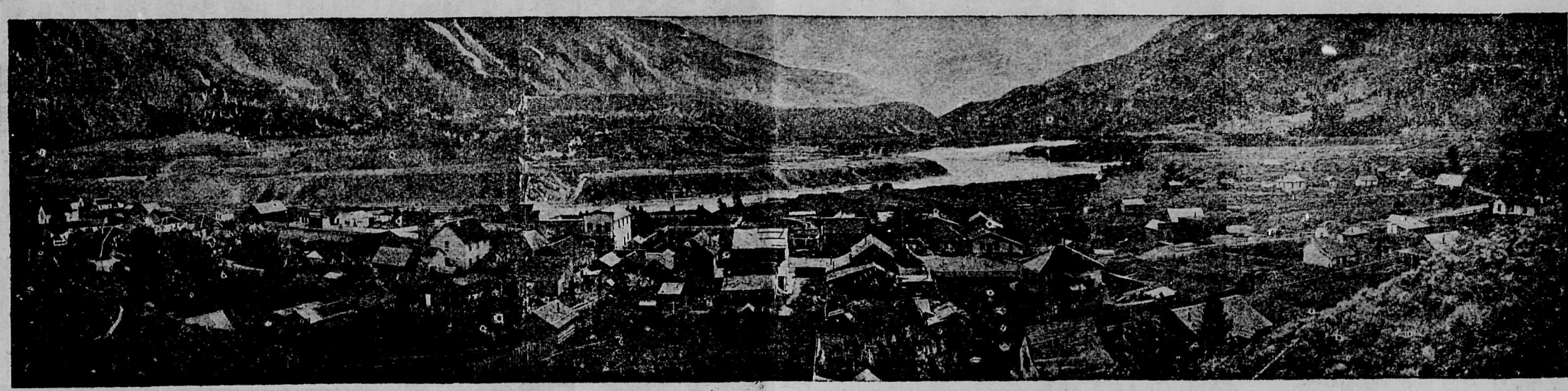
Legislative Reading Room



THE PROSPECTOR.

Vol. 5. No. 44. LILLOOET, B.C., SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1903. $1.00 a year.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss L'italienne is visiting her mother at the Hoey ranch.

Road Superintendent Bell returned from Empire Valley on Wednesday.

The Seaton steamboat is on the dry dock for repairs.

Mr. Russell George, Prof. of Department of Geology, Iowa University arrived in town last night.

LaRochelle brothers have left for their claims on Bridge River.

Messrs Evans and Copland are in town from the Ample Mine.

Hydrants have been placed at intervals of about 300 feet right throughout the town.

A Chinaman was committed to gaol for selling goods without a license.

R. H. Brett of Bridge River was in town this week.

W. Brown, manager of the North Fork placer mines was in town this week.

Dr. George Sanson and family, of Ashcroft spent a few days in Lillooet this week visiting friends.

Mr. J. Richey of the Mountain view Ranch was guest at the Victoria this week.

Quite a number of men are at work building the flume at the hatchery.

Miss Cook's absence from the Pioneer Hotel will be greatly felt by it's patrons.

The absence of editorial and other matter in this issue is due to the absence of the editor and inability to secure necessary help during the interval.

A great many of our townspeople are taking full advantage of our fine water system. It is pleasant to note that many are making a praiseworthy effort to improve the appearance of their premises, not only by a general clean up but by planting trees: both ornamental as well as useful varieties.

THE SPECIAL TRAIN

GREAT CONVENIENCE TO PEOPLE OF MEANS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The Cost of a "Scurry" Train If You Are in a Hurry and Have Plenty of Money —Some Record Trips of This Character Made in the Old Land.

From $250 to $750 and 30 minutes' notice at a big railway station —often less—will provide you with a train of four carriages all to yourself. It will whirl you to the other end of Britain—to whatever station you want to reach. If ever you are in such a hurry that money matters nothing—provided you have got it—you can count on getting an ordinary train at the price of from 20 to 40 ordinary fares to your destination.

But if you want comfort and "style," an extra half hour's notice to the railway people will procure you a dining and sleeping car, with a cook, attendants, food and wines, from $100 to $150 extra. Then you can "burn the ground" over 300 miles by rail, only stopping to water the engine and laugh at all the time tables ever compiled. A great many wealthy people in a hurry have done this.

The Biggest "Scurry."

One of the biggest "scurries" in special train records was a train scratched together for the King, when Prince of Wales, on a very important occasion. He, of course, nearly always has his own trains, but "extras" are as much a part of the railway system as the mails. There is nothing exciting about them.

But while on a visit to a country house just outside Leicester, the King received a message that had been delayed. The Crown Prince of Greece had arrived in England and his formal reception by the Queen at Buckingham Palace was put forward by a day. The news, owing to a breakdown, did not reach the Prince till 15 hours after it ought to have reached him, and he barely had two and a half hours before the ceremony began. These affairs between royalties are extremely punctilious and there are no excuses.

It would have been almost an international slight if the Prince had not appeared, but there was no train. A messenger rode posthaste to Leicester, the Prince followed in a fast carriage and when he arrived a "special" of four "odd-and-end" carriages had been slung to a fast engine—less than four are not safe—in less than 15 minutes.

He jumped in, the line was cleared and off the train went. He was without lunch and the carriage was an ordinary first-class, but the Prince's valet bustled some sandwiches in at the last moment, and the train, with a clear line, whisked its royal freight to London in an hour and 40 minutes. He was just in time for the reception.

The "Marriage Special."

Probably the most romantic, as well as one of the smartest of special train hurries was one that raced from London to Dover a few years ago, on the occasion of a runaway match, and which still lives in railway annals as the "marriage special." The engager of the train, a Mr. Vickery, had big difficulties to overcome, for his fiancee was a ward in chancery, that is, she and her estate were under the guardianship of the law, and the penalty for marrying a ward without the consent of the court is imprisonment.

As this consent was not to be obtained, the young couple disregarded it and were married at a registry office. The bride's relatives, however, had had the bridegroom watched by a private detective, and shortly after the ceremony the newly married couple found they were discovered.

The bridegroom had a small steam yacht in the Granville dock at Dover, and to this they were to have repaired by train. But as the warrant for the groom's arrest was now likely to be issued at any moment, they dared not wait for the train and a special was ordered. In 30 minutes it was ready and the couple were speeding south.

The detective, to gain time to put the machinery of the law in motion, tried to have the train stopped at Canterbury, but as he had no legal authority he failed, and the couple reached Dover. The main reason for taking the special is that a vessel in the Granville dock has to wait till two hours before high water before she can get out, and the ordinary train would have missed the tide.

They arrived twenty minutes too early, having done the journey in two hours to the minute, and waited anxiously for the dock gates to open. When they did, the yacht steamed out, and the couple left British waters just an hour ahead of the warrant. At daybreak the yacht put into Flushing and the happy pair lived abroad till the bride's majority.

Pierpont Morgan's Special "Special."

A very special "special" was the one which Mr. Pierpont Morgan ordered at Manchester the last time he was over here. In the States he is accustomed to take specials almost everywhere, and a big railway magnate can do what he likes with American railway lines.

Mr. Morgan was said to be in England for a rest. However, he suddenly ordered a "special" for London at Manchester, and required the best possible. In 40 minutes a train with dining and parlor carriage was ready, with a little bill for $325. This paid, Mr. Morgan stepped in, and was whirled off at 60 miles an hour. He thought, however, that he could pull up wherever he liked, as in the States, by a message to the driver, but found this was not possible. All the way up he made notes, comparing the British special with the Yankee, and he reached London in just under four hours, having covered nearly 200 miles. At the end of the journey he gave the engine driver $50, and admitted afterwards that the performance was ahead of the ordinary American specials. The railway record, by the way, is one of the records we hold from the States.

Bridegrooms' Specials.

Oddly enough, a very frequent reason for taking a special is that a bridegroom is in danger of being late for his wedding, and last year there were at least three specials ordered through this cause. One particularly smart performance was the getting of Mr. Murray Dixon to London in time for his wedding, after the carriage accident he had on driving to Bromwich.

On the way to catch a train at Birmingham his horses shied at a donkey that was rolling on his back in the roadway, and turned the outfit into a ditch. Both horses were injured, and a four-mile walk and the missing of the train were the results. However, a special was ordered, whipped together in less than 20 minutes and three carriages, the shortest special on record, went tearing up to London. They overtook the train that had been missed, while it was pulled up at a station and the special was shunted around her and arrived at London 20 minutes ahead. This trip cost the anxious bridegroom $300—nearly as much as Mr. Morgan's race from Manchester. —London Answers.

NO INTERRUPTION.

Care Taken in Removing the Postoffice Savings Bank.

The work of removing the material and staff of the present headquarters of the Postoffice Savings Bank in Queen Victoria street to the new and imposing building in Westminster commenced on Tuesday, and will continue until the opening of the structure in April, says Lloyds Weekly of the 4th Jan. This removal will require very careful organization to avoid any dislocation of the work, and consequent inconvenience to depositors using the bank, who number no less than 8,000,000, or one in every five of the population of the United Kingdom. The staff at headquarters consists of about 3,200 clerks, and the ledgers in which the depositors' accounts are kept are numbered by thousands.

Some 20 years ago the department had a similar experience, in having to remove from St. Pauls churchyard to the premises in Queen Victoria street. Five years after taking the building in Queen Victoria street another big block was built at the rear, abutting on Knight Rider street. About six years ago another block, extending from Knight Rider street to Carter lane, was taken, and since then further accommodation has had to be found in buildings situated in Addle hill and Dean's court.

The building in West Kensington, which is to serve as the new Home of Thrift, is colossal. Three of its many rooms have each a length of no less than 350 feet. It has been erected on a site known as the Olympia annex. The front, which faces Blythe road, is in the Renaissance style, and built of Portland stone and red brick. In the centre, which is almost wholly of stone, is the main entrance, in the form of three arches, leading into the quadrangle beyond. On either side of the arches is a bay surmounted by a dome-topped tower, and between these towers is a space for a clock. The centre, with its towers and with its facade decorated with a considerable amount of carved work, makes the main feature of the building, from an architectural point of view, and breaks what would otherwise be a monotonous array of windows in so extended a front. In form, the building is a hollow square, with the north and south blocks continued on both sides beyond the east and west blocks, the projecting ends suggesting that the present structure, huge though it be, is only a portion of the complete design, to be continued, perhaps, as necessity requires.

"I FORBID THE BANNS."

Frankfort Moore's Successful Story After Seventeen Years of Waiting.

In the course of an interesting sketch of Mr. F. Frankfort Moore, the novelist, M.A.P. says:—

"He may take a certain honest pride in his hard-won success, but vanity is not to be laid to his charge. 'Swelled head' is a disease which rarely attacks those who have thoroughly 'been through the mill.' If he displayed a literary bent at an early age, he received no encouragement to pursue it. Indeed, as he has related in his autobiography, his father, on discovering the MS. of an Arctic novel, promptly burned it. However, if nominally engaged in the study of the higher mathematics, he continued to write in secret, and eventually sold an epic to Messrs. Smith and Elder.

Leaving home he became a journalist, and traveled widely in Africa and India, writing books at the same time, but it was only after seventeen years of unremitting toil that 'I Forbid the Banns' placed him where there is always room—at the top. The day he finished 'I Forbid the Banns' he said to someone beside him, 'I have written a curious sort of book, but, whether it is good or bad, it will make my fortune.' His faith in his own judgment wavered, however, when the reviews appeared. With one exception, all were unfavorable. But in the end his critics were confounded."

THE MOTHER.

Great passions I awake that must
Bow any woman to the dust
With earliest she should fail to rise
As high as those enamored eyes.

Now for those flying days and sweet
I sit in Beauty's Mercy Seat,
My shrine, my favors I award,
Since I am beautiful, adored.

They praise my cheeks, my lips, my eyes,
With Love's most exquisite flatteries,
Covet my hands that they may kiss
And to their ardent bosoms press.

My feet upon the nursery stair
Makes them a music rich and rare;
My skirt that rustles as I come
For every rapture strikes them dumb.

What jealousies of word and glance!
The light of my poor countenance
Lights up their world that else were drear,
"But you are lovely, mother dear!"

I go not to my grave, but I
Know Beauty's full supremacy;
Like Cleopatra's self, I prove
The very heights and depths of Love.

So to be loved, so to be wooed,
Oh! more than mortal woman should!
What if she fall or fall behind!
Lord make me worthy, keep them blind.

THE ETHICS OF LAW.

Lawyers the Best Abused and Most Trusted of Men.

The third of the public lecture course of McMaster University, Toronto, on "The Ethics of Law" proved most entertaining and instructive, many of those present coming away with a very different opinion of some phases of the profession of law and its practice to that which they had before the lecture. Mr. D. E. Thomson, K.C., described lawyers as at once the best abused and the most generally trusted members of the community. He analyzed the business of the ordinary law firm, of which not more than 2 per cent. is criminal, and of the balance not more than 10 per cent. ever comes to trial in the courts, while in four-fifths of the cases which do reach the courts there are no appeals entered. The nature of his business and experience made the lawyer conservative in regard to changes in the law, and, commenting upon what is sometimes termed the slavish adherence to precedent in the law, Mr. Thomson insisted nothing could be more revolutionary and dangerous than departure from this practice. In this connection he laid down three cardinal principles for guidance:—(1) That law is better than justice; (2) that it is more necessary the law should be certain than that it should be right, and (3) that equity administered according to the Judge's personal idea of right and wrong would result in a cross between lottery and despotism. Mr. Thomson illustrated the numerous points he made by amusing anecdotes and entertaining reminiscences, which made the subject of "law" anything but dull.

Why Papa Would Let Her Go.

Edith—Richard, this would be a good time to apply to papa for his consent. Richard—Is he in a particularly good humor? Edith—By no means. He is very angry over my dressmakers' bills, and would be glad of almost any excuse to get rid of me.—Sydney Town and County Journal.

THE PROSPECTOR.

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SHADOW RIVER.

By E. Pauline Johnson.

"A stream of tender gladness,
Of balmy sun, and pearl-tinted skies;
Of warm midsummer air that lightly lies
In mystic rings,
Where swiftly swings
The music of a thousand wings
That almost tone to sadness.

"Midway 'twixt earth and heaven,
A bubble in the pearly air, I seem
To float upon the sapphire floor, a dream
Of clouds of snow,
Above, below,
Drift with my drifting, dim and slow,
The twilight drifts to even'.

"The little fern-leaf, bending
Upon the brink, its green reflection greets,
And kisses soft the shadow that it meets
With touch so fine,
The border line
The keenest vision can't define;
So perfect is the blending.

"The far fir trees that cover
The brownish hills with needles green and old;
Repictured are
Beneath me far,
Where not a ripple moves to mar
Shades underneath, or over.

"Mine is the undertone:
The beauty, strength and power of the land
Will never stir or bend at my command;
But all the shade
Is marred or made
If I but dip my paddle blade;
And it is mine alone.

"Oh! pathless world of seeming!
Oh! pathless life of mine, whose deep ideal
Is more my own than ever was the real;
For others Fame
And Love's red flame,
And yellow gold; I only claim
The shadows and the dreaming."

Sketch of Miss Johnson.

No complete collection of Miss Johnson's poems is in existence, I regret to say. The above example of her work is quoted from a small volume published in 1894, entitled "The White Wampum." Since that date, however, many of her best poems have been produced, and, it is to be hoped, will be gathered together in book form in the near future. For no living Canadian poet has anything like the interest for us that Miss Johnson has. This is largely on account of her race. She is the daughter of the late G. H. M. Johnson, head chief of the Mohawk Indians, who married an English lady, a Miss Howells, a relative of William Dean Howells, the novelist. Pauline was born on the Six Nation Indian Reserve in the County of Brant, and was educated at the Brantford Model School. Her first verse was published in "Gems of Poetry," a New York periodical, and for many years she has been a contributor to the best periodicals in Canada and the United States.

The predominant qualities of her poetry, as we have it in "The White Wampum," are those which have long been recognized as distinguishing her race, eloquence, graceful imagery, picturesque language and dramatic passion. The Iroquois were an intellectual, as well as an imaginative, people, and established a confederacy that for years held the balance of power on this continent. This daughter of theirs, it is evident, has inherited race instincts and traditions that one time found expression in such deeds as that of Ojistoh, or such choice as Dawendine's. Now they inspire a pen. Here and there the "wilderness girl" crops out. In such lines as "Penseroso," for example—the third stanza of which reads:—

**"Let me but feel athwart my cheek the lash
Of whipping wind, but hear the torrent dash
Adown the mountain steep, 'twere more my choice
Than touch of human hand, than human voice."**

Miss Johnson's attitude towards Nature in this volume appears to be a stock-taking of effects, though an appreciative stock-taking; still, occasionally, as in the last stanza of "Shadow River," her contemplation of nature becomes a revealing agency, an opening into the transcendent world, or what we choose to think so, though the idea may be to the real world no more than the shadows were to the far fir trees, and brownish hills, and "the little fern-leaf bending."

In 1891 Miss Johnson began a species of entertainment, the unique feature of which was the recitation of her poems on Indian life in costume and character. She has been most successful, having appeared in England, the United States and all over Canada. Her home is in Brantford.—Pharos, in The Globe.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time. 30

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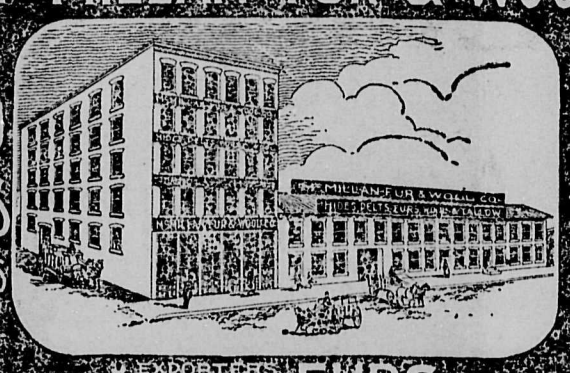

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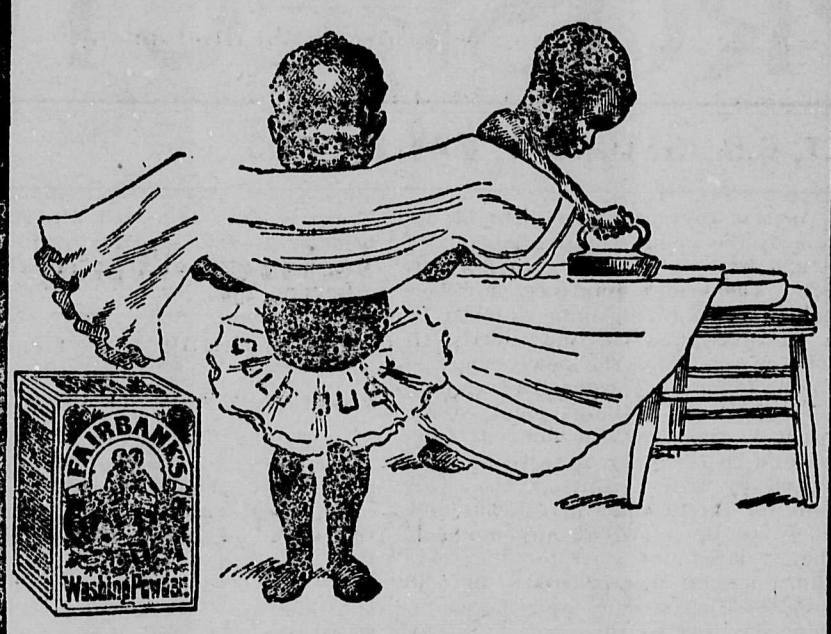

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2-- From some point on the main line in the District of Keewatin or in District of Sackatchewan, to Port Churchill on Hudson's Bay.

3-- A continuation of its main line from Tets Juan Cache by way of the The Thompson and Fraser River valleys to Vancouver, or New Westminster,

4-- From some point on the Thompson River or some of its tributaries to Waddington Harbor or Bute Inlet.

5-- From a point near the old site of Fort Assiniboia to some point on the Peace River and westerly to the Portland Canal on the Pacific.

6. From some point on the main line of said Railway at or near the Montreal River in the Province of Ontario easterly to some point on the Gatineau River in the Province of Quebec.

And to exercise with regard to such lines all the powers and privileges given to the said Company by its Act of Incorporation.

DATED at Toronto this 10th day of January, 1903.

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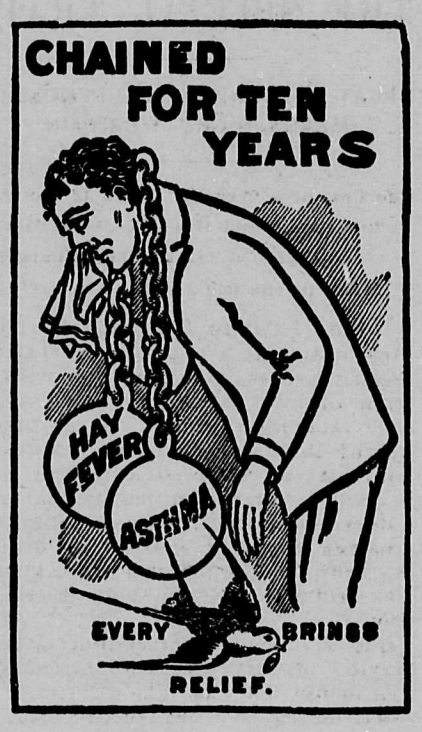

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Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler.
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.
New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

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J. Dunlop, General Merchant, Lillooet, B.C

A Tillyloss Scandal

By J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "Auld Licht Idylls," "A Window in Thrums," Etc., Etc.

"'Ay,' I cries, 'but I'll produce mysel'.'

"'The waur for you,' says he, 'for if ye try to overthrow the law we'll bury ye again, though it should be at the public expense.'

"Lads, that made me uneasy, and all I could think to do was just to fling out my foot at the bantam.

"'Ye daur look me in the face, Davit Whamand,' I says, 'and pretend as I'm no mysel'?'

"'I daur do so,' he says; 'and not only are ye no yersel', but I would never have recognized ye for such.'

"'So, so,' I remarks; 'and ye refuse to deliver up my coat?'

"'Yes,' he says, 'and what's more I never had your coat.'

"Lads, that was his cautiousness in case twa lines of defense was needed before the bailie; but I said no more to him, for now the house began to fill with folk wanting to make sure of me, and I was keen to convince them I was in the flesh before Davit prejudiced them. Ay, Robbie, you was one of them as convoyed me to Hender Haggart's."

"I was, Tammas, and when ye shut the door on me a mask of folk came round me to hear how ye had broke out."

"I daursay that, but their curiosity didna interest me now. Ye mind when we got to Hender's house it was black and dark, him pretending to be away to his bed? Ay, but the smell of roasting potateos belied that. As we ken now, Hender had been warned that I was at Davit's demanding back the coat, and he suspected I would come next to him for the waistcoat and the hat."

"Ay, but he had to let ye in."

"Ou, I would have broken in the door rather than have been beat, and in the tail of the day Hender takes the snib off the door."

"He pretended he thocht ye a ghost too, did he no?"

"No, no, that's a made up story. Hender and his wife had agreed to pretend that, but when Hender came to the door he became stupid-like, and when I says 'Ay, Hender,' he says 'Ay, Tammas.' I've heard his wife raged at him about it after.

"'Nanny,' I says to the wife, 'it's me back again, and ye'll oblige by handing ower my waistcoat and my hat.'

"I've forgotten to tell ye that when I walked in, Nanny was standing on a stool with a poker in her hand, the which she was using to shove something on the top of the press out of sicht. She jumped down hurriedly, but looking bold, and says she, 'These mice is very troublesome.'

"Weel, I had a presentiment, and I says, 'Give me the poker, Nanny, and I'll get at the mice!' Says she, 'Na, na;' and she lifts away the stool.

"All this time Hender had been looking very melancholy, but despite that, he was glad to see me back, and he says in a sentimental way, 'You're a stranger, Tammas,' says he.

"'I am, Hender,' says I, 'and I want my waistcoat, also my hat.'

"Hender gave a confused look to the wife, and says she, 'The waistcoat has been sold for rags, and I gave the hat to tinklers.'

"'Hender Haggart,' says I, 'is this so?'

"Hender sort of winked, meaning that we could talk the thing ower when Nanny wasna there, but I couldna wait.

"'I think, Nanny,' says I, pointedly, 'as I'll take a look at these mice of yours.'

"'Ye'll do no sich things,' says she.

"'I'm thinking,' says I, 'as I'll find a black waistcoat on the top of that press, and likewise a Sabbath hat.'

"Hender couldna help giving me an admiring look for my quickness, but Nanny put her back to the press, and says she, 'Hender, am I to be insulted before your face?'

"Hender was perplexed, but he says to me, 'Ye hear what Nanny says, Tammas?'

"'Ay,' I says, 'I hear her.'

"'He hears ye, Nanny,' says Hender.

"'But I want my lawful possessions,' I cries.

"Hender hesitated again, but Nanny repeats, 'Hender, am I to be insulted before your face?'

"'Dinna insult her before my face,' Hender whispers to me.

"'I offer no insult,' I says, loud out, 'but I've come for my waistcoat and my hat, and I dinna budge till I get them.'

"'Ye've a weary time before ye, then,' says Nanny.

"'I wonder ye wouldna be ashamed to keep a man frae his belongings,' I said.

"'Tell him they're yours, Hender,' she cries.

"'Ye see, Tammas,' says Hender, 'she says they're mine.'

"'Ay,' I says, 'but ye canna pretend they're yours yersel', Hender?'

"'Most certainly ye can, Hender,' says Nanny.

"'Ye see that, Tammas,' says Hender, triumphant.

"'And how do ye make out as they are yours?' I asks him.

"'Tell him,' cries Nanny, 'as ye got them for helping in his burial.'

"'Tammas,' says Hender, 'that's how I got them.'

"'Maybe,' I says, 'but did I give ye them?'

"'Say he was a corp,' Nanny cries.

"'Meaning no disrespect, Tammas,' says Hender, 'ye was a corp.'

"'How could I have been a corp,' I argues, 'when here I am speaking to ye?'

"Hender turned to Nanny for the answer to this, but she showed him her back, so he just said in a weak way, 'We'll leave the minister to settle that.'

'Hender, ye gowk,' I says, ye ken I'm living; and if I'm living I'm no dead.'

"Lads, I regretted I hadna put it plain like that to Davit Whamand. However, Hender hadna the clear-headedness necessary to follow out sich reasoning, and he replies,

"'No doubt,' he says, 'ye are living in a sense, but no in another sense.'

"'I wasna the corp,' I cried.

"'Weel, weel, Tammas,' says he, in a fell dignified voice, 'we needna quarrel on a matter of opinion.'

"I was just beginning to say as it was more likely to be the waistcoat we would fall out about, when in walks Chirsty in the most flurried way.

"'Tammas Haggart,' she pants, 'come hame this instant; the minister's waiting for ye.'

"Which minister?" I asks.

"'None other,' she says, looking proudly at Nancy, 'than the Auld Licht minister.'

"Lads, I shook in my boots at that, and I says, 'I winna come till I've got my hat and my waistcoat.'

"'What,' screams Chirsty, 'ye daur to keep the minister waiting?' and she shoved me clean out of the house."

What the minister said to Haggart is not known, for Tammas never divulged the conversation. Those who remained on the watch said that the minister looked very stern when walking back to the manse, and that Chirsty found her husband tractable for the rest of the evening. The most we ever got out of Tammas on the subject was that though he had met many terrifying folk in his wanderings, they were a herd of sheep compared to the minister. He had sometimes to be enticed out of the reverie into which thought of the minister plunged him.

"So it was next day he dandered up to the grave?" we would say craftily, though well aware that he did not leave the house till Monday.

"Na, na, not on the Sabbath day. When I wakened in the morning I admit I was terribly anxious to see the grave, as was natural, but thocht of the minister cowed me. I would have ventured as far as the grave if I had been able to persuade mysel' I wasna going for pleasure, but pleasure it was, lads. Ay, there was no denying that.'

"Chirsty was at the kirk?

"She was so, and in her widow's crapes. I watched her frae the window. Ay, its no everybody as has watched his own widow."

"Na, and it had been an impressive spectacle. How would ye say she looked, Tammas?"

"She looked proud, Robbie."

"She would; but what would ye say she was proud of?"

"Ah, Robbie, there you beat me. But I can tell ye what she was proud of on the Monday."

"What?"

"Before porridge-time no less than seven women, namely, three frae Tillyloss, twa frae the Tenements, and twa frae the Roods, chaps at the door and invites her to a dish of tea. That's what she was proud of, and I would like to hear of ony other woman in this town, single or married or a widow, as has had seven invitations to her tea in one day."

"The thing's unparalleled; but of course it was to hear about you that they speired her?"

"Oh, of course, and also to get out of her what the minister said to me. Ay, but can ony of ye tell me what's the memorablist thing about these invitations?"

"I dinna say I can, but it's something about the grave."

"It's this, Snecky, that before Chirsty had made up her mind whether to risk seven teas in one day, I had become a humorist for life."

"Man, man, oh, losh!"

"Ay, and it's perfectly appalling to consider as she was so excited about her invitations that when I came down fare the cemetery she never looked me in the face, and I had to say to her, 'Chirsty Todd, do ye no see as something has come ower me?' At that she says, 'I notice you're making queer faces, but I dinna ken what they mean.' 'They mean, Chirsty Todd,' says I, 'as I am now a humorist,' to which she replies, 'Pick up that dish-clout.'"

"Keep us all! But oh, man, a woman's mind does na easily rise to the sublime."

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4. Its Salubrious Climate.

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TRAGEDY OF GRAND PRE.

A Visit to the Scene of Longfellow's Poem —The Abstract as Opposed to the Concrete Acadians.

A visitor to the homes of the great men and women who have been, done and suffered in their several spheres generally finds that the supervening inhabitants know nothing of the earlier occupants, and are comfortably innocent of the fact that the ground about them is historic. But the heroine of the Acadian expulsion has not been consigned to local oblivion. Everyone in and about the neighborhood can point to the well from which she lifted water, to the willow trees beneath which she milked the favorite heifer, to the place where Basil's forge stood; to the site of the church, of the home of Father Felician, and of everything woven into the poem. The chief of a threshing-machine staff showed me her footprints near the well. I tried my boots in them, writes S. T. Wood in The Globe. Evangeline must have been a very large woman.

Effects of her Expulsion.

Grand Pre has never really recovered from the effects of the expulsion. It consists of a small station, which the operator looks up between trains. The Flying Bluenose ignores it, but it is honored by calls from three expresses each way, daily except Sunday. It has, or is, a hotel from which a man drives down to meet the trains, and there are several houses which may be included in it, as it is not incorporated, and the bounds are consequently elastic. Wolfville, three miles along the line, has appropriated Evangeline and all the traditions of Grand Pre, and the inquiring visitor is advised, if he wants to go to Grand Pre, to go to Wolfville. There is a town there with hotels, an academy, a manual training school and a young ladies' seminary. There are liverymen there who drive you to Grand Pre, to Blomidon Head, the mouth of the Gaspereau, Minas Basin, the dykes and all the points of interest. This advice was so persistent and universal that I got off at Grand Pre.

Evangeline's.

The station agent smiled and pointed to a red pump in an adjacent field when asked about Evangeline's well. The pump looks sadly modern and utilitarian. But for the benefit of those who prefer truth in such matters, it is known that the well was dug, for convenience, by reopening a caved in well that had served the Acadian village of Grand Pre. The willows, too, are there, eight massive trunks, gnarled, twisted and almost falling apart with age, though the tops are still vigorous. They mark the margin where the long arm from the Basin of Minas once spread over the brown polished mud flats at high tide. But the basin does not reach within two miles of them now, for the dykes built by the Acadians and maintained by the present owners have reclaimed and still preserve a broad expanse of about 2,500 acres, through which the winding grooves of the tidal streams are aimlessly threaded, their sloping sides, once of sea-washed mud, now covered with a modern crop of oats and hay. The stile at the fence surrounding the denuded village site is worn with the feet of pilgrims, and the pump has been saved from demolition only by an inconvenient barricade. The willow at the end of the row, the very tree under which Evangeline sat, is scarcely more than half the size of the others, its stunted deterioration being due to the constant breaking off of twigs and small branches by visiting tourists. Such is human reverence for an imaginary fragment of our common humanity, into whose breast the genius of a poet has breathed the breath of life.

Explained and Justified.

Longfellow has made it incumbent on us to explain and justify the expulsion of the Acadians. If it had been only Acadians in the abstract who had been expelled the affair would have been forgotten long ago. Nobody has any sympathy with the Acadians in the abstract, because nobody has ever met them or associated with them in that form. Expelling the Acadians would scarcely awaken a passing comment, but expelling two Acadians is a serious matter and must be justified. Longfellow has shown us two Acadians, real, living people like ourselves, people who were not abstractions, people with life, hope, affection, love and constancy.

How It Is Done.

It is only as we regard our fellow-mortals as abstractions that we can kill, scatter, injure or speak evil of them. So long as we regard them as human beings like ourselves, only not quite so good, with affections and sympathies, with feelings, with friends and relatives, with hopes and aspirations, with joys and sorrows, we cannot do any of these things. The soldier kills the enemy because the enemy is an abstraction. But he will share the contents of his water-bottle with the same enemy wounded on the field, because that enemy has ceased to be an abstraction and has become a man. The man to whom [illegible] abstraction can [illegible] workingmen are an abstraction, can lock them out, starve them into submission, break up their homes or hire Pinkertons to shoot them down. He can do all these things to the workingman, but could not do any of them to this workingman or that workingman who might be to him a human being, with all the feelings and sentiments that move our common humanity.

A Hopeful View.

We could expel the Acadians again, the abstract Acadians, but we would take abundant care that an exception was made in the case of Evangeline and Gabriel. For of that crowd of sensitive, pulsating life hurried to the ships these two stand out as the only human beings. The expulsion of the Acadians has been justified by Mr. Parkman, and many a tender and troubled conscience will bless him for the soothing peace he has brought. The expulsion was all right. It was just the thing. But that refers only to Acadians in the abstract. So long as our language is spoken Evangeline and Gabriel will be like the ghost of Banquo at the feast.

A USEFUL CAMERA.

Photographic Apparatus to Take Pictures of Invisible Objects.

As photography is employed to assist the astronomer in detecting the existence of the stars in the heavens which could not be seen by the naked eye with the aid of the telescope, so it is also used to secure accurate enlarged reproductions of minute objects which are revealed to man only by the aid of the microscope, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

This development of the art of photography is of great assistance, not only to the microscopist, but also to the pathologist and histologist. A photomicrographic apparatus, as it is called, has been invented by O. G. Mason, secretary of the American Microscopical Society, which can be used for making negatives showing objects with a magnification of 15,000 times.

The apparatus is very compact, being only about two feet in length, but will receive an objective of any power and photograph the most minute objects. The images are produced on a plate three and one-quarter by four and one-quarter inches. It is mounted on a single base board, so that the apparatus may be shifted at the will of the operator.

To the standard of a miscroscope the camera box is attached in such a way that the box can be placed horizontally or inclined at any desired angle, like a telescope or microscope itself. Thus adjustments can be made providing for any required distance between the objective and the sensitive plate, so that the desired amplification may be readily secured.

The mechanical stage is operated by the small chains which extend along the sides of the frame of the apparatus, and the rotation of the objective polariscope, etc., and the focusing is affected by rods extending toward the rear of the camera box. By its means the operator, seated at the camera, can manipulate the instrument for focusing or searching the field for any particular object.

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