that there is a strong feeling against wide-tired wagons throughout the district, as being suited for first-class roads only. If four-inch tires were believed to be an advantage, settlers would certainly be very willing to procure them without being forced to it by an arbitrary law. Farmers are entitled to the liberty of using the sort of wagon they believe will best serve them, and Mr. Kitchen's attempt to force a large community to conform to his idea of what is good for them is more suitable for Russia than for British Columbia. At Surrey Centre, Hon. Mr. Davie expressed himself in favor of wide tires, as the result of observation in the neighborhood of Victoria, but the hon. gentleman need not be reminded, after the expression of opinion he listened to in Surrey and elsewhere, that different conditions give different results. The bill now before the House should be thrown out. The main purport of it is to let Mr. Kitchen down easy. Mr. Horne was on the right track when he gave notice of a bill to abolish the Wide Tire Act. There is no call from the people for wagon legislation of any kind.

OPPOSITION PRIVILEGES.

It is the privilege of opposition political parties to find fault with every Ministerial act. Being irresponsible they can draw heavily on imagination for mistakes made by the ruling party, and can bravely expound much better ways of doing things, because not being in power their suggestions are not likely to be put to the test. They have much to gain and nothing to lose. If the people refuse to credit them, the position remains as it was; if, on the other hand, they are accepted at their own measure, there are always ready means of glossing over extravagant pledges or retreating from untenable positions. It is because of these advantages that an opposition, however incompetent, can always carry more or less favor with the populace. The members of Government are tied by the responsibilities of office. Their public measures are to be tested, their promises are expected to be fulfilled, and their opinions are certain to be adversely criticised.

The length to which oppositions sometimes carry their privileges has led to a common saying that "all is fair in politics." This, of course, is not true. Even opposition politicians usually draw the line at the surreptitious use of private papers, and it is only the very mean spirited who seek key-hole means of advantage over opponents.

A quite legitimate tactic, however, was resorted to by the leader of the Mainland Opposition the other day when he sprang upon the Legislature, with well planned suddenness, a motion of censure in connection with Hon. Mr. Pooley having accepted a brief from the E. & N. Railway in a suit brought by the Hon. Attorney-General on behalf of the Province to determine the ownership of mineral property in the lands granted to that railway. The motion was shrewdly conceived and neatly put, and if Mr. Cotton had had a stronger case he might have made some confusion. As it was, there was just a little stir of surprise, and after a brief discussion the motion was voted down. Of course no one denies the right of Mr. Pooley to act in the capacity he did, and he is, as he says, perfectly able to defend his action when the matter comes up for discussion again. The question is simply one of usage, or precedent, as the lawyers say, and certainly it is not to be credited that two of the leading legal gentlemen of the Province acted in so important a matter without due authority. For particulars of the little episode see parliamentary report elsewhere in this issue. The whole thing, of course, was devised to make "record." This is the last session of the present Assembly, and while the Ministry can only make favor with the people by the merit of the measures enacted, the Opposition is free to bolster up its reputation by all the methods that come under the head of "Opposition privileges."

SPECTACLES DIFFER.

In the Provincial Legislature on Monday, Mr. Kitchen made a motion to the effect that a report of the Executive Council laid before the House misstated facts, when it said that at the last general election more votes were polled for supporters of the Government than for Oppositionists and Independents combined. Mr. Kitchen quoted some figures to prove the missatement. Dr. Watt objected to these figures, and showed that Mr. Kitchem himself falsified the record. [Mr. Kitchen has a weakness that way, and commits himself in the crudest and most school-boy like fashion as is well known to the people of Westminster district.] Hon. Mr. Davie, taking the same authority from which Mr. Kitchen quoted, proved that members who supported the Government received 10,373 votes, while the Independent and Oppositionists together polled 9,616 votes. This gave opportunity for Mr. J. C. Brown, member for this city, to come in with his bludgeon and declare that Messrs. Horne, Punch and Kellie were "traitors and sneaks." The implication was promptly disputed, and in a way not to make Mr. Brown feel proud.

The fact of the matter appears to be that the member for New Westminster is so abnormally egotistic and conceited that he knows no sense of right but his own; or, as an alternative, his ambition is so selfish that he acknowledges no right but his own. Some six thousand years ago, Cain, son of Adam, denied that he was his brother's keeper. The member for Westminster is not so modest.

Here are the names of politicians with whom this article is concerned: Brown, Cotton, Horne, Kitchen, Punch, Sword, Kellie. On what platform were they elected? Assuredly as Independent supporters of John Robson's Ministry. Did they adhere to that platform? Yes, fairly, up to the death of Hon. John Robson, whose personality was the chief objection to the Ministry. Nevertheless, Mr. Robson, Premier, was elected as one of the representatives of Westminster District, while the Opposition candidate in Vancouver city was defeated. These things show that the people did not intend to elect Opposition representatives. But an expenditure for public buildings, deemed unpopular, came up, and four of the Independents, thinking they saw the path to high office open before them, renounced the platform upon which they were elected and became more rabid in opposition than the Opposition that the people expressly wished to guard against. The bolters made a mistake, and they covered themselves with mud in the Separation ditch to no purpose. The Mainland Opposition is a combination of Messrs. Brown and Kitchen, aspiring to office and backed by the *Columbian* on the one hand, and of Messrs. Cotton and Sword, true men of the new party, backed by the *News-Advertiser*, on the other. The Island Opposition, backed by the Victoria *Times*, is the same old disrcedited thing it always was. Without a union of these parties, the Opposition to the Government is imbecile, and there can be no union without the surrender of every principle held in esteem by the people of the Mainland.

Mr. Horne, according to his own utterance, was driven out of the Independent party by the egotism of the member for New Westminster. Messrs. Punch and Kellie adhered to the Independent party as long as there was any such party, and are still adhering to the spirit of the understanding upon which they were elected.

We do not believe that the odious terms of "traitor and sneak" should be applied to any member of the Legislature, believing as we do that men may honestly differ, but if they are to be fitted somewhere, it might be well to look up Mr. J. C. Brown, member for New Westminster city, and inquire of him regarding his connection with the Separation project.

ON Wednesday a deputation from this city went over to Victoria to present to the Government the claims of Westminster City and District for aid in the construction of a bridge over the Fraser river at this point. It is true that the representative of this City and two of those of the District, have not been just to Mr. Davie's Government, but the Ministry is happily above such considerations. It is safe to say that no enterprise of to-day is so deserving of Provincial aid as a bridge over the lower Fraser, and notwithstanding bitter carping, the supporters of Mr. Davie and his colleagues have every confidence that the Government and its supporters in the House will treat the project on its merits as an important and deserving public work. The delegation consists of Mayor Hoy, City Solicitor McColl, and Aldermen Duncan, Herring, Cunningham, Evans, Keary and Pearson.

THE LEGISLATURE.

Continued from page 3.

rectly appreciating such attempts. Dr. Watt had proved that, even taking the authority on which Mr. Kitchen's motion is said to be based, a fair calculation showed a result quite different to the one there stated, and gave the Government a majority of more than 1,200 votes. This very book showed that the number of votes polled for candidates who support the Government was 10,373, and he read the list of names showing how this total is made up. For the Independents there had been polled, for candidates whose names he mentioned, 4,123; and for the Opposition candidates, a list of whom he gave also, 5,484, so that the totals, according to his calculation showed 9,616 for the Opposition and the Independents combined, against 10,373 for the Government.

Mr. Sword declared that while the Attorney-General had included Mr. Horne and Mr. Punch on the Government side, they had not come out as supporters of the Government and therefore should not have been so included.

Hon. Mr. Beaven contended that Mr. Kitchen's motion correctly showed the votes actually polled, and therefore that the statement in the order in council was incorrect and should not have been made in an official document.

Mr. Brown in a long speech called upon Mr. Punch and Mr. Horne to state whether or not they ran in opposition to the Government, because, if they did not so run and the Attorney-General was right in his classification, he claimed that they acted the part of traitors and sneaks in coming as they had come to the private conferences of the Independent party.

Hon. Col. Baker said it was immaterial whether or not these gentlemen had run as Government candidates, as the statement now in question clearly meant that at the present time they are avowedly supporting the Government.

Mr. Horne warmly resented the insinuation just made by Mr. Brown, that he and Mr. Punch and Mr. Kellie had been traitors to the Independent party. His address he claimed was the first independent address issued to the electorate. In it he said he was neither for or against the Government, and he then declared that he would not oppose the Government if they amended the land act and the school act, and would promise a redistribution bill. When he came to the House Mr. Brown sent him a notice to attend the caucus of the Independent party and he had accordingly gone there on several occasions. He defied Mr. Brown or anyone else to say that he had given away any of the secrets of that party. He soon found that his ideas did not agree with theirs; they wanted to discuss the single tax question and all sorts of fads, and he found that he had come to the House time and again and voted against them, so he made up his mind that he was in the wrong place. He found it quite impossible to work as desired with Mr. Brown or to sit with him unless he would sit there in silence and allow Mr. Brown to do all the talking. Almost every time there was a meeting nearly every member present had to call that gentleman to order and to ask him if any one else could have an opportunity of saying anything. He did not regret having left the caucus. He wished to be quite free to support the Government on every matter of advantage to the public, and he therefore separated himself from the other party and for nearly a month attended no caucuses at all. Later on, when he was supporting the Government on nearly every question, he commenced to attend their caucuses, and he had never been sorry for making the change.

Mr. Kellie also resented the insinuation made by Mr. Brown, who he said had no right to call him a traitor to any party. He had never broken a single pledge made to his constituents, and he would show to-morrow when the debate was resumed that in now supporting the Government he was taking a perfectly consistent course.

The motion to adjourn the debate was agreed to.

The House adjourned at 4.45 p.m.

TUESDAY, Feb. 6.

The Speaker took the chair at 2 p.m.

Mr. Cotton presented a petition for the repeal of the tax on mortgages.

Dr. Milne presented a petition from J. N. Muir asking that clause 56 of the Public School act be repealed.

Mr. Martin presented a report from the private bills committee, declaring that the rules of the House had been complied with in respect to the bill relating to the Victoria, Vancouver and Westminster railway.

Report received.

Mr. Adams moved:—"Whereas the modification of the import duties on rubber goods generally, agricultural implements and machinery, mining machinery, and other goods not manufactured in the Province would be of great advantage to those engaged in the varied industries of this Province, therefore, be it resolved, that an humble address be presented to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor requesting that strong representation be made to the Dominion Government to have the duty on rubber goods, agricultural implements and machinery, mining machinery, and other goods not manufactured in the Province modified." The mover said he introduced this resolution because the very important industries of agriculture and mining are at present under a depression, and it was therefore most advisable that something should be done for their relief. The rubber goods referred to are gum boots and coats such as worn by miners, and of which a very superior article is made in the United States. The provision in the customs law allowing mining machinery not made in Canada to come in free had been of no benefit, or at least of very little benefit, because of the power given to the customs officers to declare whether or not any particular piece of machinery is made in Canada, and the result is that those desiring mining machinery have still to bring it from the States and pay the duty. He pointed out that the customs duties paid in this Province are nearly four times as much per head as those in other Provinces, and therefore British Columbia is entitled to special consideration in the matter of the duties.

Mr. Smith seconded the resolution, and dwelt upon the desirability of such action to secure relief from the operation of the tariff.

Hon. Mr. Turner thought the mover was entitled to the thanks of the House for the action he had taken in this matter, it being one of the greatest possible importance to the agricultural, mining and other interests of the Province. He suggested, however, that the motion should more directly ask for a reduction of the duty, as the expression modified might be wrongly understood.

Dr. Watt complimented his colleague from Cariboo on having introduced this resolution, which he thought was one called for in the interests of that district and the whole Province. Mr. Adams being one of the best farmers in Cariboo was specially qualified to speak for them, knowing the hardships which the application of the tariff inflicts on that class. He had, however, prepared a more comprehensive resolution himself, which he had intended to submit to his colleague, but not having had the opportunity he would now offer it as an amendment.

Hon. Mr. Davie suggested that the amendment should not be put in that form, but that Mr. Adams' motion should be adopted now and the other brought forward later as a substantative resolution.

Dr. Watt said he would be pleased to withdraw his amendment, if the word "modified" were changed to "reduced."

Mr. Adams agreed to this.

The resolution was adopted unanimously, the change of the one word having been made.

Hon. Mr. Vernon, in answer to Mr. Anderson, said that during the year 1892, 869 pre-emption records were issued aggregating an approximate area of 139,040 acres; during 1893, 832 pre-emption records were issued aggregating an approximate area of 213,440 acres, a total of 352,480 acres.

Hon. Mr. Vernon, in answer to Mr. Horne, said that in view of contemplated legislation the Government do not propose to appoint an assistant timber inspector to fill the place vacated by the death of the late Duncan McRae.

Hon. Mr. Vernon presented a return to an order of the House, showing the sums due and unpaid for lands sold, in the various districts at the present time, as follows, exclusive of accruing interest ($37,031): New Westminster, $112,258; Kootenay, $137,031; Esquimalt, $4,379; Victoria, $842; total, $254,151.

Mr. Kellie resumed the debate on Mr. Kitchen's resolution respecting votes polled at the last general election. He reviewed the circumstances connected with the last election campaign in West Kootenay, when he was proposed as a candidate in the interests of the miners and specially pledged himself to work for the repeal of the obnoxious tax of $105 on each claim. He at the same time stated he would support the Government if they would repeal this tax. They had repealed it, and he had given them his support on all matters when he thought it was in the public interest that he should do so. He read from the Revelstoke paper published during the campaign to show that he was there described as an independent supporter of the Government. There never really had been an Independent party in the House while he went to their caucuses, because they simply met and talked, and then went into the House and voted as they pleased. In view, however, of what had been said in this debate, he would let the House into some secrets of the caucus. Though it was generally supposed that there were nine Independents, there were really 17 in the caucus, divided into two parties, thus:—The left wing or silent partners, consisting of Kitchen, Sword, Foster, Keith, Horne, Kellie, Punch and Cotton; and the right wing or noisy element, consisting of Brown, Mr. Brown, Aspiring Brown, Portfolio-chasing Brown, Westminster Brown, Windy Brown, Overdone Brown, and Winchester Brown. The Brown element seemed as if it would absorb all the rest and manufactured all the talk, while the balance had to take a back seat and suck their thumbs. He denied the statement of Mr. Brown that he had been a traitor to any party, and defied that gentleman or any one else to point to one instance where he had betrayed the confidence of any party or society with which he had been connected.

Mr. Keith spoke in support of Mr. Kitchen's version of the election returns. He apologized for Mr. Brown's references to Mr. Horne and Mr. Kellie as traitors.

Hon. Mr. Turner claimed that if there is any falsity to be charged, it lies at the doors of the so-called Independents, especially the member for New Westminster city, who had secured his election by representing himself as an independent supporter of the Government. The member for Nanaimo, who had just sat down, came out as an independent supporter of the Government and actually cast his first vote for the Government. But even giving Mr. Keith to the Opposition it was found that there were 10,900 votes cast for the Government and 9,000 odd for the Opposition. Referring to the Mainland petition, he said the chief object of it was of course to show that the expenditure for the public buildings was a wrong one and should not be allowed, but yet on turning to the vote on that bill it was found that the members who supported it in the House represented 6,600 constituents, while those who opposed it represented only 4,600.

Mr. Croft thought the real independents in this Province were the members supporting the Government. He proceeded to show from detailed lists, which he read, that the votes actually polled were on behalf of the Government 10,442, and of the Opposition and so-called Independents, 9,752, and he therefore moved:—

That all the words after the preamble be struck out, and the following substituted: "And whereas, counting the vote polled for each individual candidate, whether elected or not, as given in the Canadian Parliamentary Companion, the totals are as follows: For Independent and Opposition candidates, 9,752; for candidates avowedly supporting the Government, 10,442, making a majority of votes cast of 690 in favor of the Government; Resolved, that the statement in said report that "the number of votes actually polled at the general election for candidates avowedly supporting the Government was equal to the votes polled for both opponents and indenpents combined," is according to the fact.

Hon. Mr. Davie said this amendment was substantially according to fact, as could be seen on a careful examination of the returns. As the election in the city of Victoria had been referred to by a gentleman who said that Mr. Wilson had not come out as a supporter of the Government and therefore that the votes cast for him should not be counted on their side, he read from that gentleman's address to the electors in which he declared himself "as an independent supporter of the Government," which was undoubtedly the position he occupied. Mr. Davie proceeded to analyse the election returns, as given in the Canadian Parliamentary Companion, and showed from this authority that a total of 10,442 votes had been polled on behalf of candidates supporting the Government, against 9,752 on the other side, for the Independents and the Opposition combined. These figures were based on a calculation made with greater care than that on which those given yesterday were based, and were as accurate as possible in view of the uncertainty as to one or two unsuccessful candidates who had polled only a few votes. In the report under discussion the reference was to members now supporting the Government, but as the position of the Independents had been questioned, he would ask what right had the Opposition to claim that the Independent members had come out as opponents of the Government? As a matter of fact they were largely elected by votes of those who favored the Government and were satisfied with the candidates' promise of an independent support.

The debate was continued by several members until 5.40, when Mr. Keith rose and having asked and been refused an adjournment of the debate, announced that he would talk against time and thus force an adjournment eventually. At 5.55 he again moved the adjournment, but the House would not consent, and rose for recess.

Mr. Keith resumed his speech at 8 o'clock. There were only a few members in the House and but three unsympathetic looking visitors in the gallery opposite him, and he ceased at 8.10.

Dr. Watt proposed a simpler way to settle this question, in the shape of an amendment to the amendment, which he moved. This was to strike out all the words in the amendment, and all the resolution after the preamble, and to add after that preamble: "Be it resolved that in the opinion of this House such statement is in accordance with the fact."

A question having been raised as to whether or not this motion was in order, to simplify matters the first amendment was negatived and Dr. Watt then proposed his as an amendment to the main motion.

Mr. Hall expressed the opinion that if there were to be an election to-morrow not two members out of the thirty-three could secure election as supporters of the gentlemen on the other side, who, in a spirit of factious opposition, had spent the best part of the last two days in the labored attempt to discredit the Government by disputing figures which, to his mind, bore every appearance of correctness.

Hon. Mr. Davie said he had favored the substitution of the amendment now before the House for that of Mr. Croft, because the latter professed to give the exact figures, which it appeared so difficult to get at that it was perhaps well not to ask the House to endorse them in every particular. The discussion had only shown one candidate to have been incorrectly placed, but taking his 154 votes from the Government side and adding them to the Opposition gave totals of 10,288 for the Government against only 9,906 on the other side, to say nothing of the fact that the Opposition have no more right to be credited with with the Independent votes, given to them above, than the Government.

Mr. Kitchen closed the debate, arguing on behalf of his resolution, and claiming that the report of council contained many misstatements which on account of the time taken up in discussing this one he would not trouble the House by bringing up.

The amendment was carried on the following division:

Yeas—Messrs. Baker, Pooley, Davie, Horne, Vernon, Smith, Eberts, Stoddart, Hunter, Punch, Booth, Rogers, Hall, Anderson, Kellie, Watt and Adams—17.

Nays—Messrs. Brown, Foster, Semlin, McKenzie, Sword, Kitchen, Cotton, Beaven, and Keith—9.

Mr. Grant was paired with Mr. Croft.

The motion as amended was carried on the same division and read thus:

"That whereas in a copy of a report of the Executive Council, dated the 2nd September, 1893, which report has been laid before this House and forwarded to His Excellency the Governor-General, it is stated that 'the number of votes actually polled at the general election for candidates avowedly supporting the Government was equal to the number of votes polled for both opponents and independents combined;' Be it resolved, that in the opinion of this House such statement is according to the fact."

Hon. Mr. Davie moved that the House on rising do stand adjourned until two o'clock on Thursday. He stated that there were a number of deputations who desired to wait upon the Government, and it was thought advisable to meet them to-morrow.

Motion agreed to.

CHILLIWACK.

The two letters below, written for the Chilliwack *Progress*, are published in the CANADIAN by request. They explain themselves, and show clearly enough the way the political wind blows in that favored section of the Province:

Chilliwack, Jan. 29, 1894.

Editor Progress:

DEAR SIR,—On the 20th inst., a select few of the friends of the Govt. met with the purpose of forming themselves into a political association, with the intention, I presume, of looking after the interests of this municipality. No doubt this shows a fine philanthropic spirit on the part of the upper ten, but when a private society, and that is what it certainly is, as any outside the clique were not admitted. I say when such a society passes a resolution to the effect that a delegation be sent to Victoria to petition the Government on behalf of the whole of this municipality, it is quite time that such actions should be protested against. If it is necessary that a delegation be sent to interview the Govt. with the intention of soliciting aid for Chilliwack, why not call a public meeting, and let every ratepayer have a voice in saying who shall form that delegation. I think the reason for the action of these Government supporters will be understood when we consider some of the statements made by Premier Davie at the last political meeting held here. And they are sending down men whose interests, almost without exception, are in Centreville; and if, as they say, they represent the people, I would like to know for what object they are asking aid? and further, I would like to know why is a delegation necessary? As ratepayers have we not rights? and are we to be kept out of them because we send a member to the House who dares to stand up for truth and justice against such odds? and have we to resort to schemes and dodges for that which in reality is ours.

I sign myself as before,

ONE INTERESTED.

Editor Progress:

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to reply to a few misstatements made by "One Interested" in a letter published in your last issue.

In the first place his "nom de plume" is in its self a misstatement. For were he "One Interested" he would have shown such interest by being present at the first meeting of the "Political Association," notice of which was duly published in the Progress. Instead of so doing he, fearing no doubt to become for once acquainted with the truth, like a cur, keeps aloof and snarls from a safe distance, not only by this letter to the Progress but also by a duplicate sent to the Columbian, the organ of the "Independent oppositionists."

He calls our new organization "a private society," and the members of the same "the upper ten," and also says that "any outside the clique" were not admitted. To each and all of these misstatements I give the lie direct. Either he is woefully ignorant of matters of daily occurrence and has to fall back on his own surmises, or else he is wilfully and knowingly falsifying the truth.

He asks "if it is necessary that a delegation be sent to Victoria?" "Why not call a public meeting?" As I said before, a public meeting was called and "One Interested" knows that it was, and further knew of it before the meeting.

Then this base perverter of the truth says that "they are sending down men whose interests almost without exception, are in the town." Now let us test his veracity on this point. Who are being sent? and what are their interests outside of the town? Read:

D. McGillivray	800 acres.
A. C. Wells	335 "
J. L. Atkinson	320 "
G. R. Ashwell	800 "
Wm. Knight	160 "

Besides these are Reeve S. A. Cawley, elected to represent the whole municipality by a majority of over 200 votes. And John C. Henderson. Does any one accuse John of being sectional? Has the Municipality a better friend? Does not he and his relatives own nearly 600 acres in the country? If these men do not represent the people from Popcum down to Sumas, in the name of goodness, who can we send that would do so? Have any of them at any time evinced any sectionalism? Would "One Interested" be better qualified?

Now what is this delegation going to put before the Government? I quote from another part of the *Progress*, "Railway, Dyking, Public Roads and Court House questions."

Let me review each briefly. "Railway"—Does "One Interested" object to this question being brought forward and pushed? Is this not the one of all things most longed for by the enlightened of our community? Does "One Interested" show his *mos-backism* in this? Will this not give our farmers freer ingress and egress, and an opportunity to travel to and fro? Does this benefit our town alone?

Now for the next subject: "Dyking"—Has our worthy defamer any objection to this? Will this not increase our population at least ten fold, scatter happy homes all through this our "Garden" and build and settle up our fair land? Is "One Interested" one of those growlers who continually stir up mud and then seek for dryer and healthier (?) climes?

Then in the next place I find "Public Roads." Does "One Interested" object to us asking for an appropriation for the Trunk Road, say between Popcum and Chilliwack? Who will be benefitted thereby? Surely all people whether they do or do not come to our public meetings, and probably the very man who stays at home and kicks, saying that he is "One Interested." Is he satisfied with our roads in their present condition.

Let me now briefly touch upon the "Court House" question. Let me also admit that it will be of benefit to the town of Chilliwack. Will that benefit be a disadvantage to our farmers? Is Chilliwack's litigation all done by the town's folk? The Court House will no doubt be used by what "One Interested" calls the "upper ten," but will it not not also be used by the "lower five?" Will it not be especially useful for our worthy magistrates as a place to deal out even handed justice, even though it may be with men who, like "One Interested," disturb public meetings? Again, will it not be a place where the public can meet? A place where both the Political Association can hold its advertised meetings, and also the so-called Constitutional League have its "hole in the corner" assemblies and concoct their "schemes and dodges."

Now, Sir, I must apologise for taking up so much of your valuable space, but in conclusion I am constrained to ask "One Interested" what has our member "who dares to stand up for truth and justice" done for us? What will he do if we return him again? Where are his pledges given at the last election? Did we send him to join the Opposition and oppose *everything?* No, we sent him to represent; but, instead, he has misrepresented, us, and the real "interested" ones in Chilliwack have at last awakened out of their slumber and opened their eyes, and the many new, as well as the old familiar faces of those of our valley who have joined our Association attest this fact, that they now acknowledge the manly and progressive policy of our present Administration, and all right thinking men will perforce have to acknowledge that the Committee appointed is a thoroughly representative one, their objects of grave public importance, and that the individual members thereof will manfully do their duty for the best interests of the municipality at large.

Yours truly,

VERITAS.

Ottawa, Feb. 6.—It is officially learned to-night that Lord Aberdeen has signed an order in Council refusing to disallow the North West School Ordinance as asked by the petition of the Roman Catholics to His Excellency.

WANTED.

Wanted—a position as short-hand and type writer. Lawyer's office preferred. References furnished. Apply,

A. B., care Pacific Canadian.

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BESIDE MY FIRE.

Beside my fire, what care I for the storm,
Or for the rain that patters on the roof,
Or faithless spring who holds herself aloof
Twilight may fade to dark. 'Tis bright and warm
Beside my fire.

Beside my fire, watching the firelight glow,
The fitful gleams with artist touch have wrought
A wondrous change, 'til in my chamber naught
Is what it was. Its outline scarce I know,
Beside my fire.

Beside my fire, as with a lover's pride,
Who naught but virtues in his mistress spies,
While every fault for him in shadow lies,
So by the blaze my room is glorified,
Beside my fire.

—Mary H. Jopling in Good Housekeeping.

A HEROIC DAUGHTER

In the year 1476 the city of Nancy, in Lorraine, was besieged by Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, a warrior of the most heroic daring, but whose harsh and irritable temper often drove him to commit acts of wanton cruelty.

The governor of Nancy at that time, whose name history has not preserved, was a man of dauntless courage and great military experience, and, moreover, an excellent and devoted father. His only child, whose mother had died in giving her birth, was the joy and pride of his heart and shone conspicuously among all the maidens of her time for her goodness and knowledge.

Telesila at the date of the siege was in her eighteenth year, and had already received many offers of marriage from nobles attracted by the charms of her beauty and amiability, but she refused all suitors, preferring to watch over the declining days of her gray haired father, and by her love and devotion cheer and prolong his existence.

The inhabitants, led by their governor, in whose skill and judgment they had the utmost confidence, made a brave defense against the countless troops of the fiery duke.

All the men and youths capable of bearing arms had taken weapons, as was fitting in the time of danger, and posted themselves on the ramparts to beat off every attack.

The aged men encouraged the faint hearted and insisted on the women aiding, as far as their strength permitted, by carrying stones to the walls to be hurled down on the besiegers; they also lighted fires under enormous caldrons filled with pitch, oil and even water, and when the enemy ventured on an assault the seething mass was poured on their devoted heads.

Nothing that the most resolute bravery and experienced skill could accomplish was left undone to defend the town, and Charles, after vainly endeavoring for a considerable time to take the place by assault, at length resolved to make overtures of peace, hoping thus to gain the end which it seemed useless to expect from force of arms.

He whose custom it was to deliver every conquered city to be plundered and burned; he who, after a successful siege, invariably wreaked his bitterest vengeance on the inhabitants and defenders, now proposed to the governor and inhabitants of Nancy that they should surrender and open to him the gates of the city, pledging himself to protect their dwellings and property from all plundering, and to take care that no one should suffer the least harm either in life or possessions. The proposals caused many to waver, but the noble governor, who had grown gray in the service of his prince, stepped forward and declared that he would rather be buried under the ruins of the ramparts than deliver up the city to the enemy, so long as there were means to defend it. He encouraged soldiers and citizens to bravery and perseverence and implored them to keep the city for their sovereign, the Duke of Lorraine, and he succeeded so well by his enthusiastic eloquence that all swore to sacrifice their lives rather than surrender.

While the brave governor thus reanimated the courage of the men, his daughter, on her side, raised the women's fainting spirits and cheered them by her presence and inspiriting words, and by her own conduct gave the example to maids and matrons to share in the hardships and dangers of the defense. She reminded them how, a short time before, when the Duke of Burgundy besieged the town of Beauvais, the women had taken up arms and fought beside the men on the ramparts and how they had succeeded in driving back the besiegers.

"These brave women were far fewer than we are," continued Telesila, "while the enemy was the same in number and strength. Why should we be afraid, when we have before us such an example of devoted patriotism?"

This speech made the greatest impression on the minds of her listeners. Fresh courage was instilled into men and women, and no one spoke of surrender.

Meanwhile, Charles had recourse to every stratagem that ingenuity could devise to endeavor to render himself master of the town. During the night watches he kept the besieged in a state of alarm by continual feints of attack, and then, as morning advanced, when they were quite wearied and worn out, he would rush with tenfold violence to the assault.

He caused large stones to be hurled by the machines at the walls wherever they were weakest, in the hope of making a breach, which at last, by the greatest efforts, he succeeded in doing, and after two hours' desperate fighting he forced a entrance into the city, breathing vengeance against its defenders, whose obstinate resistance, combined with the loss he had sustained of his bravest warriors, had enraged him beyond measure. But it was especially against the governor that all his anger and hatred were directed, as he knew that the latter had steadfastly refused the terms of capitulation and had induced the inhabitants to offer such prolonged resistance.

He swore that the governor should be the first on whom his relentless vengeance would fall, but his intended victim, to escape recognition, had disguised himself in an ordinary citizen's dress, and now stood, unknown, among the assembled inhabitants, who were awaiting their fate at the hands of the enraged duke.

Charles demanded that the governor should be instantly delivered up to him, but the people would rather die themselves than betray their beloved chief into the hands of the bloody conqueror.

Duke Charles threatened to destroy all with fire and sword if his demands were not instantly complied with, while at the same time he promised a large reward to whomsoever would point out the governor's hiding place.

His threats and promises were equally vain. All remained silent.

Then stepped forth an old man—it was the governor himself in his disguise—and said that he would reveal the secret if the duke would swear on his word to pardon all the inhabitants and protect their property.

"Never!" roared the infuriated duke. "In a town taken by assault the victor allows no terms to be dictated to him, and I will take such measures to discover your governor as shall strike terror into your hearts." Whereupon he declared that every tenth person should die and ordered his heralds to proceed to the work of numbering the people.

Then the men and women, boys and girls, old and young, were placed in one long rank, which reached from the spot where Charles was holding his court to the uttermost fortification of the city.

All grew pale, and deadly fear was in every countenance as they listened to the terrible sentence. As father, mother, daughter and son stood side by side, each trembled for the other's life. The air resounded with the weeping and wailing of women who had a short time before defied the enemy; the men stood silent with bent heads.

The duke now signed to his heralds to begin the counting and to separate every tenth person, whose head should fall by the sword.

Telesila had placed herself close beside her father and was now trembling for his life. She watched, with eye sharpened by love and fear, every movement of the heralds, and always counted in advance in order to discover if her dear father would be one of the doomed. With horror she recognized that the fatal number would fall on him.

In a moment her resolution was formed and carried out. She slipped gently behind him, and placing herself on his right side so contrived that he would be No. 9, while she herself would be the tenth. The herald drew near, and it was only when the doom fell upon his daughter that the father understood why she had changed her place. Wildly he besought the herald to take him; he was the one on whom the fatal number should fall; Telesila had purposely changed her place to save him.

Telesila maintained that it had only happened by chance, and while taking care not to reveal the secret of her father's identity she earnestly begged to be allowed to die, as the lot had fallen on her. For a long time father and daughter maintained the loving dispute, and at last the herald, not daring to decide, led them both to the duke.

The father insisted on dying for his daughter; that the doom rightfully was his; while the daughter implored them to take her life and spare her gray haired father.

Charles hesitated long as to how he should decide; he was quite ignorant of whom he had before him, for no word had fallen during their noble strife which could betray their rank.

But at length the governor cried aloud:

"Mighty duke, do not hesitate as to which of us you shall condemn to death. I will give up to you the man who has so roused your vengeance, for whom so many brave citizens must die. See, the governor stands before you; kill him, but spare my daughter, this peerless example of filial love!"

The bystanders as they listened to these words were filled with dread expectation of what would follow. All were moved to tears and trembled for the life of their beloved governor, who, with such noble heroism, was willing to die that they might be pardoned. They surrounded himself and daughter in close ranks, as if to form a rampart so that the murderer's sword might only reach him through their faithful hearts.

The duke, accustomed though he was to slaughter and destruction, had never before witnessed such a touching scene. The whole people raised a cry of supplication and implored their conqueror to put them to death and spare him whom they held so dear.

Gradually the stern features of the duke relaxed, a softened expression stole over them, and at last, rising from his seat, amid universal silence, he addressed father and daughter in the following words:

"You have touched the innermost depths of my heart; you shall not die. If it is sweet to conquer, let me feel that it is sweeter still to pardon. Noble Telesila, you have saved your father. May you enjoy for long years the happiness of watching over and caring for his old age. And you, noble old man, brave as you are in war, may your happiness as a father exceed your bravery—you, who have reared so heroic a daughter. It does my heart good in the midst of the awful bloodshed and slaughter to find such love and devotion. You have made me experience how sweet and pleasant are the feelings of benevolence, and therefore not only you, but all the inhabitants, are pardoned."—Strand Magazine.

A Novel Occupation.

A peculiar advertisement recently appeared in an English paper. A woman describing herself as "a lady with spare time daily" offered to play bezique with invalids or other persons desiring a partner in the game. She wanted remuneration, and concludes by asking "what offers?"

Financial Review.

Henry Clews, in his firm's circular issued from Wall street, New York, Jan. 27th, said: The Wall street markets show little change from their late features. Transactions are light and the speculative movement is narrow; but the undertone of prices remains firm. When prices yield, there are few sellers; nor do advances bring out any important amounts of stock. In brief, holders are not sellers at present prices, and appear to be satisfied to hold on until conditions favor higher values. The feeling is very general that the depression of business has passed its climax, and the prevailing symtoms show that, both in the industries and in trade, the process of recovery has distinctly set in.

This turn of the tide is most conspicuous in the Northwest and Southwest. In those sections, the mercantile interests show a distinct improvement, which expresses itself in the markets of this city in an increased number of buyers, as well as in the ability to buy larger parcels, and in better collections and fewer requests for extensions of payments. Unfortunately, on arriving here, these interior buyers find still a discouraged feeling, much complaint and a lack of firmness in prices notwithstanding the extraordinary lowness of the stocks of goods; and under those circumstances they deem it prudent to buy less than they really want, with consequent discouragement to our local merchants. A few days ago, a series of consessions were made in staple cotton goods, which, instead of encouraging sales, have frightened buyers and produced a general check on business in that branch of trade. It would seem as though manufacturers and commission merchants have allowed their fears at the effects of tariff changes to get the better of their sober judgment, with the result of their overlooking the favorable points in the situation and placing themselves at the mercy of customers, who, under such circumstances, buy much less than they really want. And yet the fact that the long idle factories are so generally resuming work implies that manufacturers are aware of the exhausted state of stocks and believe that the markets are prepared to take a fair amount of goods. As this city is the headquarters for manufactures as well as for distributors, it is not surprising that the dispirited feeling among the former should find expression here more than elsewhere; and a little more experience is likely to convince producers that it does not pay to infest their customers with their own misgivings. When that point is reached, there is likely to be a marked change from the feeling and the volume of trade which exist at the moment.

Mr. Philip D. Armour is quoted as saying: "It is time to begin to hedge on 'bear' views. Trade has picked up so much in the last ten days, I feel myself like hedging on the view of the situation I took a fortnight ago. There have been more signs of returning confidence this last week than I have seen for a long time. The general mercantile trade has very much more of the old-time look to it than I have seen for many a month."

This is important testimony from a competent judge of affairs in the West; and the improvement to which Mr. Armour testifies cannot long fail to make its impression at this centre. What Mr. Armour reports for Chicago appears to apply equally to the Southwest. A recent dispatch from St. Louis to a local commercial journal (Dun's Review) states: "In the general business here there is absolutely nothing left of the business depression. The grain trade has suffered from cut rates to the East, which took grain of all kinds around the city on through bills of lading. Yet elevator receipts have been very fair. Jobbers and manufacturers, particularly in shoe and grocery lines, report good orders and usually free remittances. The correspondence of travelling men is generally very confident and hopeful, particularly in dry goods."

The action of Congress on the sugar duty has been a leading feature in the stock market. The vote in the Committee of the Whole in favor of making the article duty free naturally caused some selling of Trust stock, but the price was affected much less than might have been expected under the circumstances. There is an impression in some quarters that legislation on this article is influenced by speculation; and those who entertain that view regard the vote as intended to afford an opportunity for covering previous "short" sales and also of buying for a rise on the prospect of subsequent action reversing the House vote and affording protection to the "Trust." The way the stock acted under the vote seems to give some support to this view.

The drift of London feeling seems to be turning in favor of this market. The bad effects of the numerous receiverships of our roads in which foreigners are interested seem to have done their worst; and investors are coming round to the conclusion that, in the world-wide financial reaction, all investments have suffered, and those of the United States not nearly so much as some others. London, therefore, is showing some interest in "Americans," but seems inclined to limit its attention to securities supposably beyond the reach of receiverships.

For Extra Choice Fresh and Prepared Meats

—TRY—

GRAY BROS'

BUTCHER SHOP

—ON—

COLUMBIA STREET,

Opposite Reid & Currie's Foundry.

FRESH MEATS

Of all kinds on hand.

A Call Solicited.

LIGHT AND AIRY.

Impossible.

"If marriage is a lottery,"
Said Cholly to Miss Wise,
"And you consent to marry me,
I'm sure to draw a prize."

"What, marry you? That cannot be,"
Replied the charming elf,
"Because I'm anxious, don't you see,
To draw a prize myself."

—New York Press.

A Sure Cure.

The merchant was rather blue, and his wife, noticing it, asked what the matter was.

"Matter enough," he sighed. "I've been looking over my books and I find I've lost money every month for the last year."

"How did you lose it?" she inquired.

"Oh, I don't know," he said wearily, shaking his head.

"Nor where?"

"No."

Then she thought a minute and remembered what she did when she lost her pocketbook, and her face brightened.

"Why don't you advertise for it?" she asked innocently.

"By George," he exclaimed, "I never thought of that," and the next day he had a big display ad in the paper, and the next, and the next, and in three months' time he was in clover up to his chin.—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing Made In Vain.

Housekeeper—It's perfectly abominable! Why don't you go to work and earn your living?

Tramp—Please, mum, if such gents as me should go to work, what would the newspaper paragraphers do for subjects to write about? They'd starve to death, mum, and with no jokes in the papers this dreary life would be but a vale of tears. We all have our uses, mum.—New York Weekly.

No Loud Talking.

He—You say there are no flowers for the dinner table! Where are the chrysanthemums I sent home?

She—Oh, George, don't speak so loud; you might hurt Bridget's feelings. She didn't understand what they were and has cooked them in milk!—Exchange.

A Feminine Sorrow.

Dame Nature is sad on a winter's day,
As she thinks of her summer time garb so gay,
And her sighs come trembling upon the air
Because she has "nothing at all to wear."

—Washington Star.

No Danger.

Helen—Oh, dear! What will I do with this awful blot on my letter to Harry?

Florence—Never mind, dear; he won't see it.

Helen—Why not?

Florence—You give it to your father to mail.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Brute.

"Why don't you take me with you sometimes of evenings, dear? I get so tired of staying at home alone."

"Because I can't afford to dress you as well as myself. I don't want to be seen around with a woman dressed as you are."—Indianapolis Journal.

Obeying Orders.

"Don't Blow the Gas Out," was the sign.
Quoth Farmer Jones, "All right,"
And so he tucked himself in bed
And let it burn all night.

—Life.

Didn't Get Out of It.

An instructive dialogue is reported to have taken place at the opening day of the Sussex assizes. A juror rose in the box to ask to be exempted from service on account of deafness. "Are you very deaf?" said the judge in a low tone. "Yes, my lord," was the prompt reply. "You had better be sworn," said the judge.—London Globe.

That's What She Meant.

It had been over four months since they were engaged, and as they read the evening paper together he said:

"See, my dear, only $20 for a suit!"

"Is it a wedding suit?" she asked sweetly.

"No, a business suit."

"Well, I meant business," she answered.—Life.

To Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, endorsed "Tender," will be received by the Honourable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works up to 4 o'clock p. m., of Tuesday, 6th March next, for the erection of a Provincial Home for Aged Persons at Kamloops.

Plans and specifications can be seen, and forms for tender obtained, at the office of R. MacKay Fripp, Esq., Architect, Vancouver, at the Government Office at Kamloops, and at the office of the undersigned.

The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

W. S. GORE,
Deputy Commissioner Lands & Works.

Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 6th February, 1894.

After Feb. 1st,

Bennett, the Jeweler,

will be found in the Store next to Tramway office, lately occupied by Davidson Bros.

Best and Largest Stock in Town.

Any Style of Jewelry made to order.

We make a specialty of repairing Chronographs, Repeaters, and all fine and complicated watches.

Orders by mail solicited.

JOHN D. BENNETT,
New Westminster

GREAT - BARGAINS

GOING ON AT

Sinclair & Co's

BEST EVER
—OFFERED IN—
THE CITY

Opposite Tramway Office, Columbia Street.

Stallions for Sale.

For Sale, two thoroughbred Clydesdale Stallions, weighing about 1,700 pounds each. Will be sold on easy terms. For further particulars apply to

LOUIS CARLIN,
Mount Aernon, Wash.

Estray Steer.

Strayed into the premises of the undersigned, on or about 1st December last, a red and white steer. The owner is hereby notified to prove property, pay expenses, and take the animal away.

STEVENSON BROS.
Jan. 13, '94. Elgin, B. C.

Bank of Montreal

Corner of Columbia & McKenzie Sts.,
NEW WESTMINSTER.

CAPITAL, all paid up, $12,000,000

REST, - - - 6,000,000

A SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Has been opened in connection with this Branch.

Interest Allowed at Current Rates.

At present three and one-half per cent.

GEO. D. BRYMNER,
Manager.

Furniture : and : Undertaking.

W. E. FALES.

W. E. FALES.

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER!

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

TELEPHONE 176. P.O. BOX 58. *Corner of Agnes & McKenzie Sts.*

CASH TALKS.

WHEN YOU ARE BUYING

COOKING, HEATING AND PARLOUR STOVES,

TINWARE AGATE WARE.

—CALL AT—

SHIRLEY & HOY'S,

DUPONT BLOCK, COLUMBIA ST.

WE SELL FOR CASH ONLY.

ALEX. McRAE

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!

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

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

25th January, 1894.

ALFRED DE RUPE TAYLOR, of Ladner's Landing, Esquire, to be a Registrar for the purpose of the "Marriage Act" within and for Delta Municipality.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

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

27th December, 1893.

To be Fence Viewers:—

ROBERT J. FLEMING, ALEXANDER CAMERON, and DUNCAN C. BARBRICK, Esquires, within and for the 2½ miles belt of land comprised within Township 10, New Westminster District, south of Langley Municipality.

ELECTORAL DISTRICTS OF WESTMINSTER, NEW WESTMINSTER CITY, AND VANCOUVER CITY.

NOTICE is hereby given that Assessed and Provincial Revenue Taxes, for the year 1894, are now due and payable at my office, Court House, New Westminster, at the following rates:—

If paid on or before 30th June:
- One-half of one per cent. on the assessed value of real estate.
- Two per cent. on the assessed value of wild land.
- One-third of one per cent. on the assessed value of personal property.
- One-half of one per cent. on the income of every person of $1,500 or over.

If paid on or after 1st July:
- Two-thirds of one per cent. on the assessed value of real property.
- Two and one-half per cent. on the assessed value of wild land.
- One-half of one per cent. on the assessed value of personal property
- Three-quarters of one per cent. on the income of every person of $1,500 or over.

Provincial Revenue Tax, $3 per capita (New Westminster and Vancouver Cities excepted).

All parties whose taxes are in arrears up to 31st December, 1893, are requested to pay the same forthwith, or costs will be incurred at an early date.

All taxes due on property in the Townsites of Hastings, Port Moody, Mission City, Abbotsford and Huntingdon are also payable to

E. L. KIRKLAND,
Assessor and Collector for the Electoral Districts of Westminster, New Westminster City and Vancouver City.

New Westminster, Jan. 16th, 1894.

THE PACIFIC CANADIAN

Is the Cheapest Newspaper published in British Columbia.

☞ ONLY $1 PER YEAR! ☜

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THE KISS OF GOLD.

(Continued from last week.)

The serenity of his fair, untempted years sank from sight, and he seemed to look down an illuminated depth into the very heart of life. Love and death were there; agony and sin; joy, derision, temptation, despair; the curse of the suicide, the laughter of young girls, the sorrow that cries in the night. It was all so terribly clear. It racked him, inundated him, knitted itself to him.

One after another faces arose, young and old; hands seemed outstretched. He heard words that contained the glory and fire of diamonds, so real they were, so trenchant. Oh, if he could but write them as they thronged into his mind—if he could tell the wonderful story that unfolded itself before him like a scroll upon the darkness—might not some stand and listen?

He shivered and looked around, emerging from his waking dream as from a trance, and almost startled to find himself alone.

What was this marvelous change? He seemed on the threshold of a secret, the door open to his hand. He was as one born again under new conditions, with keener faculties for reasoning and feeling. A fire had touched him—a fire of love. It lightened the dark places of his nature, melted the crust that held the currents of knowledge imprisoned, and he felt stimulated to walk victorious where before he had stumbled.

He thought of the play that but a short while since had been so dear a thing to him. Crude, false and sterile it seemed now.

And yet to venture again—dare he do it?

Even while he questioned he knew he must. His fingers tingled to grasp a pen. The delight of the artist, the creator, quivered through him. It was tempered by a sickening edge of dread, but still it was delight.

In a little while he was again in his own room tearing the leaves of the rejected play to pieces. He flung them into the grate and touched them with a match.

"Virginia was right," he said, his voice broken, as if he had run a long way, and indeed his inner self had journeyed to far, undreamed of heights that night. "You are false. Not a word of you shall live."

"You are false. Not a word of you shall live."

He stood with bowed head watching the papers. They rustled in a swirl of wind and flame, subsided into spasmodic flickerings, and nothing was left but a handful of charred fragments light as thistle down.

"God, help me! Give me my dream," he murmured, his lips scarcely moving.

A sustained burst of deep toned sound from the organ floated to him through the closed doors. It thrilled him to the heart. He seemed to hear Virginia's stanch words in their delicate intonations:

"I believe in you, Tom."

Louder the music rolled, higher, sweeter, one keen minor note transcending the heavier volume and crowning it like a star. The man's longing eyes brightened as he listened. The festival of harmony augmented his strength. His love rushed out to meet it like flood meeting flood. Virginia seemed playing a pæan of sanctified victory fit for a crusader who holds his standard aloft, though a rankling wound pales his lips.

He would accept her message.

Until the last vibration had sunk to a caressing whisper he stood entranced.

CHAPTER IV.

The inspiration did not desert him. All day and far into each night he wrote with felicitous ease. No hint of his love passed his lips to Virginia. Pride, with a promise of ultimate victory in its warning voice, bade passion wait.

"You are nothing, you have nothing now, but some day you will. Some day you may dare ask her to add her love—the richest jewel—to a measure already full."

And so the time went by with an outward seeming of eventful quietude, and October came.

Virginia sat alone one bright afternoon. She was painting a panel for a fashionable shop that was pleased to accept her work and pay as little as was possible for it. Her head was bent low, and a loosened strand of hair swept her cheek. Her figure in its inclined position revealed a supple strength and complete repose.

The little maid who helped her about the house had departed, and the room was quiet, save that a tiny white kitten purred before the stove and the clock ticked upon the mantel. And how a clock can tick in a silent room! Question it; it answers you. Sit mute, and it voices your thoughts. Virginia laid her brush down and listened to it. There was something pathetically childish about her as she sat there, her chin upon her open hand, her dilated eyes couched under the delicate brows, mirroring the passionate regret that of late had poisoned all her days.

She was not in Tom's confidence now. She did not share his walks. The gay familiar companionship so unutterably dear was ended. He did not know—he never must know—how often she had crept to his door late at night to listen to the scratch of his impetuous pen.

Perhaps her words had stung him to such violent activity he would soon leave them to fight fortune in a wider field. A startled breath broke upon her lips. What would this place be without him? What would her life be? The clock answered with a cynical, knowing tick.

A shadowy wave of desolation rushed over her, and the room grew dark. Her hands fell down helplessly. The clock ticked louder, like a garrulous crone foretelling disaster.

"Virginia!" fell upon her ears with a soft suddenness that startled her. The panel slipped from her knees, and grasping the arms of the chair she turned her head to find Tom standing above her.

"I have been watching you for a full minute," he said, throwing his hat down and drawing over a low stool, so that he faced her.

In the hushed, masterful whisper she recognized something unusual. Something unusual in his face too. Repression was there, excitement, joy.

"I didn't hear you come in," Virginia answered, her voice sounding thick and far away in her own ears.

She half stooped to draw back the piece of satin on which a bunch of daisies was still wet. He caught her hand and with gentle fingers that brooked no resistance took the thing away and placed it out of her reach.

"Dear little hand!" and his voice was heavy with love, "dear, faithful little hand! Let it rest awhile here, Virginia."

The girl shivered as one does who rushes from a cold vault into the sunlight.

"Look at me!" she heard him saying in a half suppressed voice of intense exultation. "I am the happiest fellow in New York. You told me you believed in me. You told me that. Oh, Virginia, how those words have staid with me! And you were right. I have succeeded. My last play was accepted and by the man who rejected all the others."

A boyish laugh of pure delight left his lips, and he sank on his knees beside her.

"I'd like to set all the bells in the chapel pealing, call out the fellows and tell them the exchange was not so bad after all. Not so bad, eh, Virginia?" he asked, thinking how lovely were the velvety deeps of her eyes.

"It is so sudden, so strange. But, oh, there is such gladness and light in my heart for you, Tom! Tell me more, tell me all about it."

He leaned closer. She felt his hand upon her shoulder. His mouth, in its lithe, boyish curves, was very near her own.

"There is something else I must tell you first," he said slowly.

In that long, sultry look she knew all. Her pulses quickened, a fire grew in her heart. He loved her, then? Oh, he did, he did!

Their faces were so close there was a resistless impulse, a moment of confused, delirious joy, and their lips clung in a kiss that drew Virginia's heart with it.

Tom's lids fell heavily. He was very white. A great sigh came from his lips:

"Virginia"——

But the door opened. Tom had scarcely time to stand up before her father came in, followed by a boy with a package.

The old man was aglow with pleasurable excitement. He closed the door after the messenger, crossed the room in his graceful, stately way and shook hands with Tom.

"I have had a pleasant day," he said briskly. "Such a delightful coincidence! What would life be without the unexpected? Have you ever thought of that, Tom?"

"I am thinking of it now, sir," and he exchanged a fleeting glance of arch meaning with Virginia. "But I differ with you slightly. The unexpected can prove—well, at some moments—an out and out nuisance."

"When it's of an unpleasant nature, yes, of course—my slippers, Virginia—thank you, my dear—but when it carries you back to a pleasant time and surrounds you with happy memories—ah, then!"

"Tell me about it, dad," said Virginia as she leaned over him.

Her face was glorified. She looked with naive tenderness straight at Tom as she spoke—looked until her eyes fell under the fire in his.

"It happened this way," and Mr. Kent ambled drowsily on, ignorant that the splendor of youth and love was eddying in warm glances around his frosty head. "I had just cashed my check and was walking up Broadway. As I came near Bond street I chanced to look up and saw an auctioneer's flag over a dim shop in a basement. I went down. The place was packed, the bidding was brisk. Pieces of quaint pottery went for a song, old miniatures, shawls and rugs. I went nearer. Ah, how I longed for money, money, money!"

He paused, and Virginia gave an uneasy glance at the package.

"There is something else I must tell you first."

"But you didn't buy any of those lovely, useless things?" she interposed in a whisper. "You didn't, surely, dad? You know the quarter's rent"——

"Never mind the quarter's rent, Virginia. You always will drag in these purely private matters before our guests."

With a delicate impatience he moved to the stove and held out his white hands to the warmth.

"Where was I when you interrupted me? Ah," and he took off his glasses, lightly flicking his coat sleeve with them, "I remember, I controlled myself. I bought nothing until I saw a gem that almost made me give a cry of recognition. Against the red cloth in the lamplight and dust stood a piece of statuary that I parted with in an evil day long ago." He looked at both his listeners with a dim smile, and his voice became retrospective. "How it recalled the bright spring morning I picked it up in Paris! Ah, dear me! I commenced bidding for it.

"At last only one voice was heard competing with me. The owner of it peered at me through the crowd. I peered at him. Who was it but the son of a dear old friend! Ah, it was a sight to see him look at me only half convinced. 'Is your name Kent?' 'It is, and you are Richard Monklow,' I answered. Well, he withdrew, and the bust became mine. I spent the rest of the day with him. We lunched at Delmonico's, played a game of poker in his rooms afterward. Ah, he's a fine fellow, this Lieutenant Monklow. He's just left the navy to inherit a great fortune. Oh, what a life he has had! Teeming with adventure, with experience. Lucky dog! But open the packages, Tom, and see 'The Masker.' It cost me $60 to regain it. What matter? It is worth hundreds."

In a moment Tom had the wrappings off, and the bust was placed on a little stand. The head and shoulders of a girl gleamed whitely in marble. She was represented laughing with unrestrained gayety, her eyes half closed from sheer weariness of so much mirth, her curling mouth with its range of little teeth just showing above the small mask that one daintily curved hand had pulled down in a capricious moment.

A lovely thing, indeed, but sadly out of place in that poor room. It seemed strange to Virginia that her father did not recognize the singular unfitness.

The girl was laughing at them all! And to have spent $60 for it! Oh, it was wanton, cruel!

"Touch it reverently, Virginia; it belongs to my past," sighed Mr. Kent.

"But, father dear, how—how could you do it?" she burst out with uncontrollable reproach. "Sixty dollars, and so many things needed here!"

Tom saw the old man's eyes flash, as he straightened himself from the waist:

"That will do, my dear. I do not see that we lack any of the plain comforts—which, alas! are all I can at present provide—and if I choose to add a luxurious trifle, something associated with the dear dead days, I will not," he said in a clear, studied voice—"I will not be interfered with. Now, if you please, my child, we'll say no more about it. Whenever you want to talk over household matters with me, I am always at your service—in private."

Nothing more was said, and the bust was placed near the melodeon. But Virginia could not bear to look at it. Poverty was biting, their needs urgent and debt abhorrent to her. How many panels she would have to strain her eyes over before half of $60 was earned. A burning mist fell over her sight. She looked up and met Tom's compassionate eyes. They counseled her to be patient. Ah, what did these small briers matter since he loved her?

There lay her hope, her refuge.

CHAPTER V.

"I don't know," and Mr. Plunket sat back thoughtfully crossing his legs, "but it seems to me that strong speech of Lemaire's coming so closely upon Miriam's denunciation takes the ginger out of Miss Stone's lines. Tone that down, Murray, or hold it back a bit."

The rehearsal of "The World's Way" was on. Raw gaslight flooded the stage and showed the auditorium beyond, a shadowy pit that echoed every word. Tom stood near the manager, the prompt-book in his hand, interlining it with new suggestions for stage business and sometimes altering a line to be more effective.

He was accustomed to the theatre by this time. For two weeks he had been coming and going, spending much of his time among scene painters and holding long interviews with the manager. He no longer felt resentful at hearing the text slurred at rehearsals and only the cues given with distinctness. He was accustomed to seeing the players go through the "business" like automatons, and climaxes his heart had stood still in creating arranged with mechanical exactness.

The skeleton of the players' craft—without the simulated passion and humor—the hardship and disillusion, were all familiar now.

The days were too short for all he found to do, and sometimes it was past midnight before he thought of returning to Chelsea square.

The interrupted avowal of his love to Virginia had not been finished. But in a vague, happy way she understood that even that must remain abeyant to the success of his play.

Ofttimes the thought that it might fail gave him a soul sickness that imbittered his food and kept sleep away. It was not enough to hear it praised and feel its reality himself. The final verdict must come from the crowd, the vague mass called the public, depending upon its mood. What this would be who could foretell? He heard on every hand of plays teeming with promise that had gone down like ships at sea with flags flying and cargoes of gems on board, of others of only doubtful value that had made fortunes and established reputations.

Doubt left him no peace, and the first night of "The World's Way" found him with every sense quivering and alert. Behind the scenes the air was freighted with fever. Everybody was whispering, peeping, speculating except Tom, and he leaned against one of the wings waiting. He could do no more. Opallike gleams of excitement flickered in his eyes, nervous tremors ran through his blood, and behind an easy smile his teeth were clinched. He could not breathe freely until the first act was over.

Five minutes before the curtain went up he peeped over the gasman's shoulder and looked eagerly at the upper right hand box. He saw Mr. Kent first, standing well in front leisurely surveying the house through an opera glass as familiarly as if boxes on first nights were quite everyday matters.

A little more in shadow sat Virginia. Tom scarcely knew her in the new gray gown and the feathered hat with bent rim. How pretty she was! Happiness was a tonic that had softened every curve of her face. Her eyes, dilated to a starry radiance, rested dreamily on the still undrawn curtain. Her cheeks were a burning pink.

A tenderness swept over his heart, and the thought of all she was to him rose triumphant above every other feeling. Was it not good to know that one in that crowded house was thinking with tenderness of him, not as the new dramatist making a bid for fame, but just as "Tom," whose every hope was at stake?

Perhaps as they went home he might whisper those three words that hold imprisoned in their small circle the harmony of the world. He might tell her in the crowded car, or for a moment before parting in the hall. It mattered not how or where if only he received in a word the assurance of the belief that she loved him.

The first few moments following the tinkle of the bell he never remembered clearly. Save for the rustle of the prompter's book there was absolute silence behind the scenes. The house was as still. On the hush voices swept to him speaking the words he knew by heart. The music commenced faintly like the distant sob of waves—a swaying melody painful and sweet. Tom dared to lift his eyes and watch the scene; then by degrees the painful sense of trepidation left him, for this was the pregnant action he had dreamed of. These were the words fire laden, scorching, living—the passion that had put on the garb of reality—the humor, sweet, surprising and irresistible. Sometimes a gust of laughter swept over the house, intermittent applause that showed critical appreciation, or dead, absorbed silences.

But when the curtain fell a sound like a thunderbolt leaped across the footlights and made the scenery quake. It sank only to revive again, its clamor swelling like a storm at its culmination. Ah, then he seemed lifted up. The sound made him sick with delight. His hour had struck.

The players stood around him, a flushed, triumphant group.

"It's a go."

"A hit."

"Went swimmingly. Every line told. I never played to a warmer house."

Words like these and the persistent applause followed him down the narrow passage to the street. He wanted to feel alone for a little while the rapture of triumph. They lied who said that hope was a fallacy, life a failure. The world had widened and grown so fair. The years teemed with rosy possibilities, mystic, beckoning. His heart was full with a rush of joy.

It seemed to him there never was a fairer night than this, which marked the first important ascent in his life. Frost glittered on the pavements like pale dust. The rays of the moon blanched window panes into squares of pearl and sketched the outlines of chimneys and doorposts in fanciful black angles.

As he strode along his blood tingled in the seductive confusion of a dream where passion and triumph walked hand in hand. Virginia—he loved her so! She was so necessary to him. He would make up for all she suffered now. Ah, would he not? It would be sweet to lavish upon her the dainties and elegancies that all women love. She should have done with pinching and worry in that happy time.

Wonderful visions these, which Tom saw revealed in the moonlight. Stainless, they buoyed his spirit and beckoned him on.

When he reached the theater, the second act was over. He felt a little tired, and his breath came fast, yet in his exaltation he was scarcely conscious of having walked.

At the box office the manager stood chatting with some friends. A low, thick laugh gurgled from his lips; his face was radiant. Everything about him told of a crowded house and big box office receipts. He saw Tom and beckoned to him.

"Shy, are you?" he asked, with a rollicking wag of his head, an expanding wave of his white hands.

He was a large man, red faced, pale haired, one who had always a genuine welcome for himself, and whose every action was climatic. If he were only offering a cigarette, he plunged into his pocket with an air of mystery and brought forth a triumphant surprise.

"You stole away from us all after making the biggest hit I've seen in 15 years. Come, come, that will never do. You want to pull yourself together, youngster, and get cheeky, for you'll have to face the crowd by and by."

"Face the crowd? You don't mean"—

"Yes, I do. They'll call for you. Then you'll go out with a pretty speech, and all the girls will fall in love with you. The last is most important, by the way. It will bring crowded matinees. The women keep the theaters going, just as they elect the presidents. They're the ones you want to please. You'll please 'em, my boy; you'll please 'em."

He laughed knowingly, his friends joining. Then his face grew suddenly sharp and serious, something hawklike chasing the lazy good humor from his expression.

"Here's Delatole. Be nice to him, and he'll make your fortune doubly sure. I heard him asking for you a minute ago."

"Delatole? The critic on The Challenge?"

"The same. See here, Murray. A little flattery goes a long way with him. If he likes you personally, the dictionary doesn't hold words strong enough for his praise. If he doesn't, he can do the wet blanket business in the most ex-

quisite diction you ever read. Ask him to supper. Cultivate him. He's a bit of a schemer, two faced as they make 'em, and I wouldn't trust him around the corner—no, not around the corner. Ah, Delatole, how are you? You're the very man we want to see," he cried as the newcomer strolled up to them. "What do you think of the play? Some of you fellows would rather roast us than do the other thing any day. But you'll do us justice. As I was just saying to Murray, he can rely on you for fair play."

The lie was spoken with impressive earnestness, suggesting a deeply rooted, long tried confidence, but was accompanied by a thumb thrust that left an aching memory in the region of Tom's ribs.

He moved from the thumb's vicinity and found Delatole critically examining him.

So this was Delatole, the feared, the brilliant, the applauded. The very children were familiar with his name. Essays, poems, reviews, had trickled from his untiring pen in crystalline phrases, the pattering music of a mandolin in their light swing. He had been pioneer in reforms in the political, social and ethical centers of the country. But he was best known as a dramatic critic, a mechanic of verbal eccentricities that surprised and dazzled. His paragraphs lingered in the memory and could not be forgotten. With his pen he let out the blood in the veins of the plays he condemned, and for those that won him wove in one magical sentence a verbal crown of flowers languidly sweet and penetrating as a fall of happy tears. This was Delatole, the author, the poet realist of theater lobbies.

So this was Delatole.

The man at first glance was disappointing. Tom had fancied him gray and dignified, his eyes heavy with the disillusion of life, but instead he found him only a little older than himself, small and pompous in bearing. His spare face was sallow and ended in a pointed black beard. His eyes were hollow and of that dense blackness that resists light. A sardonic flippancy had curled his upper lip to one side.

As he languidly drew one hand from the pocket of the great, shaggy coat enveloping him like a blanket, Tom noticed it was pale and forceless as the hand of a delicate woman, the tips of the fingers senna brown from the use of tobacco.

"I've been looking for you. I wanted a word with you," he said, tone and glance connoisseurlike. "Is it true 'The World's Way' is your first play?"

"The first that has not died almost at birth."

As Tom spoke he felt the sensitive pleasure all who first came in contact with Delatole experienced in some degree. The restful assurance of his manner, the flashes of his shrewd eyes, the musical, drawling voice, were all insinuatingly attractive to Tom and filled him with admiration. By comparison he felt himself too brusque, too impetuous, almost an artless savage.

"You interest me," said Delatole. "I must have you tell me more of yourself. Unless I'm greatly mistaken, New York won't be averse to hearing a little about you tomorrow. After the play, if you've nothing better on hand, suppose you come and sup with me."

The act had commenced, and he scarcely paused to hear Tom's murmured acceptance. It was a foregone conclusion that a new author would not dream of refusing Anthony Delatole.

When the curtain fell, the excited audience rose and cheered. They wanted the leading actors, the manager and lastly the author. Virginia gave a little excited sob in her muff as she listened to the hoarse, irregular cry. They wanted Tom. Oh, to think of it! They were calling for him as for a victor. Her heart throbbed exultantly under a pressure of happy pain, and when he came, an expectant hush awaiting his words; when she heard his rich toned, familiar voice across the footlights, a tear did fall on the new pearl colored gloves.

As he retreated amid more "bravos" and hand clapping he sent her a glowing glance, and she waved her hand to him. It was worth having lived for that moment.

He was waiting outside the theater, but only to say he could not return with her, and he introduced Delatole, who stood by, his chin luxuriously buried in a great fur collar.

Before turning away he managed to say in a low voice:

"Have I justified your belief in me, Virginia? Tell me that."

"You need not ask. The public has answered, but in case you have any doubt let me tell you I wanted to hug the audience en masse, and—just look at my gloves."

He left her laughing and half looking back, and she was glad—yes, glad—of this chance that made him the guest of a brilliant man on this happy night. But something cold fell upon her heart as in crossing the street she turned her head and saw Tom striding away in the shower of moonlight by his new friend's side.

It was a foolish, womanly apprehension without root or reason, such as, born in the darkness, die in the morning. Fight it as she would, however, it came back and clung to her as the dampness clings to the walls of a sunless room until every semblance of cheer died under the depressing chill.

"It will be different tomorrow," she said, with a heavy sigh, as she fell asleep that night.

CHAPTER VI.

"We won't dine tete-a-tete," said Delatole, with a dry smile, as he led Tom across Madison square. "I'm going to have you meet some other fellows, friends of mine. It will be well for you to know them."

And he ran over a list of names, all familiar to Tom and young, like himself—artists, writers, painters and wealthy dilettanti. His heart grew large with pride. He tingled with anticipation, and tremors of ecstacy passed over him as if he had drunk the distilled witchcraft of the moonlight. The artistic world was his to enter, and Delatole, a leader, was holding the door open for him. Like a companion picture in shadow rose the memory of the night when he walked alone in the rain in the sore travail of spirit out of which this first success was born. Was he that man? Was the illuminated blue above him the same sky he had looked at then?

"It's so awfully good of you to give me this opportunity," he said, and Delatole understood all that the joyous inflection in his voice expressed.

There was not much about the ingenuous young fellow beside him that Delatole did not shrewdly understand. It was his custom to study the people he met and adapt them if possible to his requirements of the moment. He used his friends. When they tired of serving him, he turned his secret enmity to account whenever opportunity offered by making them the subjects of scintillating, scathing attacks in the press that added to his fame. How Murray could serve him he had not yet determined, but his gratitude was what he wanted. Such fresh and promising material, which would easily receive whatever impress he might place upon it, was not met with every day.

"Oh, you needn't thank me, Murray," he said, with his acid smile and shivering even in the depths of his cumbersome coat as an icy wind swept across the square: "I'm a little bit proud of this chance to take you up. You mustn't be too modest. You are a success. You've written a play that's caught the town—a play that will live. How you did it is a mystery to me. You haven't lived long enough to know the awful truth of all you've said. Once or twice there was a pain in the place where my heart used to be. Read what I've said of you in The Challenge tomorrow. I went out during the act and dashed off a criticism in a beer saloon. In a few days I'll go into the subject at some length, and—well, you'll see! But tell me now how your inspiration came. You're something of a problem to me."

"I haven't known much life," said Tom, "and I suppose I'm unsophisticated and credulous. But somehow I understand this game in which as yet I've scarcely taken a hand. Somehow I seem to know how I would suffer under the stress of the temptation I described. Some of the words burned me as I wrote them. I lived in the scene. Within my own consciousness I loved, struggled, fell and repented with my hero."

"Go on. I like to hear you. You sounded the depths of your emotional possibilities before the water was troubled. I understand. The plummet went to a dark depth to have given you even a shadowy insight into such intensely human mistakes and pain. Think of it, by Jove! You who've hardly known a sorrow made the women weep! And that small, pale ray of promise at the end was masterly."

Tom felt a nearness to this stranger, almost an affection, as he listened. By degrees his uneventful history was won from him. He felt a little abashed at its nothingness, the narrative of days flowing quietly in an unfashionable neighborhood and his almost friendless condition.

"Of course there are Mr. Kent and Virginia," he said more brightly, "but I know few people in New York. I didn't care for the fellows in college. My father died four months ago. That was my first grief, as I don't remember my mother at all. I would often have felt desperately lonely if it had not been for Virginia."

"The girl I met tonight? Ah, yes. Pretty eyes. Rather a dangerous sort of friend, I should think, for a fellow like you."

"You don't know what she's been to me," said Tom. And then, morbidly fearful of appearing sentimental, he relapsed into silence.

Delatole asked no question. There was no need of one.

"Isn't it strange," said Tom after a pause filled only with the crunch of their footsteps on the frost hardened snow, "I used to think myself awfully wretched and forsaken sometimes? I had an arrogant idea that I was the most abused fellow in New York. But after I had grouped my characters and grew to know their imagined faces, after I had knotted the tragic thread that held them, then I knew the difference. Poverty and the small perplexities of my life lost their sting when I faced the picture of a stricken soul of my own creating. No, I can never be bitter or discontented again. I have learned a new and sweet philosophy—to accept the littlenesses of life gladly, if only peace go with them."

Delatole's eyes were fixed upon him now. The burning end of the cigar between Tom's lips threw a red gleam upon his darkly handsome face at every respiration. The dreaminess softening it, the lingering tenderness with which he spoke the last slow words, told his companion that what he had half divined before was true—if Murray had not lived, at least love had not passed him by.

A species of envy mixed with Delatole's alert attention. He thought of his exhausted sensibilities and of the jaded commonplace which even the best and brightest in life had become to him. What would he not give to have back the youth of heart he saw in Tom's eyes?

"Fresh for the feast with spurs valiantly won in the fray and under the domination of a romantic passion—perhaps the first. And he is so untried he doesn't know he has cause to cry aloud and beat his hands for joy. It won't last. It never does. By and by, when life has left a bitter taste in his mouth, he will remember with wonder and longing that he once thought one particular woman worth this impulsive worship. He's quite capable of making a fool of himself. I know the tone. I know the look. So her name's Virginia, and she's been much to him? But I needn't laugh. Was I not just such a deliriously happy idiot once?"

They had reached a broad, windswept street that crossed Madison avenue not far above the square, and Delatole turned the corner.

"You have heard of Max Glendenning, of course. He leaves for Japan tomorrow and gives a farewell hurrah tonight. Quite informal, you know. Meats on the sideboard, help yourself, come and go as you please, plenty to drink, some good stories, some pretty women. Any friend of mine is his. We were chums, had chambers together and lived a free, ideal existence until"—and a savage sneer twisted Delatole's lip still farther to one side—"he went down before Madeline Sorel, the burlesque woman. I never saw a man so madly in love. She kept running after him, too, making herself confoundedly at home in our quarters with her rouge, her songs and her cigarettes. I wouldn't stand it. We split and parted irrevocably, but with no hard words. He'll marry her yet—the fellows are making bets on it—and when he does—bah!" Delatole stood still in the street. "Have you ever thought, my young friend, to what lengths a man's infatuation for a woman may lead him?" Raising his elbow he lowered his extended index finger with a jerk. "Straight down. There's no help for him."

"A woman like that!" exclaimed Tom, with sweeping disgust.

"Any woman, if she becomes necessary to him, can kill ambition in an artist. Perhaps she does it with sugared poison, but the dose is sure. Oh, don't suppose I haven't loved romantically, wildly, and not a woman of the Sorel type either. The girl who fired my heart—it seems a century ago—was a lovely little thing with heavenly eyes, and I used to sing hymns with her. When she sent me a little note as sweet as her-

Delatole paused and abruptly laid his hand on Tom's shoulder.

self telling me she had flung me over for a rich fellow, I almost lost my mind. Ah, but that blow saved me. If I met her today, I'd thank her for it. Look at Glendenning. Nature intended him for a painter. Riches at first stood in his way. Necessity did not drive him, whip in hand. Pleasure in art was his only incentive. Even so, he did good work. Some day he would have done great work. That's all over now. He is under a spell. What does it matter if the woman who weaves it is unfit to tie his shoes? It's the absorption of love I'm speaking of—good, bad or indifferent. Once you surrender to an influence stronger than the charm of creation the richness of fancy will pale, the hand weaken, the artist be lost."

Tom blew a cloud of smoke into the air and remained silent. The words had startled and shocked him a little. They set a new circle of impressions moving in his brain. Could love wield a weakening influence? Was it not love—passionate love—which had taught him to see?

"Here we are." And Delatole stopped at a house.

It was square, solid, chocolate colored, capped by the sky's frosty blue. Half a dozen cabs stood at the door. A great lighting window on the second story was flooded with rose colored light.

Half way up the high flight of steps Delatole paused and abruptly laid his hand on Tom's shoulder:

"Look here. Now you mustn't think me officious, you know. You mustn't, for you know I like you, Murray, and I always speak my mind. I'm frank sometimes to rudeness. You won't be angry?"

"I'm sure I won't. But if I can't accept your biting skepticism you mustn't blame me. Are you going to tell me not to fall in love?" And throwing away his cigar Tom feigned a careless laugh and met his companion's alert, serious gaze.

"You regard me as a cynic who reviles romance because he has lost the power of feeling it, but you're wrong. I reason looking backward with a horribly clear vision, and I see how love becomes a weariness, a curse or a farce. You hope, dream and revel in a glorified haze. Now I have the most profound respect for youthful enthusiasm. I hate to try to brush it away; it is a beautiful thing! But it has caused more irretrievable mistakes than any other species of delusion I know of. Be careful; oh, be careful. You have made a brilliant start. If you don't wan't to plunge like a meteor into darkness and be remembered only as one who perished gloriously, keep yourself unshackled. I've done now. Come."

CHAPTER VII.

Dawn, a monotone in level gray, hung over the town ere Tom with the last of the revelers left Glendenning's.

"Ugh! how cold it is. My blood is thin at this unearthly hour," said Delatole, lighting a cigarette as they paused to separate at Madison square. "I've often thought if I ever do assist my own departure from this perpetual dressing and undressing it will be in this gray stillness, when one seems to feel the pulse of the world. Will you be on the stage tonight?"

"Yes, but suppose—now, suppose you dine with me," said Tom, with a hazy recollection of the manager's advice.

His speech was thick and wavering. Delatole's head seemed spinning round like a top. The trees in the square were certainly dancing a minuet.

"Charmed. And now go home, Murray, and go to bed. Not used to wine, are you? You might forget my address, so I'll put my card in your pocket—there. Come down at 4 and have a smoke in my den. Not such a fine place as Glendenning's, but cozy, you'll find."

When Tom reached Chelsea square, the sparrows were chattering as if mad. Their shrill clamor and his own unsteady footfalls made the surrounding silence seem more dense. The college buildings, like great gray watchers, frowned upon him from behind a blue haze, trembling and mysterious.

He had walked down the street only the preceding evening on his way to the theater, and yet in a bewildered, hazy fashion he felt that between that hour and this there had come a rent in his moral fiber like a narrow cleft in a riven rock.

A blinding pain stung his tired eyes. There was a burning in his chest. The thought of reaching his room unseen and letting slumber blot out the medley of impressions besieging him was so seductive he quickened his steps.

How the sparrows kept chattering among the denuded boughs!

"Here he comes," they seemed to chirp rapidly. "Look! look! Here he comes. Oh, see! oh, see! Here he comes. Here he comes."

Was there an accusing note in their shrill chorus? Or did he from an unexplained sense of guilt only fancy it?

He stole like a thief through the deserted halls. When he had locked the door of his room, he threw himself half disrobed upon the bed and sank into a feverish, broken sleep. It was a sleep of dreams. He was again in Glendenning's house, filling his senses with a surfeit of the delicious coloring, the evasive fragrance, wandering among the treasures gathered from mosques and throne-rooms, the rugs everywhere changefully glowing like huge chameleon skins, the armor looming with feudal significance in shadow.

His memory floated back to a blur of wine and smoke; the soft bite of the champagne was again in his throat, its delicate fire mounting to his brain and shedding over it a confusion soft and witchlike. Nor did he forget the jesting slings at things he had hitherto viewed as sacred, nor the laughter that turned virtue to ridicule. They were recalled with the same genial palliation that had marked his acceptance of them.

The rosy light, the crowd where women fluttered like bright hued butterflies, the evidences of reckless wealth on every hand, the complete absence of all restraint, had captured him, and in a mental saturnalia he heard the toasts and saw the money changing hands at cards, the refrains of songs that shook the windows and the dances that called forth screaming cheers. As half wakeful he tossed upon his bed his memory reveled in every detail of this new phase of life—a wildly joyous thing, holding no thought of the morrow, only the delight of the dear, the living moment.

A faint tapping sounded through the nebulæ. At first it seemed that Glendenning was knocking on the table for silence. No, it was rain beating on the window. But as it sounded still clearer and woke him to full consciousness he opened his heavy eyes and listened. Some one was gently knocking at his door.

"Tom," came softly to him, "here are letters for you."

Virginia's voice! He started up, leaned his head on his hands, but kept silence. The gay delirium of his dream departed, and he felt sick at heart. He seemed strange to himself. The room was strange. Only Virginia outside the door calling to him was fearfully real.

Virginia outside the door calling to him.

If she should see him, she would know—she might even guess from his voice—that he was——

He could not finish the thought.

"Tom, it's 2 o'clock. Are you ill? Don't you hear me?" And now the voice had an accent of fear.

Ill? Yes, that would be his excuse. And surely it was true. A dreadful nausea surged through him; redhot pinchers seemed holding his head. Feigning a yawn, he coughed and said:

"Who's there?"

"Oh, you are awake at last. Sir Lazybones, do you know it is well on in the afternoon?"

He made no answer. Virginia must not see him; she must not know. That was all he could think of as he sat on the edge of the bed, his hands clasped to his hot forehead.

"Your lunch is ready now. Will you be out soon? Mr. Plunket has sent over a dozen or more letters from the theater."

"I'm not well, Virginia. I couldn't eat a thing. Let the letters wait."

Silence followed for a moment, and he could fancy the undeserved pity in her sweet eyes.

(To be Continued.)

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DUDES AND DADS.

Congressman U. S. Hall of Missouri is the largest farmer in the state.

Adam Badeau is getting very corpulent and looks less and less like a general the older he grows.

Edison is to connect a telephone with the sun which will bring the music of its motions to our ears.

Three of the principal surgeons at the London hospital are, curiously enough, respectively called Eves, Reeves and Treves.

Ex-Senator Dawes is living quietly in his Pittsfield home. Strangely enough, he seems perfectly contented with a quiet life after about 30 years of an unusually busy public career.

Mgr. Satolli, the papal ablegate, writes his speeches for public use in Italian. They are then translated into English, after which he commits them to memory and delivers them.

Mr. Neary of Newark, N. J., recently received from the treasury department a new $5 note for one that was eaten by his goat, which he killed to recover the fragments that accompanied his affidavit.

John C. Eno makes a tour every day of the popular cafes up town in New York, beginning at the Fifth Avenue hotel and extending as far northward as the Metropole. It takes him about four hours to make the journey.

L. F. Deland of Boston, who is an expert counselor to business men, was the inventor of the "flying wedge" in football, which has caused so much havoc among college teams. Mr. Deland never played a game of football in his life.

John W. Mackay leads a very retired life in New York. Rising early each morning, he exercises with dumbbells and Indian clubs for an hour or more. He takes a very light breakfast and spends the morning over the papers or a magazine.

John Spaulding is said to have had the largest income during the past year of any man in Boston—a round million. His net profits from his sugar refinery, coupled with the returns from his interest in the Sugar trust, amounted, it is said, to that sum.

Speaker Crisp, at the close of the last congress, presented the gavel he had used to Miss Savannah Barrett of Augusta, Ga., saying that it had hammered away silver, repealed the federal elections laws, so far as the house was concerned, and excluded the Chinese.

Thomas Staples Martin, the new Democratic senator from Virginia, is rather below medium height, has a large head, is thick set and clean shaven, with light eyes and very little hair. He is now in his forty-sixth year and a native of the county of Albemarle.

Major George M. Proctor, father of the new civil service commissioner, John R. Proctor, is in his eighty-eighth year, but still strong and active. He served in the Confederate army, and his son, although a mere youth when the war broke out, remained by his father's side until the close.

Chauncey Depew, when he was in Rome, called at the Vatican, and the Charleston News wants to know whether he wore a straw hat, adding, "On his visit to Charleston in the dead of winter several years ago Mr. Depew wore a straw hat, which was regarded as a great breach of propriety in one who has a college education."

PEN AND PENCIL.

Murat Halstead is the leading editorial writer of the Boston Common, a Sunday journal.

Jules Verne, the famous writer, who is said to have earned more money by his pen than any other living author, has taken up his abode in plain apartments in the old cathedral town of Amiens.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has taken the place formerly occupied by Mrs. Burnett as the best paid female author in America. She often receives $5,000 for the serial rights to a novel, and her shorter work is proportionately well paid for.

The king of Sweden has conferred the order of the North Star upon Senor Echegaray, the Spanish writer. The chief reason given for distinguishing the author is the readiness with which he consented to the translation of his works into Swedish.

Henry George has a way of submitting his proofs to many hands and of accepting or rejecting suggested corrections according to the way in which they strike him. It used to be said among his subordinates, when he was an editor, that if no one else were at hand he would appeal for advice to the office boy.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Black cotton hose should be dried and ironed on the wrong side to prevent fading.

A feather bed which has done service for a generation or two is hardly a desirable thing upon which to sleep.

To keep sandwiches from drying and hardening before they are used, put in a dark place and cover with a slightly damp cloth.

Cranberries may be kept well into the spring if covered with water and kept in a cool place, but not cold enough to freeze the fruit. The water should be changed every three or four weeks.

The cardinal rule in a kitchen is to clean up as you go, and if attended to this saves half the labor and fatigue cooks suffer from who pursue the old method of having a grand and comprehensive "clean up."

SIMPLE SALVE.

For a scalded mouth drink cream slowly. It will be found most soothing.

The best preparation for the hands at night is white of egg with a grain of alum dissolved in it.

The quickest relief from fatigue is to plunge the feet in cold water and keep them there until a sensation of warmth is felt. This is also a relief from congestion of blood to the head.

Onion juice prepared with honey is frequently given to children for croup and catarrh. Onion poultice is a familiar cure for sore throat, and baked onion split and applied to tumors is one of the best of emollients.

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, was founded three centuries ago.

Sirup of roses is any white wine sweetened and flavored with rose essence.

The steamers between Europe and North America carry on an average about 70,000 passengers a month.

A town to be run strictly on the Bellamy plan of socialism has been started in Niagara county, N. Y.

Blacking for boots was invented in 1836, and now the manufacturers in this country and England sell over $4,000,000 worth a

MAIDS AND MOTHERS.

Mrs. Annie Besant is interested just now in a profit sharing industry.

Mme. de Stael always carried a bit of stick in her hand and played with it as an aid to conversation.

Mrs. Campbell Wilson, a prosperous florist of Cleveland, started in business with a capital of 15 cents and an indebtedness of $100.

Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt was to "come out" this season, but on account of the death of her brother her debut has been postponed.

Mrs. Helen Campbell, author of "Prisoners of Poverty," is taking the post graduate course in social economics at the University of Michigan.

Mrs. Hetty Green is more watched and dreaded in her ventures on the street than most of Wall street's kings. She is reputed to be worth over $40,000,000.

Mme. Fateno, wife of the Japanese minister, objects to the American dress because it does not permit her to sit on the floor comfortably Japanese fashion.

It is said that Miss Grace H. Dodge spends more than $1,000 a year in promoting the organization of social and educational clubs among New York working women.

Mrs. Jenness Miller's home on Q street is a fitting setting in its handsome appointments and art treasures for this beautiful apostle of dress reform in her superb gowns.

Lady Gertrude Stock, nun, novelist, marquis' daughter and baker's wife, has just closed in the shelter of a convent in Europe a life of strange experiences. Her husband is in South Africa.

Miss Lucy and Miss Mary Reynolds of Washington have in their possession a large upholstered rocking chair which was worked and presented to their great-grandfather, President Harrison, by the ladies of Indiana.

Mrs. John A. Logan is credited with the statement that women who have to work for their living are less likely to marry than those who do not. She thinks that they are less attractive to the other sex in a business suit than in a pretty tea gown.

Fanny Davenport must have peppermints along with her Marc Antony and her educated snakes; Florence Rockwell declares she cannot play Ophelia to Keene's Hamlet unless she has peanut candy, and Ellen Terry has a passion for preserved pears.

Misses Anna and Ethel Hood, twin daughters of the late General John B. Hood of the Confederate army, are the eldest of the three sets of twin daughters of General Hood and are the adopted daughters of their great-uncle by marriage, John Morris of West Chester, Pa.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Be generous. Meanness makes enemies and breeds distrust.

Be polite. Every smile, every genteel bow is money in your pocket.

Be independent. Do not lean on others to do your thinking or to conquer your difficulties.

Trust to nothing but God and hark work. Inscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool; pluck is a hero."

Spend less than you earn. Do not run in debt. Watch the little leaks, and you can live on your salary.

Make all the money you can honestly, do all the good you can with it while you live, and be your own executor.

Be punctual. Keep your appointments. Be there a minute before time if you have to lose your dinner to do it.

Be conscientious in the discharge of every duty. Do your work thoroughly. No boy can rise who slights his work.

Work. The world is not going to pay you for loafing. Ninety per cent of what men call genius is only talent for hard work.

Enter into that business or trade which you like best and for which nature seems to have fitted you, providing it is honorable.

Be honest. Dishonesty seldom makes one rich, and when it does, riches is a curse. There is no such thing as dishonest success.

Don't try to begin at the top. Begin at the bottom, and you will have a chance to rise, and will be surer of reaching the top some time.—Evangel.

POWDER AND BALL.

Little Belgium spends every year 46,000,000 francs on her army.

The oldest cannon in the world are preserved in Constantinople.

Italy spends every year 14,000,000 lire on her army and navy. Twenty-five lire equal $5.

The revolution cost the people of this country $135,193,703. The war of 1812 with Great Britain cost us $107,159,003.

The number of men withdrawn from industry to take part in the civil war on the Union side was 2,772,408; the Confederates enlisted over 600,000.

The Havoc, one of the torpedo boats built by Yarrow, which attained a maximum speed of 27¼ knots and a mean speed of 26¾ in a three hours' run, made her trial in heavy weather with the wind 30 miles an hour in the open sea.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Bamboo is put to more uses than any other plant.

Plants in the dry air of a living room should be in larger pots than when in the moist air of the greenhouse. But if the the pot is too large the growth will be all leaves.

The ox eye daisy (Leucanthemum vulgare), so plentiful in the east, is said to have been originally brought to this country by the Hessians during the Revolution. The seeds at that time were unintentionally imported in the bedding of the soldiers.

Plants require less water in winter than in summer and should not be watered by any fixed rule. Watering should only be done when the soil is too dry to soil the finger when laid on it, and then only receiving enough water to run through the pot.

THE JEWEL CASKET.

A round brooch was composed of a group of flying swallows.

The forgetmenot is having great vogue as an applied ornament.

The sword is still the popular ornament, larger and richer than ever.

A pretty bracelet is made of links of blue enamel disks set in raised gold.

In the less expensive necklaces those of many small forms are very pretty and becoming.

The taste for the grotesque in scarfpins increases. Enamel roosters, monkeys on poles, dragons curling their tails, are among these, and no skill is considered too great to be lavished on them.—Jewelers' Circu-

WHIP AND SPUR.

Benton Boy, 2:20¼, is 17 hands high.

But few stallions will stand for over $200 next season.

Pixley, 2:08¼, is the fastest trotter owned in Michigan.

Gene Smith, 2:15¼, is used as a road horse at Newburg, N. Y.

Direct, 2:06 to the high wheel sulky, sounds pretty well yet.

In Japan and Corea horses are hitched by tieing their fore feet.

C. J. Hamlin says that no man can afford to experiment at the present day.

Budd Doble says that the 1893 record will be beaten next season if any horse beats Pixley.

The mare Lady T, died recently, was the dam, grandam and great-grandam of a 2:30 performer.

The old time queen of the turf, Flora Temple, 2:19¾, had seven foals by five different sires.

Fifty thousand rubles will be given in purses during the trotting meeting at Moscow this winter.

Dr. Sparks, 2:12¼, is now 6 years old. He has been campaigned every year from a yearling up to date.

The Iowa mare Alice Ensign, 2:23, carried 32 ounces on each forward foot when she made her record.

Heiress, dam of Foxie, 2:28¼, and two others in the list produced three pairs of twins during her life.

The Spirit of the Hub thinks that when a class is mixed, trotters should have the benefit of five seconds over pacers.

According to the idea of one western turf journal, few meetings will be held over the mile tracks in the west next year.

The Youngstown (O.) association gave a day's racing in November and turned over the proceeds to the poor of the city. About $300 was realized.

THE PROPER CAPER.

Mustard colored gloves, with black stitching, are fashionable in Paris and London.

Ruches of colored crape are used to head lace flounces on satin or watered silk dresses.

A new textile for ball toilets closely resembles crape, except that it shines like satin and is manufactured in the most beautiful colors.

Fancy muffs made of velvet and other rich materials are elegant rivals of the plainer drum muffs of fur. A fur lining is now frequently put in.

Crepons are considerably less the rage than they were last season, French cashmere, camel's hair sacking in its varied qualities and effects, serge and vigogne being strong rivals.

Silk and wool mixtures will be largely used in the making of street and church costumes for the spring. In its weaving the silk threads are thrown almost wholly on the surface of the goods, and a rich, lustrous effect produced.

Deep ecru laces are much used as wings, fan bows, puffs on evening bonnets and hats and to drape entire crowns of small toques, with a spreading alsatian bow of velvet in some rich color in front, with a sparkling aigret clasp or other ornament in the center.—New York Post.

PULPIT AND PEW.

There are 1,289,728 negroes who are members of the Methodist church in this country.

It is reported that a new church, called the American Methodist church, is about to be organized by some white and colored ministers in the south.

Bishop Tucker of Uganda ordained seven men to the ministry recently, two of whom are the greatest chiefs in the country and govern great provinces.

The Rev. Charles Houston opened a ball in Wolverine, Mich., recently, with a prayer in which he asked that none might be led away in their hours of amusement.

Sam Jones has been dropped as a member of the North Georgia conference. A pastorate in the conference is worth only $1,000 a year. Sam is making a great deal more than that on the road.

The Rev. Mr. White of Brooklyn, known to fame as the "marrying minister," who never turned away a loving couple, is dead. In his life he made 14,000 people more or less happy, as he claimed that none of those whom he united ever returned to revile him.

PHILOSOPHICAL COGITATIONS.

Some people might as well be crazy; they have no sense.

Every one believes in friends until he has had occasion to try them.

It is said that a man either becomes a fool or a philosopher at 40.

The thoughts that disturb men most never enter a woman's head.

The trouble with bluffing is that some men are foolish enough to fight.

When a man has an ax to grind, he generally wants to use his neighbor's grindstone.

When people attempt the habits of angels, it is very easy for them to disgust ordinary mortals.

When a man realizes that he is not famous, he also reflects with a great deal of complacency that he is not dead yet.—Atchison Globe.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Jupiter has a red spot and a white spot, and both puzzle astronomers.

The expansion of water in congelation is such that 11 feet of water make 12 feet of ice.

A Russian scientist has succeeded in tracing all man's diseases to the fact that he wears clothes.

The observatory on Mont Blanc already reports proof that there is no oxygen in the atmosphere of the sun.

The venom of poisonous reptiles, insects, etc., kills by changing the shape of the blood corpuscles so as to make it impossible for them to circulate. This of course causes blood poisoning.

THE MOVING WORLD.

Sandwiches made by machinery are the result of a labor saving device just invented.

A Spanish musician has devised a system of musical notation by which the sharp and flat system is done away with.

Iron works at Troy, N. Y., have made for a Havana sugar mill an iron valve weighing 6,500 pounds. The firm claims it to be the largest valve ever constructed.

An oil stove 11 inches high, with a lamp that will burn 20 hours at an expense of 12 cents, and which will boil, roast, bake, fry and grill chops and steaks in 10 minutes, is advertised in London at a price of $4.37.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Eleanor Carey has left Sol Smith Russell's company.

"Montana" is the title of a play Robert Droul is writing for Effie Ellsler.

The news comes from London that Geraldine Ulmar has grown very stout.

"Another Man's Wife" is the title of the latest play from the pen of Fitzgerald Murphy.

Emma Juch has been engaged to sing in high opera at Covent Garden, London, in the spring.

Raymon Moore, the tenor, will star in February in an Irish comedy called "Love's Young Dream."

Koster & Bial talk of sending out on the road next season a company to be known as Koster & Bial's vaudevilles.

Henry Irving has been invited by President Seth Low to lecture on "The Drama" before the students of Columbia college.

Eugene Tompkins is contemplating a big Shakespearean revival for next season at the Boston theater. "Henry V." is spoken of.

Mark Murphy is soon to start out again with "O'Dowd's Neighbors." Sam Ryan and Mike Kelly, the ball player, will figure prominently in his support.

Sarah Bernhardt is to play the part of Marie Stuart at the Paris Renaissance in a play founded on the life of the Scottish queen written by Alfred Debout.

Miss Lea Van Dyck, formerly of the Bostonians, has joined the "Little Tycoon" company. Miss Van Dyck will head an operatic organization of her own the coming year.

Nat C. Goodwin contemplates presenting in New York in the spring Clinton Stewart's play, "Newport." A year ago Mr. W. H. Crane had it and expected to produce it at the Star theater.

FIN, FEATHER AND FUR.

Some insects while in the larvæ state never sleep, but eat incessantly.

Bats fly easily, but their movements on the ground are labored and clumsy.

The hare is particularly shy in March, notwithstanding the old saying, "mad as a March hare."

The osteologist of the Smithsonian institution says that it is a fact that pythons and several species of boas have real legs and feet.

The pigeons of St. Mark's, Venice, can tell a foreigner from a native. If one of the tourists appears, they flock about him to be fed, according to guidebook; if a Venetian, they keep away.

Long legged birds have short tails. A bird's tail serves as a rudder during the act of flight. When birds are provided with long legs, these are stretched directly behind when the bird is flying, and so act as a rudder.

The Forida tarpon, the Pacific coast salmon and the Canadian black bass are about the gamiest and strongest pulling fish inviting the hook. The muskellunge of the St. Lawrence is a splendid fish, but not any too common nowadays.

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

Miss Adele Grant of New York recently in London became Mrs. George Devereaux de Vere Capell, countess of Essex. And oh, girls, is not that just too aristocratically lovely a name?—Pittsburg Times.

Another American girl was married to an English count recently. Uncle Sam can supply the entire nobility of the British isles with lovely wives if necessary and then have enough left to insure the fondest hopes of this nation.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Another fair American has joined the ranks of the nobility. At this rate it will soon be as appropriate in Europe as it America to speak of the "foreign peerage." In the meantime, perhaps an infusion of brisk American blood will put more life into that languishing institution.—Baltimore American.

What lends a peculiar interest to the latest international marriage is the fact that the young American woman in the case who has become the Countess of Essex is not rich. Her income is said to be only $4,000 a year. It is safe to infer, therefore that she was wooed and won for her beauty and loveliness. She possesses these in profusion. All happiness to the pair!—Boston Herald.

DON'TS FOR WHIST PLAYERS.

Don't ask "What's trumps?"

Don't find fault with your partner.

Don't forget that you have a partner.

Don't exult or chuckle when you win.

Don't bang winning cards on the table.

Don't fail to study the best authorities.

Don't look the picture of despair when you lose.

Don't hold your cards so they can be seen by others.

Don't say, "That's the best card" or "You can't take that."

Don't play with players inferior to yourself if you can help it.

Don't fail to keep your attention on the table instead of your hand.

Don't hesitate in playing. Your uncertainty conveys information to your opponents.—San Francisco Chronicle.

GASTRIC JUICE.

Paris killed last year 11,862 old horses for roasts and soups.

The best edible frogs dressed for table at Paris come from Alsace packed in large baskets.

In economical cookery flavor soups and gravies with vinegar instead of sherry. Very little difference will be detected.

Meat boiled quickly is always hard and tasteless, and it should be remembered that a very large quantity of water takes the goodness out of the meat.

A new way to serve raw oysters is in tall handled tumblers. A dressing of pepper and salt, lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce goes with them, and they are picked out with the long oyster fork.

ARCHITECTURAL.

The largest stone bridge is at Tagarig, China. It is six miles long and has 300 arches, each 70 feet high.

The longest wooden bridge in the world is a trestle work over Lake Ponchartrain. It is of cypress piles and 22 miles long.

The largest theater in the world is the Grand Opera House of Paris. It covers more than three acres of ground and cost 63,000,000 francs.

The largest movable dome in the world (constructed so as to revolve on a circular track and thus facilitate astronomical observations) is that on the Paris observatory, which is 20 meters (over 60 feet) in diameter.

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100 lb. Sacks Bran,	1 15	9 tins Tomatoes,	$1 00
90 lb. sacks rolled Oats,	3 60	11 tins Pease,	$1 00
100 lb. sacks of Wheat,	1 50	11 tins Corn,	1 00
5 lb. Boxes of Tea,	1 10	Ceylon Tea,	40 cents per lb
50 lb. mats China Rice,	1 85	13 lbs Currants,	$1 00

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