Murderer Landed At Port Angeles

Police Close on His Trail And Expect to Overhaul Him Before Long.

His Sloop Picked Up and His Partner in Hands of Police.

The police drag-net is fast closing in on Frank Nicholes, the murderer of Tom Netes, and before many hours have elapsed it is expected that he will be behind the bars at the lock-up, if, as some expect, he does not take his own life when run down by his pursuers. He has a loaded shot gun with him. Yesterday morning his sloop was picked up, and George Katchules, his partner, who was on the sloop with him when he escaped after the murder, gave himself up to the police, and told of how he had landed Nicholes near Port Angeles at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon, and then brought the sloop back to the vicinity of Metchosin yesterday morning, scuttled it, and turned it adrift.

At noon the tug Sadie, which had been sent out by the provincial police with Sergt. Murray and Constable Campbell and City Detectives Perdue and Macdonald on board, reported from Clallam bay, on the United States side of the straits, and instructions were telegraphed to the officers to proceed to Port Angeles after the murderer. At the same time officers were sent to Metchosin district to make a search there. Supt. Hussey, of the provincial police, is assisting Chief Langley in directing the chase of Nicholes, and further telegraphic instructions were sent by them to the various ports about the Gulf and Sound yesterday morning, calling upon the sheriffs, marshals and customs officers to use their efforts to locate the fugitive. All day the chase continued, and it was understood that the posse of pursuers were closing in on the fugitive at nightfall, but as no futher report reached the heads of the police departments up to the time the Colonist went to press, no details of the chase from the point where the murderer landed near the Port Angeles spit could be obtained. There is a reward of $250 offered by the provincial police department, and although the fugitive is a desperate man, there are some private detectives out along the island shore line towards William Head, who are seeking to earn the reward, believing that a landing was made in that vicinity.

That George Katchules, who is held by the police, although as yet no charge has been preferred against him, knows more regarding the escape of the murderer than he will state, is evident. He had a story arranged to throw the police off the scent, but the failure of the sloop to sink after he tried to scuttle it after landing near Albert Head, showed this story to be false. He arrived at the police station while the inquest was in progress in the police court, and gave himself up to the police. He said he had been landed near Sidney by Nicholes, and had walked to the city. Friends had told him of the murder—of which he was ignorant, not having spoken with Nicholes when sailing the sloop—and he came at once to the police station.

Katchules was not aware of the fact that about the same time as he arrived at the police station the sloop was towed into the inner harbor, and believing that as a result of the hole cut into the sloop's hull she had foundered and obliterated the trail of the murderer, he mixed romance ad lib in the story of the Nicholes' flight. He said that Nicholes had jumped on board from the landing, and when he had shouted from the cabin where he was sleeping, Nicholes said the Italians were coming after him to beat him. The murderer cut the anchor rope and sculled out of the harbor. He called Katchules about 1 a. m., when they were passing the Outer wharf and asked him to get out his oars and scull as Constantine's boat was coming out to try to race them to the fishing grounds over towards San Juan. Together they rowed until catching the breeze off the wharf, then blowing from the northeast, they sailed out, each man tending one of the sails. They passed Trial island, and sailed past Ten Mile point about 2:30 a. m., and next morning reached Moresby island at 10 a. m., where they remained until 4 p. m. that day. They were making about four and a half knots, being helped by the flood tide. Saturday morning, shortly after midnight, they reached Sidney, where Nicholes told Katchules to go ashore. The latter states that he did not ask why nor object, but went ashore and walked to Victoria, while Nicholes spread the sails and started out again. They did not see a steam launch, nor see the Charmer going out when escaping from the harbor.

This was the story told by Katchules when he reached the police station, and there was some truth in it, but more untruth. He stuck to the story of being landed at Sidney, and disclaimed any conversation with Nicholes or knowledge of the murder until he reached the city—but it so happened that while he wove his tale of walking from Sidney to the police, the officers had discovered the fact that he came into the city on the Rocky Point stage from Metchosin, and Capt. Babbington found the sloop drifting in a water logged condition out from the back of Albert Head on the ebb tide which was setting it out towards Race Rocks, so it was impossible for the sloop to have reached the position in which she was found with the prevailing winds, and tides, if, as Katchules stated, she had been off Sidney at midnight.

Katchules persisted in his story, however, despite the evidence of its untruth, and he said in answer to questions that the only knife Nicholes had was a small pen knife which he used to cut tobacco—he smoked T. and B. When the sloop was handed over to the police they found other weapons in the cabin, and they were most fancifully made. There were two lead tipped clubs which could be used with deadly effect. They were about 18 inches long. One was of whalebone, with a ball at one end to prevent it slipping from the hand, and at the other end the whale bone was sunk into a ball of lead. The other knock-out club was made of telephone wire woven in together until the strands twisted together and imbedded in lead, with a similar leaden ball to that on the whalebone club, were about an inch in diameter. There was a pocket book also in the sloop's cabin, which the murderer had left behind.

Katchules was taken down to where the sloop was tied up at Capt. Dan Mackintosh's boathouse to identify it, and it was on his return from the sloop, when he was again confronted with the fact that he was seen coming in from Metchosin district on the Rocky Point stage, that he said he would tell the truth. He had not landed at Sidney as he said, but on the shore near Metchosin, where he had come ashore yesterday morning, after bringing back the sloop from Port Angeles, where he landed Nicholes. He had put him ashore and then sailed back. On arriving he took the axe belonging to the sloop and cut a hole in the vessel's hull, which he hoped would sink her, and thus cover his tracks.

He persisted in stating that he held no conversation with the murderer, and was not aware of the crime until reaching the city, and, pigeonholed direct questions as to why he had taken him to Port Angeles, and why he had tried to scuttle the vessel. He insisted that he was telling the truth when he said he had landed Nicholes at Port Angeles. He is still held at the lockup, and is is likely that a charge of being accessory to the escape of the murderer will be made against him. He was warned of this by the police.

hTe sloop which he attempted to scuttle was drifting broadside on out past William Head on the ebbing tide yesterday morning, when it was seen by Capt. Babbington from the pilot sloop. The pilot left his own vessel at 6:20 a.m.—it being then about daylight—and headed to the eastward about half a mile in his small boat. As he approached the sloop he wondered what was causing her to drift broadside on with no sail set, and with everything fast. As he came nearer he saw that she answered the description given him the day before by the police of Nicholes' boat, and he hailed several times but got no answer. The lamp in the cabin was still burning when he clambered on board over the stern. She was half full of water, and he commenced pumping her out, and after getting the water down somewhat, took a coat he found in the cabin and rammed it into the hole through which the water was coming in. Then he commenced to makes a better job of the salvage work.

The fact that the cabin light was still burning goes to show that one of the two men, Nicholes or Katchules, spent Friday night on board the vessel. It was not until 11 o'clock yesterday morning that the light burned out for lack of oil. Some sacks had been fastened over the port in order to hide the light, and prevent the vessel, whose black hull and dark sail make her almost indistinguishable at night, being seen by pursuers. In the opinion of the pilot, she had drifted out from the little islands in the second lagoon, which would be as snug a hiding place as could be found, for the shore, wooded densely right along, rose sheer from the water. George Katchules had probably hewed the holes in her hull with the axe thrown down into the bottom of the sloop at that point, and then the sloop drifted out into the Royal Roads on the ebb tide, which was running strong, and was setting her out to the Race. The wind was light during the night and was from the northwest.

When Capt. Babbington—who has a salvage claim against the sloop—had patched up the boat, by clamping down some sacking into the hole, and holding it in place by a piece of board pressed tight beneath the thwarts, he tied the murderer's vessel "The Star," as he called her, to the pilot sloop and was starting to tow her to the city when the tug Earle came along inbound and brought both pilot sloop and the rescued fishing sloop to the city about 10.30 a. m. yesterday. Nicholes' sloop was brought in to the James Bay boathouse and handed over to the police, who placed H. Cliffe in charge of it. Although it was known that there was about half a cargo of herrings on the vessel when the murderer started there was not a herring on board, not a scale of a fish, and the body of the vessel containing little. There was a bag of salt, a rubber boot, southwesters, an axe and water barrel below where the hatch had been and in the cabin, where the two berths formed a triangle in the centre of which was the little stove, the belongings of the owner were scattered about. It was in the cabin that the clubs with lead tops were found, which are far different to the wooden sticks sometimes used for killing fish.

The Greek colony has been divided since the murder. The dead man has his friends and the fugitive had his, the latter having seemingly the most numerous. It has been learned too that there was continual quarreling between Tom Netes and Nicholes up to the conciliation on the Fraser two months ago, over the treatment of Constantine by Nicholes. The tall brother of the dead man did not speak to Nicholes, and the latter spoke contemptuously and sneeringly of Constantine. Two years ago Tom Netes and Nicholes had fought over this, and not many months since Nicholes had some words with Constantine, and the latter threatened to have his brother Tom fight Nicholes on that account. Acquaintances tell of frequent quarrels on the dock where the fishermen make their home, and elsewhere over Constantine. On the night of the murder, both Netes and Nicholes were drunk, and Netes having, as is known a somewhat quarrelsome disposition, they were willing to fight over any pretext. The companions of the murderer and murdered say that the row started over fish, but none have yet given particulars in regard to what was the question anent the fish that caused the strife.

All the principals in the tragedy came to Victoria from the village of Keemin on the Grecian coast, not far distant from the border of Turkey, where they engaged in fishing in feluccas before coming to Victoria. Quite a number of local Greek are from the little village from which hailed Netes and Nicholes, and on the old days of Turret rock before part of it was blasted away, they were a strong body on the Greek part of the rock.

THE INQUEST.

The verdict of the coroner's jury, who held an inquest on the remains of Tom Netes yesterday morning, was that the dead man came to his death as the result of wounds inflicted by a weapon in the hands of Frank Nicholes. The evidence brought out little that has not already been told Colonist readers. The first witness examined was Dr. Hermann Robertson, city health officer, who told of being called to the police station to see the deceased at 1:15 a.m. Friday. Netes was seemingly unconscious and in a state of collapse. He was suffering from two wounds, one penetrating the left abdominal wall, from which the omentum was protruding, and the other, an inch and a half inside the left nipple, and penetrating between the third and fourth ribs through the pericardial sack to the heart; this wound causing death. The wound in the abdomen was about an inch long and the other about three-quarters of an inch—both were clean cut. The weapon used would probably be about four to six inches long.

Constable Blackstock said he was going along Government street at 12:40 a.m. Friday, when he heard some one groaning, and found Netes lying half on the sidewalk and half on the grass near Herald street. A passer-by was asked to telephone for a hack, and this man met Constable Carlow, who brought a hack, and Netes was taken to the station. It was when he was being carried into the station that the lower wound was seen and Dr. Robertson was called.

Michael Angelo, the Greek who accompanied Netes and Nicholes on their round of the saloons on the night of the tragedy, said that he had known both men for about three or four months, and was with them on Friday. They quarrelled over fish, and after several quarrels, fought with their fists on Herald streets, after leaving the house of one of the women. Witness shouted for police, and none responding, he ran down to the shack of the Netes brothers, on Turret rock, to get Netes' brother. When they returned Tom Netes had been taken to the police station. He saw no knife nor heard any threats made of using a knife. There were four of them drinking together, a half-breed called Manuel, who was very drunk, being with them. When Netes and Nicholes fought he tried to separate them, but could not.

Constantine Netes, brother of the dead man, said the last time he saw his brother alive was at 11:45 p.m. on Thursday, when he and three others, Nicholes, Manuel and Angelo, were standing outside the Lighthouse saloon. He asked his brother to come home, for they would go fishing in the morning, witness having got everything ready. Manuel caught Tom Netes by the hand and said he would buy a drink before Netes went. Witness had not been friends with Nicholes for three years, and did not speak with him. He knew him as a bad man in the old country. Two years ago his brother and Nicholes had a fight, but had made up their difference two months ago, when fishing together on the Fraser. About 1 a.m. Friday, Angelo came to witness' home in an excited condition and said that Nicholes was fighting with his brother. He went up Herald street and met a policeman, who told him Tom had been taken to the police station. He went there and Tom died soon afterwards. Nicholes' boat was still at anchor when Angelo came to tell him of the fight, and a man was sleeping in the cabin.

The jury was composed as follows: D. McNaughton (foreman), M. J. Conlin, H. Pettigrew, H. Rudge, R. Denison and P. Hall.

The coroner, Dr. Hart, said: That is all the evidence available. I hardly think, gentlemen, you will have any difficulty in arriving at a verdict. In few instances when murder is committed, does one see the actual blow struck. In the majority of cases you have to weigh the evidence and depend on circumstantial evidence, which in this case is very strong. You will show the cause of death and fix the responsibility. The jury then retired and three minutes later returned a verdict that Netes had been murdered by Nicholes.

The funeral of the murdered man will take place tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 from Hannas' undertaking rooms.

THE FIRST LINE.

21st October, 1805.

This day is full of glorious victory.
Echoes of conquest whisper from afar
In every wave of the remembering sea,
Dear England! hath thy crown a richer star
Than this brave jewel, Nelson's Trafalgar?
Or hast thou in thy missal loveller name
Than his who stricken in the ebb of war
Pillowed his head on thine unsullied fame
And smiled into Death's eyes from out the smoke and flame?

Let the sea speak to thee, the jealous sea
Whose scorn of weakness is the scourge of fears,
Let her surge be a trumpet unto thee,
Her waves a memory ringing in thine ears
Heed her, or thou shall place sad dust with tears,
No laurel, on thy proud cathedral graves;
Heed her, or in tradition-robbing years
Thy trampled children looking o'er the waves
On this great day shall curse the sires who made them slaves.

Shall the shrugged shoulder speak a nation's mind
When at their post the easy wardens sleep?
Shall we be blind because our chiefs are blind?
And keep no count because no count they keep?
Nay! by the sacred blood that won the deep,
And by the words on our dead Nelson's lips,
We will not hold our British birthright cheap,
Assured our star shall never know eclipse
While British seamen man their country's honest ships.

If Alfred builded, canst not thou maintain?
If Nelson conquered, canst not thou make sure?
Are all thy riches, all thy splendor vain,
Thy realms a Paphian's glittering furniture?
Thine is wide empery—Wilt thou abjure
The open ocean, empire's silver key?
Perish the drunken thought! Be strong, endure;
Thou must be England, and thou must be free,
And while this England stands, England's must be the sea.

Therefore above the voices of the mart
Hear the sea's thunder in the narrow street:
Is thy head London?—Then, behold, thy heart
Is ocean. Let the pulse of England beat
Thro' all the seas in England's matchless Fleet!
What if in Armageddon men should say—
Her ships and not her seamen knew defeat!
Thou with thy millions and thy boundless sway,
Thou with the laurel in thy hand on Nelson's Day?

—Harold Begbie in London Times.

THE KING'S BAND.

Musical Organization of Which the Public Know Little.

From London Leader.

The reappointment of Sir Walter Parratt to be conductor of the King's Band (Master of the Musick is his real title) reminds one that this band has not played for a year and more, and has consequently not performed at all during the present reign. The late Queen took a very keen interest in it. Once she had herself wheeled into the room in Windsor Castle where it was rehearsing.

Mr. Mapleson, the secretary, is full of anecdotes concerning this remarkable orchestra. "Once," he said, "they were playing a piece of three numbers before Queen Victoria, but somehow omitted the third. Although she had not heard it for some 30 years, the wonderful musical memory of Her Majesty at once detected the omission. 'Sir Walter,' she said, addressing Sir Walter Parratt, 'I recollect there used to be three numbers to the piece.' The omission was afterwards rectified."

The band not only plays before the Royal family—Princess Beatrice used often to accompany it on the pianoforte—but also at State concerts. It consists of 34 musicians—many of them leading members of the Richter and Philharmonic bands, some musical professors, and all of them experts. All are Englishmen except four, and the only lady it contains is the harpist.

The conductor gets £300 a year, the bandsmen's salary ranging between £50 and £100. Hitherto the bandsmen have also been entitled to a pension, but it is doubtful whether this will be continued under the new reign. These terms, even when the guinea a day expenses is included, do not appear to be too munificent, especially when one considers that the musicians may be summoned to Windsor perhaps 30 times a year. Indeed, the bandsmen can never be sure of their term, and often, not many hours before nightfall, there used to come the laconic wire, "Band wanted tonight."

This means 34 telegrams to the 34 members of the band, a cancelling of all other engagements (however important—substitutes were not allowed—and a hurried rush into the Royal presence. The consequence is that the bandsmen as a rule make it a point to leave word where they are going before leaving home in the morning.

When playing at Court the dress of the musicians is very much like that of the Windsor knights, except that their coat collar is blue color and not red. The conductor is distinguished from the rest of the band by his black velvet coat collar. The knee breeches and white waistcoat give the musicians anything but the appearance of bandsmen.

The office of the Master of the Musick is of great antiquity.

V. I. V. A.

Annual Meeting of Vancouver Island Veterans' Association Postponed.

The annual meeting of the Vancouver Island Veterans' Association, which was called for last night at 8 o'clock, in Pioneer hall, has been postponed till next Friday evening, 15th inst., at the same time and place. A good many members of the association attended last night, but as the principal business of the meeting was the election of officers, it was felt that a larger meeting was desirable. It was Saturday, the King's birthday, and the weather was threatening—altogether an inconvenient night for the meeting—so after some discussion it was decided to postpone the gathering. All members, and veterans desirous of joining, are earnestly requested to attend on next Friday night.

LIVERPOOL TRAMWAYS.

Seventy-Five Million Passengers Carried in Nine Months.

The new electric tramway system operated for the past nine months by the corporation of the city of Liverpool, England, has carried 75,000,000 passengers, with a gross profit of $575,000, and a net profit of $200,000, after allowing for interest and sinking fund. The population of Liverpool is 600,000. The cheapened tariff has proved an unqualified success.

NO FIGHT.

France and Turkey Have Quite Agreed on Terms.

Constantinople, Nov. 9.—(11:30 p.m.)—Tonight M. Bapst, councillor of the French embassy, received a satisfactory communication from the Porte regarding the remainder of the French demands. The conflict between France and Turkey may, therefore, be regarded as ended.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

In the home nest every little one requires an ever watchful eye and when a trace of illness is noticeable the remedy should be promptly applied.

The little ones are frail. Their hold upon life is slight. The slightest symptom of trouble should be met by the proper corrective medicine.

Baby's Own Tablets are a scientific preparation, prepared from Dr. Williams' own prescription and have proved by their record and their success to be the ideal medicine for infants.

For Sour Stomachs,

colic, fever, constipation, all bowel troubles, irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, sleeplessness and similar symptoms these wonderful tablets are without an equal.

Every mother should use them for the very good reason that they do not contain opiates or stupefying drugs.

They act directly upon the organs which cause the troubles and gently but effectively remove that cause and bring back the condition of perfect and hearty health.

Baby's Own Tablets have a record surpassing that of any other medicine makihg similar claims.

Ask the druggist for them. If you do not find them, send 25 cents direct to us and we will forward a box prepaid.

THE DR. WILLIAMS MEDICINE CO.,
BROCKVILLE, ONT.

The Beauties Of Victoria

Correspondent of London Morning Post Delighted With the City.

He Writes of Its Advantages of Climate and Beautiful Surroundings.

The following from the special correspondent of the London Morning Post needs neither introduction nor comment:

I am writing this in the train as it speeds eastward across the Continent, for having attained the westernmost point of the tour, the capital of British Columbia, we are now on our return journey, homeward bound at last. The Empress of India having sailed from Vancouver in the night, entered the harbor of Victoria at an early hour on the morning of October 1, but the official landing and reception of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York did not take place until 11 o'clock. The traveling is rapid during this Canadian portion of the Royal tour, and the stoppages are but short; but we passed this night in Victoria, and did not leave it until the following midnight, so we had two full days here, a pleasant rest after the constant hurrying of the preceding fortnight. One would fain have stayed longer, for of all the cities that have been visited in the course of this long Royal progress the fair capital of British Columbia seems to me the one which the Englishman would most gladly make his home.

Victoria has often been described as being the most English city in Canada, and the visitor soon realises that this is indeed the case. In the first place, the percentage of British-born among the inhabitants is large, and a considerable colony of British gentlefolk, including many retired naval and military officers, is settled in the beautiful environs of the city. The number of University men and public school boys to be met here is remarkable, all of course intensely loyal to the Old Country. I am told that 75 per cent. of the men who went from the island of Vancouver to fight in South Africa were born in the British Isles. The English character of the society in the capital is also strengthened by the constant presence here of a large number of British officers of both services, for within an hour's walk of the city and quickly attainable by the trams is Esquimalt, the British naval station, the headquarters of our Pacific squadron, with its barracks, arsenal, and dockyard; while, since the construction of the formidable fortifications that protect this important post, we here maintain a small force of Royal Engineers and Garrison Artillery. The men of the garrison and also a detachment of men of the Royal Horse Artillery who had disembarked here on their way home from China were employed during the stay of their Royal Highnesses to form escorts and guards of honor and to line the route of the procession. It was pleasant for us Englishmen to see the familiar uniforms of the British soldiers around us once more. Victoria is not only a busy place, a great emporium of trade, the distributing centre for British Columbia, but is also a favorite place of residence for well-to-do people; in no other city on the western coast of the North American Continent does one find oneself amid a society of such cultured people, British-born and Canadian, whether they be men of leisure, members of the learned professions, or engaged in business. In short, Victoria, as a place in which to make one's home, presents many social and, I understand, even educational advantages. As might be expected, there are some excellent clubs in the city.

The little city of 25,000 inhabitants was well decorated by day and well illuminated by night, and gave the Duke and Duchess a loyal and hearty reception. I noticed, by the way, that here, as in other Canadian cities, among the bunting that was so lavishly displayed in the streets the Stars and Stripes of the United States were not so conspicuous as they generally are in British cities on every occasion of public rejoicing, a compliment which is not reciprocated in America, and was so singularly inappropriate on Mafeking and Ladysmith days, seeing how strongly pro-Boer and hostile to our policy in South Africa the bulk of the Americans are. This naturally leads one to a question of more importance than that of flags, but with which I cannot deal here. Suffice it to say that many Canadians are irritated at the lengths to which Great Britain goes in order to conciliate American public opinion, and regard our American cult as a sign that in our dread of the power of the United States we would be ready to make great concessions at the expense of Canada rather than risk a rupture with the great Republic. The bulk of Americans think likewise.

Victoria, which a little over half a century ago was but a wooden fort of the Hudson's Bay company, is now a handsome little city, with broad streets of substantially-built houses and public buildings which, as elsewhere in the Dominion, display a fine taste in their architectural features. The magnificent Parliament buildings, constructed of grey stone, would be worthy of the capital of some great European power. At night, from the roof of the lofty hotel in which I was staying I looked over the illuminated city, which presented a wonderful appearance. All the public buildings and numbers of private houses were ablaze with light, as were the men-of-war in the bay; but, towering high above all, was the massive Parliament house, its every detail of towers and galleries, up to the summit of its great culminating dome, outlined with electric light. Some drives and walks which I took in the neighborhood of the city during my stay gave me a full explanation of why this is a place so beloved of the British. The city, its suburbs, and its parks are all contained on a many-inletted promontory that juts out into the smooth island-studded waters of the Straits of Juan de Fuca—a magnificent situation.

The country immediately outside the town is singularly beautiful, the undulating promotory being covered with woods of pine and fir and a lovely wild jugle of arbutus, roses, flowering bushes of many varieties, and English broom, which, since it was imported here, has spread all over the more open country, so that it is ablaze with golden blossom for a great portion of the year. In the spring and summer there is an extraordinary abundance of beautiful wild flowers, and in the autumn all the vegetation is aglow with tints vivid or mellow, and amid this pleasant bocage, skirting the little bays and headlands of the promontory, are scattered the delightful homes of the fortunate citizens of Victoria—the professional men, the merchants, the retired soldiers of the Empire. These country houses are all built of wood, most picturesque and comfortable in appearance, and of harmonious colouring—shades of red, terra-cotta, and dark oak predominating. Each house stands within extensive grounds. Landscape gardening is made easy for one here. One has but to leave a portion of one's plot of land uncleared to have a sweet wilderness of roses and evergreen bush and fern-grown rocky dells, with here and there, perhaps, clumps of pine or cedar; but the carefully laid out gardens that immediately surround most of these mansions and cottages astonish one by their profusion of bright flowers. Here one sees the geraniums, the sunflowers, the old-fashioned columbines, sweetwilliams, and others with which we are so familiar, but far more luxuriant and fuller of blossom than they are at home. Never in the environs of any other city have I seen such a glory of flowers as surrounded each of these lovely homes. Many a one of these cosy wooden houses had quite an old English air, and the garden that surrounded it might have belonged to some old Elizabethan mansion. The wild vegetation, too, in which these little estates were set had the luxuriance, not of the tropics—whose cloying sweetness often makes the exile sick for home—but of the tender North. It is this combination of rich wild country and old-fashioned English homes that makes the surroundings of Victoria so wholly delightful.

They tell one, and I can quite believe it, that he who has stayed here awhile is so conquered by the charm of the country that if he leaves it he is compelled to return to it. Then how magnificent are the landscapes on which the possessors of these pleasantest of homes look out, embracing broad waters, sinuous straits, timbered islands and capes, and behind all the mighty mountain ranges of the mainland, with their summits of eternal snow, the most conspicuous peak being Mount Baker, which, though a hundred miles away, is generally clearly visible from here. When I saw this fine mountain it looked like a huge bell of delicate white suspended in mid air, for only its snowy dome gleaming in the sunlight was distinguishable, its lower slopes, where the snow was not lying, being invisible for distance, and blending with the blue of the sky. These waters form a splendid cruising ground for the yachtsman, and nearly everyone here keeps his little yacht or sailing boat, which in many cases lies at anchor at the bottom of his garden, and often in his own little sheltered inlet. Yachting can here be combined with grand sport, the best of shooting and fishing, and even with exploration; for there are vast tracts unknown to the white man which can be approached from the lonely gulfs on the mainland.

I have said enough to show how attractive a place is the capital of British Columbia. There is much even in the business of the city that is picturesque and fascinating—the lumbering with the shipment of the giant timber, the salmon fishing and canning industry, the trading of the Hudson's Bay company, the departure and return of the Canadian fur-sealing fleet, of which this is the headquarters, and the excitement of a gold-mining centre, with the fitting out of the miners, the rushes to newly-discovered fields in regions of whose possibilities so little yet is known, the very island of Vancouver being mostly unexplored. A beautiful city, and, what is more, one in which there are no really poor people, and it is claimed for it that per capita, Victoria is the wealthiest city on the Pacific Coast.

E. F. KNIGHT.

TRESTLE FIRE.

Coal Company in Pennsylvania Has Heavy Loss.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 9.—A fire started tonight in a stable on the Monongahela river of the Consolidated Coal company at Six-Mile Ferry, just below Homestead. At midnight the immense trestle of the company covering 200 yards along the river front was in flames. The aggregation loss will probably reach $100,000.

In New Quarters—The Salvation Army last evening took over their new hall on Langley street, and are preparing to greet their new officers.

THE BRITISH PACIFIC CABLE

Superintendent Jenkins Gives Some Particulars of the Work of Laying.

B. S. Jenkins, general superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Telegraph, Western division, has returned to Winnipeg from his annual trip of inspection of the lines west of Manitoba. Interviewed by a Free Press reporter, he said that everything in connection with the company's lines was found in a very satisfactory condition. The telegraph is, like everything else in the West, developing all the time. The company's facilities, in some sections having become more or less congested, additional wire facilities have been provided, and this fall about 1,000 miles will be strung. Additional wires are being provided in the western portion of the province of Manitoba, and an additional through wire of extra heavy gauge is now being strung through to Nelson over the Crow's Nest Pass.

Recently Mr. J. J. Peake, chief engineer of the Pacific cable, located the landing station on the Canadian side in Barclay Sound, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, the site being a very suitable one in a practically land-locked harbor on a high promontory lying between Grappler and Bamfield creeks. Mr. Peake was accompanied by Mr. James Wilson, superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Telegraphs, Vancouver, whose long residence on the Coast and intimate knowledge of the same, with his long experience in cable work, enabled him to give valued assistance.

The land for the buildings, etc., which is heavily timbered, is now being cleared and work will shortly commence on the buildings for the station.

About the first of January a steamer will leave London with the section of the cable to be laid from Fanning Island; and, about six months later, a second; to Norfolk Island, and from Norfolk Island to Australia and New Zealand steamer, specially built for the purpose, with a carrying capacity of 10,000 tons, will leave London, carrying the cable for the long stretch between Fanning Island and the landing station on the West coast of Vancouver Island, 3,600 miles, weighing 8,000 tons, all in one solid length. This cable will be laid at the rate of about 168 miles a day.

Tenders have been sent in for the construction of the equipment on Fanning Island.

This being an all-British cable, direct connection will be had with the Canadian Pacific telegraph at Vancouver by means of that company's cable across the Gulf of Georgia, which is laid between English bay, near Vancouver, and Departure bay, near Nanaimo, thence, following the present route of the government line across the Island to the cable station, via the Alberni canal.

Mr. Jenkins also looked into the question of the Yukon service, the new government line connecting with the C. P. R. telegraph at Ashcroft. Questioned as to the recent interruptions in the government service, Mr. Jenkins stated that the interruptions were all north of Hazelton, in the specially difficult (for it is all difficult) section lying between Hazelton and Telegraph Creek, a section utterly unknown until the advent of the government engineer and his telegraph construction party. This service will be very difficult to maintain, but, no doubt, as soon as the organization is completed, satisfactory service will be had.

LETTER FROM MISS STONE.

Finds Her Imprisonment by Bandits Very Irksome.

Sofia, Nov. 11.—From another letter that has been received from Miss Ellen M. Stone, it appears that she is enduring the trials of her hard experience with fortitude, forgetting herself in her anxiety for her companion, Mme. Tsilka. Miss Stone does not dare to complain of the treatment to which they are subjected, but she finds the confinement irksome and the weather extremely trying.

HOTEL AT BANFF BURNED.

Grand View Destroyed With Most of the Contents.

Banff, N. W. T., Nov. 11.—The Grand View hotel at the Springs here was burned to the ground last night. Very little of the contents were saved. The loss is partly covered by insurance.

AUSTRALIAN STEAMERS.

Line Will Probably Have Finer and Faster Vessels.

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 11.—(Special.)—Mr. James Mills, managing director of the Union Steamship company of New Zealand operating the Canadian-Australian line, arrived here today on the Pacific express. Mr. Mills says that as the subsidies granted to the line expire in 18 months, the company are endeavoring to secure a continuance of the grants, and if successful will put on a line of finer and faster steamers.

Still Missing.—The trunk belonging to Mrs. Morris, of Portland, lost from the C. P. N. wharf on Thursday, has not yet been located, and it is feared that it was stolen.

BIG PROFITS IN HOG RAISING

Agassiz Farmers Told Some Valuable Facts Relating to Swine.

A meeting of the farmers of Agassiz was held on the 4th inst. at 2 p. m. Mr. Agassiz presided and asked the meeting to appoint a secretary as Mr. Green was unavoidably absent. Mr. Ashton acted as secretary. The chairman stated that there was some very important communications on the table, but he thought it better to leave them for another meeting when the secretary would be present.

Mr. Elliott was then called to address the meeting on "Breeding and Feeding of Hogs." The speaker began by stating that the first thing to consider is the market for our products now, gentlemen, this province imported over one million dollars worth of hog products last year, so you have the finest market in Canada, and if your market ever did get glutted the means for a packing house would be forthcoming. A word here on the foreign demand. Canada exported thirteen million dollars worth of pork to Great Britain last year. We endeavor to send a superior article; we breed a pig adapted to the trade, and we realize from 3 to 5 cents more per lb. than our neighbors across the line. We raise a splendid bacon pig in Ontario. We find the best breeds by crossing the Berkshire with either the Tamworth or Imported Yorkshire. Always use a thoroughbred male. In choosing brood sows do not pick them until they are from two to four months old. See that they have a thick heavy head, an arched back, deep flank, good coat of hair with indications of a good constitution. Breed at about one year old. You can breed two litters per year without any difficulty. Do not feed hard food for a few days before littering, and be careful in feeding for the first week. The speaker directed the farmers how to feed hogs in the most satisfactory way, utilizing clover, rape, vetches and especially artichokes, the damp climate being well adapted for that root. You are in a better position to raise hogs in many respects than we are in Ontario.

The speaker took his seat amid loud applause. A very lively discussion followed this address.

Mr. Ratcliffe thought it would be a good policy for us to start on lines similar to those of the Ontario farmers. He thought that in the near future we would require a packing house in British Columbia. We would then be ready with the right class of hogs for the packer.

Mr. Elliott said that was right. It did not take long to get into the right class of hogs, if the thoroughbred males were always used.

Mr. Beebe thought we were doing all right and reiterated the sentiments of the last speaker.

Mr. Ashton asked if it was best to steam or boil potatoes.

Ans.—In all cases cook potatoes and steam them.

Ques.—Do you find any difference in the number of young pigs in the different breeds?

Ans.—Yes; the Tamworth and Imported Yorkshire were the most prolific. He had no use for the thick, chubby American pig.

Ques.—Is mangles or sugar beets the best for feeding?

Ans.—Sugar beets were the most fattening, but they did not yield so much per acre. The turnip is also a good winter feed for hogs. You are better off in that respect here than we are in Ontario. We are frozen up until the middle of April, while you can have artichokes and other green feed all winter.

Ques.—Had you any experience in breeding sows right after littering?

Ans.—We had tried it a dozen times but had no success and would not recommend it.

Mr. Elliott thought by sowing rape and vetches in the fall it would be good for both fall and winter feeding.

Mr. Ratcliffe asked which was the best cross for British Columbia?

Ans.—He would cross with the Berkshire boar and Tamworth sow.

Mr. Anderson gave a most instructive address on the advantages of farm life. He believed in every boy getting a good education, but it always happened that the bright, intelligent boy was taught a profession, while his less fortunate brother was kept on the farm. He pictured what a difference it would make in agriculture if the circumstances were vice versa. He exhorted his hearers to provide more attractions for the young people on the farm. It is the most independent life a young man can follow.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the speakers, and a very successful meeting was brought to a close.

FIRE AT PUGWASH.

Many Buildings Destroyed in Nova Scotia Town.

Pugwash, N. S., Nov. 11.—This town suffered severely from fire last night. The first started shortly before 7 o'clock in Elliott's block. It originated in some hay, and, as a gale was blowing at the time, the flames spread rapidly. Before the fire was got under control over 25 buildings, including the post office, were destroyed. The loss is estimated at $50,000.

WARSHIP ACCIDENT.

Six Killed and Fourteen Wounded on H. M. S. Royal Sovereign.

Athens, Nov. 10.—A terrible gun accident occurred Saturday on board the British battleship Royal Sovereign outside of Astako harbor.

An artilleryman forgot to close the breach before the gun was fired. An officer and six artillerymen were killed outright, the bodies being terribly mutilated, and the captain and thirteen sailors were seriously injured.

Lecture Today.—"The Waste of labor under the Competitive system" will be the subject of an address today at 3 p.m. at the Socialist hall, 28 Broad street.