

NEWS OF THE PROVINCE.

Several Ships Chartered to Load Fraser River Salmon—Caneries Paying Off.

Vancouver's Summer Resort—Bush Fires Subdued—Hydraulic Mining Company Formed.

(Special to the Colonist.)

VANCOUVER.

VANCOUVER, Aug. 30.—Word was to-day received that Mr. Sparling, principal of the East End school, had been suspended for tampering with examination papers.

E. Buse, of Hastings, is charged with not paying the tax for his men. He was before Messrs. F. Schofield and H. A. Milne, Justices of the Peace, yesterday. Mr. Buse was given 10 days to pay the amount, failing that one month in jail.

The second meeting of the Orchestral Society, Mr. Darg in the chair, took place last night. There were 100 members all told. Mendelssohn's Aetna was chosen for the initial trial of the society.

Another hydraulic gold mining company has been formed, Chas. Mee, of Vancouver, being one of the promoters. The company is the same of their prospective operations. The steamship Walla Walla came in yesterday with 77 tons freight and left with 100 tons.

The American ship B. J. Sewell has been chartered to load lumber at the Hastings mills.

The bush fires on Lynn Creek have been subdued. Two hours later Liberty arrived with a constable visited the couple, who were in great dread of a tragedy. Liberty, however, only took a look at them in the room, secured a watch and gold-headed cane that Mrs. Liberty had taken, and hid them good night. Liberty says he simply wanted evidence of their guilt in case he determined to ask for a divorce.

Most of the canneries are paying off their employees and those who have not yet commenced will begin to-morrow. Sitewashes are beginning to flock to the city to lay in supplies for the winter before leaving for their reserves.

After an uphill fight from the first, the Westminster Kennel club has decided that it is impossible to hold a bench show during exhibition week, this year, owing to lack of support.

Three ships have been chartered by the Anglo-British Columbian Packing Co. to carry salmon to England, and the first vessel is now due.

On the 24th inst., while moving camp, one of the canoes, belonging to Capt. Jammet, a Government surveyor with a party up the Squamish river, got broken to pieces. No one was lost or injured. Nearly all the contents were lost and the party will be pining at present, as the canoe contained their kitchen outfit.

NANAIMO.

NANAIMO, AUG. 30.—The 9th September will be observed as Labor Day.

Harry Forster has started up in the auctioneering business, with offices on Bastion street.

The annual Forster's picnic will be held on the 10th September.

Centennial Lodge, I.O.O.F., is arranging for an excursion to New Westminster during the fair.

A meeting of the directors of the Citizens' Building Society was held last evening, when the following officers were elected: President, Mayor Haslam; Vice-President, C. H. Stickle; Treasurer, A. R. Johnston; Secretary, Marcus Wolfe; Solicitor, C. H. Barker.

A general meeting of shareholders will be held on Friday evening. The new society starts out under favorable auspices, having for directors and officers the most influential business men in town, and it is expected that it will rapidly grow into a large financial institution.

ENGLISH BAY.

ENGLISH BAY, AUG. 30.—For the past few months English Bay has been quite a Seabrook for Vancouver. To an old-timer, it would be almost impossible to imagine the scene, where a few years ago it was only visited along shore by Indians fishing, and here and there a rack of lumber trees covered with fish, their merry voices ringing out the full enjoyment of their holiday, while the bank is strewn with cottages and tents occupied by families for the summer months, their camp and gay lanterns presenting a very pleasing picture.

There is a large bathing house, where a room and bathing suit can be hired for five cents, and also a tea garden, where refreshments and tea or hot water can be obtained for a small sum. It is, no doubt, a great boon to Vancouver, having a watering-place so near, as families who could not otherwise afford to give their children an outing can now enjoy weeks with little or no expenditure. The electric tram runs within five or six blocks of the place, giving those who live in the extreme east as great an advantage as those near by.

KAMLOOPS.

(From the Inland Sentinel.)

J. W. McKay, Indian agent for this district for many years, was presented with a gold watch and chain by a few admirers, as a memento of old times when he takes up his new position in Victoria, where he expects to go about the end of the month. McKay, who is chief of the Shishan band of Indians, died at Savona on the 22nd inst., aged about 75 years. He was an influential man with his tribe, and was always friendly disposed towards the white man. Dr. Lambert was present at the funeral.

REVELSTOCK.

(From the Kootenai Star.)

Several claims of auriferous quartz have been assayed during the week in the Lardau, one of which assays \$46 to the ton.

Several placer miners have been doing well by working devices in the Lardau

SUEDE PICTURE FRAMES.

Attractive For Holding Cabinet Size Photographs.

The most attractive frame made for photographs, cabinet size, are of suede kid. The soft texture of the undressed kid and the mode shades that it comes in seem to blend better than any other material, with the particularly glazed appearance of a photograph. These frames have been commanding a goodly price at the shops and seemed at first glance to defy the skill of nimble fingers at home, but a successful attempt gives us confidence to present an exact detail of their construction, with the assurance of a complete piece of work at the end of an hour's useful in holding the loved face of a friend and pretty in harmonizing not only with the photograph, but also with the thesauric cover on which it may be placed, and with the surrounding bric-a-brac.

Two sheets of cotton wadding, a bottle of mullage or some four paste made at home will answer, and some stout pasteboard from old boxes, with a sharp pair of scissors and a small ruler and pencil, is required. The pasteboard may be first cut into the desired shape, but previous to cutting it is well to draw the design carefully upon the board and cut

exactly by the pencil lines. A square or round may first be drawn and cut out, allowing the frame to be from 24 to 8 inches wide about the square or round opening in the center for the insertion of the photograph.

Designate the opening for the photograph by means of pencil and ruler in the center of the square or circle of pasteboard and cut it out. The simplest manner of making a frame is to cut the back of similar pasteboard. Then cut an interstice in the center to admit the brace in the back instead of the large opening for the photograph which the front piece has in it. The brace is a piece of pasteboard also cut wide at the bottom and diminishing at the top to slip through the interstice, where, with a firm thread and needle, it may be

tucked to the back and then carefully crossed without breaking where it passes through the interstice to form a support at the back by springing outward.

The pieces are now in readiness to be covered. The cotton batting may be pulled apart and the glazed sides put inside toward each other, leaving the fleecy sides out. This is laid smoothly over the face of the frame and cut to the exact size and the center cut out most carefully also.

A delicate spray of sachet powder will only enhance the fragrance of the dainty suede covering. The suede is then laid out smoothly and the fall of pasteboard placed upon it, with the batting next the suede. Cut a half inch larger cell about the edges which will be drawn smoothly over and pasted into place. Cut from the center of the opening in toward the corners and draw the suede neatly through to the back and paste into place, and you will find that the face is complete for a square frame, and the other shapes are to be worked on exactly the same principle, the pasteboard fall being cut into any design.

A bit of glass for further protection of the photograph may be fastened over the opening on the wrong side by means of strips of paper pasted securely over the glass corners to the face. The back is then nicely covered with silk and pasted evenly to the face, all except the open space, and straight down toward the bottom, where the photograph is to be inserted. One chain will make several frames of medium size, and they may be backed with watered or brocade silk, which comes in suitable quality and color for 50 cents per yard. These frames find place naturally beside the silver and metal ones and lend variety as well as charm wherever they are placed.

FLORENCE TYNG ELLIS.

Sewing Basket.

The large, round Japanese basket illustrated may be either bronzed or left the natural color. It is lined with a strip of soft silk as long as the largest circumference of the basket. It should be wide enough so that when the lower

edge is gathered to fit the bottom and the lining is tucked in place the upper edge will project far enough beyond the top of the basket to form a cover, allowing for the amount turned down to form a casing for the two gathering strings.

The basket is ornamented on opposite sides with bows of ribbon matching the lining in color. ISABELLA PROCTOR.

A Successful Woman Editor.

The late Colonel John C. Bundy of Chicago devoted all the later years of his life to placing psychic and spiritualistic research upon a common sense scientific basis. For this purpose he founded and conducted his paper, The Religio-Philosophical Journal. Since his death his wife, Mrs. Mary E. Bundy, ably continued the paper along the same lines, keeping it upon clear, high ground.

STEAMER DANUBE sailed for the North last evening to bring back a load of salmon for the bark Ronckenbeck, which is now awaiting cargo at the outer wharf.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

The Banker's Daughters—True Story of Two Noble Girls.

Five years ago a well known Italian merchant and banker of New York city, Mr. Bergamini, died, leaving two daughters and what was supposed to be a large estate. The young ladies had been highly educated and spent much of their time in Italy. They had \$30,000 and some personal property in their own right when their father died. They had not been educated to anything practical, however, and they knew no more of real life than falls to the lot of the ordinary fashionable girl. After Mr. Bergamini's death his business went down from one cause and another. Two firms failed that owed his estate large sums, and the Bergamini bank was forced to suspend. Hundreds of poor Italians, fruit vendors, laborers and rag pickers, had deposited all their savings in the bank, and their case was a pitiful one. Then it was the girls showed the true blue blood there was in them. Their property had been given to them when their father was prosperous. It was, moreover, all they had to live on. There was no law that could have made them surrender a cent except the moral one. But Teresa and Rachel Bergamini did not hesitate a moment. They turned over all their possessions for the benefit of the depositors of their father's bank. It made soon after his death a dividend of 55 per cent. Then the tenderly reared girls started to earn their own living. Miss Teresa became a teacher of languages. Miss Teresa did clerical work for the executor of her father's estate.

Above all, they wished to clear their dead parent's memory from any suspicion of dishonesty. For this they toiled. They were invaluable in aiding to unravel the tangled accounts. Later they were a second dividend, this time of 11 per cent, and that fact brought the two brave sisters into public notice again. They themselves stood behind the cashier's desk when the dividend was paid that they might identify the depositors, many of whom they knew by name and sight. They went back to their work again, one to teach, the other to keep books, quite unconscious that they are two of the most heroic girls alive.

It has been finally settled that women are capable of learning anything that men can in the ordinary college and university curriculum. At Cornell commencement the present summer the finest oration was delivered by a young woman graduate of the law school. At examinations for scholarships in the Chicago university two-thirds of the applicants were men, yet the women carried off prizes in Greek, Latin, mathematics, biology, physiology, languages and English literature. In England we are informed 10 girls have won wrangler's honors this summer without being allowed to be wranglers because they are women. This of course is a flattering boast for one summer for women intellectually, but in thinking it over Charles Reade's question, "What will do with it?" rises to the mind. What will all these fine girls do with their education after they have it? The world, alas, is not yet as wide for them as for men. Most of them doubtless intend to earn their own living. How can they secure as good a position as their brothers, who know even less, can get? This is a saddening query on the whole. The only answer to it is that each girl must strive with all her might to do the best work and get the best pay she can, reflecting at all times that the whole future of our sex industrially is in some measure committed to her keeping.

It was praiseworthy for your grandmother and your great-grandmother to knit because there was need of it. It is a waste of time for you to knit. Go out, do and cultivate health and flowers, ride a bicycle, learn music in the evening or study some of the thousand wonderful branches of learning that lie all about you, inviting the attention of everybody with brains. The empress of Germany knits and embroiders, but the empress of Germany has no brains except for her own study. She is just too utterly domestic to live at the end of the nineteenth century.

Do not be satisfied merely to belong to a club and listen to papers. Do something positive, either useful or ornamental, and add to the world's solid work. If at the end of each year we have not made at least one life better and nobler, if we have not given steady assistance to at least one person who needed it, if we have not mastered at least one department of knowledge of which we were ignorant before, then we are better dead than living. That whole year and left room for somebody who would have used the time to advantage.

Even Japan has one woman lawyer now—Mrs. Tai Seno. Since her return to Japan she has taken active part in getting for them what Japanese women need more than law—an education.

If you wish to know how much good women can do in municipal government, even without a vote, read Julian Ralph's paper in Harper on "Chicago's Gentle Side."

Mrs. George D. Johnson has invented a most beautiful bicycle costume and bravely appeared in it upon her wheel. It is a bicycle enthusiast. Some time since while riding she caught her dress skirt in the sprocket wheel of her machine, and the result was a fall and a dislocated shoulder. Then she said, "I never will ride in a skirt again," and she kept her word. On her wheel trips she now wears full Turkish trousers gathered in at the knees. Below them are loose over leggings reaching from the knee and covering the ankle and the instep, coming down over the low bicycle shoes. She wears with these a neat skirt waist, belt and sailor hat or cap. In this naty and unique costume she looks as striking and pretty as some of the oriental ladies at the world's congress of women did. What is more, she will never catch her skirt in the wheel again. The Turkish trousers have in effect the appearance of a short bicycle skirt. ELLA ARCHARD CONNER.

A LESSON FOR ALL.

A Learned Uncle's Discourse on Ananias and Sapphira.

My brethren, somewhat in de 'Se'm's, King David says, "All men are liars." An den he says, "Reputations are often got without desert." I want to invite you to thoughts di mawrin to de spanyce on one of de liars showin de trufe ob de secon text, "Reputations am often got without desert."

Ananias was a man, an—he was a liar. But he wahn't a great liar. He wahn't eben a right smart liar. Des a cawmon, onary eb'ry day liar. An yit, my brethren, look at Ananias today! See de magnillikent reputation ex a liar ob dat man! Why, he am d'patron saint ob liars, an wuz befo' you an me wuz bohn—way back, long to de wah.

I w, my brethren, we ain't tole dat Ananias was a habituous liar. We ain't tole dat he even pehformed oif de one lie, an yit he made de biggest reputation dat a liar or a maw—de some 'ting, my brethren, ever eb'ry day liar. An yit, my brethren, look at Ananias today! See de magnillikent reputation ex a liar ob dat man! Why, he am d'patron saint ob liars, an wuz befo' you an me wuz bohn—way back, long to de wah.

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An yo' white folks in de back ob de church, if Bruddeh Samuile says he s'anks de Lawd he hates de pig ob chicken pie, rememb' dat King David says, "All men am liars," an keep youn heabouse locked. Century.

His Wife.—This talk about men being so impatient when a woman is getting ready to go anywhere is all nonsense. Friend—Doesn't your husband complain at all?

Young Wife—No, indeed. Why, last evening I couldn't find my gloves, and had a long hunt for half a dozen other things, and yet when I was finally dressed, and went down stairs to my husband and he was by the fire, reading and smoking as calmly as if I wasn't half an hour late.

Friend—Well, I declare! Where were you going?

Young Wife—To prayer meeting.—New York Weekly.

The Onward March.

An amusing incident, illustrating the craving among a certain order of playgoers for strong dramatic fare, occurred the other night at a northern theater. Three solemn looking seamen presented themselves at the paybox and inquired of the money taker the name of the piece.

"Kindred Souls," by Milton Rays," was the reply.

"How many murders are there in it?" asked one of the men.

"Not a single murder," responded the money taker.

"No murder!" exclaimed the man, with surprise. "Then, is there a suicide?"

The sailor turned to his companions, and after holding a brief conference with them, remarked to the money taker:

"All right, mister; we'll not go in to-night.—Million.

What Did It?

The printer was kicking because somebody was at his case rack and had got things into all sorts of confusion.

"I'd like to know," he said, with more or less feeling, "what has been doing this?"

"Circumstances," suggested the foreman solemnly.

"Circumstances, nothing!" snorted the printer. "It's some sort of a shooting stick. I'd like to slug. Circumstances hasn't got anything to do with it."

The foreman laid his hand on his shoulder kindly.

"You seem to forget," he said in faraway tones, "that circumstances alter cases," and the printer bowed his head and wept.—Detroit Free Press.

Imagination Ceased There.

"I suppose, doctor," said Cammo to Dr. Pereski, "that a large proportion of the ills of your patients are imaginary."

"Yes, sir, quite a large proportion."

"And your treatment of such cases, I suppose, is by imaginary pills?"

"Well, suppose you might call it that?"

"Then, of course, for treating imaginary ills with imaginary pills, you send in imaginary bills?"

"Oh, my dear sir, nothing of the kind. There's nothing imaginary about the bills. I have to draw the line somewhere."—New York Sun.

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