

GOVERNMENT "PAP."

An evening contemporary takes The Colonist to task for having inserted a letter in which occurred a sentence throwing a doubt on the prospective value of inlet property...

THE TOWAGE QUESTION.

A correspondent in a letter in to-day's issue again very sensibly brings forward the towage grievance. He asserts the fact, which he is prepared to prove by figures and data, that from \$5000 to \$6000 monthly is lost to pilots and owners of tugs in this province through the one-sided competition with American tugs...

THE DEFENCE OF INDIA.

A great scheme for the defence of India is said to have been adopted. The cost is said to be no less than £30,000,000 sterling, to be spent in eight or ten years.

The One-Sided Towage Laws.

TO THE EDITOR:—Having noticed at various times in your valuable paper letters touching on the towage question in British Columbia waters, I would like to show the people of British Columbia—more particularly those of Victoria and Nanaimo—the grievous wrong done those communities by the laws governing maritime matters in British Columbia...

Now, sir, I suppose that you are aware that if a British Columbia towboat attempts to tow a vessel to any place above Port Townsend on Puget Sound waters it is liable to be confiscated. I am aware of one case, that of the steamer Alexander, whose master some six years ago engaged to tow a vessel from outside Cape Flattery to Seattle...

Nuts for the Coal Harborites to Crack.

TO THE EDITOR:—The Daily Times of Saturday contained a letter by "Amicus," in which you are the friendly recipient of much criticism which, whatever its failings, is not open to the charge of flattery. The personal portions of "Amicus'" letter I do not wish to criticize, but I would like to say a few words in questioning the accuracy of certain statements made as to the injurious effects upon Victoria of the extension of the Canadian Pacific railway to English Bay...

FEATS OF FOUR CLIPPERS.

The chronic grumblers of the Maritime Exchange, who have had nothing to talk about except the hard times for nobody can tell how many years, have had to drop the topic for two days past in order to recall with animation the days when clipper ships were built and came out had to beat the record or take reduced freights...

AN OLD LONDON TRICK.

Narrow Escape of an American Judge from the Clutches of the Ishmaelites of the Strand. An American gentleman whom I met the other day, says the New York Tribune's London correspondent, told me of his narrow escape from being robbed by what I am told is an "old London trick." He is a criminal judge in one of our Southern states; and one would suppose that such an official would be on his guard against tricks of all kinds...

LAYING OUT ROUTES.

How the Thing is Done Systematically—The Agent's "Long Book"—Arranging the Attractions—Arrangements with the Manager. "Of late," one of the best-known theatrical agents in this city said recently, "actors have far less trouble in arranging for dates out of town than formerly. In fact, I may say that the system of routing and booking has undergone a complete change. No longer than seven days ago the old system prevailed. Under it hardly any so-called combinations were on the road. I can say, without being in the least immodest, that I was the first agent to adopt the present system. I based it on that pursued by a New York theatre, which sent many companies on the road. From the family which managed the establishment I got the fundamental principles of the present system. I have it down to such a fine point that if I am asked to book and route a company I can tell in a few minutes what dates and places are open for it."

LOST IN THE BUSH.

A special correspondent gives the following graphic account of the finding of a young girl, Clara Crosbie, who had been lost in the bush for three weeks. "It was on the twentieth day after the girl left Mrs. Haines' house that a couple of friends started out to look for a horse which had strayed in the ranges. J. G. Curwan, a farmer and contractor of Warburton, who has been fourteen years in the district and knows his way about, was accompanied in this quest by William Smith, a piano-forte tuner of Kew, who was on a tour through the district. They struck the Cockatoo creek, and as they watched the turbid stream flowing through the oozy bed of a large morass Mr. Curwan began to expatiate upon the advantages of canals for drainage purposes with as much fervor as the late Hugh Melcol used to praise canals for irrigation purposes. The friends grew so interested in the subject that they got off their horses to discuss it, and they were soon deep in the history of the Swan canal and that of its engineer, De Lesseps. Then remounting and skirting the swamp, they were riding rapidly away, when Mr. Smith found the head of a starved domestic cat, which had vainly sought succor in a hole in a tree. Mr. Curwan obliged his "fellow-chums," as he calls him, by washing till Mr. Smith once more left his saddle, and with a stick fully dismounted the fellow victim of misplaced confidence in the nutritive resources of the Lydaly bush. "He was just mounting again when a low sound like a young blackbird's whistle caught the notice of one of the gentlemen, and he called out, 'What's that?' Again the wailing, plaintive note was heard on the breeze. It was enough this time, Mr. Curwan was sure it was a cat. 'I never,' he says, 'hear a cat-e-e twice in the bush without knowing it. I assumed it was a cat, but I was wrong. I was sure something was wrong, but I didn't know where the sound came from because of the noise of the birds. I galloped up the rise in front of us and cat-e-e'd now and again. Every time we cat-e-e'd, indeed, a voice—we got the response of that low yet piercing note of distress. When we got on to the hill I was sure the voice came from the swamp we had left. As fast as I galloped and ran, I would let us go on advanced toward the spot where we had been talking about cats. I heard some one speaking, but could not make out the words, and the scrub was so thick I could not see anyone. "At last I caught sight of a little girl, and it went to my heart to see her so thin and woe-begone, but I could not believe it was Clara Crosbie, or that she could have lived so long. The little creature was tottering toward us in her ulster, without shoes or stockings on, but quite sensible. She said, 'I want to go home to my mother. I have been lost three weeks.' She was so weak that she could scarcely stand. I jumped off my horse, put my coat around her, and took her up in my arms. She said she wanted a drink, but I wished to hasten back to the camp with her, as I was afraid she might go off. It would have been terrible for her to have died in my arms after all she had suffered and I had found her. She said she had lived in a tree, and used to go for water, but that she had been too weak to go for any for two days...

THE CLOSEST OCEAN RACE OF TWENTY YEARS JUST WON.

At noon on October 10th, the ship Albert G. Ropes, Capt. David H. Rivers, hauled out of the dock at Liverpool, having 1,500 tons of salt on board. She was in tow for eight hours, and then made all sail with a fresh wind in the north-north-east. One hour after the Ropes had left the dock the Commodore T. H. Allen, Capt. Robert Merriman, carrying a light cargo followed her, and began making sail at about the same time. Both ships measure over 2,300 tons, both have masts so tall that a landsman gets dizzy looking at the tops of them, and both spread nearly two acres of canvas in such a wind as was whistling over their decks on the evening of Oct. 10th. There were only two dirty Liverpool tugs to see the send off, but there has not been such a race in twenty years as was then begun. The two ships lost sight of each other during the night, but each captain knew that the other was not far away, and each watched the trim of his canvas and the course by the compass in a way that would prevent the loss of an inch of advantage. For forty-eight hours neither saw the other, but at the end of that time Capt. Rivers saw the skylight of the Allen looming above the horizon east. The wind was light and in the east, and the Allen had recognized their opponent a head, but with such light airs that the race was aggravating. The Allen crawled up a bit during the day, which was Monday, and for two days the two ships watched each other, having the whole ocean to themselves. They were reeling off the miles at a fair rate, but were doing nothing to brag of. It is likely that there were never two captains more surprised than these were when, on Wednesday morning, they awoke to the fact that somebody's royal sail was showing up astern, and that it was a British royal at that. Before night the third ship, the Flora P. Stafford, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, Capt. John Smith, had passed the Allen, and was legging along after the Ropes in a way that I could not stop when I

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PEOPLE WHO SHIVER ALL WINTER IN UNWARMED HOUSES.

Although the climate of Santiago is about that of Washington or St. Louis, the people have a notion that fires in their houses are unhealthy, and except in those houses which have been built by English or American residents there is nothing like a grate or a stove to be found. Everybody wears the warmest sort of underclothing and heavy wraps indoors and out, and the people spend six months of the year in a perpetual shiver, and the remainder in a perpetual perspiration. It looks rather odd to see civilized people sitting in a parlor, surrounded by every possible luxury of wealth can bring except fire, wrapped in furs and rugs, with blue noses and chattering teeth, when coal is cheap and the mountains covered with timber. But nothing can convince a Chileano that artificial heat is healthful, and during the winter, which is the rainy season, he has not the wit to warm his chilly bones. It is odd to see in the streets men wearing fur caps, and with their throats wrapped in heavy mufflers, while the women have nothing on their heads at all. During the morning, while on their way to and from mass, or while shopping, the women wear the "mantas," as they do in Peru, but in the afternoon, on the promenade or when riding, they go bareheaded. Although the prevailing diseases are pneumonia and other throat and lung complaints and during the winter the mortality from these causes are immense, the Chileans persist in believing that artificial heat poisons the atmosphere, and when they visit the homes of a foreigner, should a fire be lit, they will ask that the door be left ajar, so that he may be chilly as usual. At fashionable gatherings dining parties and that sort of thing, I have seen women in full evening dress, with bare arms and shoulders, with the temperature of the room between 50 and 55 Fahrenheit. They carry into the room or dining room their fur wraps, and wear them at the table, while at every chair is a foot warmer of thick llama wool, into which they poke their chilly shivering toes. These foot warmers are very ornamental, with embroidered cases, and are manufactured at home or are purchased of the sea, who spend much of their time in such places. Every lady soon on the streets in the morning carries a prayer rug, often handsomely embroidered, which she kneels upon at mass to protect her limbs from the cold, damp stone floors of the church, in which there are never any pews. It used to be the proper thing to have a servant follow my lady, bearing her rug and prayer book, but that fashion is no more. "Before the left that afternoon for California I had her rug laid out, and she was booked for all the theatres on the route. How do I manage it? I'll show you. In this book," opening a long book, I have on every page every date in perpetual succession, but over the each date every page belongs to a theatre, the theatres being arranged according to states. I can tell by a glance at each page how many dates are open for the theatre represented by that page. Here is Cleveland—filled you see, from Aug. 24, 1885, to June 21, 1886. Now, suppose I want to book an attraction for some date later than June 21, 1885, in Cleveland. I telegraph to the manager the name of the attraction, the time, and terms. There is a possibility that we may differ on terms and have to adjust them by wire. But I know what ideas the different managers have in regard to terms, and usually get an affirmative answer to my first telegram. In addition to my book, in which each page is devoted to a theatre, I have tables containing a page like those in the book.

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