Weekly Colonist.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1885.

THE CODFISH-TAIL.

It did not require last night's article in the Times on the defence question to satisfy the public that wherever the interests of Victoria and Coal Harbor are found to clash our youthful contemporary may be counted with the latter. His reprobation of both *The Colonist* and Columbian for sectionalism was introduced to enable our aly little friend to cover up his real object of getting in a few words in support of his pet mainland town at the expense of this place. In discussing the defences he sweeps clear from Victoria to Seymour Narrows, remarking patronizingly, in passing that "Victoria will always command that consideration to which her position entitles her;" and then adds: "The vulnerable points on the mainland should undoubtedly be rendered impregnable." The "vulnerable points," of course, in the estimation of our contemporary are Coal Harbor and English Bay. Not a word throughout the length and breadth of his article about New Westminster, which, apparently is to be left for a foreign foe to gobble up at leisure; or of Port Moody, the neglected stepchild of the railway company. Both are pushed aside for the latest acquisition—the new baby, not yet in shortclothes, at the entrance of Burrard Inlet. Our contemporary ignores the vote in the estimates which distinctly states that Battery "C" is to be located at Victoria. The remarks of the minister of militia and Sir H. Langevin, in reply to Mr. Cartwright, that the Battery war designed for the protection of Victoria and Esquimalt, are passed over in silence. These facts the Times conceals with an object that is altogether too apparent to deceive any one. Our contemporary is like the man who went into a grocery store, and stealing a codfish, pushed it up between his coat and back; but the tail of the fish protruded from beneath the tails of the coat, and as the rogue was leaving with the booty the storekeeper called out, "See here, my friend, the next time you come here you should wear a longer coat or steal a shorter fish." Our contemporary must do likewise. He must hide his predilections more effectually, for the Coal Harbor tail sticks out of every sentence in last night's article. Our position on this defence matter is too well known to be easily misunderstood. Coal Harbor may have ten batteries for aught the people here care, but Battery "C" is intended for Victoria and to Victoria it will come, in spite of the efforts of the Columbian and the less manly scheming of the Times.

INSUBORDINATION AT THE SCHOOLS.

According to "Con Amore," who writes to a neighboring journal, discipline at the Victoria central school has fallen into a very low and disgraceful condition. It would appear—if "Con Amore" is not fibbing—that the teachers insult each other in a very gross manner, that trustees are bullied by the teachers, and that one of the female assistants has recently threatened to have her "big brother put a head on" her principal. "Con Amore" goes on to condemn the trustees for not taking notice of these acts of insubordination and punishing the offenders with a strong and impartial hand. We believe we are correct in saying that in every instance where acts of insubordination have been proved the board has moved in a manner that should win "Con Amore's" approval. We are in accord with "C. A." where he expresses the hope that ill-conduct on the part of the highly-paid and certainly not overworked teachers will meet with swift punishment. If teachers are allowed to set an evil example what possible influence for good can they have on the pupils? British Columbia is most generous in the matter of school appropriations. Upwards of $100,000 has been voted for the current year; and the province has a right to demand that only the flower of her men and women shall be placed in authority over its young. A teacher should be the personification of gentleness, firmness and good breeding. Parents have a right to exact this—unless, indeed, the object of sending children to school is to fit them for "sloggers" and shrews. "Con Amore" may rest assured that his accusations will not be allowed to pass unnoticed by the board; to the members of which the information contained in his letter is "news indeed."

ENGLAND'S FOREIGN POLICY.

The sneers and contemptuous silence to which England was treated during the late liberal *regime* by the press of Europe have been changed. England's foreign policy has become a prime factor in continental discussions and her alliances are debated in all the leading papers. Discussing the Marquis of Salisbury's vigorous policy, the Neue Freie Presse, of Vienna, says at Anglo-Chinese alliance would open up a new phase of the Russian question and guarantee the peace of the world, and concludes its comments by saying, "That much is certain, the day of England's decadence is still far distant." In Paris the same subject is made a stalking horse, from behind which some ugly shots are fired at M. Ferry, by the Journal des Debats. That paper accuses the late premier of having plunged France into a useless and expensive war with China, "and the only result," adds the Journal, "is to benefit England, by enabling her to establish an *entente cordiale* with the Celestial empire." France, alone of the continental powers, is inimical to the settlement of the Egyptian question. Not only has M. de Freycinet refused to meet the Marquis of Salisbury to discuss questions in which the two countries are interested, but the attitude of the French ambassador at Constantinople regarding the mission of Sir H. Drummond Wolff as decidedly aggressive. It is just possible if France plays the part of the sulky child, she will be entirely ignored, and the questions concerning the future of Egypt settled without her advice.

THE ABDUCTION OF THE "LILY."

The feeling in London against Mr. Stead, the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, is tremendous; even those who heretofore supported him through thick and thin, hesitate at the present time. Those who opposed the revelations on account of their puerient character and those who feared being involved by the exposures have joined in denouncing Mr. Stead for having instigated the abduction of Eliza Armstrong. His crime is pronounced inexcusable, for if the excuse that he caused a girl to be carried off from her home, drugged, and submitted to indignities to show how easily such an outrage could be committed, be allowed, the same excuse would hold good had the crime been murder.

CAUGHT OUT.

Our highly esteemed but somewhat coarse contemporary of the Times will find in this morning's issue of *The Colonist* a merited rebuke for his insolence in attributing to the editor of this journal the authorship of a letter which appeared in Sunday's paper. Our contemporary would seem to be a very conceited and quarrelsome person who never misses an opportunity of unloading his opinions where they are not valued or of saying mean things of his neighbors. There was about as much reason to suppose that the letter signed "British Columbia" was written by the editor of *The Colonist* as there would be to suggest that he is responsible for the dull platitudes which disfigure the editorial columns of the Times. It is probable that the Times' man is his own most frequent correspondent and that the communications which appear in his journal over various signatures are the coinage of his ill-ballasted brain. Measuring other people's corn with his own bushel he not unnaturally attributes to us the practice of a sin to which he is himself prone. His incivility reminds us of a rough whaling captain who, when obstinate or cranky, would see nothing. The mate shouted out one day: "Thar blows and thar she breaches. The captain said: "I don't see no blows and I don't see no breches." Pretty soon the mate yells out: "Thar she blows and thar she breches." The captain said: "I don't see no blows and I don't see no breches." Again the mate yelled out: "Thar she blows and thar she breches;" and the captain said: "Mate, if you think that thar she blows and thar she breches you can take the boat and go for her." The mate took the boat and brought alongside a whale which tried out eighty barrels of oil, and, the captain said: "Mate, you have done well, and you shall be mentioned to the owner; you will be complimented, perhaps rewarded." And the mate said: "Capt. Jones, I don't want no mention, and I don't want no compliment, and I don't want no reward; all I want is common civility, and that of the commonest kind." All we ask of our contemporary is civility; it would be idle to look for any but the commonest kind from such a source.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

Political matters have assumed a strange appearance in England. The old-time conservatives resent the democracy of Lord Randolph Churchill, and the liberals have split since the radical speeches of Joe Chamberlain and Jesse Collings. Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain are leading separate wings, and unless they can be induced to unite their forces, the general opinion is that the conservatives—in spite of Lord Randolph—will win an easy victory. Jesse Collings, who is member for Ipswich and a radical of the ultra type, has referred very contemptuously to Lord Hartington's recent speeches, saying that they were remarkable for their emptiness. Lord Hartington has taken every occasion to repudiate Mr. Chamberlain's policy, and the latter's friends threaten that he will attack Lord Hartington in vigorous language in all his future speeches. The radicals have certainly fallen away from the whigs, and nothing would seem more probable than that the moderate conservatives and the whigs should coalesce in the next house and rule the country on the next parliamentary term. Lord R. Churchill's long-expected speech at Sheffield was delivered before an enormous meeting which was wholly sympathetic. His chief point was self-assertion with characteristic redundancy. There was not a word, not a line, not a sentence, not a single political opinion which betrayed the smallest, faintest shred of difference between the Marquis of Hartington and the present ministers. Nobody, of course, could comment on this seriously. Compare for instance Lord Hartington and the Duke of Richmond, who is the president of the board of trade, on the question of free trade, and on other matters about which the whole country is eager to hear a distinct statement of the policy. Churchill was distinctly silent On the Irish question, the South African, the difficulties of the land question, the crofters and free education, he was as much at sea as he is the least illuminated by this rising statesman.

Sneering at Pioneers.

TO THE EDITOR:—I noticed a paragraph in the Times wherein, in speaking of the death of an old pioneer, the writer sneeringly says that gre long the last of "the class" will have passed in their cheques. I notice, too, that he seems to take a peculiar interest in representing the verbiage and copying the utterances of all and every one who has anything to say disparagingly of British Columbia and her provinces. We care not what may happen to be the nationality of this sneering copyist of the Times, I neither know, nor care to know; but one thing I notice, there are very few recent importations that in any way or shape can hold the palm to the sneered-at pioneers of British Columbia.

British Columbia's Name Ready.

TO THE EDITOR:—If being ready at all times to resent an insult and to have a keen eclat for giving a Roland for an Oliver constitutes a fool, give me the cap, Mr. Editor; I shall be proud to wear it. As one of the despised remnant that is fast dwindling away (see Times), I am not disposed to eat the leek, even though in the hands of the editor of the Times. My name is available and at his service when he may ask you for it. (I enclose my card.) In all seriousness, if we are such an effete, played-out "class" as the Times man would fain have the world think we are, is it not an ignoble trait—almost like striking a cripple—to take every covert opportunity to assail us for our real or imaginary shortcomings, to say nothing of the bad taste in seeking to set class against class, as the Times is doing. We have been free from that sort of thing in the past, at all events; neither do we want it now in

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

"Mrs. Ponsonby De Tomkyns."

Mrs. Eustace Smith, mother of Mrs. Donald Crawford, the respondent in the Dilke divorce suit, is one of the most indefatigable lion hunters in London. Her house in Prince's Gate has a character partly literary, partly artistic, partly political. If a rajah comes to England from the Nepaul Terai, if a traveller returns from the Blue Mountains of Thibet, if an explorer arrives from the River of Golden Sand, he is instantly drawn into Mrs. Eustace Smith's drawing room. All the fashionable novelists, all the applauded painters, all the statesmen of the hours are there to be found. As for Mr. Eustace Smith, who is not an important member of the household, he is a very rich shipowner, whose family have long held Tynemouth as a pocket borough. He sits in Parliament as a Radical, and his wife is credited with writing the speeches in which he defends his ships against the assaults of Mr. Plimsoll. She is, indeed, quite a clever woman, and is generally supposed to be the original Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns of Du Maurier's caricatures in Punch.

Taking to the Woods.

(New York Times.)

Citizen (to editor with valise in his hand)—Hello, Shears! where are you going at this hour in the morning?

Editor Shears (looking warily about)—I'm going for the first train. In writing up the sociable last night I stated that the ladies were the comeliest set of women I ever saw assembled together. This morning's paper had "homeliest" for "comeliest," and I'm going up into the North Woods for a month's vacation

John Leech's Sisters.

LONDON, Sept. 3.—John Leech, whose facile pen for so many years furnished food in the pages of Punch for the laughter-loving public, died in 1864, at the early age of 47. Like others of his class, he did not leave a fortune, and his sisters, now becoming old women, are in destitute circumstances. This having been represented in the proper quarter, the Queen has granted a pension of £100 each to the four old ladies, to gladden their declining years.

EXPERIMENTS WITH ENSILAGE.—Sir J. B. Lawes, of England, announces that he intends to make some experiments in feeding ensilage. From being a very decided critic of ensilage, Dr. Lawes has been forced by practical observation to concede that it has some important advantages. Possibly further practical experience with ensilage will increase his favorable opinion of it, as it has of thousands of good farmers in this country.

SKEENA RIVER COUNTRY.

Interesting Description of its Resources.—The Lorne Creek Mines.

PECULIARITY OF THE SALMON—GREAT DIFFICULTY IN THE PUTTING UP OF SALMON—DULL TIMES THE CAUSE—HOT AND MINERAL SPRINGS—THEIR GREAT AND BENEFICIAL EFFECT ON RHEUMATIC PATIENTS—THE DISTANCE AND ROUTE TO LORNE CREEK—A HARD RIVER TO GO UP, EASY TO RETURN—LORNE CREEK A PARTIAL FAILURE TO DATE—GOOD NEWS FROM KITSEGUECLA—GREAT RUSH TO THE NEW CREEK—DISCOVERY OF A LARGE FERTILE VALLEY BY PARTIES OF PROSPECTORS.

(Special Correspondence of The Colonist.)

Skeena river for some years having been a centre of considerable importance in the putting up and packing of canned salmon, employing thousands of help—white men, Chinese and Indians—in the different departments of this important business, the question naturally arises, why such a decline is so short a time? In visiting or landing at one of these canneries at the present time you become painfully impressed with a strange sensation of loneliness, more particularly, after a time spent in hunting up the abode of the caretaker. About 9 o'clock a man may be seen slowly seen making his appearance and going the regular rounds of the place, examining everything carefully. He looked extremely melancholy, I said, "Friend, I have been directed to you from your long experience and knowledge in the putting up and packing of canned salmon in the hope that you would place before me facts to show the cause of the great decline in so short a time of one of the principal industries of British Columbia."

"Friend," he slowly answered, "a great part of this is for want of a thorough knowledge of mankind. This crash has not come on us unawares. It was slowly gathering for years. Look, and you see salmon jumping everywhere. The last spring run on this river was good. Now you see the sockeyes. It is a fine run, and you seldom see a boat now where there were ten boats every other year. The pack this season will be about 12,000 cases. Our fishing is done on this river at low water. In strong tide water the salmon seek the friendly shelter of a snag or rock until the water slacks. Many of the proprietors and shareholders in those canneries have their business in Victoria, and placed men in charge here who thought so long as they put up a big number of cases, no matter what the cost, or what number went through the cannery floor, they were all right in establishing a name for themselves, paying no attention to labor rates. Though being situated in the centre of an Indian population of from ten to twelve thousand, they advanced their wages in a few years 50 per cent. whites and Chinese the same, their only excuse being necessity. I see that you are young in the business and I will give you some items that may be of help to you, so that you may steer clear of difficulties before it is too late. In 1884, you may remember, it took $200,000 to supply with goods alone the canneries of British Columbia. The greater part of these had to be furnished by the merchants of Victoria, companies in good standing behandsomely supplied, how companies like my own being compelled to seek any place where they could get credit.

"This fishing business is a crooked affair. It dovetails into each year so. Shareholders repose in blissful ignorance by the reports from the canneries of the number of cases put up, and build castles in the air while patiently awaiting returns from the sale of their salmon by London agents. After a time it comes, as follows: Your salmon fairly saleable; market dull; prospects looking bright for the next season. Commission, storage, insurance, shortage. Swallheads, doubtful, cash advanced. Figures are reversed, and instead of a dividend you are called upon to pay an assessment. This you can see by my present melancholy appearance. My advice to you and to all shareholders is, if you want to carry on the cannery and packing business you will have to regulate the wages by men interested, and not leave it to men who care not what a case of salmon costs so long as they put it up. One other thing will help us on this river, thanks to the custom house officials for making Port Simpson a port of entry. The Californians now bring goods to Port Simpson much cheaper than we could get them from Victoria, and export the fish with large wholesale houses from Portland are going to open in Port Simpson and that ships will come and load here with salmon and that we will not have to pay the steamers $4 for carrying 25 cases to Victoria.

"Wages this season have been 50 per cent. lower than for years past on this river, and at such a rate and with such other advantages things will resume new life. The busy hum of industry will be again heard from Kennedy island to Mumford landing. Tools and machinery now lying rusting and rotting will shake off their rust and rot, and whites and Indians will join in places now deserted in singing, 'Hard times come again no more.'"

HOT AND MINERAL SPRINGS.

There are many of them on this river, and, within the last three years, they have been visited by a great number of rheumatic patients. Some of these had to be carried to the springs, whilst many others went there on crutches. All left the place perfectly cured. The springs are on the opposite side of the river from the Aberdeen cannery. At the springs there is a small frame house and a good bath-tub for the accommodation of patients free; a distance of 25 miles from Port Simpson. At the springs there is no doctors, runners or hotels here. You have got to board yourself, while at the others it costs $30 to $40 a week to live.

LORNE CREEK — DISTANCE FROM ABERDEEN.

To Lorne creek is about 90 miles. It takes a canoe on the average seven days to make the trip; fare, $7 50; return fare, $2 50; time, 30 hours; freight, 2½ cents a pound. Distance from Aberdeen to Kitsum-Kalum river, 50 miles; to the lake, 15; across the lake, 15; fare, $10; freight, 6 cents a pound. Skeena river, after leaving Mumford landing, is a succession of riffles, all the way paddling, poling, hauling on the line, crossing the river at every riffle to find a poling place or a trail; grubbing hold of every thing to keep from being pulled into the river by the line when the canoe takes a sheer.

THE MOST NOTED RIFFLES

on the river are the Hankin and the Kitsilas. Here you must lighten the canvas if heavily loaded and make a portage by carrying a part of the freight to the upper end of the riffle.

The Kitsilas is nearly half a mile long. Here the river runs through two narrow channels, having a strong wall between them. Through one of these channels the canoes have to pass, except at a high stage of the river, when they can haul the canoe across the portage. There is a good trail here on either side of the river. It took our canoe, with seven Indian men, four hours to go through a boiling mad canyon. In former times there must have been a big population of Indians here from the ruins now in sight. It was their golden era. They levied toll with a despotic hand on any tribe or goods passing either way. They have got some good land and fine vegetable gardens, having large new potatoes on July 12. Here I saw two Indians using the whipsaw to good account on the carved idols which they once adored and which have for generations laid in their way by cutting them up into scantlings and boards for the Lorne creek miners. The climate changes here. You have left the coast range and get into dry weather.

LORNE CREEK

is in length about eight miles, and is taken up and staked off the greater part of the way. This creek is mismamed, and should be called Mad Cañon. At the town end of the creek, near the river, are boulder flats half-a-mile wide. In the bed of the creek on these flats there are companies prospecting, the claims having such names as The Hungry Brothers, and from appearance, if they have to depend on the claims, I feel they will be hungry indeed. Then comes the Jam company, where they have done a great deal of work in two seasons. From here for about three miles the creek narrows to from 20 to 30 feet, having perpendicular walls from 200 to 2000 feet high. It is hard to find a place to build a cabin on. I saw no place that could be called safe except a high bar called Belcher's Flat. On this flat a great number of miners have built cabins from up and down the creek. In this part of the creek there is a great amount of fluming and wing-damming done of a superior kind. It takes a flume of 10x2 to carry the water. No man working in this part of the creek can count his life safe from falling rocks. Many of the miners are abandoning their claims on different parts of the creek; some for want of means.

MINING RESULTS.

The following companies cleared up last Saturday: Booth & Ewing, $17 a day to the hand; Larkin Bros., $20; Cunningham & Co., $22; Young America, $10; Joe Ervin & Co., $10; Indian Claim, $10; French & Moffit, $8; Tim, $6. Many other companies are getting down. The creek is spotted and hard to work because of boulders. I believe that a good deal of the bed of the old creek will be found in the banks now covered up by slides from the mountains.

THE POPULATION OF LORNE CREEK

is 100, the [illegible] part honorable and honest miners. Many others wish to be called the same, but are dead-beats living on the store-keepers and on the best the camp affords, never paying a cent that they can help, and have no more right to the name of miner than a stragler or camp-follower to a regular soldier.

LATER.

There is bad news for the miners today. The butcher shop is closed up. Report says the butcher is going to drive out all the beeves. Great excitement this morning by reports of Indians having struck big diggings on a creek on the lower side of Kitlam cañon. About twenty men left early for the creek. I saw a letter to day from a miner on Kitsum Kalem saying that he and partner were making in a bank claim from $3 to $5 a day, and expected to do better. Very few white men are there.

PROSPECTING.

There have been some parties out prospecting for some time. Two others have returned, after being out a month, and found no gold. Campbell & Co. crossed the Skeena river at the mouth of Lorne creek and went south to Copper river, where they found a fine grass valley, which they followed for fifty or sixty miles. It is from three to five miles wide. They found several seams of coal. Fraser & Co. left the Skeena about fifteen miles above the Forks and followed the Indian trail, which was the telegraph trail. They travelled for several days through a very fine and fertile valley, the Indians having new potatoes early in July. Mr. Graham, gold commissioner, is very popular with the miners, and had a hard time settling with the Indians and the different companies who claimed their claims, as all the companies employed them the greater part on bedstone pay.

TRAVELER.

Farm Topics.

PLASTER ON CLOVER.—If plaster is sown on clover during a moist time now, it will greatly promote its growth and will forward the plant next spring as much or more than if saved till then and sown. But plaster is always so helpful to clover and costs so little that it will pay to make repeated applications of it.

SCATTERED GRAIN.—There is a considerable manurial value in the scattered oats and barley plowed under on land intended for wheat. But it should be plowed early so as to be destroyed before the time for wheat sowing. To sprout this grain, and thus insure its destruction is one of the advantages of most weather following harvest.

FALLEN OATS.—When oats fall down after getting fully in head the quality of the grain is not much affected, providing they have cool weather to fill in. The largest crops most always fall before they are ready to cut, and the principal loss is from the greater difficulty in harvesting and the waste of heads cut too short to be gathered into the bundles.

THE SQUASH BORER.—If squash vines wither suddenly late in the season look for the vine borer, which will be found imbedded in the stalk generally not far from the roots. The vines may often be saved by cutting the stalk lengthwise with a knife until the borer is found and then destroying him. With a little practice this takes less time than would be supposed.

SEEDING OF WEEDS.—This is the time of year when more weeds seed than in any other. Many have been neglected during the hurry of harvesting which is as great now as before the use of improved harvesting machinery. Those which are about to seed should be cut down, or if this not practicable the field should be plowed and prepared for reseeding with wheat.

SHELTERING REAPERS.—The self-binding harvester is an unwieldy machine to run into a barn or through any ordinary gate. But as soon as harvest is over it should have its tongue detached, and then by loading on a stone boat it may be run into a shed or barn and be secure against all injury until it is needed for another harvest. Thus cared for a self-binding reaper would last for many years.

More About the Dublin Scandal.

New York World: The cable message of the last scandal, which is doubtless stirring Dublin to its depths, and which will create an almost equal tumult in the veins of London, where the parties were in high fashion, makes the usual mistake in giving the lady's name as "the Hon. Miss Clarethorne, daughter of Lord Clarethorne." The name of the fair fugitive is the Hon. Florence Bingham, second daughter of the late and sister of the present Lord Clanmorris, who was state steward to the Duke of Marlborough, when lord lieutenant of Ireland. She is very pretty and very petite, and, from the advantages of her father weight, celebrated as a horsewoman even in Galway, which, like Argos of old, is noted for its "famous steeds and lovely women." The ladies of the Bingham family in Ireland, whose head, the earl of Lucan, gave the order for the charge of the Light Brigade, like the Pagets of England, have never realized the very severe conditions imposed by Cæsar on his wife. The husband from whom she has fled, John Pollok of Lismany, is of Scotch stock of not more than some fifty years' settlement in Ireland, is the owner of very large landed estates and is a master of hounds. The whole lot is horsey. John Blakeney of Abbert, one of the horsewhipped "hot-blooded gallants," to borrow a phrase from the lovely Langtry, is fifty-eight years old and is now enjoying his second term of connubial bliss. The fair defaulter is only twenty-four. Scandals similar to those which in English society are falling thick as leaves in Vallambrosa preceded the French revolution.

AN English Scientist says the earth's surface is slowly changing, and what is a valley to-day may be a mountain a million years hence. A man who contemplates erecting a residence in the valley should remember this, and be prepared to find his house on the top of a high mountain in the year 1,001,885.—Norristown Herald.

CANADIAN MYSTERY.

A Strange Disappearance Accounted for.

Extraordinary Statement of a Prisoner.

About the Death of Two Relatives.

ST. CATHARINES, Sept. 3.—The body of Alexander Easterbee, the husband of Leafy Easterbee, the murdered woman, was found Wednesday about noon. The scene of the double murder is reached after a drive of about nine miles through a fine section of country. It is situated in a deep valley, and is surrounded by some fine scenery and is about the last spot a person would select for such a fearful tragedy. Effingham, formerly called Beckett's Mills, was very little known until this crime has brought it into such unenviable notoriety. The place where the body of the woman Leafy Easterbee was found is situated about 150 feet from the road. The house is a plain story and a half board, and has never been painted. The body was found about twenty feet from the front door.

THE BODY OF HER HUSBAND,

Alex. Easterbee, was found in what is known as Miller's woods, about 400 or 500 yards back from the road and one-half mile from Effingham, where he formerly lived, and about 200 or 300 yards from his father's house. When found the body had on a light checked plaid shirt, dark tweed vest and pants. The coat was thrown over the head. There was a bullet-hole in the temple, and the throat was cut from ear to ear. The bullet-hole was evidently made by a 32-calibre revolver. The family of Easterbees consists of seven boys and three girls. The deceased was about twenty-five years of age. Both her father and mother are living.

STATEMENT OF JOHN EASTERBEE.

My name is Easterbee. Both deceased and myself came to the scene where he is buried together and deceased shot himself. I went away and laid behind a log while he did this. I came back in about twenty minutes and I cut his throat. Could not say if he was dead or not when I did this, as I was so excited. Deceased dug his own grave before we came out to the place. After I cut his throat I put him in the grave and then buried him up. I cut his throat and buried him at his own request. We were assisting our father build a log house last fall, when deceased (Alex. Easterbee) told me he had

PUT AN END TO HIS WIFE.

He did not give me any reason for doing so. Told me he had killed his wife and was sorry now for doing it, but it was too late to undo it. He was afraid he would take him, and he said he would put an end to himself. I told him he had better go away and stand his chance. He said 'No, he did not wish to disgrace the family. Think this happened during the latter part of October or the first part of November. This was the second or third day after he had killed his wife. It was the second day after he first spoke to me of killing his wife that he shot himself. He said he was going to commit suicide, and that if he did not succeed in killing himself,

I WAS TO FINISH THE JOB.

I did not consent at first to assist him. He afterwards told me he had the place all prepared, the grave dug, and everything ready, and said he was determined to commit suicide. I then told him I would help him. We sat down at the house together about noon, then came out of the house and started direct for the bush. He had a shovel out there. We were talking in the bush for about three hours before he shot himself. 'Am not sure whether it was a razor or not I used to cut his throat. Deceased shot himself with a revolver, which I took after the deed was done and threw it into a pond. I laid behind the log for about twenty minutes or half an hour, and after that

I CUT HIS THROAT.

I put him in the hole and covered his coat over his head, and then covered him up with dirt. Took the shovel to the house where deceased lived, also took the knife with which I cut his throat to the house. The knife I used was a good sized pocket-knife. Think it is at the house yet. Deceased told me to tell the folks he had gone to Michigan. When I came to the house the folks asked me where my brother was. I told them the last time I saw him he had told me he was going away. My folks never made any further inquiries. First told my brother Howard of what occurred about two weeks ago. My brother and I had some trouble about a week afterwards. I told him in the latter part of the week, and I think it was on the following Monday we had the trouble. Have been out several times to see if the grave had been disturbed. Deceased had asked me to do this. Did not know anything of the

MURDER OF MY BROTHER'S WIFE

until after it occurred, or assist my brother in murder or bury his wife. My brother and his wife lived together happily to the best of my knowledge. Do not know of their having any quarrels. I was asleep when deceased shot himself. I was not asleep when deceased told me he had struck his wife in the stomach and then choked her to death. When he told me this he seemed to be a little different from his usual manner."

VERDICT OF WILFUL MURDER.

The inquest on Alex. Easterbee's body was opened before Coroner Cummins this evening. A large number of witnesses were examined, but the late hour at which the report was received prevents us from giving the evidence.

The jury then retired and after about half an hour's deliberation returned about 10 p. m. with the following verdict:—"That Alexander Easterbee came to his death on or about October or November, 1884, at the hands of John Easterbee, by cutting Alexander Easterbee's throat, and that the said John Easterbee is guilty of wilful murder."

The prisoner refused to make any statement before the jury.

The inquest on Leafy Easterbee, wife of Alexander Easterbee, will be continued on Tuesday next, when it is expected some further light will be thrown on this terrible murder.

A New Flavoring.

"I can't eat that ice cream," he said, as he shoved back from the table with a disgusted expression on his face.

"Anything wrong?" queried the proprietor of the parlor, as he rubbed his hands and looked anxious.

"It's beastly stiff."

"Dear me, but I'm sorry. Susan, what flavor did this gentleman order?"

"Vanilla, sir."

"And you gave it to him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! that explains. I'm out of vanilla, and she must have used kerosene. I'll make it half price to you, sir, and you get all the advantage of a sure cure for a sore throat."

A Peer for the Rockies.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—Earl Dudley, who is only eighteen years of age, is at present in Brazil, a guest of Don Pedro. The young Earl left England almost six weeks before his father's death on a three years' tour abroad, and as he could not possibly return in time for the funeral, it was decided that he should carry out the original plan. He intends proceeding to Canada, and having taken a trip over the Canadian Pacific railway, he will spend six weeks in the Rockies, buffalo hunting.

THE late William Hamilton, who met with a fatal accident, had recently joined H. M. S. Constance. Supt. Roycraft wishes to receive any information concerning his relatives; also the time he has been in the province. He was a native of Ayr, Scotland.

EX-MINISTER E. G. W. BENJAMIN

Gives a Reporter an Account of His Experiences While in Persia.

(New York Sun Interview.)

"How do the Persians treat Christians and Europeans?"

"Not badly, if Shah fanaticism is not aroused. Then they become dangerous. A few years ago if a European consorted with a Persian woman he was killed at once or obliged to turn Mohammedan and marry her. Even now it would create the greatest trouble, so that Europeans confine their attentions to the Armenian women of the native Christian population. When the shah's wives drive through the streets men go ahead to clear the streets and warn all persons to conceal themselves. If a man has no chance of getting a way he turns his face around and does not look, on pain of being roughly handled or perhaps killed on the spot. Europeans are compelled to do the same thing.

"In June of last year, owing to the intense heat, I was compelled to move my family out of the city. On my way to the country I met a large force of soldiers escorting the shah's wives. If a Persian had chanced to glance at the royal ladies in such circumstances he would have fared hard, but the law says we have rights and privileges of their own, so I stood my ground. Some twenty of the mounted guards violently attacked us and beat my servants and myself in the effort to drive them back. I directed them to stand their ground, and things were looking serious, when one of the queens, who recognized the seriousness of the situation by their badges, sent her chief eunuch to call the soldiers away. We were then allowed to pass through without further molestation.

"This attack was an insult to the dignity of the legation too great to be overlooked, and I wrote a note to the minister of foreign affairs demanding satisfaction immediately. The reply to my note being tardy and evasive, I felt it my duty to inform the minister of foreign affairs that unless my terms were complied with, thirty-six hours I should hauled down the flag and demand my passport. The result justified my action. Without going into details, I may say that not only was the most ample satisfaction rendered us within thirty-six hours, but my course received the approval of the entire diplomatic corps and added to the high prestige awarded to foreign legations at the court of Persia.

"On another occasion a servant of one of my attaches nearly killed a Persian. This immediately created the greatest excitement, and a mob formed with the intention of attacking the legation. The minister of foreign affairs notified us to be prepared. I ordered our military guard to load their arms, and stationed them at the weak points where a mob might enter, making preparations also to send my family to a place of safety. Happily the earnest efforts of the authorities were successful in quelling the mob.

"Last spring the official paper, Shereef, published an article that was disrespectful to President Cleveland. I immediately demanded that a retraction should be made and a new article printed, in which he should be treated with the greatest honor. After much persistency this was done. Vaziel was very polite in montems, and it was necessary to send notice beforehand, and servants would come out to meet us as a mark of honor."

"The Old Leather" Tramp.

(Detroit Free Press.)

A familiar character in certain sections of Canada and Northern New York state is known as "the old leather tramp." At intervals of thirty-four days he has penetrated a wide district with self-built hats or other self-supplied clothing, stopping places, for the last twenty-seven years. He is generally punctual, if not to the minute, yet to the hour. One of his hats, built of railway ties, he picked up in a mountain, the material being transported by his own physical strength. He has also caves in which he finds shelter. His tour is 860 miles, of which there are 240 miles in Connecticut, travelled by him in twenty-two days, and 120 miles in the state of New York, to which he devotes twelve days.

He has a leather suit, of clothes. It was recently ascertained that he was a French Catholic, 68 years of age, who believes that he is doing penance in expiation of the sins committed in his early days. He carries with him a French prayerbook of date of 1844, a tin pipe of his own make, a razor in one pocket and a bauble for another, a ball of twine, tinpan, hatchet, jack-knife and awl. He wears a crucifix on his breast under his clothes. He refuses his soiled linen, nor does he seem to care for money. On the coldest nights he prefers one of the own places of shelter to any civilized home. Altogether he is a strange specimen of the tramp species.

Shakespeare and George Eliot.

(The Current.)

Miss Rose Kilpatrick, in her recent, or lately published work entitled "George Eliot's Poetry and Other Studies," makes a curious distinction between the writings of Shakespeare and of George Eliot. While discovering resemblances as well as differences, she says that the reader emerges from one of Shakespeare's plays as from an ocean bath; he has been in the tossing of the billows, while he comes from one of George Eliot's poems "as from a Turkish bath of latest science and refinement—appropriative of benefit but so battered, beaten, and disjointed as to need repose before he can be conscious of refreshment."

Effects of Cold.

(Scientific Journal.)

In the experiments of Coleman and McKendrick, as reported to the Glasgow Philosophical society, a frog was preserved an hour's exposure to a temperature of 100 degrees below zero. It was not frozen, its body heat being reduced only to 43 degrees. The frog's blood became quite solid in half an hour at 30 to 35 degrees below zero, and in two instances recovered from the freezing. The cold for many hours failed to destroy microscoping organisms, whose vitality was simply arrested by freezing, and was resumed when a suitable temperature was restored.

Restaurant Waiters' Slang.

(Butte City Inter-Mountain.)

One morning recently a hungry pilgrim went into Pat Conlon's restaurant and ordered some toast, boiled potatoes, poached eggs, steak and some hot cakes. The waiter, "Professor" Harris, went to the kitchen and roared out to the Chinaman: "Gimme a graveyard, slow, potatoes in the dark, two in a blizzard, back, a moonlight on the lake and a flam beau." When the pilgrim heard this remarkable order he incontinently fled from the house, forgetting to take his hat, and muttering that he'd "be got darned if he proposed to tackle that kind of a breakfast, and that if the people lived on such things in this country he proposed to return to Missouri."

A reporter for The Inter-Mountain, who happened to be in the restaurant at the time, approached the waiter and asked for an explanation of the order, and the professor gave the following version:

"You see," he said, "we get tired of commonplace, and besides, we try to teach the Chinamen the language. A graveyard stew means milk toast; potatoes in the dark is boiled potatoes; eggs circus style means scrambled eggs; rough and ready means pork and beans; a flambeau is light, hot cakes, and moonlight on the lake is rare beefsteak. The waiters all have pet names for these things, and we throw potatoes at the China cooks till they know what we mean."

Another boarder came in and the professor roared out with the voice of a stentor: "Gimme a saddle bags and a springer spuds on the side, tenpenny nails and a shingle to come a runnin'." Then the reporter followed in the wake of the Missourian.

Japan's Patent Law.

(Exchange.)

The Japanese have at last promulgated a patent law. The new law appears, like many other recent Japanese laws, to be compiled from similar laws of other countries—a clause from England here, from France there, from Germany in another place, as seemed advisable in the circumstances. The term of protection is fifteen years. Articles that tend to disturb social tranquility, or demoralize customs and fashions, or are injurious to health, and medicines, can not be patented.

The Station-Master's Garden.

(Lond'n Letter.)

The poetry of the English railroad is the station-master's garden on a narrow strip behind the platform, and "nothing has been more welcomed," says a writer on railways, "in American railroad management than the imitation of our English brethren in their treatment of their stations, and nothing is regarded with a more lively or sympathetic interest than the horticultural ambitions and struggles of the station-masters on some of our leading lines."

LOST IN THE BUSH.

A YOUNG GIRL'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE IN AUSTRALIA.

Graphic Account of the Finding of a Child Who Had Been Lost in the Wilderness for Three Weeks.

(Melbourne Argus.)

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, 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 wandered down the turbid stream flowing through the cozy 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 McCoil 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 Suez 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 validly sought succor in a hole in a tree. Mr. Curwan obliged his "town chum," as he calls him, by waiting till Mr. Smith once more left his saddle, and with a stick fully disentombed the fetlock victim of misplaced confidence in the nutritive resources of the Lilydale bush.

"He was just mounting again when a low sound like a young blackbird's whistle caught the acute ear of the experienced bushman by his side. 'Hist,' said Mr. Curwan. 'What's that?' Again the wailing, plaintive note was born softly on the breeze. It was enough this time. Mr. Curwan was sure it was a coo-ee, if never, he says, 'hear a coo-ee twice in the bush without answering it. I answered it and the soft, weak voice came to us again, yet a little louder. I was sure something was wrong, but I could not say where the sound came from because of the echo of the hills. I galloped up the rise in front of us and coo-eed now and again. Every time we coo-eed—indeed, oftener—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 fences, logs, bogs and ravines would let us we advanced toward the spot where we had been talking about canals. I