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SURREY TIMES.

No. 4. CLOVERDALE, BRITISH COLUMBIA, APRIL 26, 1895. Vol. 1.

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R. JARDINE, Local Manager.

BIRTHS.

ARMSTRONG—At Clover Valley, on April 9th, the wife of Mr. John Armstrong, Reeve, of a son.

TO INTENDING SUBSCRIBERS.

The regular subscription price of this paper is one dollar per year in advance, but inasmuch as many people in this part of the Province have suffered loss by paying in advance for papers that shortly ceased to exist, we will send SURREY TIMES to any settler in Delta Riding and take our pay at the end of the year. Or, we will send it to any address in the Province from now till 1st January, 1896, for 50 cts. in advance.

LOCAL NEWS.

MAY DAY—next Wednesday.

SURREY COUNCIL meets to-morrow at 1 p. m.

MR. F. STAINTON and wife, of Ladners, spent Saturday in Cloverdale.

MR. D. WILSON, school inspector, is paying an official visit to the Cloverdale school to-day.

MR. AUGUSTE PESCHKE, of Hall's Prairie, has been laid up with rhumatism, but is now on the mend again.

MR. C. G. MAJOR, of the firm of Major & Pearson, Westminster, made a business trip to Cloverdale on Tuesday.

THE bright warm weather and abundant fruit blossoms are making business good for the honey bees.

A COLLISION of buggies opposite the Starr Hotel, Monday, resulted in a broken wheel for Mr. W. Murray, of Langley Prairie.

EARLY Monday morning Charley Richmond captured six juvenile wild ducks in the railway ditch opposite Richmond & Co.'s store.

MR. W. N. DRAPER, of Westminster, has been spending some days in Hall's Prairie neighborhood, investigating the peculiarities of the geological formation there.

LOOKING from Cloverdale, there is a mountain side in view north of the Fraser, which appears to be loaded with snow to an enormous depth, although not ordinarily above the snow level.

A FINE new piano came in on Tuesday's train for Mrs. J. Starr. With the help of neighbors the instrument was safely unloaded and put in place. It is a very handsome one, of admirable tone.

A BUTCHER is needed in Cloverdale. The business at the start would be small, but it would grow, and meantime a man with energy enough to take in the circuit of Surrey Centre, Nicomekl and Clover Valley, should be able to make a living.

AT Surrey Centre a couple of days ago, Mr. J. Churchland and his assistant, Harold Altree, were engaged in the unaccustomed work of driving fence posts. Harold was wielding the mall, and through lack of dexterity took Mr. Churchland one on the head. The blow downed him, but he soon recovered, and suffered no serious inconvenience.

THE currant and gooseberry bushes in this locality suffered from the currant worm last fall for the first time. The bushes should now be under constant inspection, and at the first appearance of the worm, white hellibore should be dusted on the foliage, or used as a spray in the proportion of a large table spoonfull to a pail of water.

THE Grand Orange Lodge of British Columbia is arranging for a monster demonstration at Victoria on July 12th, when, besides members of the order from this Province, Orangemen from Washington, Oregon and California are expected to be present. Dalton McCarthy, M. P., has been invited and addresses on the Manitoba school question will be made by several prominent leaders of the order. The demonstration is expected to be the largest ever held by Orangemen in the west.

MENTION was made a conple of weeks ago that Mr. Horne, of Elgin, had a contract with Delta parties for the getting out of a number of fish poles. We understand now that the contract is with American parties, as the poles are to be used at Point Roberts, south of the boundary, in the construction of traps for taking salmon in bulk, a method of fishing not permitted in Canadian waters, and certain to injuriously affect the salmon runs in the Fraser. The "poles" are really logs, being from 50 to 70 feet long and six inches in diameter at the small end. Enough are being taken out to engage a gang of men four or five months.

SURREY TIMES, 50c. for 8 months.

THE grass has made rapid growth the last few days. and pasturage is now good.

THE May Day celebration, in Westminster, has been postponed until the 10th of May.

THE orchards are in bloom, and the indications are good for an abundance of fruit this season.

THERE was a shade of frost here yesterday morning, but not enough to hurt even tender plants.

THE farmers in this locality are all hustling the seeding, and the spring work is now about through with.

ALTHOUGH Cloverdale is in the midst of a farming cummunity, butter is still scarce, which is not as it should be.

MRS. D. G. ARMSTRONG returned home to new Westminster on the 23rd inst., after a seven weeks' visit to her son, Mr. John Armstrong, Reeve of Surrey.

THE weather during the past week has been delightful, and a few more days of it will put the fields and orchards in fine shape for abundant crops.

LA GRIPPE was very prevalent in the southern part of Langley a short time ago, and on account of it the Lochiel and Belmont schools were temporarily closed. Both are now open again.

THE wild pigeons are having a good time in the newly sown fields. These birds are considerably larger than the eastern pigeons, and more difficult to shoot. A few hundreds of them regularly visit this locality spring and fall.

THERE was a large attendance in the Presbyterian church on Sunday afternoon to hear Rev. Mr. Best, of Westminster, deliver the Oddfellows anniversary sermon, The Rev. gentleman handled the subject with great skill, and was followed throughout with close interest. In the evening Mr. Best occupied the Methodist pulpit, and was greeted with a full congregation of highly appreciative listeners.

MESSRS. MOGGRIDGE BROS., of the Bellemeade Farm, Hall's Prairie, report the fruit crop very promising. They have contracted to supply to Victoria canners 1 ton of raspberries and 5 tons of strawberries. The prices, delivered on the wharf at Westminster are, 4½ cents per pound for strawberries and 5½ cents for raspberries. They will also have a large quantity of currants and gooseberries, but have as yet made no contract for them. Crab apples promise a large yield, while their 40 acre block of prunes will in all probability carry an unusually heavy first crop.

THERE is nothing new to record in connection with the Roy murder case. The man Trueman appears to have left this part of the country on the 16th January, as on the night of that day he put up at a house in Langley where Councillor Cameron happened to be stopping. Trueman was on his way to Sumas, where he took the south train, and at the time of the finding of Roy's skull, he was working near Tacoma, but his whereabouts now is not known. He is a married man, but his wife left him in December last, and is living with her father near Whatcom. Trueman is wanted at Blaine for stealing an order for $29, and forging the endorsement of the rightful owner.

THE suit of Surrey vs. Davis, being an action brought by the Municipality of Surrey to compel the payment of certain dyking taxes, is one in which every ratepayer has an interest. Upon enquiry, we learn that the municipal solicitor withdrew the case after the evidence was taken but before argument was heard. This action in no way affects the validity of the by-law, which remains in full force as heretofore; but it was deemed judicious to drop the particular suit against Davis because of the discovery of a technical flaw in his local assessment that was likely to give him the advantage in law. It is not clear, however, that Mr. Davis will gain anything in the long run, except expense, for the tax must eventually be paid, even though the aid of the Legislature be again required to perfect the Act upon which the by-law is founded.

Work is again in progress on the famous Parliament buildings in Victoria.

Surrey Agricultural Association.

A meeting of the Directors of the above association was held at Cloverdale yesterday. Owing to the farmers being very busy, the attendance was not as full as it ought to have been.

Present—C. D. Moggridge, President, in the chair, and Messrs. Shannon, Richmond, Breen, Milton and Galbraith.

Minutes of last meeting were approved.

Sec'y Galbraith reported from the committee on site that no satisfactory arrangement could be made with Mr. Robinson in respect to his offer of a free grant of 5½ acres.

The report was accepted and the committee instructed to make further inquiries and report at next meeting.

Director Richmond reported special prizes to the amount of $15.

Director Breen reported special prizes to the amount of $22.

President Moggridge gave a special of $4, to be awarded in two prizes for working oxen.

The secretary read a communication from Provincial Department of Agriculture stating that the Government grant this year would not be materially different from last, namely $200; also reported the passing of an appropriation of $75 by the Surrey Council.

The rules and regulations were revised. Clause 9 was amended so as to permit the entry of articles of ladies' work whether they had previously won prizes or not. Clause 21 was made to read that a member's ticket, costing $1, should entitle the heads of families only to the exhibition grounds and hall; that children between the ages of six and eighteen should be charged 10 cents admission, and non-members over eighteen, 25 cents; and that any person could take a family ticket at $1.50, which would entitle all the members of his family residing at home to free admission and the right of making entries in their individual names.

The revision of the prize list was then proceeded with.

In cattle a few minor changes were made and a grade class was added. Some little changes were made in other divisions, but none of consequence.

The division of Ladies' Work was considered, and on motion the Secretary was instructed to request MRS. Hornby, Mrs. Galbraith and Mrs. Richardson to act as a committee to revise the arrangement of the prizes, the total not to exceed the amount offered last year.

Treasurer Milton reminded the meeting that the Society's note for $50 in Bank of Montreal would fall due in a couple of weeks. The Secretary was instructed to apply to the Municipal Council for an advance of $50 on account of appropriation.

On motion the meeting adjourned till last Thursday in May, to meet then at the Starr Hotel, Cloverdale, at 1.30 sharp, for the appointing of judges and completion of the prize list.

Langley Township.

Correspondence SURREY TIMES.

The Municipal Council held a Court of Revision at Riddle and Davison's, Murray's Corner, on Saturday the 20th instant, when the valuations on the assessment roll were considered. There were a few appeals but the appellants did not appear to contest their valuations, and the roll having been gone through, the assessor's returns were approved for the present year.

The Superintendent of public schools paid a visit of inspection to our local teacher yesterday, the result of which will, doubtless, be made known in due time.

The celebration of the Queen's Birthday will be observed here with the usual demonstrations which in past years were wont to bring in numbers to this district, from the adjoining localities. Games and pastimes are being arranged for, and subscriptions to pay for prizes, and expenses incident to the occasion are being received by the promoters of the intended carnival. So that we may expect a revival of the gay scenes which enlivened the hill side, in the neighborhood of the Fort, in the times gone by.

The weather has been exceptionally fine for some days past, and the ranchers are busy getting in their crops, the roads are fast drying up, and the deciduous trees are bursting into leaf. The butterflies and migrant birds are making their appearance in their gaudy costumes, and these harbingers of summer help to cheer us in their flittings to and fro, all reminding us that the blessings of the Lord of all are still awaiting us, and being bestowed abundantly according to His word.

The Rev. William Bell, of Surrey Centre, held religious service in the school house on Sabbath last, according to the ritual of the Church of England, when the building was fairly well filled. On Monday a Church meeting or Vestry was held, at which arrangements were made for the future conduct of Church matters.

The Delta Creamery Company, has been successfully organized, 203 out of the 300 shares having been already sold, to 45 shareholders. Last week, the company was duly incorporated by filing the necessary papers, under the Dairy Association Act of last session. The provisional directors are as follows: Messrs. Wm. Arthur, H. D. Benson, Wm. McKee, John McKee, jr., J. B. Burr, and H. N. Rich, secretary. The first general meeting of the shareholders will be held in the Town Hall, Ladners, on the 29th inst. It is expected that the creamery will be built and in operation by the 1st of June, and Prof. Robertson has engaged to send out an expert manager from the east to open the institution.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The columns of this paper are free to all for the discussion of public matters. Of course we are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

Maiden's Blush & Ben Davis Apples.

To the Editor of SURREY TIMES.

In looking over your issue of 19th April, I note your criticisms on some of the varieties of apples recommended by the committee of the Fruit Grower's Association appointed for that purpose. Just a word in defence, as my time is limited at present. The committee in coming to the conclusion they have, have had to deal entirely with British Columbia experience. And *not only as to the quality of the* fruit, but the adaptability of the tree to this climate and our many varied soils and locations, as well as its freeness from blights and other diseases to which a number of varieties are subject in this Province. We will instance the case of the Maiden's Blush. The Ontario Fruit Growers' Association in rating this variety for use of judges at exhibitions, the standard under each heading being 10 points, allow as follows: Dessert, 3; cooking, 7; home market, 7; foreign market, 8; total, 25. To this I would add for this Province, hardiness of tree, 9; freeness from disease, 10; production, 10, In reference to the Ben Davis, you must remember the Fruit Growers' Association is not confined to Westminster District, but is a British Columbia institution. And I believe the fruit growers of Lytton, Spence's Bridge and Ashcroft will bear me out in the assertion that the Ben Davis is the apple for their location, where they are grown to perfection—the tree being perfectly hardy and stands irrigating without injury. Let us for a moment look at the rating of the Ben Davis by the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association: Dessert, 0; cooking, 1; home market, 8; foreign market, 9—only 3 points less than the rating by the same society of the Baldwin, the favorite winter apple of this district. This rating gives the true value of the Ben Davis, yet how often in our experience have we seen such apples as Ribston Pippin or Grimes Golden passed over on the market and Ben Davis chosen in preference. And so it will be to the end of the chapter. This committee, being fully aware that fruit growers, like editors and others of the human race, are not working entirely for the good of their health, felt justified in placing the Ben Davis on the list as one of the varieties of apples to grow for profit in British Columbia. I would not for a moment advise the planting of Ben Davis on the rich bottom lands of this district, but on high dry locations of sandy or gravely nature the Ben Davis will succeed and grow to perfection where other varieties would fail. I quite agree with you that care should be taken in regard to the quality of our fruit; still I think the committee in question were quite within the mark when reporting on varieties profitable in British Columbia.

E. HUTCHERSON.

[The writer of the above, as an authority on fruit, is second to none other in this Province, and we are pleased to publish his communication, pleased, too, that our observations of last week have in the main stood the test of qualified criticism. The matter in debate is of sufficient public concern to merit further inquiry, and we shall follow it up next week, and hope for further letters from Mr. Hutcherson.—ED.]

SURREY TIMES

CLOVERDALE.....B. C.

THE WISE OUTING WOMAN.

What She Puts In Her Trunk Now That It Is Time to Pack It.

What a blessing those women are who go about "picking up the dropped stitches in life," who remember what others forget and who know just what to do and how to it in every emergency!

By a special dispensation of providence there is one such in every community, and, better yet, at every summer hotel and boarding house throughout the length and breadth of the land. The Humane society, individually and collectively, know her and her services, but they award her no medal, though she is a life saver and benefactor to countless thousands. In addition to the actual service rendered she teaches many a lesson to the inexperienced, who pass it on until some things become the heritage of the race.

She may be a lonely maid whose chief possession is good health, which she guards by means of preventives and simple remedies. For instance, she has a hot water bag, which she uses as a "warming pan" for damp sheets on cold nights by the sea. She carries a spirit lamp, which she lends more often than she uses; mustard leaves, which she invariably gives away; brandy, which some stranger always finds handy; nails and hammer, which she will use for the benefit of the hookless. She has novels that suit all tastes, perfect crochet needles, odds and ends of canvas with which she shows the latest patterns to those interested.

Or she may be the mother of some sturdy boys and girls who are provided with old jackets and stout boots, and therefore do not worry her life out by slipping out in a pelting storm to see whether the old hen has laid an egg in the haymow or the sea has washed up another treasure.

She has arnica for sprained ankles and essence of ginger for "such a pain." If she does not own one of the neat little medicine cases such as are everywhere displayed this year and which fill a long felt want, her bottles, including some special prescription that she has found never failing, are packed in old muslin and linen, valuable on their own account for the probable cut fingers and sore toes. These bottles are put into a tin box or old basket and wedged so tightly that scatter brained Tom carried them all the way with "never a spill."

She has pieces of cloth like all the frocks and all the trousers, a bag of buttons, shoelaces galore, pins and hairpins and good black darning wool, which experience has taught her can never be found anywhere except "just around the corner" from her own house.

And with these things and a supply of underwear which nearly bursts the corners of the shabby old trunk that so many eyed suspiciously when it was first deposited on the piazza she found room for some cards for solitaire, a box of dominos and a game of backgammon or halma for the older children. The "middling sized" youngsters are provided with a slate and pencils, which latter she deals out "judgmatically," one at a time. For the 5-year-old she carried a box of beads, while the baby crowed with delight to see his dear dog with the chewed ear leap into his arms when the trunk was unpacked.

Books she had none till the little 10-year-old invalid pleaded for her fairy tales and the bedtime "Uncle Remus." The mother has no time to read novels, and her fancy work, she declares, consists entirely of the darning stitch.

This woman, be she maid or matron, is a benediction to the forlorn misanthropes who bewail a day's imprisonment in hotel parlors, reiterating in dull monotones that they "never dreamed of such weather."

She can talk servants or science, pastry or politics, and, best of all, is a good listener. She soon becomes an authority, and when she waves farewell to those on the hotel piazza there is but one comment, "She was a nice woman."

Why? Because she knew what to put into a trunk.

It is a lesson worth acquiring.—New York Times.

The Rise of the Veil.

Until about three years ago it was quite optional with a woman whether she wore a veil or not. Since that time it has become, in the cities at least, almost obligatory. One girl, who never, as she expressed it, "could bear the feeling of any covering to her face," chanced to come into town from a somewhat protracted country stay. This is her story of her experience:

"I had not been in a car long before I had an odd sensation as though I were without my hat or as though I had no gloves on. I can't quite describe it, but I felt bold and conspicuous. Finally I saw what it was. Every other woman's face was covered with a veil. I had never worn one, and I had never had that feeling before. But I alighted at the first available shop and bought what I now regarded as a requisite. I told a friend of my distressed situation, and she said she understood it precisely. The same thing had happened to her when she first came back from her country place in the fall. She, too, was obliged to sink old prejudices and purchase a veil forthwith."—Philadelphia Press.

Red Raspberry Punch.

A brew of punch that will satisfy the eye and gratify the taste of the most exacting is made by adding a little maraschino and red curacoa to an ice of red raspberries. Mash one quart of the berries and mix with them a cupful of sugar and the juice of one lemon. In half an hour put through a fine sieve, add a pint of water and a fourth of a cupful of each liquor. Freeze and serve in small glasses.—Exchange.

Criticism of Scott's Writings.

One is often asked by persons of good taste in literature how it is that the rising generation cannot be got to read Scott. The wand of the Wizard of the North has been lately laid upon me. His spell is as great as ever, his digressions are delightful to me, but I recognize how great an obstacle they must be to the newcomer accustomed to the comparative brevity of modern fiction. One cannot say that Scott "crammed" for his books, but as a novelist he used remorselessly the vast knowledge he possessed upon subjects that were sometimes not very interesting except to himself. This is done even in his best books. In the whole range of fiction I do not know a greater bore than the Baron of Bradwardine. It requires a reverence for his creator which is wanting in our modern youth to endure him. Nay, even in that admirable story, "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," which seems to me more beautiful every time I read it, what terrible morasses have to be got over in those theological opinions of Mr. David Deans! He has never done with them. At the very last, when all, as we hope, is about to end happily, he begins to preach again, having got a sort of second theological wind.

Another thing that must amaze and not much interest the youthful reader is Scott's casual allusions to people and things of his own day, with which this novel is plentifully besprinkled. "With a leer, a shuffle and a shrug inimitable unless by Emery, Dick turned to his steed," and in the next page, after describing Jeanie's hospitable reception at the Saracen's Head, Newark, we have this first rate advertisement: "The travelers who have visited Newark more recently will not fail to remember the remarkably civil and gentlemanly manners of the person who now keeps the principal inn there and may find some amusement in contrasting them with those of his more rough predecessors. But we believe it will be found that the polish has worn off none of the real worth of the metal." This is the result of course of Sir Walter's inherent good nature, but if a modern novelist should take such liberties we should certainly think he was paid for it.—James Payn in Illustrated London News.

Snake and Mongoos.

One of our officers had a tame mongoos, a charming little pet. Whenever we could procure a cobra we used to turn it into an empty storeroom, which had a window high up from the ground, so that it was perfectly safe to stand there and look on.

The cobra, when dropped from the bag or basket, would wriggle into one of the corners of the room and there coil himself up. The mongoos showed the greatest excitement when he was brought to the window and would eagerly jump down into the room the moment he was let loose, and there his behavior became very curious and interesting. He would instantly round his back, making every hair stand out at right angles and approach the cobra on tiptoe with a peculiar humming kind of noise. The snake in the meantime would show signs of great anxiety, erecting its head and hood in order to be ready to strike when its enemy should come near enough.

Then the mongoos would run backward and forward in front of the snake, getting within what appeared to us striking distance. The snake would thrust at him repeatedly and appear to hit him, but the mongoos, quite unconcerned, would continue his comical dance.

Suddenly, and with a movement so rapid that the eye could not follow it, he would pin the cobra by the back of the head. One could hear the sharp teeth crunch into the snake's skull, and in a second all was over. After the battle the mongoos would eat the snake's head and a part of its body with great gusto.

Its own safety lies in its perfect judgment of the distance the snake can strike. The increase of its apparent size from its hair standing out at right angles deceives the snake, so that its fangs never really touch the body of the mongoos at all. They only graze the tips of its hair.—"Sport In Southern India."

Carrying a Locomotive With Ropes.

"The most successful and at the same time most unique civil service examination I know of occurred during the war," said T. C. De Land at the examining board of the treasury. "The Confederacy was very much in need of a railway locomotive in order to operate its supply system. It was in 1864, and it had not the means to buy an engine, so the invariable alternative arose—steal one. A band of 100 men was selected from Lee's army and placed under the command of a big 6 foot 4 Georgian, who had been foreman of a stone quarry and was more or less skilled in the use of derricks, etc.

"He took his men up into Maryland and they tore up a section of the Baltimore and Ohio railway tracks, flagged the next train, and with nothing on earth save plenty of rope those 100 men carried the locomotive 52 miles over hills, across streams, through bogs and woods, until they struck a line the Confederacy had built. Then they ran the engine down to Virginia.

"When Robert Garrett, then president of the Baltimore and Ohio, heard of the feat he couldn't believe it. He went out and personally inspected the scene, went over the route and declared it the most wonderful feat of engineering ever accomplished. After the war he delegated a man to find the leader of the band. He was located in Georgia. Garrett sent for him, and on the strength of that single feat made him roadmaster of his entire system of railroads.

"'Any man that can pick up an engine with fishing lines and carry it over a mountain has passed his examination with me,' said he."—Washington Post.

His Belt Was His Bank.

A cowboy entered a real estate office and inquired the price of some lots. He didn't look as if he owned $4, and the clerks were inclined to guy him until he carelessly unbuttoned his vest and other articles of wearing apparel until a red leather belt was reached. This was taken off, and on being opened it was seen to be snugly packed with gold pieces. He counted out $500 and then replaced the belt.

"How much do you carry with you?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, I've had $2,000 in it, but this time I have only $1,500 with me. It gets heavy when you tote it for weeks and months like I have," he said.

Then he buttoned up his clothing, after placing the deed for a lot in the belt and walked out.—St. Paul Globe.

Driving a Nail Into the Wall.

There is nothing probably so elusive as woodwork behind a plastered wall. The family man who has a picture to hang takes his hammer and thumps away over broad spaces of the wall, unrewarded save by the rain of plaster falling through the unknown recesses beyond. At last he feels sure he has struck a stud. He applies the nail to the wall paper and taps its head smartly with his hammer. Of course the nail is buried to its full length in the yielding plaster. And so he goes on until the wall is as full of holes as a poro. s plaster, and the carpet, as his wife declares, is a sight to be seen.—Boston Transcript.

HEROIC SEA CAPTAINS.

Brave Commanders Who Went Down With Their Ships.

FAITHFUL EVEN UNTO DEATH.

The Fate of Captain von Goessel of the Elbe Has Many Parallels—One Captain Who Went Down With His Ship and Lived to Tell the Tale.

Death or dishonor. There is no other alternative for the captain who stands on the bridge of a sinking passenger ship when there is a lack of lifeboats or insufficient time to man them. Everlasting disgrace awaits the commander who deserts his ship before every one of the passengers intrusted to his care is safely bestowed. To the glory of the brave men who command our merchant marine be it said that the annals of the sea are rich in

CAPTAIN VON GOESSEL OF THE ELBE.

instances of heroic captains who have been faithful unto death and stood by their ships till the last.

Such a one was Captain Kurt von Goessel, who was lost with the German steamship Elbe in the North sea the other day.

He went down with his ship!

What an eloquent epitaph! He needs no eulogist to onumerate his virtues, no monument to perpetuate his fame. He was faithful to his trust, and his name is inscribed on the imperishable roll of honor of the heroes of the sea.

Captain von Goessel was a superb type of the Teutonic sailorman. He was 6 feet 2 inches tall, broad chested, erect, blue eyed, blond bearded. He was about 43 years old and a native of Ratibor, Prussian Silesia.

He had the reputation of being one of the most careful skippers in the North German Lloyd service and had received more premiums than any other commander of the line for his swift and economical voyages. His first experience at sea was in a sailing vessel. He became fourth officer on one of the North German Lloyd ships of the East India service 20 years ago, and before he had attained the age of 30 was captain of the Sachsen of the China line. He entered the north Atlantic trade as first officer of the Saale, and in September, 1891, he was made master of the Elbe. He leaves a wife and three children at Bremerhaven.

Captain von Goessel on several occasions stood upon the bridge for 36 hours at a stretch, and each time his pet cat, Peter, remained with him in the roughest weather. Every one who has made a trip upon the Elbe in recent years knew Peter as the captain's pet. And Peter, too, went down with the ship.

There are many parallels to the fate of the Elbe and to the heroism of Captain von Goessel. The Dutch steamer W. A. Scholten went down after a collision in 1887 within 100 miles of where the Elbe sank. The circumstances were very similar to those of the recent disaster, and the fate of the Scholten in turn reminds us of the noted Arctic wreck in 1853—the wreck so celebrated by the pathetic and eloquent funeral sermons delivered by Henry Ward Beecher. There was in all three cases the same happy confidence of scores of passengers rudely interrupted by the fatal crash into another vessel; there was the same mad rush of frightened passengers, demoralizing the crew, the same loss of lifeboats in launching

But it is a melancholy pleasure to record that Captain Tant of the Scholten, like Captain Luce of the Arctic and Captain von Goessel of the Elbe, stood at his post to the last minute, showed a sublime heroism and went down with his ship.

It is interesting to note that of the passengers of the Scholten almost every one who put on a life preserver was saved. But in the wreck of the Elbe life preservers were obviously useless, as there were no vessels at hand to rescue the unfortunates who struggled in the icy water.

Another name which deserves a high place on the roll of heroes of the sea is that of Captain John G. Thomas of the Eagle line steamship Schiller. The Schiller struck a rock and went down off the Scilly Islands on the night of May 7, 1875. Three hundred and eleven lives were lost,

CAPTAIN TAAT OF THE SCHOLTEN.

and 44 persons were saved, of whom only 14 were passengers. As in the case of the Elbe, only one woman was saved. Captain Thomas, a brave sailor, was swept overboard and drowned after four days and nights of continuous duty on the bridge. The captain at first fired his revolver over the heads of his crew to drive them out of two boats they had seized. Then, finding this in vain, he fired point blank at them. He could not dislodge them. All discipline was gone.

The action of the crew in this as in many other cases is denounced as cowardly in the extreme, and so it was. But able seamen do not ship as heroes. They are not animated by the same high ideas of duty and sense of responsibility as the officers. Their ordinary duties are dangerous enough, and they daily face perils that would appall the self satisfied landsman who sits comfortably by his fireside and criticises the cowardice of poor Jack. But notwithstanding his reckless hardihood the fact is indisputable that your common sailor is a very selfish mortal in the face of shipwreck.

It is worthy of notice that in the wreck of the Elbe the crew obeyed orders with extraordinary fidelity, and every one of the officers and the entire deck crew went down at their posts of duty. The members of the crew who escaped were stokers and seamen off duty. In honoring the memory of Captain von Goessel we should not omit the meed of praise due his brave subordinates.

A captain who went down with his ship and lived to tell the tale is Captain H. F. Schwensen, who commanded the Hamburg-American steamship Pomerania, which was run down in the English channel in 1878. She was rammed almost exactly as the Elbe was and sank in 30 minutes. Captain Schwensen remained on the bridge and gave the necessary orders for lowering away the boats. But his orders were not heeded. Many of the sailors drew their knives, rushed for the boats and drove away the passengers. Captain Schwensen refused to leave the ship in any of the boats. He sank with her, but was brought to the surface by a life belt and was picked up by the crew of the steamer City of Amsterdam. All of those drowned on the Pomerania were passengers. Every member of the crew saved his own life.

An old correspondent of the Boston Herald relates the following interesting reminiscence of the wreck of the Atlantic, which occurred on the coast of Nova Scotia 22 years ago with a loss of a thousand lives:

"I happened to be in Halifax, and one evening I strolled out in the square which fronted the hotel for a quiet smoke. My reverie was rudely interrupted by a horseman dashing up the street at breakneck speed. He reined up in front of the hotel steps and hastily dismounted. His clothing was almost completely covered with mud kept moist by the foam from the horse's back. The animal quivered all over and was apparently ready to drop in his tracks when a stable boy led him away. The rider half ran, half stumbled up the hotel steps and would have fallen had I not caught him in my arms. 'Take me to the telegraph office, for God's sake!' he managed to gasp. 'The ship Atlantic is on the rocks a few miles below here, and help is needed. The passengers are being swept into the sea like straws. I am Lieutenant Barry of the ship.'

"It was evident that the man was partially delirious from excitement and exposure. A short rest and several drinks of brandy brought him to his normal condition. In the meantime messengers had been dispatched to spread the news. Every available steam vessel was immediately pressed into service. The lieutenant was too much exhausted to go, so I took him back to the hotel, having made up my mind that if I could induce him to talk I could beat the reporters and correspondents who had left for the scene, 16 miles away. In a half hour the story was on

CAPTAIN THOMAS OF THE SCHILLER.

the wire, and the Boston Herald had it in its office before any other paper in the United States.

"'The Atlantic,' said the lieutenant after the brandy had revived him, 'ran short of coal, and the captain was obliged to make for Halifax. Whether it was the doubling on our course or the fog that sent us on the rocks I do not know, but the first thing we knew the big ship crashed on the rocks. It was an awfully dark night, and we had no idea where we were. We launched what boats we had left and attempted to save life.

"'The ship listed and careened over on her beam ends. Then ensued one of the worst scenes of death and destruction in the long history of marine disasters. We finally made out that we were only about 100 yards from the mainland, but the distance might have been 100 miles so far as it lessened the intensity of the pandemonium on board. The ship rocked to and fro as each wave rolled her over and swept hundreds of the passengers overboard. Many herded in the cabins tried to reach the companion ways, but were swept back and were drowned like rats in a trap in their berths and staterooms.'

"Among those who volunteered to reach the mainland for help was the young lieutenant. Between the ledge where the ship lay and the shore was another large rock. Lieutenant Barry fastened a light line about his waist and jumped overboard. He swam to the rock, which was completely covered with many of the passengers, whose cries were heartrending. There was room for no more there, so hundreds perished, with rescue almost within their grasp.

"Barry finally reached the shore, and a hawser was hauled in. The lieutenant then started on his ride for relief. It availed but little, for at daybreak the Atlantic broke in two and sank into the sea. One of the Cunard line ships which happened to be in Halifax was chartered the next day, but only about 200 out of that shipload of poor immigrants were saved."

Instances of heroic devotion to duty and sublime self sacrifice like those here recorded are not confined to officers of deep sea ships. The annals of lake and river navigation contain numberless examples of heroism like the well known exploit of Jim Bludso, who "held her nozzle agin the bank till the last galoot was ashore."

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

Newcastle's Besetting Vice.

The mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne has declared that city to be the most drunken in the United Kingdom.

BLAMES A STEPMOTHER

Polk Wells' Excuse For His Career as a Desperado.

STARTED AS AN INDIAN FIGHTER.

Adopted a Career of Crime Because He Had Nothing to Live For—Shot Thirty-three Times—Now He Is a Model Prisoner, In For Life.

Polk Wells, greatest of Iowa desperadoes, attributes his career of crime to a stepmother. From his cell in the Iowa state penitentiary at Fort Madison, where he is a life convict, he sends up this wail through a correspondent of the New York Times: Two years after his mother died the stepmother came, and three or four years after that, when he was about 12 or 14 years old, Polk ran away from the home where he was born, in Buchanan county, Mo., and after winning some money playing poker bought a cowboy's outfit and started for the frontier. There he roamed the plains for ten years.

Polk won fame as an Indian fighter from the Rio Pecos, in New Mexico, to the British domain and from the Missouri to the Pacific slope. He was twice captured by the Indians and escaped. He made friends of Alf Slade, the stage robber; Billy Gay, the famous Montana cowboy; California Joe, the guide and hunter, and the renowned Kit Carson, who, after complimenting the marksmanship and praising the courage of Polk Wells, gave him a fine buckhorn handled hunting knife, which afterward served as an introduction to the famous Wild Bill, with whom Wells went on several expeditions against the Indians.

In 1872 Polk Wells returned to Missouri and married Miss Nora Wilson. He went into the grocery and liquor business, but through a technicality in the law he lost all his property, and leaving his wife and baby with her sister he returned to his wild life, promising to return soon in better fortune. But it was two years before he came back, and then he found his wife living with another man, Al Warnica, and the baby dead. In speaking of it afterward Wells said: "Warnica was a hardworking young fellow, and I determined not to interfere, for there had been no intentional wrongdoing. I gave him $300 to buy a team with, kissed Nora goodby, mounted my horse and rode away."

In May, 1879, Wells says he committed his first crime, highway robbery. Then followed one express train and three bank

POLK WELLS.

robberies. With two companions he rode in the same coach with three Pinkerton men, who were looking for him and to whom he was pointed out by the conductor, but no attempt was made to arrest him, though they rode together from St. Joseph to Council Bluffs. The daring that he exhibited was at times so great that it was his best protector.

During his career in the west Wells acquired the reputation of being a dead shot with the rifle and revolver and was known as the "boy shooter." He says that he has killed a great many Indians, but never but one white man, and that was in self defense; that he always aimed only to wound in defending himself, and that the reason he shot so many people was to keep up his reputation. Nora, his wife, and Al Warnica knew of his criminal acts and repeatedly urged him to abandon his wicked life, but they loved him too much to betray him into the hands of the officers, though they were offered large sums of money to do so. He says that many persons bearing good reputations, both in Kansas and Missouri, shielded him from the clutches of the law. Wherever he has been in trouble women have defended Wells and on numerous occasions have saved him from being captured.

Wells was finally captured by Sheriff Dan Farrell and some others in 1881 in Fremont county. In this fight he was shot three times. He says that in all his escapades with the Indians he received but one wound, a stroke from a tomahawk.

"But my white brothers have used me pretty rough," he says. "I was hanged twice during the war by Kansas jayhawkers, was stabbed twice in the back by Mexicans and from first to last have received into my body 33 bullets, 27 of which still remain with me."

After his capture by Sheriff Farrell, Wells was taken to Sidney, Ia., pleaded guilty and was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for highway robbery. With two companions he made his escape on May 1, 1882, a month after he reached there. They chloroformed the guard, giving him an overdose, from which he died. They escaped but a short distance and were unable to travel on account of the wounds of Wells. They hid in the barn of a farmer named Winterbottom, who about noon came to the barn to satisfy his wife that the escaped prisoners were not there. He plunged his heavy hayfork into the hay, and after having had the fork thrust into the side of his head and neck and breast Wells sprang out, took the fork away from the farmer and ran him out of the barn. After several days of wandering about the neighborhood and hiding in creek bottoms, in cold water and mud, they were recaptured and sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of the guard.

Wells has never used liquor or tobacco. He claims that he adopted the career of crime in the hope and fullest expectation of being killed, because he had nothing to live for. When alone, he prayed that his life might cease, but when the officers were in a fair way to take it from him the devil, he says, inspired him with the determination not to let them have him.

Since he has been imprisoned Wells has devoted himself to study, to religion and to hard work. He is a model prisoner in every respect, the prison officers say.

VELVET COFFINS FOR TWO.

They May Be Utilized as Ornaments Until Needed For Use.

"Of all the queer persons of this queer world the undertaker, I believe, meets his full quota," so a reporter was told by a man wearing a funereal expression on his face and black gloves on his hands who came from a small town in a western state to attend the meeting of the Association of Undertakers.

"One of the queer persons is a wealthy woman who lives in my town. One day she came to my rooms, and as the tears coursed down her sad face she managed to tell me between sobs that she wanted a coffin that was covered with royal purple velvet. I knew that her husband had been ill for some time and was not expected to live. So I began to offer a word of condolence on account of his death, as she and her husband were intimate friends of mine.

"'Oh, he is not dead yet,' sobbed the woman, 'but I want you to call at the house and steal his measure while he is asleep. I want a royal purple velvet coffin, and it may take you several days to fill the order.'

"I assured the tearful woman that it would perhaps be impossible to fill the order, as I had never heard of a coffin of any such description ever having been on the market. She went back home, and while the order was hanging fire her husband began to grow better and in a few days was entirely out of danger. He afterward recovered, and today he is a strong, healthful man.

"But that woman still insists that I shall fill the order for a royal purple velvet coffin for her husband, and, furthermore, she has given me another order for a royal purple velvet coffin for herself. On my present trip to St. Louis I called at a large coffin factory here and surprised the proprietors by leaving the special and unique orders to be filled. When the orders have been filled, I can't say whether or not my queer customers will use the two royal purple velvet coffins as ornaments to match the decorations in their parlor at home."—St. Louis Republic.

BARBERS IN BRITAIN.

Frank Ruff's Description of Dublin and London Shaving Shops.

In Dublin the first class shops are managed in the same way as the leading shops of London, and most of the first class journeymen barbers hail from London, and they are paid what are called London wages—that is, 35 shillings a week—but a barber in order to get those wages must also be a ladies' hairdresser. The cheaper shops only pay their journeymen from 13 to 20 shillings a week. The first class shops charge sixpence—that is, 12 cents—for shaving and the same price for hair cutting and shampooing. The cheaper shops charge only twopence, or 4 cents, for shaving, hair cutting or shampooing. Some shops in Cork only charge a penny for each. The first class shops here turn out a customer just as well as the barbers in America, if not a little better, but I would not let the cheaper barbers shave my dog.

Some of the finest shops in Dublin have our old fashioned chairs, and some have just an upholstered chair, with a headpiece attached. The cheap shops, most of them, just use a wooden chair, and the barber wears a dirty apron, but in the finer shops they wear white coats and clean white aprons. London has a great many shops, but there are only a few really good shops. Most of the barber shops here are called toilet clubs, and they are all located on the second floor. They get threepence for shaving. The journeymen barbers get about 30 shillings a week. A few get more, but they depend largely on their customers for tips. The best shave I ever had in London was in a barber shop conducted by a lady. She employs five other ladies and charges threepence for shaving and a little extra for dressing the hair. There are only about half a dozen shops in London which have modern American chairs.—National Barber.

Animals at Play.

Animals have a keen sense of "making believe," which is the essence of play. A child's first game is bopeep—make believe. When a couple of dogs have a jolly tussle, they make believe to engage in deadly combat. A striking instance of this occurred to a writer some years back. He gave a dead mouse to a kitten. It was the first time she had seen one, and she sniffed at it inquisitively before deciding to toss it about.

A pair of slippers lay on the floor. She dropped the mouse into one of them and immediately proceeded to look for it most zealously in the other slipper till I took up the first, which contained her booty. Then she showed that it was no real lack of memory that had sent her on the bootless search.—Buffalo Express.

Greenland's Glaciers.

Nearly all the Greenland glaciers and tongues from the internal ice cap terminate in vertical faces from 100 to 1,000 feet high, presenting facilities for investigation. The vertical faces reveal pronounced stratification on the basal ice, even earth materials in the bases carried by the ice being arranged in layers. Fine laminations were seen 12 or 20 to an inch. The layers are sometimes twisted and contorted and even "shoved" over each other. The glacier movement at the ice border is a foot per day to a foot per week.—Science.

Adding Insult to Injury.

Old Lady—That parrot I bought of you uses dreadful language.

Bird Dealer—Ah, mum, you should be werry careful what you ses afore it. It's astonishin how quick them birds pick up anythink!—Pick Me Up.

The illustrious Isabella de Gonzaga, after losing her husband, declined to marry again. She said that if her second should prove good she would be in constant fear of losing him; if otherwise, in constant fear of not losing him.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

His home is in the sleeping car,
No vine or fig tree's shade,
His music is its clanking wheels,
His poetry is trade.
This missionary of the mart
He spreads the true faith's germs,
The endless merits of his house
Above all other firms.

He buttonholes the kings of trade,
His sample case unrolls,
And talks until the love of life
Grows feeble in their souls.
The bolted doors swing wide for him,
He heeds no locks nor bars,
And fears not any face of man
Beneath the sun or stars.

The heroes of baronial times
Were armed from hair to heel,
With iron pots upon their heads
And pantaloons of steel.
The hustler hero of today
Is armorless and weak
But for the vigor of his tongue
And blushless breadth of cheek.

He meets all men with fearless mien,
Nor knows to pause or swerve,
With lilliputian bashfulness
And brobdignagian nerve,
No dim abstractions vex his soul,
His creed and happiness
Is just to make a sale and catch
The two o'clock express.

—Amusing Journal.

THE CAPTAIN'S BET.

She was the daughter of the trumpet major and the darling of the troop.

Every one loved Phyllis Rayne. From the age of 5 she had been quartered with her father with the regiment.

"'Our darling' has grown into a beauty," observed the adjutant cheerily, as he rode past the group of men toward the object of interest.

"A letter for you," he said in more official tones, dismounting beside the girl. "The colonel would be glad of an answer tomorrow."

The adjutant rode reluctantly away as Phyl broke the seal of the missive. After reading the contents the girl's dark eyes were humid. A quiver of disappointment parted her lips.

"Only that," she said beneath her breath. "Only my services. And I thought"——

What she thought was never uttered; her father came to the door of the bungalow.

"Captain Lonsdale is waiting inside to speak with you. I've given him my word, dearie, although it will be like drawing an eyetooth to part with my little girl."

As her father stepped outside Phyl flashed an angry glance at the captain.

"How dare you? I forbade you to appeal to my father."

"Faint heart never won fair lady yet. I dare anything for the chance of winning you. I will have you, Phyl. Why do you hate me?" the captain continued querulously. "I love you. I am willing to make you my wife, although you're not"——

"A lady," she interpolated quietly.

A violin was lying on the table. The girl took it up, with the bow, fingering the instrument absently. Her mother had been of gentle birth. The insult his words implied stung keenly.

"You are so beautiful," he cried, moving nearer.

The refrain went on jerkily from the violin. There was a suggestion of scorn in her action.

"Phyl! Have you no pity? Are you as hard as your face is tender? Is there any one else?" The captain laid his hand on the arm moving the bow. "Is there, Phyl?"

"You are hurting me, Captain Lonsdale."

"What a soft little arm it is!" he said, drawing the loose blue sleeve away from her wrist. "See, the impress of my cruel fingers. Poor little arm!"

He bent his head suddenly, pressing his lips to the delicate flesh. A shadow fell across them as a figure stood in the open doorway. The girl's voice relieved the silence by a commonplace:

"Good evening, colonel."

Captain Lonsdale made a hurried departure, saluting his superior officer, who remained in the doorway.

* * * * * * * *

"May I come in?"

"Yes."

"Don't put that down. I can talk to you while you play."

The colonel leaned against the wall, watching Phyl as she rested her chin again on the violin.

"I can't!" she cried with a hysterical little laugh. "I think—I think you make me nervous."

"Never mind," he said gravely, taking the instrument from her hands, "I have heard of your music. Who taught you?"

"My father. I'm very proud of dad."

The colonel smiled. The smile made his stern, ugly face almost handsome. The colonel was a widower with one child. People said his marriage had been a failure.

"You had my letter?" he asked as they moved out under the veranda.

"Yes."

"Are you willing?"

A moment's hesitancy, in which the colonel scanned the girl's face eagerly.

"Yes. I will go with you, colonel."

"Thank you. Little Jack will be so glad. There is no woman in the cantonment he takes to but you." The colonel was going to the hills for the hot months.

"I understand. It will be my first situation."

"What do you mean?"

"You have asked me to go to Simla as companion or nurse to your child. You have forgotten to mention one thing—the salary."

The colonel bit his lip. Was she joking? Phyl was looking fixedly at the flowers planted near the mango trees. Had she seriously misconstrued his letter wherein he had asked her to accompany him with her father on their leave of absence, for the sake of little Jack?

"Do you want a salary?" he asked bluntly.

"It is usual, is it not?"

"I believe so."

At that moment an ayah, leading a child, came across the compound.

A few minutes later Phyl watched the colonel, with little Jack clinging to his hand, cross the parade ground. The child's white frock became a speck in the distance before a sob broke from the girl's throat.

That night a wager was made by Captain Lonsdale among a few of his boon companions.

"I'll swim two miles against stream up the Gountee on the day 'Our Darling' marries any man but myself."

"Done!" cried half a dozen voices.

* * * * * * * *

Standing outside his bungalow early one morning, the colonel, with Captain Lonsdale, watched Phyl romping with his child. She had lifted the boy on to her shoulder, and, with arms upraised to steady her tiny burden, ran toward them.

"You will be alone until tonight," he said. "Captain Lonsdale has arranged a longer expedition. Shall you be frightened?"

"Frightened? No! What is there to fear?" she answered brightly.

"Nothing. The servants are within call. I have forbidden them to leave the bungalow in our absence."

The trumpet major, riding behind the colonel, ventured a confidential remark:

"They make a handsome couple—my girl and the captain. He'll have cause to be proud of his wife, eh, colonel?"

"His wife! Did you say his wife, Rayne?"

"Aye, colonel. I've promised her to Captain Lonsdale if he can win her."

"And—and Phyllis?"

The captain joined them, and the party rode on.

Phyl stood at the door of the bungalow, a cloud on her face.

"I hate him! I hate him!" she muttered. Toward midday the boy grew tired and fretful. Phyl, carrying him to her own bungalow, laid him on a heap of rugs in the corner. Once little Jack started up with a frightened cry, and to soothe him she sang an Indian lullaby, continuing the weird tune upon her violin at the boy's request.

Suddenly some indefinable instinct caused the girl to look over her shoulder, her hand tightening on the violin.

Between her and the sleeping child was a large snake. He had uncoiled himself to nearly his full length and risen upon his tail with elevated head and glittering eyes. It was the dreaded cobra.

As Phyl gazed at the reptile conclusions rapidly formed. The snake had been attracted by the music; it was evident by the darting forward of the cruel forked tongue that the fascination had ceased with the music.

With an almost imperceptible movement the girl drew her bow across the catgut. In an instant a palpable change came over the cobra; his eyes rested upon her with softened brightness. The charm that held the snake at bay was in her hands!

Again the Indian lullaby broke the silence, the refrain sounding strangely weird in its repeated cadence. Once more the reptile was spellbound.

Phyl's back ached; her fingers felt cramped; a feeling of dizziness was overcoming her. If the exhaustion supervened, the charm would be broken. To rouse herself Phyl rose to her feet, continuing the melody, to which the snake's head was swaying rhythmically.

Snap!

A string flew asunder beneath the bow. The three strings now beneath Phyl's trembling fingers vibrated weakly. The discordance of their tones grated harshly upon her ear.

With a gasping sob she glanced at the open door and back again at the sleeping child. The violin was slipping from her swollen hand. With an effort born of utter despair she broke into a song as the sound of the falling instrument startled the cobra.

Gradually her eyes grew dim. Her head sank lower and lower until it touched her bosom. She became conscious that her voice was only weakly crooning. There was a rushing sound in her ears as of many waters, and above it all rose a childish cry, clear and sweet:

"Daddy! Daddy!"

Then it became quite dark.

* * * * * * * *

When a few miles on the road that morning the colonel's horse had stumbled, slightly injuring its knees, and the rider determined to return, not sorry for an excuse to forego the expedition. The trumpet major's statement had filled him with fear.

At the trumpet major's bungalow the horse came to a sudden standstill, his ears set back and quivering in every limb.

A voice singing gayly reached the colonel. The air seemed filled with its laughter. He smiled sadly, then grimly. How happy she was! While he——

The song was coming to an end. It grew fainter and fainter. Dismounting he moved nearer to the open door of the bungalow and looked into the shadow of the room.

For one brief instant the colonel's eyes seemed filled with blood, and through the crimson mist shone out his son's bright hair and the white face of Phyl.

In the next his hand was upon his sword, and a cry went up as the girl tottered forward and his weapon fell upon the cobra.

The colonel's arm dropped heavily to his side as his sword clanged to the ground, his eyes distended with horror upon the severed parts of the snake.

At his feet was the prostrate form of Phyl. In one swift glance he noted the violin with its broken strings and the girl's stiffened hands. The whole truth flashed upon him in an instant. With a great sob he raised her in his arms, kissing the still face passionately.

"Daddy!"

The colonel roused himself. Little Jack was standing beside him, his baby face full of awe.

"Go away, Jack," he said hoarsely as Phyl's white lids moved and a breath escaped her lips.

The colonel carried her to the rugs in the corner.

"Phyllis! Phyl!"

As she met his eyes the terror slowly died out of her own. A deep flush crept into her face and faded.

"Phyl," he said again; "look at me Phyl! Don't turn away. Oh, my love," he cried, "my heart's love! You are given back to me. All my life I shall be grateful; all my life, dear."

The eyes of the woman were raised at last.

"I love you! I love you! I love you!"

* * * * * * * *

"Who is that woman, Lonsdale, riding with the colonel?"

"Don't you know? Ah, you were ordered to another station before the dreadful news reached Lucknow."

"What news?"

"Of the colonel's unfortunate attachment. He married the daughter of our trumpet major."

"What, Phyllis Rayne? Phew!" The subaltern screwed up his eyes, glancing sideways at Captain Lonsdale. "Is that Phyl, little Phyl, the darling of the troop? I remember her now. You were 'sweet' on her yourself, old fellow. By the way, Lonsdale, I never heard of your 2-mile swim up the Goomtee. Suppose you funked it?"—Exchange.

Kentucky's Wonderful Rocking Stone.

The "moving stone" at Lexington is one of the most remarkable freaks of nature in the state of Kentucky, the great caverns alone excepted. In the rear of the grounds attached to the home of the late Governor Gilmer is a huge bowlder standing alone on the edge of a stream. Resting directly upon this bowlder is another weighing at least 20 tons. This upper bowlder rests upon a stone pinnacle not more than two feet square and so evenly balanced that although the slightest touch will cause it to rock to and fro 100 horses could not pull it from its socket.

Geologists say that it must have been deposited in its present position in the time of the glacial epoch, and that the texture and composition of the bowlder argues in favor of the theory that it was transported from the Lake Superior region to its present resting place in a good field of ice before there was a single human being on the face of the earth.—New York Journal.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

The Little Acrobat.

Douglas Tilden, the mute California sculptor, now a resident of Paris, has given to his native land several proofs of his genius. "The Ball Thrower" in Golden Gate park and "The Tired Boxer" in the new Olympic club building are fine specimens of the sculptor's art, and at the World's fair his group of Indians fighting bears has attracted much attention.

Quite recently he sent to this city a mark of his friendship for a gentleman who has done much to help and encourage him. This work, which also bears strong evidence of the sculptor's unquestioned skill, is now on view at the Hopkins Institute of Art. It is an odd and pretty conceit, an original idea in marble and bronze.

The sculpture is called "The Little Acrobat" and consists of the muscular arm of a man, on the outspread hand of which sits a baby. The arm, with the sleeve rolled back to the shoulder, is a fine study in anatomy, showing muscle, bones, veins, in splendid style. The timid baby will, however, attract most attention. The half fearful expression of the little acrobat, the one foot steadied against the brawny arm, the other drawn up, the half outstretched hands, all portray the evident insecurity to the baby's mind of the seat it occupies. The modeling of the figure is very pleasing, and the whole conception is fascinating.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Remarkable Dog.

A remarkable dog is the property of Professor Kyle of Flushing, N. Y. The other day Professor Kyle sent one of his pupils to the Flushing bank with a deposit of $60 in $10 bills. When the boy reached the bank, he held only the empty bankbook. He had lost the money on the way. He went back to the institute, a distance of half a mile, and reported the loss to Professor Kyle. The dog was present and seemed to understand what was the matter, for his friends say he sprang out of doors with a joyous bark and galloped through the various streets back and forth and was soon lost to view. In 15 minutes he returned with the six $10 bills in his mouth, and though one of them was mutilated somewhat by the dog in his excitement it was subsequently patched up and deposited in the bank to the professor's credit with the other five.—Harper's Young People.

A Young King In School.

The young king of Servia, Alexander I, who, in consequence of his father's abdication wears a crown at the age of 16, is perhaps not a perfect monarch, but he is a scholar of no mean merit. Last year he obtained the mark of "excellent" at all his examinations and was constantly at the head of his class, of which he was the only pupil. This year shows no falling off in the zeal of the young sovereign, and we hear with considerable satisfaction that last Wednesday he passed his examination in military practice with "the highest distinction." Alexander I learned in two months how to drill the lead soldiers which the emperor of Austria sent him last New Year's day.—Salut Public.

Helping Crippled Children.

On Clinton street, Brooklyn, there is a modern dwelling house which has been transformed into a hospital—St. Giles' Home and Hospital For Crippled Children. It is one of the most worthy charities of the city, and a number of earnest women, assisted by a physician and a clergyman of Brooklyn, are working hard to make it a permanent institution, for it is in its infancy as yet. Helpless and crippled little ones are taken in and cared for irrespective of creed or

color and are helped back to whatever strength and health are to be their portion. One of the recent efforts to aid St. Giles' home was an entertainment given at the Criterion theater by a number of pupils from a public school. A little girl who distinguished herself on that occasion for her grace and prettiness was Miss Ada Swanston, who assumed the role of the Angel of Light. Robed in fleecy white, with a glittering diadem upon her curls, she looked as like an angel as real mortal can imagine. Her singing and dancing were also features of the performance.

THE WRONG WAY.

There is a way of looking at a thing that is curious and wrong. The old adage, "proof of the pudding is in eating it," is sound sense. And another "never condemn before trial." In the treatment of anything, treat it in good faith, so when infirmities beset us, beset them with good will and force. Thousands have in this way overcome the worst forms of rheumatism by using St. Jacobs Oil. Never shrink from what is known to be by thousands a positive cure for this dread complaint, and that is the thing to remove the trouble and solve the doubt.

"Has old Tough quit smoking," inquired one man of another. "I on't know whether he has or not, but he died the other day," was the evasive reply.

DISCUSSES THE FRUIT INDUSTRY.

Much favorable comment was expressed at the Portland Fruit Convention over a publication devoted to the fruit industry, issued by the new competitor for Eastern traffic, the Great Northern Railway. This document was handsomely printed and illustrated and treated every feature of the business and every fruit locality in Oregon and Washington with perfect fairness and truthfulness. By addressing C C. Donavan, General Agent, Portland, Or., or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., G. N. Ry., St. Paul, Minn., and asking for the Great Northern Fruit Bulletin, it will be sent free.

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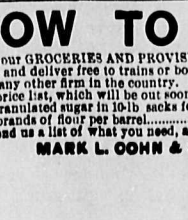

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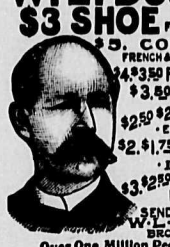

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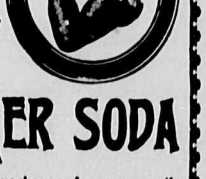

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SURREY TIMES,
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CLOVERDALE, APRIL 26, 1895.

THE B. C. FARMER AND THE TARIFF.

The result of the recent by-elections in Eastern Canada show clearly enough that when the general elections are called on the great issue will be as heretofore the question of tariff, and that the Manitoba Schools matter will cut but a small figure with the Dominion electorate. It may be well, then, to briefly review the probable position that the B. C. farmer would be placed in by the Liberal policy of free trade as compared with the advantages which it is claimed is conferred upon him by the Conservative policy of moderate protection.

The experience of every farmer in British Columbia, outside of a few inland valleys, is that the cool summers and moist atmosphere are unfavorable for the production of grain in export quantities. The small amount of wheat grown is marketed chiefly for the feeding of poultry, and the oats and peas product is likewise all consumed locally. Nothing is grown for the foreign market. The geographical position of the Province together with the climatic conditions render it morally certain that this generation of farmers can grow nothing for the foreign market, with the one exception of hops. The commodities to which the farmers of the Coast look for their main source of livelihood are dairy products, the poultry yard, roots, hay, beef, pork and mutton, and the only market, present or prospective, for these products is right here in British Columbia. If that market fails, the products of the Coast farms are absolutely valueless. It is true there is a prospect of future fair returns from fruit to be marketed outside the Province, provided the prospective market of the North-west Territories be not opened to foreign shippers on terms that would bar out the British Columbia grower. The statement here made of the position of agriculture in this Province is so candid and truthful that we venture to say it will not be disputed by any person in the Province, Grit or Tory, acquainted with the facts.

In the face of this, upon what grounds can any Liberal candidate ask a British Columbia farmer to cast his ballot for free trade? It would be the same as asking him to deprive himself and family of all the comforts of life, for free trade means that the American producer would market his butter without paying 4 cents a pound duty; his hay without paying $2 a ton to the customs; his eggs, without paying 5 cents per dozen; his apples without paying 40 cents per barrel; his potatoes without paying fifteen cents per bushel, &c., &c. It means, not that prices would be lowered, but that the market would be over supplied, and that our farmers would not be able to sell their produce at any price. Have we not, this season, had a sample of the effect of American competition in the utter collapse of the market for hay and potatoes notwithstanding the high duties? How many industrious settlers of this district, who last fall stored away their hay and potatoes in the reasonable expectation of a certain demand at good prices, are now feeling the pinch of hard circumstances, while their hay and potatoes are unsold and unsaleable, because American produce has filled the market? It can not be denied that under free trade, the evil that overtook British Columbia farmers this year by reason of American competition, would be with them always, and who then would be foolhardy enough to waste his time and labor in tilling B. C. soil? How much would be the fair value for a farm that produced nothing for which a living market could be found? The free trader may assert that the Canadian farmer should be able to produce as cheaply as his American neighbor; but this is not the question. It is a question of a limited market being so glutted that it ceases to be a market. That is the danger, and it is a real one. Moreover, it is not a generous spirit that seeks to level the farmers of our own country down to that of less prosperous neighbors; to say nothing of the fact that flourishing farmers means flourishing traders and mechanics and workmen.

Now let us take a glance at the other side. It is often said that tariff protection cannot protect the farmer, and this is to some degree true of eastern and central Canada where a foreign market rules the price of agricultural staples. But it is not true here. The conditions on the Coast are peculiar, and the tariff does protect the British Columbia farmer. The only fault is that there is not protection enough. If the duty on potatoes was fifty cents a bushel instead of fifteen, the inhabitants of our coast cities would be eating good Canadian tubers, instead of those grown by Chinese labor on the American side. If hay called for a customs tax of $5 per ton instead of $2, farmers' barns would be empty, and the money received would be circulating amongst shops and traders and workmen, helping to make better times for everybody. Compare that prospect with a glutted home market and a large amount of money taken from circulation here to benefit the American cities of the coast, and say how much did British Columbia gain by buying cheap farm produce from foreigners? Suppose by prohibitive duties, farmers prices would all rule materially higher than they now do, is there any reason to believe that while the farmers benefitted, other classes of the community would necessarily suffer. All experiences teaches the contrary. The historical record in all the Provinces of Canada shows that prosperous times have been concurrent with good prices for agricultural produce. Everybody benefitted. The business men of Westminster know to-day what effect the collapse of the purchasing power of tributary farmers has had upon the trade of that city.

But, it may be said, the farmer of British Columbia pays too dear for the measure of protection he receives, by reason of the duty he has to pay on implements and articles of consumption. Let us inquire into this. Under the existing tariff the produce of the B. C. farm is protected to the following extent;

Butter, 4 cents per pound.
Cheese, 3 cents per pound.
Eggs, 5 cents per dozen.
Feathers, 20 per cent.
Poultry, 20 per cent.
Potatoes, 15 cents per bushel.
Vegetables, 25 per cent.
Hay, $2 per ton.
Fresh beef and pork, 3 cents per pound.
Canned meats, 25 per cent.
Meats in barrel, 2 cts. per pound.
Fresh mutton and lamb, 35 per cent.
Live animals, 20 per cent.
Live hogs, 1½ cents per pound.
Wheat, 15 cents per bushel.
Oats, 10 cents per bushel.
Peas, 10 cents per bushel.
Apples, 40 cents per barrel.

Other products not necessary to enumerate, carry similar duties, and when times are ordinarily good on the American side, these duties are heavy enough to reasonably protect this market against foreign competition. Now, then, the farmer must live, and he must needs buy goods that are protected by the tariff. But almost without exception, the implements used by farmers here are of Canadian make, and allowing that because of protection they are sold at a higher price than they otherwise would be, it would perhaps be a fair estimate to place the increase of price at an amount equal to half the duty, and this without now considering that all agricultural machinery has been much cheapened on both sides of the boundary since the institution of the National policy in 1879. Under this estimate, wagons and other wooden manufactures, cost the farmer an extra 12½ per cent. His mowers, binders, ploughs, etc., cost him 10 per cent. His cotton goods cost 12½ per cent, and his woollens about 15 per cent. Most of the other requisites of the farmer's living are either duty free or of his own production. So that the articles above enumerated practically carry the bulk of the tax that the farmer pays for his share of the cost of government, maintenance of law and order, and protection in his rights and liberties, charges that he must pay in some shape whether the country is ruled by Conservative or by Liberal.

With the figures above given any farmer may fairly calculate what protection costs him and what protection gives him, and after the calculation is completed, we venture to say he will be a confirmed believer in Conservative Government and the National Policy—unless, of course, he be one of those kind of men who are born to the Liberal bias, or has a disposition to sacrifice his own welfare to a benevolent theory.

THE result of the recent election in Haldimand, Ontario, was a surprise to most people. Haldimand has the record of a Liberal constituency, but was won over by Dr. Montague at a former election by a very small majority. When Dr. Montague took office in the Government he was obliged to go back to his constituents for approval, and the election was held a few days ago. Haldimand is a Protestant county, and the Orange society is strong, numbering about eight hundred members. The Liberals did not put a straight candidate in the field, but they played what they thought was a better game, namely, they induced Mr. Jeff. McCarthy, a nominal Conservative, to accept nomination as an ultra-Protestant opponent of the Government's action on the Manitoba Schools question. The prospect of a back-handed Liberal victory certainly looked promising. However, "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee." Hon. Dr. Montague took the breath away from his opponents with a sweeping majority of almost 700. Haldimand now drops into line as a straight Conservative constituency, and the Manitoba Schools question drops out of sight as an important factor in the approaching Dominion elections. McCarthyism developed great weakness.

THE Fraser river bridge, the Rand scheme, and the City of Westminster display all the features of an admirable comedy, only that the thing is drawing out to such weary lengths as to become horribly monotonous. The City Council some time since, with surprising firmness, set last Monday as the closing date of the Rand bridge hallucinations, but just at the dropping of the curtain the iron firmness melted in benevolence, and, lo, the play goes on for three weeks more. Only three weeks more, good people of Westminster, and anxious friends of Surrey and Langley and Delta. Well, be it so; by comparison three weeks is not a very large point of time, and a little further tomfoolery by way of recreation will do no great harm.

THE Liberal papers are just now making much of the expenses in connection with Canada's High Commissioner in England. They must be bad off for something to complain of. It is proper that Canada should have a resident representative in England, and it is also proper that he should be fittingly maintained.

The docket for the spring assize in Westminster, which opens on May 14th, has been prepared and is as follows: Regina vs. J. Lobb. shooting with intent to kill; Regina vs. W. B. Cornock, perjury; Regina vs. W. Kearley, obstructing an officer; Regina vs. Currey, stealing; Regina vs. Black Jack, burglary; Regina vs. H. Wilkinson, shooting with intent to kill; Regina vs. Gee Dop, Sing Lee, and Chung Chuey, house breaking; Regina vs. Godfriedson, assault; Regina vs. Davidson, fraud.

The Rainbow Trout.

The following article was published a couple of years ago in Forest and Stream, and as the fish described is evidently the same as are taken in the streams here, the sketch will no doubt be of interest to many of our readers at this time:

The brook trout, mountain trout, or golden trout, of California, having become famous in its own country, was introduced many years ago into Eastern waters, wherein it is commonly known as the rainbow. The fish has been acclimatized also in Europe and Japan. Wisconsin, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, New York and North Carolina now furnish suitable conditions for the new-comer, and in some Pennsylvania streams the species thrives, multiplies and provides fine fishing. Mr. Stewart has told in Forest and Stream how readily the rainbow has accommodated itself to the mountain streams of North Carolina, and how it appears to take unwarranted interest in the spawning of the brook trout. The rainbow was planted in Yellowstone Park in September, 1889, and two years later Professor Jenkins and Mr. Elwood Hofer found a number of 10in. specimens in Gibbon River, both above and below Virginia Cascade, near the place of deposit. The fishing there was limited to the artificial fly or the catches might have been larger.

The rainbow grows to a length of 2ft., and individuals of 8lbs. are on record. The relation of the rainbow to the steel-head or Gairdner's trout is still open to question. Ten years ago the writer called attention in Forest and Stream (June 15, 1882) to the difficulty of distinguishing the young of these two, and he finds no less uncertainty in the problem to-day. If the two are identical we should use the older name, Gairdner's trout, for the species. It is well known that the latter grows nearly as large as the average Atlantic salmon, which it resembles strongly in shape.

The rainbow feeds on worms, insect larvæ and eggs of other salmonidæ. Dr. Livingston Stone has given the following very interesting account of its feeding habits: "The California trout roams about his watery hunting grounds partly on his side, with one eye directed to the bottom. He is quite as dependent, and probably more so, upon the supply of food that is beneath as upon the supply that falls from above or floats on the surface. He has another peculiarity also about feeding: when he sees any food on the bottom that looks to him out of place, or has from any cause a suspicious appearance, he wheels past it and as he passes the suspicious object he strikes it a vigorous blow with his tail and then turns to observe its movements. If there appears to be anything 'crooked' about it he will not touch it and will, after striking perhaps once or twice more with his tail, abandon it altogether."

Spawning takes place usually from January to May. The eggs are about one-fifth of an inch in diameter and vary in color from light straw to deep salmon pink.

A 2lbs. female yields about 800 eggs. In water at 54 degrees Fahrenheit the eye spots show in twelve days and the eggs hatch in twenty-six days. The form of the embryo can be seen through the shell four or five days before the eyespots appear. The females spawn in the McLoud River when three years old.

In the McLoud June and July are the best months for fishing.

The writer has found quinnat salmon eggs the most attractive bait for the rainbow and others have hooked many of the fish with grasshoppers. For fly-fishing a brown-hackle and a white-moth were most effective for "Coquina," while in Pennsylvania several of the early brook trout flies were readily taken. For large rainbows the flies must be as large as for black bass and salmon and the gut snells increased in strength proportionally. Owing to the gregarious nature of these trout it is comparatively easy to fill a creel unless some of the big tackle-smashers are encountered.

A single page of a single issue of the Century taken for advertising costs $500, in Harper's $460, other magazines $400 to $350. A yearly advertisement of one column in the Chicago Tribune costs $58,560 for the lowest and $96,000 for the highest rate. In the New York World $46,000 for the lowest and $59,000 for the highest priced column. These figures will probably astonish men who spend from $10 to $40 a year for advertising space and seem to think they are liberal advertisers.—Freeman's Labor Journal.

SURREY TIMES from now till 1st January, 1896, for 50 cents cash.

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1 year old, 10c.; 2 years old, 20c; 3 years old, 30c. each.
Grafted roots, $3 per 100.
IN ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES.
NO IMPORTED TREES.

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FINEST ENGLISH STRAWBERRIES.
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Choice young Boars and Sows of different ages.

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TELEGRAPH HOTEL,

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.,

HOGAN BROS., Proprietors.

The Bar is supplied with superior Liquors and choice Cigars, and the waiters are attentive and obliging.

Front street, opposite the Ferry Landing.

WATCH, CLOCK,

AND JEWELRY REPAIRING.

Done in the best order and with dispatch.

JOHN McMILLAN, Cloverdale.

Court of Revision for the Municipality of Surrey.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Court of Revision will be held in the Council Chamber, on Saturday, 11th day of May, 1895, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of hearing complaints against the assessment as made by the Assessor for the current year, and for revising and correcting the Assessment Roll.

A. A. RICHMOND,
Clerk Municipal Council.
Surrey, March 30, 1895.

RICHMOND & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries,

And General Merchandise,

MAIN STREET, CLOVERDALE, (Corner McLellan Road),

Goods all fresh and of the choicest quality. New stock constantly arriving. Prices down to lowest notch, on the basis of "small profits and quick returns." ☛ Give us a trial.

Surrey Real Estate Agency.

Two tracts of timbered land for sale on the Yale road for $10 per acre, in quantities to suit purchasers.
A tract of 106 acres adjoining Cloverdale on the south.
Two quarter sections east of Cloverdale, in parcels to suit purchasers
A good dwelling house and acre of land under fruit trees in Cloverdale
Any of the above will be sold on small cash advances and time to suit the purchaser.

For sale or to exchange for property in B. C.—Eighty acres east of Portland, on the Columbia river, in Washington. Good Fruit and agricultural land, with buildings and small orchard.

JOHN McMILLAN, Cloverdale, B. C.

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The table is supplied with the best the market affords. The rooms are pleasant, comfortably furnished, and the beds clean. A good home Hotel for families while waiting to locate. Charges moderate.

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Get the Best Foot-wear You Can!

J. I. BREEN,

The Cloverdale Shoemaker,

Makes Boots and Shoes to order, and guarantees all work turned out.

NONE BUT FIRST-CLASS STOCK USED.

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JOHN STARR,

Practical Blacksmith, does light and heavy blacksmithing of all kinds on short notice and at moderate rates. Horseshoeing a specialty.

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