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SURREY TIMES.

No. 16. CLOVERDALE, BRITISH COLUMBIA, JULY 19, 1895. Vol. 1.

I HAVE BEEN APPOINTED

agent for the celebrated

Raymond Sewing Machines

and in future will carry a stock of the Lates Styles of Machines, also Needles, Oil, &c., &c. Prices are so low and terms so easy that it will not pay you to be without one.

Every Machine Guaranteed.

STILL SELLING STOVES AT COST.

Hardware, Paints & Oils, Tinware, Graniteware, etc.

A. GODFREY, New Westminster, B. C.

Parnell & Gunn,

The Westminster Grocers

and Feed Merchants,

Call and see them, and Save Money when in Town.

☛ Opposite C. P. R. Station, 807 Columbia St., Westminster, B. C

Wm. Johnston,

THE LEADING DEALER in all grades of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Sole agent for the celebrated

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MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

Rough & Dressed Lumber,

Lath, Shingles, Mouldings, Plain and Fancy Pickets, Doors, Windows, Frames, Blinds, Turned Work, etc., and all kinds of Interior Finish, Plain and Carved Mantels, Store and Office Fittings. Fruit and Salmon Boxes, Net-floats, &c. Importers of Plate, Fancy and Common Window Glass. ☛ Yards and Warehouses, Columbia Street West.

R. JARDINE, Local Manager.

RICHMOND & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries,

And General Merchandise,

MAIN STREET, CLOVERDALE, (Corner McLlellan 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.

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.

☛ Repairing promptly attended to on short notice.

LOCAL NEWS.

THE days begin to be appreciably shorter.

THE small boys are now enjoying green peas—and colic.

THE creeks are drying up and the wells are getting low, as usual at this season.

PROF. CARR, of New York, is visiting this coast and is spending a few days with Mr. Thos. Shannon.

THE writer has a gooseberry bush of the Downing variety, four years set out, that this year bore 24¼ pounds of sound ripe fruit.

MRS. T. Bennie and Miss Bring, of Westminster, have been spending the week in Cloverdale, the guests of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Bowell.

For all kinds of Seeds, Grain, Chopped Feed, Flour, Meals, &c., go to the Brackman & Kerr Milling Company, 543 Front Street, New Westminster.

JOHN MONTGOMERY, of Langley Prairie, was fined $25 a few days ago for selling a fawn out of season. He was not posted on the Game Law, and committed the offence in ignorance.

THE members of Surrey Orange Lodge who joined in the celebration at Victoria on the 12th, report a large attendance, an inspiring parade, stirring addresses, and a general success.

MR. P. DESBRISAY arrived over from Bear River camp yesterday, and will remain a few days. He says work is progressing finely at the new camp. "Deb's" friends all over Surrey will rejoice to see his smiling countenance again.

MASTER CHARLEY RICHMOND is home again after spending a couple of months in Vancouver under the tuition of Mr. Sparling, preparing for the teachers' examination. The many friends of the young man will join in wishing that he may have passed a successful examination.

WE direct attention to the new advertisement in this issue of A. Godfrey, the popular hardware merchant of Westminster. Mr. Godfrey has lately been appointed agent for the well-known Raymond sewing machines, and can sell them on terms to suit all. Call and investigate.

A DISPATCH from Ottawa states that the Dominion Government has decided to reduce the price of land to actual settlers in the Yale and Westminster districts to one dollar per acre. This is proper, and Messrs Corbould and Mara are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts in this matter.

MISS PHŒBE BOND has gone to spend a few weeks with the family of Mr. Evans in Blaine. Miss Evans had been visiting here, and returned home for the 4th July, and on the following Monday their house and contents were destroyed by fire. In the confusion Mrs. Evans fell down stairs and broke her ankle. Miss Bond has gone over to act the part of good Samaritan towards her friends.

JAMES HAMILTON, of Port Kells, who was well known here, having taken part in several entertainments in the vicinity, was drowned last Saturday afternoon at Pitt Meadows. He had been working for the B. C. Dyking and Drainage Co., and on Saturday he and a friend started to go over to Port Kells to spend Sunday at hnome. In shoving away from the dyke the canoe upset and both men were thrown into the water. Mr. Hamilton could not swim and was drowned. The body was recovered shortly afterwards. Deceased had been in the Province about seven years, and leaves a widow and two children.

THE committee appointed to inquire into the practicability of arranging a milk separating station here to supply cream to the Delta creamery, met on Saturday evening as agreed upon. It was found that no more than five ranchers, representing 50 cows, could be induced to combine for a start, others preferring to hold back until they had better assurance of the scheme working advantageously. As 100 cows would be needed, according to the estimate, to make the station a success, it is not likely that any further steps will be taken here at this time. We are informed a number of Mud Bay settlers have decided to join with the Creamery. It is highly probable that measures will be taken here after harvest to ensure some means of manipulating the milk product next season.

BY noting the advertisements in this paper from time to time the people of Surrey can learn at a glance the business houses in Westminster that are making efforts for the trade of this section of the Province. Those are the houses to deal with, for depend upon it the man who does not consider your trade worth looking after will have no advantages to offer you. The trade of Surrey is by all odds the most important rural trade that goes to Westminster, SURREY TIMES goes into almost every house in the municipality, and the merchant who fails to use it to reach the people lacks business capacity.

A NUMBER of Westminster people are under canvas at Blackie's Spit on Mud Bay for a summer outing. This is the first time that the Spit has been brought into requisition as a resort for city families, and it is sure to grow in favor. There is a fine beach, splendid bathing facilities and delightful groves of wild apple trees. The Nicomekl and Serpentine rivers have their mouths there and add variety to the landscape besides offering entertainment to those who take pleasure in angling.

MRS. JUDGE KELLOGG, of Fairhaven, and her daughter, Mrs. Welbon, of Seattle, who are old friends of Mr. and Mrs. McElmon, arrived at the manse yesterday from Fairhaven with horse and carriage.

THE weather during the past week has been cool and cloudy, with constant indications of rain, though none fell here up to going to press. Meantime a large quantity of hay has been put under cover in prime condition.

A GANG of six men have been engaged for some time cutting the brush along the Great Northern track. They are now working near Clayton, going north. The brushing decidedly improves the appearance of the line.

UP to this date no less than 23 applications have been received for the teachership of the Cloverdale school, besides several young teachers who called personally on the secretary.

MR. GALBRAITH, of Galbraith & Sons, Westminster, was in Cloverdale yesterday on business. The firm has supplied the finishings for a good many buildings in this neighborhood.

If you want to buy Flour, Grain, Chopped Feeds, Bran, Shorts, Rolled Oats, &c., &c., either wholesale or retail try Yoadall & Sinclair, Front Street, New Westminster,

THE Rev. A. Mogee, of Langley, will fill Rev. B. K. McElmon's appointments at Tinehead, Clayton and Cloverdale, next Sabbath.

MISS CARRIE MCMILLAN, who has been attending High School in Westminster, is home to Cloverdale for the holidays.

NOW is the time to gather supplies of wild blackberries. In another week the crop will weaken.

NEW potatoes are quoted in Westminster at $20 per ton.

Hall's Prairie.

Correspondence SURREY TIMES.

The people of this vicinity, if we may judge from a meeting recently held, are determined to get a trunk road to White Rock as a shipping point for their bulky produce. The movement is much to be commended as the distance of road required to be built falls short of three miles, and will open up one of the finest farming settlements in the Fraser valley.

Mr. Morrison and family, of Chicago, is visiting with his cousin Mr. D. W. Brown, post master.

The trees on the Moggridge Bros. fruit farm are making a splendid showing this season.

Mr. Norman Oakley, one of the owners of the "Stender farm," was out a few days from Vancouver. He was much pleased with the prospects and intends becoming a permanent settler this fall.

Mr. Lutze Lutze, who was quite ill a week or so ago, is recovering.

Mr. A. Gilfillan, at an average of $1.75 per crate, sold 2,400 pounds of strawberries off his garden. Who says farming doesn't pay?

Mr. Gus Newman was up from Whatcom last week visiting his brother, Mr. Carl Newman.

The Crutchley brothers have completed their contract on the Campbell river road. The boys understand how to make a road.

From reports received from Postmaster Brown, Joe Jetzner and E. C. Johnston, the honey crop this season promises to be very satisfactory.

A FARMERS' CONVENTION, under the auspices of the Fruit Growers' and Dairyman's Associations and the Central Farmer's Institute, will be held at Agassiz, on Thursday and Friday, August 1 and 2, 1895, commencing at 4 o,clock p. m. It is expected Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney will preside and that addresses will be delivered by the presidents of the difierent association represented: by Prof. W. Saunders, Experimental Farm, Ottawa; Prof. James Fletcher, Dominion entomologist and Botanist; T. A. Sharpe, Experimental Farm, Agasiz; officers of the Department of Agriculture; members of the Board of Horticulture and many others. Special fares have been arranged on all railway and steamboat lines. This is an opportunity which should not be missed and it is hoped by the promoters that the attendance will prove that the deepest interest is being taken in the science of agriculture and horticulture by all our people. Reasonable hotel fares will be procurable. Parties expecting to attend will do well to advise either Mr. Anderson or Mr. Macgowan of such intention, and those desiring the discussion of any special subject will please forward request for same to either of those parties.

A Street Car Collision Near Toronto.

Toronto, July 15.—On Saturday afternoon a car of the Toronto electric service, with a trailer attached, started with a joyous load of the pupils of the Sackville street Mission Hall, accompanied by their teachers, bent on having a merry outing at Victoria park, on the lake about seven miles east of the city. On approaching Scarboro Junction, motorman Graham was horrified to see Lalla Rooke, the Scarboro car, coming down a steep grade at a terrible rate. He at once reversed his motor, but not in time to prevent a fearful crash; both cars were broken into kindling wood, and the road was covered with bleeding children, and their cries for help were heartrending. Doctors were quickly on the spot, and two lads, Stewart and Graham, removed to the hospital, the former dying almost immediately on reaching the institution. The children were taken into neighboring houses and received prompt medical attention, and were nearly all removed in a few hours to their homes, and it is confidently hoped that no further deaths will result. When the first news of the accident was received in the city the most intense excitement prevailed, and a special squad of police had to be sent to the general hospital to prevent the crowd forcing their way in to ascertain who were injured. A number of bicycle riders happened to be passing along the road at the time of the accident, and they did good service in riding for doctors and giving information to the police and taking messages to the parents of the little sufferers.

Frank Townsend, aged 13, has his left leg broken and his right cut, and his condition is serious. Miss Nettie Lamb is suffering from internal injuries and it is feared that she cannot recover. Motorman W. J. Graham has both legs broken below the knee and a double amputation will be required. Con Northam has injuries about the head and face, and R. H. Dun, accountant of the Toronto type foundery, is suffering from internal injuries.

Murdering the Innocents.

Toronto, July 15.—This afternoon, the long and vigilant search of Detective Seyer, of Philadelphia, for proof of the guilt of H. H. Holmes, insurance swindler, now under sentence for fraud at Philadelphia, was rewarded. In the cellar of a vacant house in St. Vincent street, the detective found the two dead bodies of the Pietzel children, who the detective asserts, were done to death by Holmes, or through his instrumentality, in order to secure insurance money. Mr. Neudell, clerk in the Education Department, to-day recognised a photograph of Holmes as the man who rented the cottage. He only had it a few days, but long enough to kill and bury the children. The little girls were stark naked and were buried without a coffin of any kind. The house was searched and the cellar last of all. Here the ground was dug up and presently the bare shoulder and arm of a little body were discovered. Then the whole body came into view, and under it another one was found. No traces of wounds were found, and it is thought that Holmes decoyed them into the trunk under some pretext and took them to the house. Then gas was inserted by means of a pipe through a small hole. The trunk, with a hole in it, nearly covered over with a strap tacked down, has been found in one of Holmes' rooms. No trace of the other boy, Howard, a lad of eight years, has been found, but he is thought to be undoubtedly dead. The house has been taken possession of by the police.

Toronto, July 16.—The finding of the corpses of the two children of Pietezel proves conclusively what has long been suspected, that Holmes is a multifarious murderer, and leaves no doubt that, in addition to the murder of these two children, he has also killed Howard Pietezel, a younger brother of the two victims, their father, B. F. Pietezel, Annie Williams, and Minnie Williams, six in all. The bodies of the two children were removed to the morgue this morning. Coroner Johnston opened an inquest this evening, and adjourned it for a few days. Drs. Caven, and R. B. Orr, assisted by several other specialists, will make a post mortem examination of the remains and will try to discover by what means the children came to their deaths. Efforts will be made at once to extradite Holmes, and he will be given the benefit of Canadian justice.

Toronto, July 17.—The inquest was continued to-night on the body of Alice Pietzel, whose remains were found in the cellar of No. 16 St. Vincent street. Detective Geyer, of Philadelphia, was the first witness examined. He gave a succinct history of the case. Geo Dennis, night clerk of the Palmer House, stated that by request of Holmes he went to meet the train from Detroit, and took the two Pietzel girls to the Albion Hotel, where he left them. The bookkeeper of the Albion stated that the children stayed from the 16th to the 25th of October. Mrs. Nudell, who owned the house, 16 St. Vincent street, testified that a man, whom she identified by his photograph as Holmes, had rented the house and paid one month's rent in advance. Mr. Ryves, who resides at 18 St. Vincent street, said that Holmes, on one occasion, borrowed a spade, saying that he wanted to bury a supply of potatoes in the cellar. The inquest then adjourned until to-morrow. An autopsy has not yet been performed on the bodies.

Private advices received here from Philadelphia say that H. H. Holmes has invented a clever ruse to prevent his being tried before a Canadian jury. He intends to plead guilty to the charge of murdering Howard Pietzel in Detroit. As there is no capital punishment law in Michigan, Holmes' sentence in that State would prevent his being extradited to stand the charge of murdering the Pietzel children in Toronto, and by this means he will escape the gallows.

Victoria, July 15.—A. W. Presley, of Chilliwack, wanted in connection with the alleged conspiracy to burn down his own store, was arrested here yesterday, on the arrival of the Nanaimo train, by Constables McKenna, and Wallis. The police have been on the lookout for him, as, after his flight from home, he was known to have gone to Nanaimo. Presley took his arrest very hard, and, at the police headquarters, tried to turn a revolver, which was in his coat pocket, cocked and loaded, on himself. The gun was taken from him, but he threatened he would kill himself yet. He will be held to await the warrant from Chilliwack.

Chilliwack, July 18.—A. W. Presley, charged with conspiracy, was brought up here to-day by Constable Lay. On the way up he was very restless and paraded the boat from stem to stern almost all the time, but the constable was watchful and kept with him. On arriving at the landing, however, when the officer's back was turned for a moment, Presley took a header into the river. Fortunately, there was no strong undercurrent, and he floated on the surface like a cork. He did his utmost to drown himself, but a boat was got out and he was caught and safely landed.

London, July 18.—It is estimated this evening that the Conservative majority in the next House of Commons will nnmber from 150 to 175.

Ottawa, July 13.—It is rumored that Mr. La Riviere is to get the Manitoba Governorship, and Sir Hector Langevin run in Provencher.

SURREY TIMES

CLOVERDALE.....B. C.

A DARING RESCUE.

Three Men Taken From an Ice Floe Which Was Carrying Them to Certain Death.

Captain L. O. Lawson, William P. Kay and W. W. Wilkinson, members of the Evanston life saving crew, had a narrow escape from death the other morning while attempting to clear anchor ice away from the waterworks inlet. The men were in a small rowboat and were caught between large cakes of floating ice and carried two miles out into the lake. After a hard fight with the floating ice they were rescued by a volunteer party consisting of Sam Peeney, chief engineer at the Evanston waterworks; John Moore, the lighthouse keeper, and Bob Skyles and Byron Dawson, firemen at the waterworks.

Early in the morning water was running very slowly into the large main, and fearing another water famine Captain Lawson and his companions started for the intake, which is one mile offshore. A heavy wind had been blowing inshore all night before, and the shore was lined with great cakes of ice. After working hard the men succeeded in launching their boat and started through the bobbing cakes for the inlet. When about half the distance had been covered, the men noticed that the wind had changed and was blowing hard from offshore, and that a large field of ice was forming in a solid mass about their little craft and floating rapidly out into the lake. Pike poles were used, but it soon became apparent that unless some aid came soon they would be carried far out.

A white handkerchief was tied to an oar, and the men took turns waving it. The signal was seen by John Moore, who was at work at the top of the lighthouse tower. He hurried to the waterworks, a short distance away, and told Engineer Peeney, and both men, realizing the danger in which their comrades were, called Skyles and Dawson, and hurriedly manning another boat the four men started to the rescue. The offshore wind by this time had cleared the shore water, and the rescuing party soon reached the ice floe, in the center of which was the boat containing the three men. A life line was thrown across to the prisoners, and one after another they jumped from cake to cake and reached the rescuing boat. They were forced to abandon their own boat, which was fast in the ice. The men were all brought to the waterworks office.—Chicago Record.

CHOLERA IN 1894.

Reason to Believe That We Will Have to Guard Against the Plague This Year.

For over two years the Asiatic cholera has been epidemic in western Russia, but as we have had reports of the subsidence of its ravages during the winter months there was hope that there might not be a recurrence this spring of the unhappy experiences of that season in 1892 and 1893. We regret that the dispatches at hand are unfavorable. There have been violent outbreaks of the disease during the past week at a number of the populous centers of the western provinces, one of the most violent of them as far west as the city of Warsaw, and from that place both Germany and Austria are again directly menaced.

There is reason, therefore, to fear that New York will have to be on the guard for yet another year, and that there will be need for the utmost vigilance on the part of the officers of our quarantine service. We do not doubt the ability of these officers to maintain the safety of the city.

It is to be hoped that the European governments represented in the international sanitary commission which has held a conference in Paris will provide for the prompt execution of those defensive measures which have met with the approval of the delegates. This authoritative commission was organized for the express purpose of preparing an anticholera programme acceptable to the leading powers of the world, and it will be a public shame if the recommendations it has made this year shall be neglected, as were those made at its session of last year.—New York Sun.

Torture In Spain.

A new form of torture has been devised in Spain which is said to quite transcend any of the terrible machines formerly employed by the inquisition. It has, however, had the result of extracting complete confessions from all the anarchists guilty of bomb throwing. As soon as arrested Codina, Cerezuelo and their companions were put on a diet of salt codfish and bread, without water. After several days of this treatment they were led before the juge d'instruction. On the judge's desk stood a bottle of water and a glass. Each prisoner instinctively threw himself against his guards in a vain attempt to reach the water. The judge promised two caraffes of water if the prisoner would confess, but threatened him with a continuance of the codfish diet if he remained intractable. Not one passed the ordeal.—Madrid Correspondent.

Mount Blanc In Winter.

The Mont Blanc observatory is undergoing its presumably worst season, and the most interesting news of the kind during the coming spring will be the account of how its occupants passed the winter and what observations they were enabled to make. But it is not expected that much can be done in winter, except in connection with meteorology, and we must look for whatever discoveries are to come through the advantages of high altitudes to the South American and Californian observatories.—English Mechanic.

AN ELECTROSTATIC PAIR.

He was the gallant engineer
Of a giant dynamo.
She sang to the wires all day long
With a chorus of "Hello!"

He loved this telephonic maid
Till his heart's vibrating plate
Was magnetized and polarized
At milliamperic rate.

His love he expressed in ohms
And amperes or even in volts,
In voltaic expressions and dynamo figures,
Or currents and arc lights and bolts.

Said he: "By the great broken circuit,
Or, more, by the Ruhmkorff coil,
Your negative answers will drive me
To some subway under the soil.

"Not a spark of inductive affection,
Not a positive 'Yes' have I had.
I'm afraid the wires have grounded
In favor of some other lad."

Then regret, like a galvanometer
Or an astatic needle, it smote her,
And she said, "Of love I have tons
As strong as an Edison motor."

So he opened the circuit and clasped her
In armature and held her there,
And she was the bell electric
Of this thermo-electric pair.
—Hardware.

HER LIEUTENANT.

Young Dr. Westerfield hurried from Paddington station, and in a quarter of an hour he was at home.

"My dear Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Westerfield. She put down her pen and dropped the blotting pad hastily over some writing. "I didn't expect you until tomorrow."

Westerfield stooped and kissed his wife.

"I'll go back if you like, sweet."

He called her sweet because her name was Ermyntrude. Besides he was quite a young husband.

"I had an engagement for tonight," she said thoughtfully. I had better put it off."

"Not at all. I shall be out at that lecture."

"Good!" with an air of relief. "What's your book there? Let me look at it."

"Better not, dear. I only bought it just to kill time."

"Sounds like a criminal offense."

"To read many of these things," said Westerfield, taking away the French novel, "is to get a vague impression that there is no honesty or sincerity in the world; that every household is a menage a trois."

"I know what you mean. My new book will have nothing of that in it."

"If it respects the proprieties," remarked Westerfield, "people will think that a man has written it."

"I can't help wishing I had knocked about more," said Mrs. Westerfield thoughtfully.

"Knocked who about?"

"There are such a lot of situations in life that I have never experienced. Now, a man can run about and go just where he pleases."

"I'm afraid it can't be remedied, dear," he said.

"That's just why I'm grumbling. I've been down in the east end while you have been away."

"Not alone, I hope?"

"Oh, no, dear. No. Not alone," Mrs. Westerfield laughed. "I had some one to accompany me."

"I'm glad of that. You can't be too careful."

"That's what I thought. Did your speech go really well at the congress? I bought up all the papers that had reports about it. It seems to me, mister, that if I don't hustle you'll get more talked about than I."

"I like to keep as near you as I can, dear."

"Unhand me, sir, as you value your life!" At which challenge Westerfield of course came from the other side of the table and kissed her again

In his absentminded way, Westerfield went round to the Royal institution after dinner without asking Ermyntrude about her appointment. The lecturer did not appear, and he came back. On the table of his study was a card.

"I am going to Hammersmith with Lieutenant Fincham. Back late."

Dr. Westerfield went on with the novel. At page 117 he suddenly stopped.

"Who the devil is Lieutenant Fincham?" he cried.

There was no one in the room to answer. He pressed the bell.

"Maria!"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know"—he picked up the card—"do you know any one named Lieutenant Fincham?"

Maria repressed a broad smile with difficulty.

"Oh, yes, sir," Maria giggled, and coughed a little to pass it off. "Yes, sir, quite well. Called here two or three times since you've been away."

"To see your mistress?"

"Yes, sir. They had dinner together one evening. Seemed very thick with each other, they did. And one night a Captain Somebody called as well, and you should 'eard them two carry on."

"Is—is Lieutenant Fincham young?"

"Mejum age, sir. Not what I should call exactly good looking, and, on the other 'and, not bad. Of course some of 'em in the army, as cook says, are perfect bird frighteners. Cook used to have a young man in the grenadiers, and he told cook a rare joke about one of 'em. It appears"—

"You needn't wait, Maria." He spoke with such unexpected decision that the maid quite started. "If your mistress comes in, ask her to wait for me."

"Very good, sir."

"One moment, Maria. Do you happen to know to what address your mistress has gone?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I know."

"Give it to me at once," he said sternly. "Come, now, let me have no prevarication. This is a matter of nearly life and death."

"Gaw bless my soul!" said Maria, with a confused, flurried manner. "Fancy it coming to this!"

"Give me the address, I say."

Maria gave the address, and Dr. Westerfield took it down. The maid fetched his coat and hat.

"I am going out, Carey." Dr. Westerfield was stopped at the door by a friend. "I am just off to Hammersmith to make some inquiries."

"I'll come with you," said Mr. Carey. "I've only just finished work at the Temple, and I was calling to ask when you were expected home. I know Mrs. Westerfield sees scarcely anybody while you are away."

"Scarcely anybody."

"I liked her last book," went on Mr. Carey. "What will the next be like?"

"It ought to be very lively," said Westerfield as calmly as he could. "She seems to be taking a lot of trouble over it."

He caught sight of his reflection in a mirror in the hall. We are not all of a military appearance, and it occurred swiftly to Westerfield that he possessed distinctly a civilian style of features.

As the hansom went along Hammersmith way Westerfield thought out the first speech to be addressed to his errant wife.

"My wife has gone out," said Westerfield, leaning over the splashboard, "on some business, and"—

"She is a dence of a one to work," said Mr. Carey. "Last time I met her she cross examined me on certain points of law, and I found at the end that I had told her nearly all I knew."

"The information is sure to be useful to her," said the other grimly. "I want to ask you something. If you want a separation from your wife, how would you set about it?"

"As I'm not married," said Mr. Carey, looking at the white ash of his cigar, "there is no immediate necessity for me to get a divorce."

"I don't mean you in particular," said Westerfield, with some impatience. "I mean anybody. Supposing I wanted to get rid of my partner."

"It's a very odd thing, old chap," said Mr. Carey, "but that is precisely the question, word for word, that Mrs. Westerfield asked me not long since."

"A very natural inquiry on her part."

"But what in the world can you want to know it for? You're not writing a romance, are you?"

"No. There's no romance on my side of the game, Carey. It's all dead earnest."

"Had a row?"

"Not yet. Going to have one, though."

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Carey joyously. "I'll bet you a half sovereign you don't."

"I haven't had a bet since I left school," said Westerfield, "but I'll take that."

"With young married people," said Mr. Carey wisely, "it is so easy for little disputes to create a great deal of trouble. Now, if there's anything of that kind, Westerfield, take my advice and give way."

"I'll give anything else," said Westerfield, "but I'll be hanged if I'll give way."

"There's no question of hanging," said Mr. Carey. "It's not a capital offense. All you've got to do is to use savoir faire."

"Here she is," cried Westerfield.

His young wife, warmly wrapped in furs, was hurrying along. She did not look aside, she did not even glance at the lighted up shop window.

"Let us get out," said Mr. Carey, putting his umbrella up. "And mind, Westerfield, no unnecessary nonsense. I want to win that half sovereign."

It appalled Westerfield to see how calmly his wife accepted their sudden appearance.

"I want to get some cigars," said the adroit Mr. Carey. "You two go on. I shall catch you up."

The two tall young people walked on side by side. The bustle of busses and passing traffic made a serious scene out of the question.

"I'm glad you have come down, Arthur," she said brightly. "I was going to meet some one, but—but they didn't turn up at the time."

"Anybody I know?"

"Oh, no. Oh, dear, no. I shouldn't care for you two to meet. I'm afraid there would be a terrible argument."

"That is quite likely," he said. "I am afraid there must be some argument as it is. I strongly object, Ermyntrude—I very strongly object to these excursions of yours. They are not seemly, they are not discreet, they are not"—

"But I don't go alone," she urged.

"I am afraid," he answered decidedly, "that that does not improve the aspect, so far as I am concerned."

"My dear Arthur," she said, "you must please allow me some liberty."

"I think," he replied stiffly, "that I had better give you all that you want."

"That's what I mean," said Mrs. Westerfield, with eagerness. "For instance, take Lieutenant Fincham."

"I will leave that for you to do."

"Don't be absurd, dear. Now, there's a case where by a little assistance I have been able to get capital stuff for my book."

"Really?" Arthur Westerfield laughed wildly. "Of course anything is justified so long as you get 'copy' out of it."

"Almost anything, dear," she corrected him sedately. "One has, of course, to draw the line somewhere."

"Is there any necessity for that? It seems to me"—

"Now, just look here."

There was a group round a lamppost. A red banner with lettering upon it stood behind a semicircle of uniformed men and women. A woman was speaking breathlessly with no stops.

"Ho yes my friends come tonight do not delay. I know you're all black hearted sinners"—

"'Ere," said the crowd remonstratively, "cheese it."

"Ho yes you are!" (Still in the same high pitched voice. The speaker pulled her black bonnet a little forward and stuck out one large foot determinedly.) "Ho yes you are all black come and be washed come and be made whiter than snow once I was a sinner like yourselves and I went to theaters I did and I used to go to dawnces"—

"I want to speak to her," said Mrs. Westerfield, "as soon as she has finished. I told you, didn't I, that she had been very good in giving me information. The poor girl tells me she is going to be made a captain soon."

Westerfield put one hand on her shoulder.

"And her name is—is Finch"—

"You've guessed it, mister," said Mrs. Westerfield, with her comic affectation of a nasal twang. "You've guessed it in once."

"I'll say good night to you two young people," said Mr. Carey. "I've got a man to meet at 10."

"One moment, Carey."

Westerfield felt in his pocket and produced a coin and handed it over.

"I thought you'd lose," said Mr. Carey.—St. James Budget.

A Married Man's Rights.

"I say," said a friend the other day, "you are an old hand at it. I have only just got married and don't understand much about the business. I should like to know whether a married man has any rights left when he takes unto himself a wife."

"Rights? Yes, lots. He has a right to pay all the bills"——

"Stop! I mean this. Let me give you an instance. Every box, every chest of drawers and portmanteau, and, in fact, every available receptacle of every description is stuffed full of my wife's property, and when I want to put away a few cuffs and collars"—

"Hold hard. I know what you mean. Listen, young man. If your bedroom were 300 yards long, lined from the floor to the ceiling with shelves, and you wanted a place to stow away a couple of shirts, you couldn't find a nook that wasn't full of hairpins, old false fronts, scent bottles, odd gloves, powder puffs, little bits of tape, so just accept the inevitable. Wrap your personal property in an old newspaper parcel and hide it under the bed."

He grinned ironically, but passed on, a sadder and a wiser man.—New York Advertiser.

Will Blot.

There is no doubt but that if the paper makers persevere they will succeed in evolving a blotting paper which will be utterly impervious to ink.—Rockland Tribune.

TRACKLESS PLAINS.

STORY OF A PARTY OF TRAVELERS LOST IN THE GREAT FUR LAND.

Divided In Opinion as to the Course That Should Be Taken—The Instinct of an Indian Boy—A Marvelously Beautiful Mirage Which Showed the Way.

We were lost. It had come to such a pass that each of us was emphatically positive that the little Hudson Bay company post we wished to reach lay in another direction from that in which we were traveling—and the three separate opinions were all different. Each of us were certain that his two companions were lost, as we gazed about us over the seemingly limitless snow covered prairie ocean which stretched on all sides as far as the eye could reach, yet without one distinguishing landmark.

We were journeying across one of the great plains of northwestern Canada, the country whose main industry is trapping—if trapping may be called an industry—the fur land of the world, and, in truth, the writer felt its immensity more than he had ever been conscious of it before or hopes ever to be again. For four long days we had seen absolutely no sign that even suggested the existence of man. We, our dogs and dog sledge, seemed almost infinitesimal atoms upon this vast expanse of rolling, white robed landscape.

It had become difficult for one of us Americans to feel that a person could ever reach a given point over this trackless wilderness by the successive spans in the compass of a person's step. One of us had a suspicion that we had passed our destination upon one side or the other. No one who has not traversed a trackless waste can realize how hard it is to reckon the distance traveled each day of a long tramp, that a calculation of one's position at nightfall may be formed with any degree of exactness.

We finally decided that each should go his way when the journey should again be resumed. This plan would most certainly result fatally for the two who would be unable to reach shelter before the scanty supply of food which would be their share would become exhausted. There was a possibility of meeting with some plain Indians or of bagging sufficient game for food, but only a slight possibility. However, one's self concern is strangely blunted by the biting cold of this bleak country. None of us was greatly concerned over the fearful chances to be taken.

The ultimatum as to the separation was reached at night. In the morning we prepared to part company. Each of us was to take a dog along "for a companion," we Americans told ourselves, trying to put the thought from our minds that the animal might, in a great extremity, be made use of in a far less pleasant personal capacity. Baptiste, the young Cree Indian boy who drove for us, took this matter with less unpleasant anticipations. He pinched the haunches of Shoatinga, the cur becoming his lot, in an indifferent manner which caused us to look the other way.

Baptiste was a wood Indian, not a plainsman. He had had little experience even in the woods, having been boy to one of the Hudson Bay company's officers at one of the larger posts ever since he was old enough to be of any use. Our skilled guide with whom we had started out had been disabled in a quarrel at a stopping place, and no substitute could then be had, or we never should have attempted crossing this great prairie ocean with the boy.

We were destined to have more faith in the instinct of even an unskilled wood Indian lad than we had. When we had actually parted from one another, each going his separate way, none of us cared to display the wavering cowardice of a glance backward. We only turned again in response to a low call from Baptiste.

The Cree lad was pointing a mittened hand toward the sky in the direction he had taken. I am sure that I shall never gaze on any phenomena of nature with the thrill of wonder and satisfaction that I did upon the one to which Baptiste then called our eager attention.

The sun had just risen. An infinite silence had stolen over the trackless, wavy snow expanse about us. The heavens in the west were one great blaze of yellow glory, warming the glistening crystals of the frozen landscape into orange, opal, seashell tints. The inverted plain hung, lined in dreary, incandescent emerald, far above our heads—another, a spirit world! The patches of sage, poplar and aspen of the country about us were minutely reflected there, though they might be hidden miles beyond the horizon attainable by our vision.

Distance was annihilated. The pictures seemed almost unreal. Every feature came out with the photographic minuteness of detail of the scene upon the ground glass of the camera.

We gazed aloft breathlessly and with somewhat of the fear that if we spoke the whole weird panorama would fade away, as do the ghost forms when verbally addressed, about which we read. We became motionless, awkwardly capoted statues, and doubtless parts of a like reflection to be seen far above us.

Half a dozen small log buildings and high bark stages, upon which lay game and other provisions safe from the dogs and wolves, were dimly discernible at a point toward which Baptiste pointed. We recognized them quickly as belonging to the little post which we had left some months before, and to which we were wearily returning.

The mirage—ever changing, ever growing clear, then faint again—faded away into the clear daylight of the new day. But we knew now that the little Hudson Bay company post itself was to be found directly under the point in which it had been so providentially mirrored in the sky. —Exchange.

The Kentuckian's Peril.

It is not so very long ago since a successful candidate for congress from Kentucky gave a new turn to the tradition concerning his native state. He was attending an afternoon tea. Absentmindedly he took a cup of the innocuous beverage which had the honor of christening the occasion. He was about to take another when the voice of his wife staid his hand.

"My dear," she said firmly, "you must not drink another drop of that. You will ruin your constitution."—Kate Field's Washington.

Smelling Salts.

Good and invigorating smelling salts, serviceable and lasting, any woman can make for herself after this recipe: A few cents' worth of lump ammonia cracked into bits as big as green peas should be put into the vinaigrette that ought to be of glass, with a top of any metal. On the ammonia pour good cologne until the bottle is full, cork it up tightly and do not open it for a whole day. After that it may be freely used and will for two or three months remain fresh and fragrant.

PRESIDENT PALMA OF CUBA.

For the Second Time He Leads the Forlorn Hope.

"If Cuba commands me, I am hers to obey!" Thus spoke Tomas Estrada Palma when informed that the Cuban insurgents who are battling so valiantly for liberty had chosen him president of the republic that thus far exists only in name. President Palma is a resident of Central Valley, N. Y., but will leave for the scene of the war as soon as he is officially notified of his election. "I am not too old to do a little fighting," he says quietly.

PRESIDENT PALMA.

President Palma now conducts a large seminary for the education of wealthy Cubans at Central Valley, but for years has been identified with schemes for the liberation of Cuba. He was born in Bayomo, Cuba, 60 years ago, and in 1868, at the beginning of the famous ten years' war, was elected to the chamber of deputies of the provisional government and took the field with a large body of Cuban troops. His courage and his marked ability for leadership won for him one high office after another, and in 1875, before the great war closed, he was chosen president of the republic.

In 1877 President Palma was captured by Spanish troops and placed in prison. When the war ended, a year later, he was set at liberty and made New York his home. A number of years ago he founded the Institute Estrada Palma at Central Valley and has about 50 pupils, the majority of whom are Cubans. His wife was the daughter of a rich Cuban, and the couple have five bright children. President Estrada speaks Spanish, French and English fluently, is exceedingly well educated and has the manners of a courtier. Like most Cubans he is short in stature, but he carries his 60 years lightly and seems to be good for many a hard campaign.

In explaining his election President Palma modestly says: "This revolution is considered a continuation of the last war, and as I then had the honor to be president I am not surprised that they wish me to continue in that office. I shall be president only so long as the war lasts, and when it is at an end the people will be called upon to choose my successor. Our men will be able to maintain their position in the mountainous revolutionary districts for years without surrendering. If we free Cuba and I am chosen president again, I shall endeavor to establish a unionist republic, as Cuba is not yet ripe for the federal system. In all other respects I shall follow the example of the United States, the model republic of the world, for I want for my country a free people and a strong government."

LIFE PARTNERS FIFTY YEARS.

Recent Golden Wedding of Mary A. Livermore and Her Husband.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the famous temperance reformer and woman suffragist, and her husband, Rev. Daniel Parker Livermore, recently celebrated their golden wedding at Melrose, a suburb of Boston. They were married in Boston May 6, 1845, have each devoted half a century to conscientious and fruitful effort toward the betterment of the world and are still enjoying good health for people of their advanced years. Mrs. Livermore was born in Boston Dec. 19, 1821, and was the daughter of Timothy Rice, who served in the United States navy during the war of 1812. She was graduated from the Boston public schools at the age of 16 and received one of the six medals distributed for good scholarship. She next completed a four years' course at Charlestown Female seminary in two years and was elected a member of the faculty.

In a short time she removed to Virginia, where she officiated as governess on a large plantation and gained a very unfavorable opinion of slavery. She returned north a radical abolitionist and neglected no opportunity for spreading her views. At the age of 24 she became the wife of the Rev. Mr. Livermore, who had begun his ministerial career at the age of 19. The tastes,

MRS. LIVERMORE.

REV. DR. LIVERMORE.

habits of study and aims of the couple were alike, and for 50 years they have been congenial companions and coworkers.

In 1857 they removed to Chicago, then a small town, and Mr. Livermore became proprietor of a Universalist newspaper. Mrs. Livermore was his associate editor and often, in his absence, conducted the entire business and editorial management of the paper and at the same time contributed stories, sketches and letters to eastern periodicals. She also did considerable reportorial work and was the only woman reporter present when Lincoln was first nominated for the presidency at the Chicago convention. During the war as an associate member of the United States sanitary commission she was untiring in her efforts to relieve the sick and wounded soldiers, and she delivered numerous public addresses, organized sanitary fairs and did a great work that will long be remembered.

Since the war she has written a number of very successful books and has been very prominent in woman suffrage and temperance reform work. She is a believer in nationalism and regards socialism, as expounded in America, as "applied Christianity." She has traveled many thousands of miles as a lecturer and is without doubt one of the ablest women in the United States.

Socialist Soap In Paris.

Socialist soap is now offered to the people of Paris by the so called national council. There are two sorts of soap, the Tros Huit, at 40 centimes the cake, and the Chambard, at half that price. The articles sold by the association are guaranteed to be well manufactured and perfumed. The society is formed for the purpose of enabling toilers to benefit as well as the commercial classes by the produce of their labor.

A Three Foot Dwarf.

Hartland, Me., has a dwarf, Merle Bartlett, who is 18 years old, 36 inches high and weighs but 44 pounds. He is intelligent and well formed in every way.

AIDED WILKES BOOTH

THOMAS JONES, THE MAN WHO SHIELDED LINCOLN'S MURDERER.

Kept Him In Hiding Six Days and Helped Him to Reach Virginia—The Reward of $300,000 Offered by the Government Had Not the Power to Move Him.

There died in Charles county, Md., not long ago Thomas A. Jones, at the age of 74. Jones held a position in the Washington navy yard, but was dismissed through the influence of Congressman Mudd of Maryland, who had informed the secretary of the navy that Jones had played a prominent part in the escape of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln.

"It's quite true," admitted Jones at the time of his dismissal. "John Wilkes Booth, with a broken ankle, sick and suffering the tortures of the damned, was placed in my hands to be spirited across the river, and the $300,000 reward, or even $3,000,000, would not have caused me to turn traitor to the southern Confederacy, the people I loved, and surrender a man whose life was in my keeping, even if I did know he had assassinated President Lincoln."

Jones afterward told how Booth came into his hands. "It was on the morning of the 16th of April," he said, "when friends of Samuel Cox came to my house on Huckleberry farm, Maryland, and told me that Cox wanted to see me at once. I had heard the evening before that Lincoln had been killed. I had a horse saddled and rode over to Cox's, who told me that Booth and David Herold had been there and wanted assistance to get across the river. I was told where the men were—in a pine thicket about a mile and a half from the house.

"I was given instructions how to reach them without being shot—certain signs by whistling, etc. Upon reaching the dense pines I met Herold, to whom I explained that I was sent by Cox. I was then piloted to where Booth was. He lay on the ground wrapped in a pile of blankets, and his face bore traces of pain. Booth asked many questions as to what people thought of the assassination. He appeared to be proud of what he had done. I at the time thought he had done a good act, but, great God, I soon saw that it was the worst blow ever struck for the south!

"I did the best I could for the poor fellow. I carried him papers to read and something to eat and tried to keep him in good spirits until I got a chance to send him across the river. The country was full of soldiers and detectives, and I did not know how soon I could get him away.

"I think it was the following Tuesday I went up to Port Tobacco to see how the land lay, and it was there, in the barroom of Brawner's hotel, that Captain William Williams, chief of the United States secret service, said he would give $300,000 to any man who would tell where Booth was."

"That's true," admitted Captain Williams at the time of the above interview, "and he would have been General Jones instead of a discharged employee from the navy yard if he had given the information."

"I did the best I could for Booth and Herold," continued Jones. "I did not know them, but when Cox put them in my keeping nothing would have tempted me to betray them. I could have placed my hands on Booth, but honor and truth were worth more to me than the entire wealth of the government.

"At the expiration of the sixth day I heard the officers give orders for the cavalry to go down in St. Mary's county; that the assassins were there. That was my chance, and I made good time to where Booth and Herold were concealed. Booth was glad to know that his time to get into Virginia had come.

"The night was dark, and Herold and I lifted Booth on to my horse. Our progress was slow. We finally reached my house, and I went in to get them something to eat. We then proceeded to the river. Booth was lifted into the boat and was placed in the stern, while Herold took the oars. I then lighted a candle and showed Booth by his compass how to steer to get into Machodoc creek and gave him directions to Mrs. Quesenberry's, who, I thought, would take care of him. That was the last I saw of Booth.

"When notices were posted up that to furnish bread or water to Booth meant death," went on Jones, "I felt pretty shaky. I knew that Booth had hit the Virginia shore. I was arrested and taken to Washington, where I was held for seven weeks. Then I was discharged because nobody believed I knew anything."—New York World.

Seat of the Thunder God.

"Trembling mountain," a massive pile of peculiarly arranged rocks lying on Rogue river, almost directly north of Montreal, was known to the Indians by a combination of words signifying "seat of the thunder god. "According to their traditions, the thunder god formerly used a broad and deep indentation on its summit as a seat, and that therein he would sit for three days in spring, seven in summer, five in autumn and two in winter. They also believed that during the time he was present great chasms would open in the side of the mountain, from which fire would stream for hours without ceasing. Nothing is known concerning the early history of the mountain, but it is thought that the legend refers to old time volcanic action, an opinion strengthened by its geographical name of "Trembling mountain."—St. Louis Republic.

An Opening.

"Why don't you quit the stage and start a secondhand book store?"

"I don't see why there is any especial call for me to start a secondhand book store any more than any other business," replied the actor haughtily.

"Oh, I thought it would suit you pretty well. It is the very place for back numbers."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FILTERING MERRIMAC WATER.

It Has Been Found That Pollution In This Stream Increased the Death Rate.

The city of Lawrence, Mass., is experimenting with a "filter bed" with which it hopes to purify the water of the Merrimac river, the source of the water supply of that city. The sum of $60,000 already has been expended for the purpose. The experiment is being made in pursuance of the discovery made two years ago by the state board of health of Massachusetts that certain cities which had suffered especially from typhoid fever were using water from polluted rivers. The board gave assurance that by the use of filter beds 98 per cent of the bacteria organisms, some of which are harmful, would be removed.

The filtering was begun Sept. 20, since which time daily investigation shows that this proportion of the bacteria is removed from the water, and also that the water is so purified that three-fourths of the remaining 2 per cent die before the water reaches the dwelling houses. The fact that the number of deaths from typhoid fever in that city during the months of October and November of last year was only one each month, while formerly the average for five years was five each month, seems to furnish conclusive evidence that there is a virtue in the plan recommended by the Massachusetts board.—Troy Press.

New Year's Cards In France.

The custom in France of sending one's visiting card to acquaintances on New Year's day is rapidly increasing. Even the establishment of a society for the suppression of complimentary visiting cards has been powerless against the progress of fashion. The French post-office officials have made an interesting calculation on the subject. It is reckoned that in the department of the Seine alone, which of course includes Paris, 8,750,000 visiting card were delivered by postmen on the 1st of January, 1881. The following year it had risen to 9,500,000, the year after to 13,000,000 and finally, in 1894, it reached nearly 15,500,000.—Paris Journal.

Armour Met the Emergency.

Philip D. Armour is a man of vast resources. A few months ago an attempt was made by a grain corner to squeeze him. His own granaries were full, and the combination refused to let him have a square inch of space in their elevators. Armour had 3,000,000 bushels of wheat to place and 30 days in which to do it. He sent for his builder, told him what he wanted, and in 28 days the largest and finest grain elevator in Chicago had been erected and the grain stored in it.—Chicago Correspondent.

His Epitaph.

A young Swede was recently scalded to death by the explosion of a boiler in Oregon. As the young fellow had been very popular among his associates a committee was appointed to erect a small monument over his grave. After considerable hard work the committee produced a stone with the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of our esteamed friend, Lars Larson."—West Coast Lumberman.

CHAMPIONSHIP.

In all the out door sports of the season the weather is playing champion to knock out and close up games. A change will come, of course, and with hot weather will come the fiercer struggle to make up for lost time. All this means a greater amount of wear and tear to the body, to its muscles, nerves and bones. What the damage in all will be from sprains, bruises, wounds, hurts, inflammations, contusions and the like, no one can tell, but there is a championship to be won, important to all, to which few give sufficient consideration, and that is the triumph over all these pains and mishaps in the surest, promptest way. St. Jacobs Oil is the champion remedy for all such ailments; it does not disappoint and never postpones a cure for any cause whatever.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1894.

MUSIC STORE—Wiley B. Allen Co., the oldest, the largest, 211 First St., Portland. Chickering, Hardman, Fischer Pianos, Estey Organs. Low prices, easy terms. **10-CENT MUSIC**—Send for catalogues.

A man who has never had the toothache does not know the real pleasure there is in not having it.

Try Germea for breakfast.

Foul breath is a discourager of affection. It is always an indication of poor health—bad digestion. To bad digestion is traceable almost all human ills. It is the starting point of many very serious maladies. Upon the healthy action of the digestive organs, the blood depends for its richness and purity. If digestion stops, poisonous matter accumulates and is forced into the blood—there is no place else for it to go.

The bad breath is a danger signal. Look out for it! If you have it, or any other symptom of indigestion, take a bottle or two of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will straighten out the trouble, make your blood pure and healthy and full of nutriment for the tissues.

LITTLE STARTS A FUSS.

Homemaking and Homekeeping Built on Trivialities.

Men and women don't need to swing clubs to break up home concord. A sneer and a waspish tongue will be quite as effective. Sarcasm and nagging are to the atmosphere of love what sand flies and fleas are to summer. Who would not prefer an occasional brush with a roaring June bug to the torment of a flea you can't catch?

Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end.
A man must hold his friend.

There is more than one virtue that has gone out of date along with town pumps and tallow candles. There is the old fashioned trick of loyalty to one's friends. There are plenty of friendships which, like costumes, are put on and off to suit circumstances, but the custom of "sticking up" for a friend, as our grandmothers called it, through all trouble and calumny, whether deserved or not, went out with calashes and knee buckles. How many understand the deep and delicate meaning of the words Ruth spoke so long ago to Naomi, "Thy friends shall be my friends?" We all of us number so called friends upon the ephemeral records we keep whose lips are ready to traduce, unchallenged by us, the names of others for whom we vow an equal regard. It should be as impossible for us to listen to a word of reproach against any one whom we love as it would be to say the slanderous thing ourselves. What does the sensitive plant do when rude touch approaches its blossoms? Just what we should do when the breath of scandal touches our friends.

If loyalty is out of date, so is modesty. I do not allude to the modesty that would interfere with a woman's plan to go half dressed into a theater box or to a public reception. I pass that by and take up the question only of such modesty as keeps a young girl diffident and preserves bashfulness in a boy like the bloom on a plum. "He is green!" you say of such and such a one. So is April! Who would not prefer such greenness to the withering blight of hay and a midsummer drought? Never condemn a young person because there is enough sap left in his soul to flutter a green leaf late in the season. I love to see that modesty which makes a youth deferential to his elders. It's horribly out of date, I know, but I love bashfulness and modest, unassuming ways are mighty sweet to see.—Amber in Chicago Times-Herald.

To Start the Story.

In writing a story there are authors who do not plan the course of events in advance because they do not know them, but they write on, certain that some ingenious complication will suggest itself—in short, the story is to write itself.

I confess I believe in and rather follow this system, for the reason that the incidents seem more like real life where the unexpected so often happens, and where events turn up in a capricious way. However this may be, I have always found that everything depends on getting well started—that is, started with such eagerness and enthusiasm that you could sit down then and there and write on and on to the end.

Others deliberate and potter, as it were, hover on the brink, hesitating to make the plunge. The moment of departure is put off and put off, and when at last a start is made it becomes a task and a drudgery and is virtually no start at all, because it is so labored and uninspired that you feel you have not begun.—"Memoirs of an Author," Percy Fitzgerald.

Dr. de Koven's Letter.

At a recent exhibition of dolls in Chicago a doll was shown which once had a letter addressed to it by the late Dr de Koven, the great Episcopal high church leader. It was as follows:

My Dear Wax—I am glad to hear of your birth, and that you were named for me, and that you are of wax. You could not be of better stuff for a minister. You will look sweet. This will please the young. You cannot talk too much. This will please the old. You can wink at things, which you will have to do. You will eat little; you will need but small pay. When you are bruised, you can be put on a shelf without a word, and a doll, new, fresh, and with red cheeks, will take your place. If you have to be a martyr by fire, you will melt easy and save pain to those who have to put you in, but if you do good to even one little girl like C—— your life will be worth a great deal. So goodby, from your affectionate friend.
J. de K.

South African Bushmen.

Civilization is making rapid strides in South Africa, but the bushman yet makes his own knife and with considerable ingenuity. They dig a little iron, find a broken hatchet or a hoop from a rum barrel, and out of these parts they form even axes, adzes, hammers and about everything they need in that line. These implements are of course very crude, but the native has much patience.—Hardware.

John Herschel could remember every figure of the long and abstruse mathematical calculations made in his astronomical work. He often made a long calculation, then called his amanuensis and dictated the whole from memory.

Presented With a Throne.

King Behanzin's throne has just arrived in Paris, a present to the city from the victorious General Dodds, and has been placed in the Trocadero museum. It is a curious block of wood, carved with rude reliefs representing the king and his court.—Paris Journal.

WORE A SUIT OF MAIL.

The Peculiar Personality of a California Woman of Property.

The story of the achievements of Maria Bensley has become familiar through the recent attempts at settlement of the Bensley estate. The story of the woman's personality is more remarkable. As one evidence of her peculiarities it may be cited that she wore a coat of mail.

The woman was the wife of John Bensley, once a financial power in San Francisco. When he failed and fled, after hiding his property to escape his creditors, she remained to fight them and proved herself a diplomat. After several transfers she got hold of the Bensley property, in turn disposing of it to a fictitious woman, from whom she had no trouble in securing a power of attorney. "Mrs. de Tarente" she called this fictitious woman, and needless to say, when Mrs. Bensley desired to dispose of any property, Mrs. de Tarente never dissented.

While Bensley was away his wife found herself in many trying situations, and when she became a widow her peace of mind was still disturbed by the importunities of creditors and their recourse to the law. Mrs. Bensley traced her pedigree back to noble families that never existed, and her pride was based on titles that were never bestowed. She had few confidants, and the enemies her husband had acquired readily transferred their attention to her. She was worried and looked it. She grew thin and feeble, but lost no whit of her pluck.

One day Mrs. Bensley was dining at the Pleasonton when a message was brought to her. She read it, gasped and fainted. As she fell from her chair she struck the floor with a clang. People who raised the attenuated form wondered at its weight. When medical attention was called, the mystery was explained. Inclosing the woman's body was a coat of mail, steel linked and bullet proof. In her contentions and her scheming to keep creditors from getting their dues she had learned to fear vengeance. It is believed that until death Mrs. Bensley wore her armor. When stricken with heart disease, she was still in the midst of a legal fight, still maintaining her frauds and had as much reason as ever to believe herself in danger of violence.—San Francisco Letter.

SECRETARY'S PORTRAITS.

The Limited Art Gallery In the Department of State at Washington.

The department of state at Washington has now an art gallery, limited to a certain class of paintings, of which there is no superior collection in the world. This collection has been recently hung with much good taste in one of the rooms devoted to the reception of the diplomatic corps when any of its members call to see the secretary.

The collection embraces the oil portraits of every secretary of state, beginning with Thomas Jefferson, down to and including Thomas F. Bayard. Some of the likenesses are said to be most excellent, and a few are thought by experts to be wretchedly poor. Mr. Bayard's is one of the latter, although the government paid a handsome sum to the artist for her work. All these portraits were on exhibition at the World's fair at Chicago and have recently been received at the state department. Where they are now hung visitors can readily see them without the formality of red tape or the granting of authority by any of the functionaries of the department. The collection is a most valuable one and will soon be increased by portraits of Mr. Blaine, Secretary Foster and later of Secretary Gresham. A striking fact in the collection was the number of secretaries who preferred to wear no hirsute adornments. John C. Calhoun was the only one prior to Secretary Blaine who wore whiskers.—Baltimore Sun.

Europe's Suffering Poor.

The suffering among the London poor this winter is not so great as was expected, says a correspondent. It has been about an average winter for the unemployed. There has been only about a week of severe weather, which fact has greatly mitigated suffering. London is now rejoicing in pleasant skies and springlike air, influences under which the grass has been always green, and shrubs are now putting out their leaves, and trees are beginning to bud.

A very different story comes from eastern Europe. In districts in Russia the winter is so severe that wolves are unusually fierce. The other day at Saratoff a peasant woman walking near the village was surrounded and devoured by a pack of nine wolves. Another peasant going to market was set upon by a pack of wolves and torn to shreds. Nothing was left of man and horse but a few bones and tufts of hair.

His Name.

The mania for giving a large number of Christian names to one and the same person is particularly prevalent in Italy. An Italian gentleman named Campagna, who has just been naturalized a Frenchman, has given some little trouble to the French foreign office clerks in registering his full designation. Here it is: Vincendo Salvatore Maria Gennaro Francesco-Sales Francesco-d'Assisi Francesco de Paolo Rocca Michele Crocifisso Emiddio Pasquale Giovan Giuseppe Geltrude Carlo Gaetana Alfonso Ciro Andrea Luigi Gioran Geraldo Antonio-di-Para Antonio-Abatte Campagna.—London News.

Annexation at Boston.

The Massachusetts legislature is moving in the direction of a "greater Boston." It is proposed to annex to the Hub all towns and cities within 10 miles of Boston and all the seashore from Marblehead to Hull. The consolidation will give Boston a large area and greater population and will benefit the other places by giving them improvements which they could not otherwise afford.—Detroit Free Press.

HOITT'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Master at Burlingame, San Mateo county, Cal., is one of the best schools for boys on the Pacific Coast.

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The chief function of the kidneys is to separate from the blood, in its passage through them, of certain impurities and watery particles which make their final exit through the bladder. The retention of these in consequence of inactivity of the kidneys is productive of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, albuminuria and other maladies with a fatal tendency. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a highly sanctioned diuretic and blood depurent, impels the kidneys when inactive to renew their sifting function, and strain from the vital current impurities which infest it and threaten their own existence as organs of the body. Catarrh of the bladder, gravel and retention of the urine are also maladies arrested or averted by this benign promoter and restorative of organic action. Malaria, rheumatism, constipation, biliousness and dyspepsia also yield to the Bitters, which is also speedily beneficial to the weak and nervous.

"Was he warmly received upon the occasion of his debut in tragedy?" "Warmly? Why they had to ring down the asbestos curtain?"

A GREAT STAYER.

As competition increases it becomes harder and harder for the business man to succeed, and in recognition of this fact, the public is often informed that this or that thing has "come to stay." A strong purpose is good, but doing the thing is even better. One of the greatest stayers we know of is Pain-Killer, the advertisements of which we are printing elsewhere. This famous old family remedy has stayed in the homes of the country 55 years, and is today more popular than ever. This one fact proves its value, and makes argument unnecessary. It only remains for the proprietors (as they are now doing) to remind each coming generation that for over half a century Pain-Killer has been recognized as the handiest, surest and cheapest cure for the common ills of humanity, and that a bottle on their shelf will sooner or later save them trouble and suffering and money.

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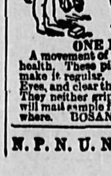

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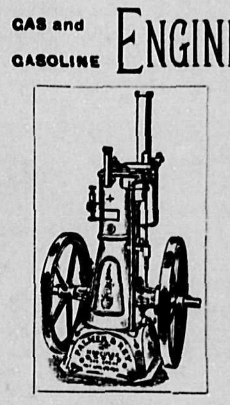

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CLOVERDALE, JULY 19, 1895.

LAURIER FAILS TO CONNECT.

The excitement in the Dominion House of Commons in connection with the school question, of which we gave details in our last issue, appears to have completely subsided and things political are again pursuing their ordinary course. On Monday Mr. Laurier, seeking to make some party gain out of a question serious enough to be held free of party tactics, and himself too cowardly to offer patriotic advice, moved the following resolution: "That this House regrets the failure of the Government to deal with the Manitoba school question in a manner demanded by the best interests of the country, and is of opinion that the Ministerial declarations in regard to the question are calculated to promote a dangerous agitation among the Canadian people." Upon a division the resolution was rejected, 70 voting for and 114 against. This is probably the last that will be heard of the question in the House this session, but just think of the truckling, office-seeking leader of the Liberal party, an exposed coward on this very question, mouthing his cant about what is "demanded by the best interests of the country." The best interests of the country demand that the Liberal party shall lend its power to the Government of the day to settle once for all by overwhelming authority a question that undoubtedly does threaten the peace of the country. But does any man believe that that power will be forthcoming for that purpose? On the contrary, is it not absolutely certain that the Liberal power will be at all future turns of the question in the same position as heretofore, namely, timidly peeping around corners for party advantage. Show Mr. Laurier and his deputies the path that leads to office, and little they will concern themselves whether "the best interests of the country" lie in the same direction.

Undoubtedly the Government is in a critical position. The vigorous resolutions passed by Orangemen at various points of celebration on Friday last, though touched a little no doubt with the enthusiasm of the day, show clearly enough the temper of one set of ordinary supporters, the retirement of a French Cabinet Minister indicates the position of another, while over all is the restriction contained in the judgment of the Privy Council, at present a disputed quantity. That the majority of the Canadian people favor non-interference with Manitoba will scarce admit of question, and it should be sufficient for that majority to know that in the first test of strength in the Cabinet their cause won. Outside of the Ministers no one knows just how much was won, and the majority may safely rest it there in the meantime. No aid in the way of adjustment can be hoped for from the Liberals. The Conservatives will fail of a remedy when they fail, but it is not yet. Let us 'bide a wee.

A public school teacher in the Evening Post, Chicago, says of the cigarette evil: "In this section of the country this evil is worse than the alcohol habit, for it seems actually to threaten extermination. There are babies, two of them only five years old, who say they have been smoking for two years, and the statement is coroborated by their elder brothers. One of the little ones was a pouting-lipped cupid but two years ago, now his tiny face is pinched and wrinkled, and his mouth hangs loose and relaxed, like an old man's."

THE FRASER BRIDGE.

The latest developments in regard to the Fraser bridge are of a kind to inspire some little confidence that the work of construction will be proceeded with in the near future. It is true that the wearisome delays and frequent disappointments that have heretofore occurred in the prosecution of the work have a tendency to throw doubt upon any fresh assurances that the business is at last in shape to be promptly proceeded with, and this is especially the case when those assurances are based upon arrangements in connection with the charter of the B. I. & F. V. Railway, a charter obtained for speculative purposes and held at a price for some years past. Nevertheless, the unlikely sometimes happens, and it must be admitted that the offer now being made by Mr. Rand carries a business air.

On Saturday last a public meeting was held in Westminster with the announced intention of reaching conclusions on bridge matters. The meeting was largely attended, and was taken part in by the ablest men in the city. It was shown to the satisfaction of the meeting that Mr. Rand's London principals were now willing to undertake the construction of bridge and railway and as an earnest of good faith had deposited the sum of $100,000 in the Bank of B. N. A., to be put up by Mr. Rand as a forfeit in case of failure to carry out any arrangements entered into with the cities of Westminster and Vancouver for the construction of the works mentioned. Such being the position of affairs, and the people of Westminster having decided to again give Mr. Rand their confidence, there is no reason why the people on this side the river should not have reasonable hopes of the speedy consummation of an undertaking that they have had in anxious expectation for many years. Should the "Rand scheme" again fail, it is safe to say the public will tolerate no further dallying, in so far at least as relates to the bridge bonus granted from the public funds of the Province.

The people south of the river are not at all concerned in the interest Westminster had in view in preferring to give Mr. Rand a bonus to build a bridge for the B. I. & F. V. Company rather than to incur all the cost and the city own the structure; but it is certainly satisfactory that the lines chosen by the city are those most agreeable to the country also. Presumably the bridge arrangement will be an aid in securing the construction of the Fraser Valley Railway, and the mere building of that line will be of great benefit to agricultural interests here at this time, to say nothing of the permanent advantages to the important section of country to be served by the new railway. Everything considered, the prospect is decidedly encouraging, and in the present promise, we will forget past disappointments and wish hearty success to the "Rand scheme."

At the regular meeting of Westminster City Council on Monday evening, bridge matters, of course, comprised the principal business. Acting upon the expressed wish of the meeting of Saturday night, the Council passed the following resolution:

"That this Council hereby accept (subject to revision, as to its form, by the City Solicitor) the agreement between the corporation of the City of New Westminster and the Burrard Inlet & Fraser Valley Railway Co., as reported by the joint committee on the bridge plans; and calls upon the said company to deposit its guarantee of £8,000 sterling, according to the terms of the said agreement, and that this Council will, as soon as satisfied that the said guarantee has been deposited, proceed to submit to the ratepayers, at the earliest possible date, a by-law to enable this Council to do all things necessary to the carrying out of the said agreement."

The foregoing resolution, which has the appearance of being eminently business-like and to the point, was carried without a dissenting vote; nevertheless, it was manifest enough from the general proceedings that the majority of the Council, comprising those members who are without doubt most anxious for the immediate construction of the bridge, are by no means pleased with the position the business has got into. They either have no faith in Mr. Rand's ability to carry out the undertaking, or on grounds of policy they object to the "Rand scheme" of building the bridge. Just which is not clear from the newspaper reports. It would certainly be more satisfactory to people here if these known friends of bridge construction were in hearty sympathy with the new arrangement; but in any event the limit of time allowed to Mr. Rand to put up his deposit is so brief that the public need not be long in doubt regarding the good faith of the transactions now in progress. By resolution Mr. Rand was given ten days in which to put up his guarantee of $40,000.

THE British elections as far as yet held have resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the Liberals. The latest returns show 206 Conservatives and 34 Unionists elected, a total of 240; against 52 Liberals, 28 McCarthyites, 6 Parnellites and 1 Labor, a total of 77.

IT is expected that the Dominion Parliament will be prorogued tomorrow.

Cyclone in New York.

New York, July 15.—The first cyclone in many years struck New York and vicinity Saturday afternoon, killing several people and wrecking a large amount of valuable property. The cloud when first seen was funnel-shaped and hung very near the ground. At the upper end was a red spot that appeared more like an incandescent light than anything else. As it moved on its course trees were torn down, telephone, telegraph and trolley wires demolished and houses unroofed or totally wrecked. At Cherryhill, a small village a few miles from Hackensack, it developed cyclonic fury, attended by the demolition of the village and a number of deaths. Within a minute after the storm broke, twenty-seven houses, nearly the entire number in the village, were wrecked. The cyclone made a clear path through the centre of the place, carrying everything with it. Houses were unroofed or thrown down, trees were uprooted and the crops in the fields levelled to the grouud. At the present time it is known that five were killed and the injured by scores, many of them it is believed fatally. Great masses of wreckage were carried through the air by the gale, adding to the destruction. Among the buildings wrecked was the Dutch Reformed Church, a structure recently erected. Three large beams, picked from the wreck of other buildings by the wind, were borne, end on, against the side of the Church and they went through the walls like cannon balls. The depot, standing between the tracks of the New York and New Jersey Central railway, was demolished. The freight depot was also wrecked and the big platform carried several hundred feet from its place. The cyclone wrecked thirty houses at Woodhaven and a very large school house there. There were 20 residents of Woodhaven injured by the cyclone and two deaths. Several people were picked up by the wind and carried a block or two. Trees and chimneys sailed through the air as if they were no heavier than feathers.

San Francisco, July 17.—The ease with which the Japanese captured Port Arthur, during the recent war with China, is explained to some extent by an article in the Japan Gazette which arrived on the last steamer. According to the Gazette, one of the commanders of the Chinese forts was a native of Japan, who acquired favor in the Chinese councils, through long residence in the Flowery Kingdom, and intentionally caused the shots from the guns to be misdirected, so they would fall short of the Japanese warships. Having betrayed his adopted land for the land of his birth, this Commander is said to have appeared before the victorious Japanese generals, acknowledged his treason to the Chinese, and then committed suicide in their presence.

That the Japs had an easy task in subduing the Chinamen, is abundantly evident from the official figures published in Japan regarding the Japanese invading force. Its total strength was only 60,979, and of these only 734 were killed in battle, and 231 died of their wounds. The deaths from disease increased the total to 4,110. A statement of losses by China would read very differently.

Manitoba Orangemen Pass Resolutions.

Winnipeg, Man., July 13.—At the Orange demonstration, yesterday, the following resolutions were passed:

"That the Orangemen and Protestants of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, now assembled from almost every township in the Province, on this 12th day of July, do most solemly renew our protests against interference with the rights and liberties of the Legislature and people of the Province, in their right to establish a system of public schools and to withhold public funds from the propagation of any state church, creed or dogmas, and we consider this a fitting opportunity to thank the Premier of this Province and his worthy colleagues for the noble and patriotic stand they have taken in resisting to the utmost of their power, the threatened remedial legislation and the invasion of our liberties as a free people; and we hereby pledge ourselves, in the presence of this vast assemblage, that we will, even to the sacrifice of our lives, defend our schools and the liberties of our children in this grand heritage which God has given us.

"That one representative in the Cabinet, from this Province, namely, Hon. T. M. Daly, M. P., for Selkirk, be asked to place his resignation, at an early day, in the hands of His Excellency, the Governor-General, and that A. W. Ross, M. P., for Lisgar; N. Boyd, M. P., for Marquette, and Hon. T. M. Daly, M. P., for Selkirk, be asked to explain how far they can justify themselves in supporting a Government which threatens our Province with such dire calamity, and which, no doubt, if carried into effect, will jeopardize Confederation."

Chinamen Employ White Labor.

Says the San Francisco Call of July 4th:

Labor Commissioner Fitzgerald yesterday received the information that a large number of white women and girls are being employed by Chinese orchardists in Fresno country. His informant stated that a short time ago several Chinese purchased the Mulger ranch north of Traver, and up until recently used cooley help to work in the orchards and harvest the crop.

For some reason, supposed to be the scarcity of cooley help, the Chinese ranch owners this year are employing white woman and girls. The latter are engaged in picking and packing fruit, and, of course, under the direction and orders of a Chinese boss. Such a condition of affairs was predicted nearly twenty years ago by a number of political economists, who stated that the day would come when the white people would work for the Chinese.

Mr. Fitzgerald will send to Fresno county for a full statement as to the number of white woman and girls thus employed by Chinese and the wages they receive also the conditions that lead to such a state of affairs.

Story of Chief Justice Davie's Boyhood.

The Perthshire People's Journal of June 8th has the following paragraph: "A romantic little story comes from Blairgowrie. Some 28 or 29 years ago, a little lad appeared in town, hungry and ragged. He had no friends, and his pitiful case awoke the sympathy of an old soldier named Smith and of Mrs Bisset, Wellmeadow. It was found out that he had run away from school in Surrey. Mrs. Bisset housed him for a week or more, rigged him out in some of her own children's clothes, and paid his fare back to Surrey. The young lad has since developed into the present Chief Justice of British Columbia, Mr. Theodore Davie, who was premier of that Colony in 1892 and onwards. That Chief Justice Davie has not forgotten his early adventure in Blair is shown by a letter which Mrs. Bisset's daughter has just received from him referring to the kindness which her mother showed him, inquiring about the old pensioner Smith, and enclosing a sum of money in repayment of Mrs. Smith's outlay in his behalf. He also speaks of a probable visit to Blair."

Levis, Que., July 13.—For three days the inquest in the Craig's Road railway horror has been going on here. All the evidence goes to show that McLeod and Perkins, the engineer and fireman, were asleep and went to their death in that manner. Several heavy actions for damages have already been entered against the Grand Trunk Railway in the Courts by the victims who were injured. The property loss was some $150,000, and the damages will probably exceed that. The railway will, in all, be called upon to pay nearly $250,000 for the smash-up.

Ottawa, July 13.—At the Orange demonstration, here, yesterday, Clark Wallace denounced Bishop Gravel for trying to influnce the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He also stated his position on the Manitoba school question. He said: "For my part, and I speak under a full sense of the responsibility of my utterances, I say frankly and firmly that I favor the maintenance of non-sectarian schools in Manitoba, and, if our constitution permitted it, I would advocate a similar system throuhout the whole of Canada. I propose to await events rather than anticipate those which may never occur. Nor do I intend to be influenced, no matter from what quarter. Our duty is to adhere resolutely to the ground of the principle of swerving neither to the right nor to the left, and in this I hope to have your support, and that of the great majority of the people of Canada. (Cheers).

W. T, Bambridge, assistant foreman in the World office, Vancouver, was drowned while bathing in English Bay, on Saturday. It is believed he was taken with a cramp. The body was recovered later in the day. Mrs. Bambridge was on the beach at the time and witnessed the drowning of her husband.

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WANTED, a male teacher for the Cloverdale school. Salary, $70 per month. A married man preferred. Must grade at least second class. Applications will be received up to 7 o'clock p. m. of Saturday, July 27th.

J. F. GALBRAITH,
Sec. Cloverdale School Board.

Cloverdale, July 10, 1895.

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