

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS

Rothschilds Attribute the Trouble to the Disturbing Political Questions.

These Must Be Removed Before Confidence is Restored. Then All Will Be Well.

New York, Jan. 6.—The World publishes the following cablegram: London, Jan. 6.—The World, New York.—In answer to your telegram of the fourth, we beg to say that under ordinary circumstances we would never venture to offer an opinion on any financial question which is under discussion by a foreign government and its legislature, but we are always ready to give our advice on any practical issue when called upon to do so by those who have power to act. Last year, when there was a financial crisis in the United States, we made an offer for a three per cent. gold loan, and failing congress giving the necessary views to enable such an issue to be made we undertook, with others, to place a number of four per cent. bonds.

As you have now done us the honor of taking our opinion, we must tell you frankly that in our judgment the severe financial situation at present is chiefly caused by the political crisis, and as soon as the American people get settled in their minds on the financial strain will be considerably relaxed, if it does not altogether disappear.

Until this boundary question is arranged, we do not believe that either the European public or capitalists will buy any American bonds for investment, and we believe that although a certain number of people on this side of the Atlantic have signified their intention of taking a share in a syndicate to be formed in New York, they have only done so in the belief that at the present moment they would obtain terms which would enable them at once to resell the bonds in America. When the political horizon is quieted, and it is finally established in the minds of all men that the good feeling and understanding which exist in the hearts of the people of England and America is beyond doubt, and is acknowledged and ratified by the two governments, then will be the time and opportunity for America to apply to the British capitalists. We offer no suggestions as to how this is to be accomplished. It is for the governments to decide among themselves. All we can say is that good feeling exists among our people on this side, and you have proved by your patriotic efforts that it exists on the other side of the Atlantic. (Signed) N. M. Rothschild.

Berlin, Jan. 7.—Not having part in the negotiations for a new loan we think it inappropriate to give an opinion on the subject. S. Bleichroder & Company, bankers.

London, Jan. 7.—Cannot express an opinion as to continental investors. We doubt if the idea is sufficiently attractive here in the form suggested. Courts.

NEW HORTICULTURE.

Retarding Instead of Speeding the Development of Flowers is the Idea.

During the past decade horticulture has been undergoing a revolution which seems likely to add largely to its profits. This revolution is yet in its infancy, but has already proceeded so far that its methods are beyond the stage of experiment and have produced practical results on a large scale in Germany and England. The phase of horticulture in question is not so much change in the art of gardening as a totally new departure. Till recently florists when they desired to have flowers out of season must resort to the method of forcing. Houses with hot water apparatus of various sorts have been utilized to hasten the maturity of flowers and fruits so that the usual period of their full development would be anticipated. A summer flower, for example, would be "forced" to put forth in the spring, or even in the winter preceding its natural period of maturity. The results have been exceedingly profitable to florists who obtained "scarcity" prices. There has been a drawback, however, in the forcing, however, in the expressiveness of this phase of gardening. An accident of any kind that causes a sudden rise or fall of temperature of the hot-house beyond a certain point is followed by the total destruction of the crop of flowers.

The new departure is a method of retarding, instead of speeding, the development of flowers. Experimenters have found that by reversing the ordinary methods they have obtained better results at less cost. Applying cold instead of heat they keep their plants dormant till out of season, and then with the use of this method apply particularly to the lily of the valley, Deutzias, Spirea japonica, the ordinary lilac and Ghent azaleas. The London times refers to the "lily factory" at Sandringham, where for some years past a Mr. Jannoch has obtained surprising results by his process of retardation. Mr. Jannoch simply places the "crowns" of the lily plant in an ordinary ice house. The crown, it may be explained, is the bud in which are inclosed both leaves and flower in embryo.

It is fully formed during the autumn, or some six months before it flowers in the ordinary course of events. When forced during the winter, however, the last ten years, about 50 per cent of the buds could be got to flower early in January, and perhaps two-thirds of that proportion before Christmas. But by the new method of retarding in refrigerating rooms specially constructed for his purpose, Mr. Jannoch obtains fine flowers with well-developed leaves from 95 per cent. of his lily. His harvest extends from the end of summer up to Christmas, the period of development being compressed within the space of three weeks. The plants named above are not injured in the least by their several extra months of hibernation.

There are, however, many plants to which the refrigerative method is not applicable. No evergreen plants of any kind will bear refrigeration. It is applicable, English experiments find, only to plants which are hardy in England, and which will withstand temperatures about the freezing point. It does not apply, for example, to the camellia, hyacinth, tulip, etc. A refrigerating apparatus was recently constructed for a firm of florists near London at a cost of \$5000, but an efficient plant could be doubtless be erected for less than that sum.

The new method explains what has been a mystery to the general public—the existence of large quantities of lilies of the valley flowers in the market from the late summer up to Christmas. Some 20,000 sprays of this plant are said to have been used at the recent wedding of the Duke of Marlborough. America, in fact, is one of the principal markets for lily crowns retarded by the refrigerating method. Large supplies are obtained from Germany, where science now so often finds its earliest industrial application. Not far from Berlin there is, it is stated, 300 acres under cultivation for the production of lilies alone, to say nothing of other flowers susceptible of treatment by the new method of retarding. The whole of Germany and England can doubtless be done as well in parts of the United States and particularly in Maryland, Virginia and other states in the right latitude. There is no reason why our winter supply of flowers of every kind should be brought across the Atlantic, when the conditions for their profitable cultivation exist right here among us.—Baltimore Sun.

THE TRANSVAAL.

Its Population and Its Means of Raising a Force.

In view of the existing situation, a few statistics relating to the inhabitants of the Transvaal will be found of interest. The total white population is estimated approximately at 119,128. Of these about two thirds are aliens, the vast majority of whom are British subjects. The seat of government is at Pretoria, a town with a white population of five thousand; but the largest town is Johannesburg, with a population of over 40,000 and a flagging population of 30,000 in the gold fields along the Rand. The inhabitants of Johannesburg are almost entirely aliens, a circumstance which will explain the scene in the theatre a few nights ago, when the audience hissed the "Volkslied," the national anthem of the Boers and wildly applauded "God save the Queen."

The republic has no standing army with the exception of a small force of horse artillery. In case of war all able bodied citizens are called upon to serve. According to the census of 1890, the number of able bodied men between sixteen and sixty amounts to 23,923. The skill of the Boers in using the rifle is well known, while their doggedness and courage helps to render them formidable enemies in the field.

A TERRIBLE VERDICT.

A Man Plainly Told That He Would Never Walk Out Again.

SO THE DOCTORS SAID

He is Saved and Cured by Paine's Celery Compound.

The Only Reliable Cure for Kidney Diseases.

When Mr. H. Ball, the well known auctioneer of Chatham, Ont., was told by his physicians that he would never walk again, it simply amounted to telling him his days on earth were short. Kidney disease was doing its deadly work; physicians and medicines had failed, and the last ray of hope had almost faded forever. Mr. Ball, having heard wonderful reports about the medicinal virtues of Paine's Celery Compound, wisely decided to give the great medicine a trial. He was not disappointed; health and strength returned, weight increased, and to-day he is a new man. He tells of his wonderful escape from death as follows:

"I was so seriously ill I was obliged to take to my bed, where I laid for four months. The doctors here and in Toronto said my trouble was Addison's disease of the kidneys, and told me I would never walk again. I commenced to use Paine's Celery Compound. After having used a number of bottles I was enabled to attend to business, and felt like a new man. Before using the Compound I was much reduced in flesh; to-day I weigh over 200 pounds. I can affirm with confidence and honesty that Paine's Celery Compound saved my life."

It is said that Gainesville has the meanest man on record. He is a miserly yeoman, who refuses to allow his daughter to receive a sealskin jacket as a present because he could not afford to pay for the camphor which would be needed to keep the moths out of it during the summer.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by a disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

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SINGULAR VISION.

A Strange Story of the Whaling Trade By a New England Woman.

A writer in the New York Sun says: In 1843 the bark *Thames, E. Wilson, master, from Sag Harbor, bound for the North Pacific on a whaling expedition, at a point in the South Pacific, about four degrees below the equator (the exact latitude and longitude not now remembered by him, who implies and vouchers for the facts), fell in with a monster sperm whale and lowered boats for its capture. Capt. Wilson succeeded in making fast to the whale, which started off at a terrible rate of speed, towing the heavy boat with four sailors, and swam so fast and far that the mate, Thomas Brown, left in charge of the bark, entirely lost sight of the chase. Finally, the creature, in a fit of destructive rage, charged the boat and closed its ponderous jaws upon it. Three of the four men at the oars disappeared at once, and the boat was reduced to splinters. Capt. Wilson and the surviving sailor, a Portuguese, clung to and supported themselves by the floating tub in which the harpoon line had been coiled. The whale, having thus effectually disposed of its tormentors, swam away.*

That catastrophe happened about noon. The Portuguese sailor held on to the side of the tub for about four hours. Then exhaustion overcame him; he let go and sank. After he had gone Capt. Wilson found difficulty in keeping the boat from tipping and filling, and was compelled to climb upon it and balance himself across it. That position was far from comfortable, and, although safe, but in narrating the circumstance afterwards, he always said that he did not feel while perched on the tub, so long as he remained conscious of anything the slightest anxiety. It seemed to him that he was simply waiting for certain rescue, and the loss of the men and the boat troubled him more than his fears for his own fate. Night fell; the long hours of darkness passed; day dawned; he sun rose higher and higher, shedding on him a fiercer heat, still the undaunted skipper floated and calmly waited. The water was not cold, but hunger, thirst, and the strain of his cramped position, gradually weakened him, until he lost consciousness. The last thing he remembered was thinking it was about time for him to be "taking the sun." The next he knew he found himself lying in a bunk, aboard a French whaling bark, and was told that he had been picked up—after first being almost run down—three days before.

Capt. Wilson's wife, at home in Sag Harbor, was startled about four o'clock in the morning into sudden wakefulness by her husband entering the room where she slept and sitting down near the front of the bed, when, according to the programme by which he left home, six months before, he ought to be somewhere in the Pacific ocean catching whales, and not due to return for thirty months more. She sprang up, calling him by name and asking excitedly: "What is the matter? Where did you come from? Is your vessel again? What has happened?" Of course she imagined that the bark had come into Gardner's Bay, and that he had come across the neck of land to Sag Harbor, but his untimely return could mean nothing else than disaster of some sort.

He held up his hand as if to calm her excitement and replied pleasantly: "No, it isn't that, Nim. I only want you to know that if you hear that any accident has happened to me, it is all right and I'm coming home with my ship." "Why, you are home! It is all right," she rejoined; "and you haven't had any breakfast." Saying this, she jumped out of bed, and throwing on a wrapper, hurried past him toward the kitchen, calling as she went to her maid, who slept in an adjacent room: "Ed, has come home, mother! The ship is in. Get up." He called after her, as if to detain her: "Oh, no, my ship has not come home. I have come to tell you this, so that you may be prepared. But she went on into the kitchen and threw open the shutters to let in the early light and prepared to make a fire, when her mother, who had looked into the room she had just left, called to her: "Where is he?"

Mrs. Wilson hastened back to her bedroom and looked about, but her husband was no longer to be seen. Her mother, having found the door locked and bolted on the inside, and the shutters and windows fastened, denied that the captain had been there, and declared that her daughter had dreamed it all, but the wife stoutly maintained that she was wide awake, had seen him as plainly as ever in her life, and that he himself had been there and told her things she believed and would continue to believe, even if she could not explain how he had got in or away.

Mate Brown, when the captain and his boat went away in the wake of the big whale, did his best to follow them with the bark, but failed, and, before it served they were far out of sight, the mischief had been done, and he would have needed to sail close to them to see what was left of the objects of his pursuit—merely a floating tub, with two men's heads near it, nothing more than a speck on the waste of waters. For three days he cruised about, and then sadly abandoned his search as hopeless. Shortly afterwards, encountering a whaler homeward-bound, he sent a letter to Mrs. Wilson, announcing the loss of her husband and the boat's crew. That letter reached its destination in six or eight months, and with it went other letters from the surviving crew of the *Thames*, and the report of the men on the whaler that brought these miseries, so that nothing seemed to be better established in Sag Harbor than Captain Wilson's death at sea. But one person refused to believe the report, scoffed, and even laughed at it, and that was his supposed widow. His funeral sermon was preached in the church he used to attend, and she was present, but not in mourning. A headstone was set up at an empty grave in the family burying ground, over in Greenwich, Conn., by sorrowing relatives to commemorate his virtues, but Mrs. Wilson said, "What nonsense!" and went on wearing gay colors. The whole village censured her heartlessness, but she would not put on mourning, could not be got to shed a tear for her husband, and persisted in the face of the scandalized community, in affirming: "He is not dead. He is all right and will come home with his ship. I know he will, because he told me so."

Meanwhile, Captain Wilson had to remain on board the French whaler some three months, as she was out for business, and doing rather well among the whales of the South Pacific, until finally she ran up near Honolulu, and put in there. The *Thames*, under Mate Brown's direction, was also doing quite well, taking a considerable part of her cargo of oil long before nearing the field to which she was destined, but when nearing the Sandwich Islands the mate thought it would be a good idea to stop there for fresh provisions, and, if possible, to get men to replace those who had been lost. So it came, to the unspeakable amazement of the mate and crew, that, as they passed the quarter of the French vessel, running into the Honolulu harbor, they were hailed by Captain Wilson, who, standing on the taffrail, shouted to them to "Send a boat!" The *Thames* went up to the Aleutian Islands, filled up with oil in extraordinary quick time, and made altogether one of the shortest voyages on record to the North Pacific, her absence from port being only two years and three months.

Incoming vessels were then signalled from Cedar Island to Sag Harbor, and when the *Thames* was announced as in the offing, the entire community went down to the wharf. Among them was the woman who was looked upon as the heartless widow, and the disfavor with which she was regarded deepened when it was seen that she was dressed in black with bright ribbons flying, and had a happy look of glad expectancy on her face.

Few pitied her for the grievous shock she was about to receive. But when the vessel approached the wharf, to the dumb astonishment of everybody except her, Capt. Wilson stood upon the taffrail silently watching the mate "bring her in," and he was the first man who leaped ashore. Then the cheers of his townsmen burst forth, and, while he embraced his wife, they surrounded him and overwhelmed him with congratulations. The reception quite dazed him. He could not account for it until they told him that he had been supposed dead.

"But I knew you were all right," interposed his wife, "because you told me so."

"Oh! I did, eh?" he replied, looking questioningly at her.

In most similar cases of apparent manifestation of the astral double, the person unconsciously projecting it has subsequently been aware of having an intense desire to make the communication, but has been without consciousness generally of having done so. Capt. Wilson, however, had no recollection of having thought of sending any message to his wife or wife of his death, should know anything of the disaster that had befallen him. When he came to figure upon the time allowance between Sag Harbor and the point where he was picked up, he found that his double had appeared to his wife after his last conscious thought while he was adrift and before he was rescued by the French vessel.

For cases of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Relief is sure. Only a few minutes for the price in the market.

MARKETS UNSETTLED

Disturbances in the Transvaal Have a Depressing Effect on the Stock Exchange.

Prospects of the Gold Question Discussed—The New York Markets Dull.

London, Jan. 7.—The stock markets here fell to-day on continued serious news from the Transvaal, and the unconfirmed reports of the resignation of the German chancellor, together with the wildest rumors, all more or less untrue.

The Transvaal position was regarded during the day as very grave. Unless the Boers would do the best claims of the Uitlanders, British intervention is almost certain. Consols have been 106 1/4, but closed better. Americans have been especially flat on the gloomy anticipation of the effect of the breakdown of the syndicate operations, but they closed better. All orders for gold to America, which undoubtedly existed, appear to be countermanded, the metal being freely offered in open market. There was a sharp fall in Kaffirs. The losses sustained by becoming heavy and serious. The Paris and Berlin markets were flat to-day, but the latter closed better.

New York, Jan. 7.—The Evening Post, in its financial article to-day, says: To-day's stock market, like yesterday's, reflected the most part the utter confusion into which the situation has drifted. It opened very weak, and the market was generally foreboding, however, there was a general movement to buy back stocks and prices recovered sharply. Thus buying was partly traceable to the usual watchers after bargains for small stocks had broken out, or two points and more, the opening hour. Some foreign speculators, moreover, apparently covered their contracts here rather than to wait for next week's London settlement. Finally the local speculators bought for a time on a widely circulated story that temporary relief will be extended to the treasury by New York capitalists or institutions between now and the 15th of February. Whatever foundation this story had, it certainly is to be wished that it is true, the plain fact is that under the law there remains, during this period, only one method of relief by the voluntary exchange of gold for treasury legal tenders.

The prospects for a return to such reimbursements, each observer may judge for himself. Towards the close the market became extremely irregular and unsettled, in the majority of stocks with numerous more or less disturbing rumors, none of which had any serious foundation. Engagement of gold for export was resumed, but even this movement was rendered uncertain and confused by the situation.

The stock market was nervous and evidence was not clear of the support or powerful financial interests.

One Honest Man.

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He (in the character of a hero)—No, beloved being, it shall not; I will remove it out of the way.

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"Well, what of that?"
"If he'd only been cool and waited, somebody would have caught it, brushed it and brought it back to him."

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