Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1886.

RAILWAY TO CARIBOO.

An article appeared in yesterday morning's issue from the pen of Mr. H. P. Bell, C. E., on the subject of a railway from some point on the line of the Canadian Pacific into the Cariboo district. This same matter has occupied the attention of the provincial government, who have had it in hand for some time past with a view of securing its construction by inducing the federal government to join with them in advancing the scheme. From information already collected, the feasibility of constructing a line of railway either by the way of the North Thompson River, or by following the Bonaparte Valley, has been demonstrated, though further surveys will, of course, be necessary to determine the most advantageous route. The construction of the Canadian Pacific railway has furnished a means whereby the dormant resources of the province may now be developed. It has provided a grand artery of communication with the markets of the Dominion, of the United States, of Great Britain, and Europe generally. In order that the artery may be made to advance the general welfare of the province it will be necessary to construct branches, and it has ever been contended that the gold district of Cariboo offered the best field for such a feeder. There can be no question as to the wealth and extent of its quartz veins, or the richness of its placer deposits; and the one reason that has operated against their being extensively worked has been the high freight tariff necessarily charged to a point so remote from the source of supply. This with the consequent high price of labor has prevented the advancement of Cariboo, and outside of the rich paying placer deposits, it is still comparatively unworked. The time is now at hand when it is necessary to connect this district with the national highway in order that its latent wealth may form an important element in the progress of the province in particular and of the Dominion generally. The government recognizing this fact have already made a commencement, and though a line of action has not yet been laid down, it is not difficult to foresee that earnest endeavor on their part, on the part of the Dominion representatives from this province, and the hearty co-operation of its people will in the end secure the building of a railway line into Cariboo. The prosecution and completion of such an undertaking would mean the expenditure of large capital, and as before remarked there need be no hesitation or disbelief in the result—it would be highly beneficial to the district, province and Dominion, and to the men who would thus invest their money.

A CASE IN POINT.

Let those in Victoria who oppose the proposed loan for sewerage purposes bear in mind the sad warning given by the present condition of the city of Petalums. Here is the case of a city enjoying a climate that is known the world over as being exceedingly healthy, with numbers of its citizens down with typhoid fever, simply because the sanitary arrangements have been neglected. We in Victoria have an equally healthy climate, but it requires nothing but a continuance of the present lack of sanitation to make this fair city a hot bed for fevers. It may be that such a visitation might not overtake Victoria for some time to come, but sooner or later come it must, unless the people are willing to do their share in rendering permanent the advantages that have been bestowed by nature. "The mills of God grind slow, but they grind exceedingly small" is an old aphorism; and because Victoria has so far been phenomenally free from sickness there is no reason to think that her turn will not come if proper attention is not paid to cleanliness. The same rule so often applied to the family, "better pay bakers' bills than doctors' bills," is equally applicable to the city. Better pay bills to keep the city in good health than pay doctors' bills to bring back lost health.

THE QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

The result of the general elections in Quebec for the local legislature is yet in doubt. If one looks through conservative spectacles he will have no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the government has been sustained though by a small majority, and if through liberal then he has as little doubt that Mr. Mercier has a working majority at his back. One thing is certain that the result is as close as it well could be, and that neither party has anything to boast of as far as a majority is concerned, though it is readily agreed that the liberals have made great gains. The general opinion seems to be that either the present government will retain the reins of power until the house meets, or more likely, that a coalition government will be formed. At present all is chaos and confusion, and one can only wait until the smoke has cleared away from the battlefield to proclaim the victor's name. Meantime it is very interesting to read the utterances of the Quebec press on the subject. The Gazette seemingly is not very happy:

"We take it that in the new legislature the government will command a majority of three to five, certainly a narrow enough one, that in the interest of the effective administration of public affairs is regrettably small. The success achieved by the liberals was due to two principal causes, the race and revenge cry, which cost the government the loss of a dozen or more constituencies and the lavish expenditure of money, our advice being to the effect that the liberals were plentifully supplied with funds by their Ontario allies."

La Minerve, a staunch government organ, states that the liberals have been entirely deceived in their hope of a clean sweep of the conservatives, as the latter "remain with a phalanx whose numbers are quite imposing." It points out that the nationalists, after giving material help to the liberals in securing success to a certain extent, have themselves been left out in the cold, only three of their candidates being elected. Referring to Montreal East, it deplores the defeat of the Hon. Mr. Taillon, and says it is but a repetition of that great political fault which killed Sir George Etienne Cartier. The article winds up by stating that there is reason to believe the conservative party will remain in power.

La Patrie on the other hand proclaims a national triumph: "The struggle is over, and the province may breathe freely. It has lived under the sorry pendard regime; now we will have the national regime. The province of Quebec feels the blow it received on the 16th of November. What a revenge we have had! How thorough, too! How happy the patriots were last night! * * * We must thank the patriots for their generous assistance. Thanks to the National Conservatives! Thanks to the Liberals! Thanks to the Hon. Mr. Mercier, premier of the province!"

La Monde (Government Conservative) goes on to deplore the defeat of Mr. Taillon, adding that if the workingmen had known that they were helping Mr. David in working for their own candidate they would have voted for Mr. Taillon. The article concludes: "If the government resigned the Liberals would not have a sufficient majority to remain in power. Then one of two things would remain to be done—a coalition ministry or an appeal to the people. We believe this last alternative would be the best. New elections would again bring the conservatives into power with a strong majority, for the electors will have beneficial fears now that the province is threatened with the power of the liberals."

"Everything," says La Minerve, "is indecision as to the results. We might fancy ourselves on the morrow of a *coup d'etat*. The liberals promised a clean sweep that was to dispense to the four winds of heaven all that was left of the conservatives in the province. They must see they were woefully mistaken. Not only has there not been a clean sweep, but the conservatives come out of the election with a phalanx whose numerical strength is quite imposing. We never deceived ourselves as to the intensity of the Riel agitation. This agitation, which was inspired by a good sentiment, at least in the minds of many sincere men, has been unhappily taken advantage of in an ignoble way, not to serve patriotic ends, but to carry into power a party that has not dared to frankly show its colors. This party understood so well that it was weakness and unpopularity itself that it cynically disguised itself in the so-called national colors to mount to power."

La Presse (conservative nationalist, but supporting the three workingmen's candidates), adds:

"For the moment both parties claim the balance of power. The government has this advantage, that it is in power and has to be dislodged. The ministry, composed of new men, has looked in senior *foire*; and the liberals have seen a decisive victory escape them by want of discipline. The national cry was a powerful weapon but it would have made more ravages had it not degenerated into a party cry. Those who, like ourselves, do not love the liberals, rebelled against these manœuvres. We have, perhaps, hindered a decisive triumph, and if so, so much the better. It would trouble us less to fall under the rule of Mr. Mercier if we were certain to find in his policy lofty views, breadth, greatness and dignity. But the past is there. * * * Except Dr. Trudel, who follows L'Etendard, and Mr. Bourbonnais, who will probably be conservative, there is no doubt as to the character of the pretended nationalists—they are simply old-time liberals."

And so the battle of the press goes on. One thing is very evident, judging by the tone of the newspapers, that that charity which "covers a multitude of sins" is not being as extensively practiced as it should be in Quebec, now that the fight is over.

A Public Library.

In Canada, the difficulty of inducing the sons of farmers to follow in the footsteps of their fathers is a pressing question in some agricultural communities. In spite of the overcrowded state of most professions, farmers' sons continue to leave comfortable homes and swell the ranks of clerks in Canadian and American cities. How to avoid this state of things, and retain, for the development of Canadian agriculture, the energy thus misdirected, has recently been the cause of some inquiry in the press. The facts of the case would seem to be admitted on all hands. And there also seems a consensus of opinion that, to some extent, the blame must rest with the farmers themselves. It is no doubt true that agriculturalists all the world over are somewhat too apt to fall into a "humdrum" mode of work which cannot but become irksome, and even unbearable, to the younger spirits on the farm. Hence, it is pointed out that farmers have the remedy, to some extent, in their own hands, and that by pursuing a more enterprising mode of agriculture, they would not only benefit themselves, but also interest those around them. Methods may, for instance, be introduced more in touch with the progress of the age, by means of which the produce of the farm would be disposed of in the form of cheese, butter, wool, beef, mutton, eggs, instead of in its primitive state. Improved systems of stock and dairy producing may also be introduced, which, while, adding to the general interest of the undertaking, will considerably increase its profits. The question is, of course, a weighty one, and must naturally differ with circumstances, but if Canadian farmers are wise they will do all in their power to follow out the spirit of the suggestion of which they have lately been the recipients.

Because a recent writer upon American poetry has suggested that there is dross mixed even with Shakespeare's gold which would not be tolerated now-a-days, Mr. Howells exults greatly, and recalls the criticisms upon the patronizing attitude taken by himself and Henry James towards Thackeray and Dickens. But Mr. Howells misses his point. What was said then was that the mannerism of Dickens and the confidential attitude of Thackeray would not now be tolerated, "fiction having become "a finer art than it was in their day." In other words Thackeray and Dickens are outgrown, their style and artbeing out of date—a very different thing from saying of Shakespeare, or any writer, that "Homer sometimes nods." On the one hand the masters of modern fiction were waived contemptuously aside. On the other, it was modestly intimated that the master of poesy was not always at his best, a comment so obvious as to be almost a truism, and certainly a harmless one. Evidently the arrows of criticism have pierced even Mr. Howell's shield of indifferent self-confidence; but his method of seeking protection is woefully illogical and evasive.

A Public Library.

To the Editor:—I presume it is only a matter of time when we shall have such an institution in our city, for almost every city or town, nowadays, with any pretensions to importance, has a public library. With the dissolution of the Mechanics' Institute, and the committee of it handing over its library to the city, there will be provided very opportunely the nucleus for the establishment of a free public library. When completed and the books in the possession of the municipality, it will meet a temporary requirement, inasmuch, as I view it, it will be only as a nursing medium for its eventual development into that fuller proportion worthy of the designation of "The Public Library of the City of Victoria."

I look forward to the time, and taking into consideration the wealth of our citizens, I see no superhuman difficulty to prevent it being fulfilled when our city will have in some central position a noble edifice rising up, costing some $5,000, or more, as the public library, and of such character as our citizens would regard with pride and satisfaction. But whatever is done in this direction should be done well and handsomely, for any half-measures or economical attempts would land us in the same unsatisfactory condition as the defunct institute. With the first outlay of an appropriate edifice surmounted, there ought to be no great difficulty in its further maintenance, which, it could be done handsomely for $2,000 a year, contributed pay in equal proportions by provincial government and municipality—that is to say $1,000 from each of them.

But whenever this future public library assumes the important character here alluded to, when in operation to be thoroughly efficient it must have a reading room combined with the library, for unless opportunity is afforded for sending the newspaper press and periodical literature of the mother country, which are the productions of the master minds of the age, and highly educational, it would lose much of its interest amongst the thinking minds of the community. With regard to the suggested aid of the provincial government out of the public purse, it would be justified in such annual support, inasmuch as Victoria being the capital is entitled to such preference; as, for example, the legislature of Victoria, in Australia, votes annually some forty thousand dollars in support of the public library of the capital.

Within the past few years our city has been greatly improved by the addition of many important structures; there has been also much addition to the wealth of its citizens, but in other respects it may well be asked his there been similar progress, for instance, with respect to social amelioration? One thing is certain, taking into consideration the every day language of our streets with its profanity and coarseness, there is ample room for improvement. I submit there is nothing unreasonable or absurd in supposing that a public library, when established, may have the happy effect of creating quite a revolution for the better in the tastes and manners of the community. The president at the recent annual meeting in London of the Library association of the United Kingdom said: "The free library movement was the means of bringing into activity much dormant intellect, and of sensibly affecting the national character."

Our city of Victoria is renowned for its local charms and surroundings; its praises in this respect are sung far and wide. Who knows, but that with the introduction of a public library it may perhaps become as renowned for the intelligence of its inhabitants. W. K. B.

A SIGHT THAT MADE MEN WEEP.

Four Victims of a Schooner Collision in Newfoundland.

A St. John's, Nfld., correspondent writes under date of Oct. 7th: On the morning of September 24th a fatal collision, by which four persons met a watery grave, occurred a short distance north of the entrance of St. John's harbor. The schooner Somerset, Captain Ridout, of Twillingate, was proceeding homeward, laden with provisions and winter supplies. About half-past three o'clock in the morning she came into collision with another schooner named the Mary Ann, of Gulf Island, Conception Bay, bound to St. John's with a load of dried fish. The shock was heavy and the Mary Ann was struck at the main chains, on the port side, and cut right down to the water's edge; the masts went by the board and the vessel sank in ten minutes. During that time a terrible struggle for life took place, and of the twenty-three men and one woman on board the doomed vessel, twenty got safely on board the Somerset. Unhappily there were four in the cabin at the time of the accident, and they were prevented from reaching the deck by the falling of the mainsail which covered the companion. Their shrieks were terrible as the vessel was going down. One of them was a woman named Mrs. Fahey, whose husband was on board and made desperate efforts to save her life. The Somerset was immediately headed for St. John's, which she reached an hour after the accident. The spectacle presented on her deck when she arrived was pitiable in the extreme. All were in a sad plight, and strong men were weeping like children, for all were related more or less to the four who had met with such a sad fate.

Late Canadian News.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

A special from St. John, N. B., says that the steamer New Brunswick was seen on the morning of the 15th inst., all right, 40 miles below Grand Manan.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The Charlottetown Patriot reports the following instance of the bravery of an Island girl: While Lizzie Moore, manager of the steam laundry, was working one of the ironing machines her hand was caught in the roller and in an instant had passed under and was smashed in a terrible manner. With great presence of mind, and without a sound she turned off the belting, and thus saved her arm. She then stood for ten minutes, as cool as possible while the men took the machinery to pieces and released her hand, after which she was removed to the hospital. Luckily the iron was not heated at the time, or the pain would have been more terrible.

NOVA SCOTIA.

A Halifax special states that the Newfoundland government has decided to expend $100,000 in the relief of sufferers from the failure of the fisheries and the potato crop.

The American schooner Highland Light, recently seized on the Prince Edward Island coast, is being converted into a Canadian cruiser at Halifax to assist in keeping the Americans in order.

A highly-educated young lady, an accomplished pianist and linguist, and of very prepossessing appearance, was locked up in the cells at Halifax, recently. She was the subject of a street fight between soldiers and civilians, both desiring her company.

A remarkable freak of nature has created quite a sensation in medical circles in Halifax. The wife of James Lewis, a militiaman, who served in the Northwest rebellion, after having five months ago given birth to a child, was yesterday delivered of another. Both infants are male and are well-developed and healthy. The woman was attended on both occasions by the same doctor, who believes that at the time of his patient's confinement, five months ago, the other child was four months developed. The case is considered an extraordinary one. Lewis, the husband of the young woman, is a young man employed as a coachman.

The commission to take evidence for the defense in the David J. Adams case will sit in Boston between November 10 and 25.

ONTARIO.

A young man named Thomas H. Smith, while crossing Beaconsfield avenue, Toronto, about 11 o'clock one night recently, was jostled by a gang of half-drunken loafers. Smith remonstrated with them, when one rushed at him with an open knife in his hand and stabbed him six times in the head. He was found shortly afterwards lying on the sidewalk, bathed in blood, and taken home. His condition is very critical.

The liberals in convention at Toronto unanimously chose Hon. Alex. Mackenzie as the candidate for East York at the approaching Dominion elections. Another meeting will be held shortly to select a candidate for the local house, Mr. Badgerow, M. P. P., having declined to run again.

At Belleville, Thomas Sheehan punmelled L. W. Burks, a school teacher, for thrashing his boy. Mr. Sheehan had to pay $14.30 for taking the law into his own hands.

Wadlowe Council house, on the Muncey reserve, St. Thomas, has been totally destroyed by fire. The fire was undoubtedly of incendiary origin, as some shavings, which had been deposited under the building, were discovered before the structure was entirely destroyed. The loss will be from $500 to $600. The Council house will be rebuilt of brick.

A Grimsby despatch says: J. W. Duval's sawmill and stave and head factory was burnt down recently. Evidently the work of an incendiary. Loss, $2,500; no insurance.

An action of importance to manufacturers has been decided at the civil assizes, Toronto. It was that of Ripley v. McDonald to recover damages for a finger lost by the plaintiff while working at a machine called a puncher, in defendant's tin works, which, it was alleged, was not properly protected. The jury, after proceeding to the works and examining the machine, awarded plaintiff $500 and costs.

Sir John is in consultation with politicians from Quebec regarding the situation. It is believed here that there is a great probability of a coalition government being formed.

Hon. Mr. Ross will probably enter the senate.

Red Crow, North Axe and One Spot and the interpreter, Mr. L'Hereux, have arrived at Ottawa. The Indians have issued an address thanking the whites for their kind treatment in the east. L'Hereux is the bearer of a handsome belt from the Brantford Indians to the Blackfeet, indicating that six hundred years have elapsed since the warriors of the Blackfeet came to the east.

G. W. McMullen was rotten-egged at Robbin's Mills after a meeting at which he advocated annexation. He offers fifty dollars reward for the conviction of any of the offenders.

M. C. Cameron was nominated by the Liberals of West Huron for the Commons, and Hon. A. M. Ross for the Ontario Legislature.

QUEBEC.

A. Levesque, of Quebec, has been killed on Grand Trunk near Point Claire.

H. G. Falconner, teller of the Bank of Ottawa, was drowned recently while attempting to board a ferry boat.

A tailor named Louis Maton was accidentally drowned recently at Quebec.

Why I Repented.

When I was a young man I fell in love as young men generally do, with the girl who came handiest. This particular girl happened to be Belle Burton, and I devoted myself to her—rode with her, boated with her (it was a country place where we met), walked with her, talked with her, begged her for the roses she wore in her hair, tried in vain (for I was no poet) to make sonnets, not only to her "eyebrows," but to her hair, her cheeks, and her lily-white hands. In fact, I went through the pretty dream of first love as most young people do, and it ended as it generally does in an unpleasant awakening.

One day the stage arrived at the hotel with a dozen dashing New Yorkers for passengers. The next, one of them obtained an introduction to Belle Burton. There was no doubt whatever that he was handsomer than men usually are, or that his grace and accomplishments were equal to his personal charms. Handsome Arnold, he was called; and the girls went into raptures over his large, long-lashed eyes and blonde moustache, and men feared his broad shoulders, deep chest and splendid proportions. For my part I hated him from the first, for no sooner had he appeared upon the carpet than Belle seemed utterly to forget my very existence.

I suppose she had never cared anything about me but she had flirted with me while there was no better fun to be had, and I was not old enough to know that the man she loves is the one no woman ever flirts with. With Arnold she was rather graver than with most men, but her eyes sparkled as he approached her. She blushed when his name was mentioned, and cared for nothing in which he had not some share. In fact, it was as plain that she was in love with him as that he was devoted to her; and there was no doubt in any one's mind that all this would end in a wedding. It was a good thing, said the old people, for poor Belle Burton, "for she had nothing." For my part it seemed to me that all the luck was Arnold's.

I should have taken my departure and put myself out of the way of hourly torture, but I did not do so wisely. I lingered about the place and did small things to spite the happy pair—intruded on the tete-a-tetes, managed to force the society of some excellent and loquacious matron or some troublesome child upon them, looked daggers of contempt at him and forgot to pass the butter to her. At last a grand chance to annoy him occurred. He was a good rider and was proud of his accomplishment, and he had a restive, nervous animal which he boasted no one could ride but himself. I had heard him declare himself a perfect master of the creature, who had never given him serious trouble save once, when suddenly brought into the presence of an artist who was sketching under a white umbrella.

"That," said handsome Arnold, "was something Prince could not understand, and made him forget who held the bridle."

As he came prancing up to the gate or rode away with an air, I used to wish for an artist with a white umbrella. I desired to see that fellow unseated and ingloriously turned into the mud. That would have made me happy; and once when he had offended me more than ever by his gallant style of riding, I sauntered out into the field, cursing him in my inmost soul, when what should I spy in the middle of the grass, intent upon a bunch of clover, but a fat, Raphaelite artist in a white suit, a flapping hat, and a white sketching umbrella that would have frightened the clergyman's gray mare, who was nearly as old as himself, into being a runaway.

I rushed towards this artist with enthusiasm. I took off my hat to him. I said: "Sir I rejoice that one of your glorious profession has at last visited us. You love the minute, I see. Have you noticed the spider-webs on the blackberry bushes at the turn of the lane, the dew sparkling on the silvery film, the delicious fruit growing beneath—have you seen that, sir?"

The pre-Raphaelite artist scratched his head with his brush and said:

"Well, no, I ain't."

"Will you come and see it sir?" I said. "Will you make it immortal, on your canvas?"

The pre-Raphaelite artist replied.

"Well, I wouldn't mind."

I did not care what he said so that he came. My object was not art: it was the white umbrella. I desired to have him seated where the eye of handsome Arnold's restive Prince would fall on him as he turned the corner of the garden walk, and to that very spot I beguiled the artist and there stationed him, and, when he had settled with Chinese precision, to his spider-web and blackberries, hid myself behind a tree to enjoy the comic scene I fully expected would follow.

I heard handsome Arnold bid adieu to the ladies. I heard the patter of his horse's feet upon the road, and in a moment more I saw him come gayly on, a smile upon his handsome face, a rich color in his cheeks—youth, health strength, and happiness, expressed in every curve and outline of his statuesque form. The next instant Prince had seen the white artist and the white umbrella. And then—then, Heaven forgive me, not the amusing spectacle of handsome Arnold's discomfiture that I had hoped to see. He kept his seat, while Prince, rearing and plunging, dashed wildly away with him toward a precipitous path along the cliff side and vanished like a mad thing with his rider still upon his back, straight toward a certain awful precipice which overhung the frocky river shore below.

I cannot go on. They picked him up just alive, no more, at the foot of that precipice, and they carried him a mere mass of broken bones and bleeding flesh, back to the great hotel. Late at night I crept softly upstairs on my way to bed, and, passing Belle Burton's door, heard those slow, heavy sobs that tell of a breaking heart issuing thence.

"He cannot live," the messenger had said, and I was perhaps doubly a murderer. I thought seriously of adding to my crime by committing suicide that awful night.

But poor Arnold did live. He had a wonderful constitution, unbroken, as all the men who knew him knew, by dissipation of any kind, and it is hard to kill such a man. He lived, and strength returned to him at last; but no one would call him handsome Arnold any more. He had fallen on his face on the horrible jagged rocks, and all his bonny brown hair had turned gray during his illness. No one would know him they told me; and so powerfully had his beauty and his sweetness affected even men of coarse natures that they uttered these words for the most part with tears in their eyes. As for myself I would rather have seen a ghost.

Yet the sight was forced on me. One day I received a note from him asking me to come to the hotel, and it was signed, Henry Arnold.

I had no choice. I could not refuse. I went to him.

As I saw him seated in a great arm chair in the room to which the waiter showed me—as he arose and advanced toward me, and I saw that he limped heavily—I wondered that he did not die. I felt the blood leaving my face, and I saw the hot flush rise to his, as he saw the shock it gave me.

But he only said:

"Sit down. It is kind of you to come."

I staggered to a chair, and I saw nothing for a while; yet through it all I wondered what he thought of my strange conduct, and hated myself for my weakness.

At last he spoke:

"I see how I—how my appearance affects you," he said, very sadly. "It is a horrible thing that I am trying to grow use to. I wish I had broken my neck. Of course, any man would under-the circumstances. But I did not ask you to come that I might say that to you. I want you to take a note from me to a lady at your aunt's house, if you will be so kind. I chose you because you are, as it were, one of the family, and you will be very careful and—and kind, I know. It is to Miss Belle Burton. I had hoped to marry her one day. Of course, all that is over now. No one would—no woman would—overlook my hideous appearance."

His voice broke a little, but he went on bravely.

"So I have written to her. I do not want her to see me, and I shall go abroad in a week or so, and—you'll tell her you've seen me, you know. I have loved her very much. I always shall; and this is terribly hard."

He broke down entirely there, and took a letter from his bosom and put it into my hand.

"Give it to her," he said, and turned away.

I went straight to Belle Burton. I found her in the garden, and I told her from whom I came and gave her the missive. She read it through gravely, but without tears. Then she looked at me with eyes that had such a solemn, holy look in them, as one would hope to see in an angel's.

"Edward," she said, "he says he is frightfully altered; is it so?"

"Yes," I answered.

"My poor boy!" said she. "As if anything could change me but a change in his heart. Will you take me to him, Edward! I must go at once."

"Command me," I said.

She caught up the wide straw hat on the bench beside her and drew on her gloves and took my arm. I never loved her so well as I did then, but, for once, it was a perfectly unselfish love. I knew what she was about to do, and I blessed her for it.

And so I took her to him; my hand opened the door of his room for her; my eyes saw—yes and gladly—that however that changed face might affect others it only made her love for him more tender. I saw her rush into his arms and hide her head on his shoulder; and then I went softly away and hid myself where no one could see me and cried like a baby.

Ah! well, that is a good time ago, and they have been very happy. The big fellow is almost as graceful as ever, and as for his face—I do not think it would matter much to me what my face was if any one loved it as well as Belle does his.

I go to see them sometimes, and my mad fancy of kneeling down and confessing my share in the horrible affair of the past is abandoned. Besides, Belle's daughter is 16 now, and if an old fellow of 36—ah! who knows what may happen in the future! Only that would be another story quite, and I need not tell it here. If it is written it is written.

Effects of Fertilizers on Crops

By Bulletin No. XIV, of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural College, some important results are shown:

1. Partial fertilizers in general produce little effect.

2. Complete commercial fertilizers surpass yard manure as far as a combination of the two crops, wheat and grass, is concerned, in the results shown from a single application. In this case the effects are more largely felt in the succeeding grass crop, and to what extent this influence may go is not determined.

3. Dried blood is inferior as a source of nitrogen to nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia; yard manure increases the yield of wheat more than dried blood.

4. A marked increase is shown in the yield from an addition of 48 pounds of nitrogen over 24 pounds, but above that quantity no very marked increase is made, so that quantity (48 pounds) seems to be the highest that can profitably be used.

5. Ordinarily high yields of grass are obtained from those plots which have given the greater yield of wheat.

The results are an interesting study and should receive the attention of thoughtful farmers. The more these matters are studied the more intelligently can the farmer conduct the various systems of manuring that are open to him.

A Novel Esquimaux Murder.

Mr. Skynner, of the Hudson Bay expedition staff, among other very interesting details of the trip, tells a story of the novel murder of an Esquimaux at Cape Childleigh. One of the leading inhabitants known as Old Wicked became very unpopular. He aimed to the chieftainship, attempted to monopolize the female portion of his subjects, and was in the habit of flourishing knives in the faces of his rivals, when they gently remonstrated against his despotic proceedings. A secret council was held and it was determined to "remove" him. This was accordingly done—but in a very cowardly manner. He was shot in the back by an Esquimaux, and finally despatched by other weapons. The murderer then took possession of his wives and now supports both them and their families. It is one of the unwritten laws of the Esquimaux that he who takes the life of the bread winner shall support the families thus deprived of their means of subsistence.

Hadn't Broken the Sabbath.

"Deacon Smith is reporting about town, Robinson that you were out gunning last Sunday." "Well Deacon Smith will get himself in trouble if he doesn't look out. It's a mistake." I'm glad to hear you say so Robinson. I didn't think you were a man to go gunning on Sunday." "No sir, I did not go gunning on Sunday, and if necessary I've got the fish to prove it."

A DANCING DISH SENSATION.

Mysterious Agency Working Havoc Among the Crockery Ware.

Some Odd Manifestations.

Philadelphia "Record."

A most curious state of affairs exists at present in the household of F. D. Worley at Gwynedd, Montgomery County. Mr. Worley lives in a large frame house adjacent to the Gwynedd tunnel on the Bethlehem branch of the Reading Railroad. For several days past his china and crockery have been hopping around the house and mysteriously hurling themselves through the windows. The residents of the vicinity are in a great state of alarm and declare that the house is bewitched. The scene of the commotion is visited daily by crowds of people.

The phenomenon was first noticed on Friday last, when Mrs. Worley found that about 50 out of 250 jars of preserves on a shelf in the cellar had fallen to the floor and broken. She naturally attributed this to the "working" of the preserves. She gathered up what jars had not been broken, intending to heat them, but when they had been placed on the kitchen table several more tumbled over and fell to the floor. One of the jars burst in the hands of her daughter, who was literally covered with the contents, which were scattered in all directions with great force.

During the days following it was no unusual thing to see a pitcher tumble out from the cupboard on the floor, or a mantel vase topple over. Similar freaks on the part of earthen and glassware were constantly going on. On Wednesday last a most alarming situation existed and Mrs. Worley was prostrated with fright. Every looking-glass and picture frame in the house was broken as if pierced in the centre by some hard, blunt point. During the day the antics of the glassware took a most violent form. Several members of the family were in the yard when a salt-cellar which had been placed on the side-board suddenly bounded in the air, and then flew through the window, making a round hole in the pane like that of a cannon-ball. The salt-cellar was found at the extreme end of the yard, a distance of about 100 feet. This episode was followed by a freak of the mustard pot, which bounded from the table and shot through another window into the yard. The soup tureen, a large and heavy piece of earthenware, is said to have acted in pretty much the same way. It was thrown into the air and broken, and one of the fragments passed through the window into the yard. In is peculiar flight every article made its egress by a different widdow.

Among the visitors on Wednesday night was William Boyer, a neighbor, who after a teacup had fallen once from a table replaced it only to see it fall again and break into many fragments. A messenger in the employ of the Reading Railroad also visited the house and observed a glass dish which he placed on the table fall to the floor. Two sons of Mr. Worley while playing with a catsup bottle laid it on the floor in the rear part of the house. It fell over, and one of the lads replaced it on its bottom. When they next looked for it they found it broken and the fragmedts lying against the wall some distance away.

Yesterday the annoyance had somewhat subsided, the only unruly piece of household furniture being a lamp globe which fell from the bracket in the wall on the second floor. Mr. Worley has had all his crockery moved into the yard, and comparative quiet has been restored. The house contained a great deal of this fragil ware, but at present not a single set of dishes remains complete.

Theatrical Notes.

Mrs. Leigh Murray, at the age of 72, is retiring from the stage after sixty years' service. At the age of 12 she played the part of Albert in "William Tell," with Macready, and supported Edmund Kean in "Richard III," as one of the young princes. The London actors are organizing a farewell performance for her benefit.

Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole have just concluded a visit to Mr. Chamberlain at his villa at Highbury, where they were the recipients of every hospitality. Mr. Chamberlain takes a great interest in the stage. He has acted himself, and has also written a tragedy.

Mme. Nilsson is at Biarritz awaiting the authority of the Vatican for her proposed marriage with Count Miranda. She is being greatly feted. Prince Badzwill and the Duchess De la Torre giving dinners in her honor.

Nebraska, Ia., Minnie Hauk, the prima donna, was billed for one night, but declined to sing owing to the dilapidated state of the opera house. Her action was endorsed by the papers as establishing a good example for managers to keep their stages and dressing rooms clean.

The Empress Augusta of Germany joined a society for the promotion of an annual Wagner festival at Bayreuth, and will donate one thousand marks yearly to the fund.

A musical license has been granted to the American exhibition to be held in London, and there will be an orchestra of 120 pieces as part of the entertainments. The works of American composers will be largely presented, but European productions will not be neglected, and so far as practicable a feature will be made of having the composers lead in the production of their own works.

Hunted Down—the Chase After the Rev. W. H. Wyatt Hunneth, Smuggler and Defaulter.

Fargo, Dak., Oct., 13.—An Argus special from Bottineau, near the Manitoba border, gives an account of a lively chase by the Manitoba, Dakota and United States officials of a clerical fugitive from Manitoba named Rev. W. H. Wyatt Hunneth, who smuggled across the line two teams and other property to the value of $2,800, the title to much of which, it is alleged, did not rest in him. His trail was struck by Collector Thompson and other officials about fifteen miles from the Bottineau. Following it up about twelve miles further they sighted the game, and both parties increased their speed to a run, soon crossing the boundary into Manitoba. The Manitoba sheriff now thought he had the game bagged, but the reverend smuggler tacked and was back in Dakota again soon. Here the chase became hot and exciting. The man of holy cloth with his cavalcade was on a dead run, and the pursuing minions of the law following close after. Wild shouts and yells and the crash of breaking wagons were among the enlivening incidents. Suddenly the preacher halted and stepped in front of his wagon, drawing a rifle upon his pursuers and warning them not to come nearer. In the course of the parley some of the officers got about him and disarmed him and, under command of Col. Thompson, the reverend smuggler and his companions were marched back to Bottineau as captives, where the law will take its course with them.

The Canadian Pacific traffic receipts for the week ending October 13th, amounted to $288,000 an increase of $35,000 over the corresponding week of last year.

Crooked Spectacles.

An elf lived in a buttercup
And walking after dawn,
"Dear me," said he,
"I scarce can see
The sunbeams shine so crookedly."

He met a merry bumble bee
Within the clover gay,
Who bade "Good-morning" in his turn—
"Sh is a pleasant day."
"Don't speak to me,
Sir Bumble-Bee,
Until you trim your wings," cried he.

He met a gallant grasshopper,
And thus accosted him;
"Why don't you wear your green coat straight,
And look in better trim;
It frets me quite
In such a plight
To have you field-folk in my sight!"

He saw an airy dragon fly
Float o'er the meadow rail;
"Pray stop, Sir Dragon-Fly" he cried,
"So upside down you sail,
The sight will make
My poor head ache;
Fly straight, or rest within the brake."

Then a wise owl, upon the tree
Blinked his great staring eye;
"To folk in crooked spectacles
The whole world looks awry,
To whit! to whoo!
To whom?" said he,
"Many such folk I've lived to see."

Late Canadian News.

ONTARIO.

Sunday morning Charles Blackwell rescued a young married woman named Mrs. Massie, whom he found struggling in the water near Warin's boathouse, at Toronto. She stated she was going out in a boat to see her husband, who was on board the schooner Flora, and on returning to the wharf she remained in the boat after the boatman left. In attempting to get out, shortly afterwards, she overbalanced herself and fell into the water. Before Blackwell reached her she had sunk three times and was very much exhausted.

A brutal murder is reported near Palmer Rapids, Renfrew county. For a good while past bad blood has existed between two German families on adjoining lots. The other day one of the men went to his neighbor's place and was met by the other's wife. An altercation took place between them and the man finally seized a stick of cordwood and hit the woman, inflicting mortal injury. The body was taken into the house and the building fired. Two children were witnesses to the crime.

The body of a farmer named John McLean has been found floating in the bay at Collingwood.

Joseph Hicks, of North Gower, Carleton county, has been fatally shot while in the act of taking down his gun from its place on the wall.

James Wilson's flour and oatmeal mills, with eight thousand bushels of wheat, were burned to-day. Loss heavy; little insurance.

Rev. C. Quinney, for many years a missionary to the Indians of the Fort Pitt district, arrived in Ottawa recently, in company with Mrs. Quinney, on his way to England. He states that the Indians are now better looked after on the reserves than ever before. He knows of no complaints against the Government agents at the present time. As to the probability of any future trouble, Mr. Quinney says that the Indians are fully aware of their inability to overcome the white men. They were informed on this point even before the rebellion, but were led to rise by the deception practised upon them by Riel, who assured them that the Yankees would come over in large numbers to help them.

A company to be called the Canadian Anthracite Mining Company has just been organized at Ottawa with a capital stock of half a million dollars to work the Stewart coal mines at Banff. Letters patent will appear in a few days and a $50,000 deposit has been made with the Government. The promoters include McLeod Stewart, of Ottawa, and Senator Sharp of Wisconsin.

The trouble which has been going on for some time in Christ church (Anglican) Gananoque, regarding the placing of candlesticks on the communion table has culminated—twenty of the low church party proceeding to the chancel, at the opening of a recent morning service, and forcibly carrying them away. The clergymen and choristers present resisted slightly but met with no violence.

James McKerwan, printer, of Toron, to was sent to the penitentiary for five years, for rape on Lizzie Lorain, aged seven.

QUEBEC.

A few months ago, a man named Poitras was arrested at Ste. Anne de Bellevue and fined $8 for "irreverence in church," having refused to obey the order of the constable on duty in the parish church, and to kneel on both knees during a certain portion of the service, though he pleaded sickness and inability of going down on both knees. Poitras took action for damages against Constable Lebeau, and a trial by jury began before Judge Johnson this morning. After deliberating for a few minutes the jury returned with a verdict dismissing the plaintiff's action.

During Cardinal Taschereau's visit to Montreal an arch on Jacques Cartier square broke down, killed an old lady named Vanasse, and injured a young girl named Cadoret. The heirs of Mrs. Vanasse have taken an action for $5,000 damages against the corporation, and a similar action for $500 has been taken by the father of the girl.

The house occupied by Mrs. Lawlor, a widow, and her daughters, was entered by burglars last night. The thieves chloroformed the inmates, and stole over $1,000 worth of jewellery.

One night recently about twelve o'clock the sexton's son returning home saw a light in the sacristy of the Catholic parish church at Lachine. On approaching he saw two men tampering with the altar vases. He notified his father, and they both came back well armed, but the robbers had probably heard the young man's steps and had already decamped taking nothing away with them.

Ghastly Experiments.

A ghastly pantomime, recalling to mind Poe's narrative of the galvanizing of a mummy, has been enacted at the Practical School of Surgery, Paris where the bodies of Fray and Riviere were placed at the disposal of the surgeons to experiment on. A number of experiments were made, among them the following, to re-establish circulation in the severed heads: The veins were injected with blood taken from a living animal. The skin of the face, previously livid, became charged with color. The lips recovered their natural red and the cheeks filled out. Irregular movements agitated the skin and the face resumed the appearance of life. Electric currents were passed through the facial nerves and the contractions of the face were noted. There were, however, no results in the slightest degree indicative of any restoration to life or consciousness. The nerves shortly ceased to betray any sensibility, and it was evident that all perception and sensation were at an end.

QUAINT SONGS ON BOAT AND LEVEE.

Roustabouts at New Orleans and Their Musical Sprees in Cotton Time.

Chicago Herald New Orleans Correspondence.

The last bale of cotton having been rolled on board with many a "Heave ho!" from the darky crew, the happiest hour in the improvident, "devil-may-care" existence of the Mississippi roustabout is at hand. Roosting on railing, rope coils and cotton