Sewer By-Law Is Endorsed

Representative Meeting of Ratepayers in Victoria West Last Evening.

System is Explained by Ald. Brydon and City Engineer Topp.

A representative meeting of the citizens of Victoria West was held last evening in Semple Hall to consider the by-law to morrow $100,000 to sewer that and other portions of the city not reached by the general system, which is to be submitted to the ratepayers of the city tomorrow. Mr. Beaumont Boggs was voted to the chair, and there were present Ald. Brydon and Stewart and City Engineer Topp. Mr. Boggs in opening the meeting pointed out that the septic tank system was the only one by which Victoria West could hope for proper sewerage, and consequently all the voters in that section of the city should make a special effort to get to the polls on Thursday and record their votes in favor of the by-law.

Ald. Brydon being called upon, explained the septic tank system at some length, and what the council proposed to do under the by-law. It would take a mint of money he said to carry the sewage from Victoria West, the pumping districts of James Bay and Rock Bay and that portion of the city east of Cook street, not provided for in the Mohun system, to Henley Point. The council was being continually asked to provide sewerage for these parts of the city, and after a great deal of consideration bethought themselves of the septic tank system. Mayor Garden and the city engineer of Vancouver had gone east to look into the systems in vogue there, and had returned fully satisfied with the sceptic tanks, so tanks were installed in the Terminal City. The Victoria council and engineer in turn went over to Vancouver, and after fully examining the tanks there came home satisfied that the system was just what was wanted in the sections of Victoria named. The system had also been tried in England and found to work splendidly. In places where the overflow ran into rivers it was necessary to filter the water, but here where the outlets would be into saft water this was not necessary. He explained that there would be two tanks in Victoria West, one in Rock Bay, one in James Bay, one in Spring Ridge and another in the Rockland avenue district. By means of a map he showed where the tanks would be situated, the routes of the trunk sewers, and added that from year to year the branches would be extended with the money collected as rental, as was being done with the main sewerage system in the city. While it would cost $4,800 a year in interest and sinking fund, the alderman said it should be taken into consideration that with a perfect sewerage system the heavy cost of maintaining an isolation hospital would at least be reduced, the scavenger fees would be less, and people who now came here to make their homes, but left on account of the poor sewerage in the residence sections, would remain. The system had been thoroughly tried elsewhere, and the council and engineer had made full enquiries as to its efficiency before asking the ratepayers to vote for the by-law. It was further stated in the by-law in what sections the system was to be established and after its passage there could be no shifting.

City Engineer Topp, in anwer to a question, said that he was fully satisfied of the efficiency of the system. It was an English idea, and had worked well in the Old Country. To sewer the sections mentioned in the by-law under the general system of sewerage would cost an immense amount of money. For the pumping stations of James and Rock Bays there would have to be expensive pumping stations and a trunk sewer of cast iron pipe and in Victoria West and the other sections the first cost would be very much greater than a complete system with septic tanks. For Victoria West the tanks would be built at the two lowest levels, one off the Craigflower road, near Capt. Gaudin's property, and the other at the end of Russell street. The outlet of the former would be into the Arm and of the other into the outer harbor. The tanks are built under ground, the only thing visible being a man-hole, the same as on the streets, for the ordinary sewer. There is no smell whatever from the tanks, which do not have to be cleaned out and the water which flows from them is quite clear.

As has been explained before in the Colonist all the solid matter which flows into the tank is consumed by a certain microbe life and the water comes out clear and without any smell to it.

On motion of Mr. Redding seconded by Mr. Cave, the meting endorsed the bylaw and all pledged themselves to work for its passage.

Another meeting will be held in the Oddfellows' hall, Spring Ridge, this evening. The meeting will be worth attending, if only to hear an explanation of the latest scientific system of disposing of sewerage.

FROM THE AMEN CORNER.

You say the hymns is dogg'rel—that they ain't refined enough;
That all the time we've sung 'em they've been nothin' else but stuff;
You say they need revisin'—we must make 'em mere polite:
"On Jordon's Stormy Banks I Stand" is not constructed right;
But, just the same, Perfesser Triggs, you'd better let 'em be—
The Lord—he understands 'em—so they're good enough for me.

I s'pose there's nuthin' finer than that good old "Beulah Land,"
And when our Lizzie sings it you can see the glories grand;
When "Rock of Ages" rings out from the hallelujah shore,
I tell you this old sinner ain't a-goin' to drift no more;

And when they strike "Amazin' Grace," each feller singin' free—
The Lord—he understands it, so it's good enough for me.

It isn't what your singin'—why, I oftentimes forget
And praise the Lord to music with the good old alphabet,
Until the strike the words again, and I don't think it's wrong—
It isn't what is in it, but the soul behind the song.

So, I tell you, Perfessor Triggs, you'd better let 'em be—
The Lord—he understands 'em, so they're good enough for me.

CLAIMS FOR WATER FINDERS.

Extraordinary Stories of Alleged Ability To Locate Precious Liquid.

From Fire and Water.

A French scientific society is endeavoring to ascertain the truth of the claims of "Water-finders," and has asked nearly all of the technical societies in this country to contribute incidents coming under their observations or their members upon the subject of finders hidden supplies of water by means of twigs of hazel or other woods or by special devices, in which few persons outside of dwellers in the rural districts have any faith. Still, what seems to be indisputable evidence as to water finding is apparently furnished by architects, well-borers, and manufacturers of well-boring and water-lifting apparatus, as well as by a few scientific investigators who have been brought to full stop when trying to assign a reason for effects which they have seen and cannot account for by any known theory.

Many large and wealthy firms in this country employ these water finders, who are almost invariably men well up in geology and thoroughly understanding surface indications of the lay of sub-strata and the natural course of subterranean streams, cisterns or pockets which water would naturally seek. One such man is today employed by the largest of the air compressor concerns in this country, and another is junior partner in a firm which makes a patent air-lift for raising water from great depths. Both of them have operated for years in all parts of this country, as well as in the West Indies, and both are constantly employed. Of course, they do not tell their secrets to investigators.

One of them obtained his engagement some years ago by submitting to severe tests upon the suggestion of his sceptical employers, who had heard of his success and sent for him to come to New York. He was taken down town to one of the sky scrapers in process of erection and asked to find from the sidewalk the location of six water pipes running into the building underground. He located five and stopped. Upon comparing his marks with the plans it was found that he had skipped one supply pipe. He then said: "There is no water running through that pipe; I cannot locate still water. It must be a stream creating friction or I cannot detect it. I could not find an underground ocean if it was still." An investigation was made and, as he said, the water had been shut off from the pipe which he missed.

This man was then taken up to the Hudson, where a well supply was to be established for a town of considerable size, and he walked over five or six miles of land before he chose a spot upon which he said a dozen or more wells could be driven and the required supply insured. Then he drove stakes at points which he selected and the party returned to the hotel, not entirely convinced. One sceptic remarked to another that evening: "If this man does not work by view of the surface features he can do just as well in the dark. Let's give him a surprise and take him out again tonight."

That night the surprise was sprung upon him. One of his employers told the water finder that another tract of land had been offered to the company, and asked him if he thought he could locate water at night. The man was tired, but he answered quickly: "If you have any doubt of that you can blindfold me. I should like to have you make the test." They drove to the same tract in a roundabout way, blindfolded him, and let him go over the ground again, driving stakes as they went along. In the morning his employers looked over the tract, and found that each new stake was driven less that six feet from one of those first driven, and in several instances they were only a few inches apart. That settled the matter with the company, but many other tests of his capacity were afterwards made. In one case he told some people who were laying out the site of a real estate speculation that the only place he could find water was in the middle of one of the finished streets, and they refused to bore there. They bored dry holes on both sides of the street first, and after expending a lot of money uselessly, they took his tip and found a flowing well.

This is only one of a score of instances. In one instance a city secured a tract for a driven well supply, and his employers, who were supplying the well borer, sent him out to look over the ground. The visit was made in secret. The well finder knew nothing of the bargain the city had made for the land. He was an entire stranger in the community, and was attended by a companion as ignorant as himself of the affair. He located a series of sites for wells and sent in a report. It was then found that, after going all over the city property, he had located the stakes upon property which the city had not secured. The well borer was told to go on with his work on the city property, and ignore the water finder. He did so and failed to get water enough to fill his contract. Then he secured an option upon the staked-out strip intersecting the city property, and found enough water to satisfy the demand without having recourse to the sparse supply already drilled.

Much the same occurred recently at Belleville, N. J., where the same man was employed by a well contractor to find water. The water was found in the bedrock everywhere, but the main supply greater than that of all the other wells together, came from a small number which the mysterious man located upon the tract where the well borer was becoming discouraged with the prospect of filling his contract. One who saw this well finder go over the Belleville tract said that he seemed to ramble aimlessly round and suddenly stop at some spot, trembling as if he were holding the poles of an electric battery. The observer said that the water finder held tightly clenched in his hand two small metal cylinders which seemed like brass cartridges.

This man's greatest rival is said to have located many wells in Newark, N. J. At the Feigenspan brewery he traced a stream diagonally across the yard from Freeman to Christie street, and said that the flow was sufficient on the property, but was accelerated by another stream under the walk on Christie street near the rear gateway. "Bore here," he said, "and you will find plenty of water at 450 feet." An ample supply was secured at that point.

The country well finder, with his forked branch of witch hazel, is well known. Almost every community has its own water finder of this type, and the farmers swear to his skill in finding water with his eyes shut. Some of these men twitch and tremble when they find, or pretend to find, underground springs and watercourses while others show no emotion.

COPPER SMELTING.

During his travels through Asia, Dr. Futterer saw some of the primitive copper-smelting places, which he describes in his book, says the Trade Journals' Review. Near Tschadurkul there are vast forests which are utilized by the natives for smelting copper ore obtained from the Kaschgarian mountains. The arrangements for this process are simple. In front of a clay hut are a number of furnaces, which are connected with bellows in the interior of the hut by an earthen pipe. The furnaces are filled with ore and charcoal up to the height of the tube, and covered up with clay, only leaving a small opening for the escape of smoke. The bellows consist of skins stitched together, open at one end, and are worked with two sticks. At the back of these furnaces or smelting troughs sits a man who attends continually to two bellows. When ready, the molten mass is run out, after a part of the furnace front is broken away, and the copper separates from the slag. In places where timber is not so plentiful, roots are often dug up for fuel.

OFFICERS' EXPENSES.

A Serious Question to Live Upon Army Pay.

When presiding at a function at Aldershot a few weeks back, Mr. Brodrick is reported to have said that he wished he could come into closer touch with the army, and could devote some of the time that at present was sacrificed to the House of Commons to becoming acquainted with the views and desires of those whose interests were in his charge. A very proper sentiment, and expressed no doubt in good faith. But without neglecting the House of Commons—which is impossible for the best of reasons, that the House of Commons would not suffer itself to be neglected—Mr. Brodrick might take note of and deal with some of those minor grievances of the service with which he must be familiar, or which at all events are not far to seek. He must be aware that the expenses of the service are no less and the incomes of officers are no greater than they used to be. He must know indeed that living in the service is dearer, and officers as a class are poorer than formerly was the case. His wish is to cheapen the living and improve the incomes of the commissioned ranks. It is not easy to lay down rules of economy, much more to enforce them, and we fear that any attempt to limit the personal expenditure of individuals is bound to fail. On the other hand, to increase the pay of the officers of the army is a serious matter. A few shillings a day extra means an addition of some hundreds of thousands of pounds to the annual army estimates, and there is the argument against increasing officers' emoluments that the country commands a full supply of men of the type it wants for the price it pays. The law of demand and supply cannot be ignored, and it will only be when the demand increases and the supply fails that the war minister will be able to persuade his government to sanction an addition to the scale of officers' pay.

MURDER.

Isaac Kaplan Killed by Unknown Person in Nova Scotia.

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 8.—Isaac Kaplan was murdered by an unknown person at Clark's harbor, Yarmouth county, last night.

Salt Rheum

It may become chronic.

It may cover the body with large, inflamed, burning, itching, scaling patches and cause intense suffering. It has been known to do so.

Do not delay treatment.

Thoroughly cleanse the system of the humors on which this ailment depends and prevent their return.

The medicine taken by Mrs. Ida E. Ward, Cove Point, Md., was Hood's Sarsaparilla. She writes: "I had a disagreeable itching on my arms which I concluded was salt rheum. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and in two days felt better. It was not long before I was cured and I have never had any skin disease since."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. It is positively unequaled for all cutaneous eruptions. Take it.

WEDDING AT ST. ANDREW'S

Mr. J. W. Palmer of Nicola, Married to Miss Elizabeth McConnell.

At St. Andrew's Presbyterian church yesterday evening, Rev. Leslie Clay solemnized the marriage of Mr. J. M. Palmer, of Nicola, to Miss Elizabeth McConnell, eldest daughter of Mr. J. W. McConnell.

The bride, who was dressed in a handsome costume of white silk, trimmed with chiffon and real lace, was given away by her brother, Mr. T. P. McConnell, and was attended by Miss F. A. Robinson, while Mr. D. Power, of Kamloops, supported the groom. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion by a number of the bride's friends, under the direction of Miss Jessie Cameron. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold chain, and a ring set with pearls and diamonds, and to the bridesmaid, a gold ring set with turquoises. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Shepheard, 38 Michigan street, where a large number of the friends of the contracting parties were present to tender their congratulations. The happy couple leave for an extended tour of the Sound cities and California. A partial list of the presents is given below:

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Northcott, pickle jar; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Falconer, salt, pepper and mustard cruet; L. D. H. sugar spoon, (silver and gold); J. R. Collett, check; Mrs. and Misses Murray, silver sugar sifter; J. W. McConnell, check; A. Peden, cheese dish; Mrs. Cameron, slippers; Miss Tannahill, J. Tanahill, silver cruet; Mrs. and Mrs. Colby, cheese dish; S. D. McConnell, gilt picture frame; Mrs. W. G. Cameron, Japanese crumb tray and brush; A. Jack, cash; Mrs. and Miss Lee, one half dozen fruit knives; Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Campbell, cake plate; Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Bosuston, pair vases; Mr. Herbert Glassey and Mrs. Glassey, silver comb and brush; Miss Cooper, battenberg doyly; Mr. and Mrs. Marks, silver bon-bon dish; Mr. and Mrs. T. P. McConnell, silver sugar bowl; Mrs. McCrae, head rest; Mr. and Mrs. Widdowson, real lace handkerchief; Messrs. Hendy and Ford, table linen; Mr. and Mrs. T. Phillips, breakfast set; Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, silver butter dish; Miss Collis, burnt leather photo frame; Miss J. Collis, pin cushion; Miss Hopper, silver butter knife; Miss George, silver salts; Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Shepheard, silver cruet; Miss Webster, afternoon teatable linen; Mr. and Mrs. T. Jones, ormolu clock; Mr. Mrs. and Miss Cullin, china plates; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rogers, chocolate pot; Miss Cox and Mr. Tobin, inkstand; Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Cameron, glass set; Mr. A. C. Boyce, pair napkin rings; Miss F. Edmonds, vase; Miss F. Robinson, salt and pepper cruet; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Randolph, silver cake basket; Mr. G. E. Robinson, fruit basket; Mr. D. Powers, silver butter dish; Mrs. A. J. Smith, gold souvenir spoon; Mr. and Mrsfl Frang Smith, drawn-spoon; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith, drawn-Gladys Edmonds, pair bronze ornaments; Mrs. Watson and Mr. and Mrs. Olive, silk soft cushion and battenberg centre piece; Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Jones, glass dish; Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Cullin, silver oak butter dish; Mr. and Mrs. Allice, chenille table cover; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Porter, china plates; Mr. and Mrs. Sherett, pickle jar; Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, sideboard scarf; Misses McAfee, water set; Mr. and Mrs. Snider, battenberg scarf; Mrs. Harbottle, battenburg square; Mr. and Mrs. Spinner, lemonade set; Mr. and Miss Wallace, carving set; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Brown, 5 o'clock tea set; J. R. Northcott, silver salt and pepper duster; Mrs. and Misses Cathcart, silver tea spoons; Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds, set of carvers; Master W. Edmonds, pair of vases; Miss A. D. Cameron, set of books; Mr. J. McCarroll, china lemonade set; Mr. and Mrs. Melrose, glass tea set; Mr. and Mrs. Boyde, two picture frames; Misses Lawrence, Japanese drape and pin cushion.

No substitute for "The D. & L." Menthol Plaster, although some unscrupulous dealers may say there is. Recommended by doctors, by hospitals, by the clergy, by everybody, for stiffness, pleurisy, &c. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

ON A PRAIRIE FARM.

Duke and Duchess Shown Threshing Plant in Operation.

Poplar Point, Man., Oct. 8.—The Duchess of Cornwall arrived here at 11 o'clock this morning. The Duke had not yet come in from the Kirchhoffer place, but arrived later, and there was an affectionate greeting when the Royal couple met.

Afterward the entire party were driven to the Boud ranch, where they were shown the workings of a modern steam threshing outfit. Both the Duke and Duchess manifested great interest in the work of the thresher, and enjoyed the drive through the wheat fields. The Duke thoroughly enjoyed his hunting trip, and thanked his host in cordial terms.

The journey eastward was resumed in mid-afternoon. A brief stop will be made at Winnipeg, where Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to rejoin the first section of the Royal train.

FAVORS PEACE.

Denial That Don Carlos Wishes a Rising.

Paris, Oct. 8.—Baron Saingaren, a Carlist leader now in this city, discredits the report of the imminence of a Carlist uprising. He says Don Carlos at present favors peace.

"SCARRED FOR LIFE"

Skin diseases in many cases may need the "inward" application to remove the taint from the blood.

But many a once handsome countenance is "scarred for life" for lack of using such a healing agent as Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Only needs a few applications of this magic healer to any skin disease to clear away all signs of outward disorder and leave the affected part as smooth and soft as an infant's cheek. 39

Sold by Jackson & Co., and Hall & Co.

SLEPT WITH UNCLE JOHN

The Small Boy Made Things Decidedly Lively During the Night.

From Clarke's Horse Review.

Gentle reader—as the old school books used to say—did you ever sleep with a boy? I don't mean one of those good boys you read of in Sunday school books, who lives like a saint all day and says his prayers and retires like a gentleman at night; but one of those dusty-growing young devils, born with the jerks and a spring in his back, who chases the cat around and ties strings to the dog's tail all morning; robs birds' nests and rides the filly all afternoon; howls away the twilight hour because he has to wet his feet and wash them on the towel before going to bed; and then spends the night kickin', snortin', rollin' out o' bed, seein' things and havin' fits, and yet sleeping through it all like a cub in winter quarters, a bull in a dope-shop, a bald-headed deacon under a doctrinal sermon.

The weather is extremely warm, and it was my misfortune to tackle just such a kid last week. Ordinarily I can lie out of such things; but his mother, having been suddenly caned off, leaving this colt and a pacing two-year-old filly of uncertain gait on our hands, it became an act of Christian charity on my part to shoulder my share of the burden. "The dear little fellow will be so proud to sleep with his Uncle John," said his fond mother on departing, "and he does sleep so quietly and sound—not a bit of trouble."

Never having had a boy, I believed all this.

It was decided that the angel was to sleep with the two-year-old upstairs. "You see, dear," the angel said, "the little thing must have her bottle every time she wakes, and the soothing syrup when she is restless. She cries a great deal and will naturally miss her mother, and I will likely be awake all night. Now, the boy will sleep like a log and give you no trouble. So be a good boy yourself and see how soundly you two can sleep."

Now, the angel is all right, but what she doesn't know about a healthy lad is a plenty.

I had to write that night, and had my desk in my bedroom. So I put him to bed early. After much persuasion, which included a lying promise on my part that he would go with me to the farm the next day, I got him to wash his feet on my towel. Then he proudly held them up to the light for me to see. I let it go at that, thinking maybe the contrast of the light was what made them look like the maps of darkest Africa. And isn't it remarkable what spurs a growing boy has on his heels? Did you ever try to undress one? I forgot to say that this boy had chased a bat around the room for an hour or two before I could get him off to bed. His clothes stuck to him like a mustard plaster. I got everything unbuttoned, and then—skinned him. He insisted, to my surprise, on saying his prayers—not, I think, for hope of reward, but for fear of punishment and the dark. But he promptly went to sleep on the word "trespasses," and as I found I couldn't wake him, I yanked him in by the nape of his night-shirt and went to my work.

One of the strangest things about boys is that when they go to wiggle around over the bed in their sleep they do it diagonally—I pulled him back to his place five times in the next hour. Then I'd hear him scuffling and flopping about—always ending in a long-drawn, dreary and dismal sigh that would make his fortune in a heavy villain act, where the good, pious, but down-trodden and misunderstood lover longs for his lady love—then he'd settle down to flopping again. It would end in his rounding up against the footboard in the opposite corner, flat on his back, every limb and arm pointing to its cardinal point of the compass, his night-shirt rolled up in a comic wad under his neck, his husky feet looking like scaly toads on the white, clean sheet, and his tout ensemble like a young dead bullfrog floating on his back in the turbid waters of a Kentucky hoss-pond.

If there is anything uglier in its conspicuousness or more conspicuous in its ugliness than a boy in this attitude, I have never seen it. I tried to awaken him and get him back, but he only sighed one of those long sighs, unlimbered and slept on.

I was getting in the next hour's work pretty well when the most dreadful and startling thing happened. I heard a choking, gasping and most frightfully suffocating sound, mingled with a dolorous wheezing: "Owoo—oo—oo! Owee—we—we! O—wow—wow—wow!" I sprang up in amazement and rushed to him. He was sitting bolt upright in bed, a stony glare in his wide-open eyes, cold perspiration standing all over him, his hands clenched, his hands drawn, and contracted. I had never seen a boy have a fit but once before. It was a red-headed boy who had tanked up on salt and green apples, and he had that fit on me in the Latin grammar class. I never had any use for a Latin grammar after that. This boy was having the same thing, and I went upstairs for the angel—jumping ten steps at a jump.

"Quick! for goodness' sake!" I cried. He won't live till we get the doctor to him! Come quick!"

She was trying to rock the two-year-old to sleep in her lap. She did not even get excited, but smiled and beckoned me to her and whispered: "He isn't dying, dear; it's just indigestion and a poor circulation. Go back to your work."

And she patted me guyingly on the cheek.

This was too much—as it dawned on me how I had been taken in and scared out of a week's growth by that boy. "Poor circulation?" I said. "Well, I wish you'd come and see! He has circulated all over that bed at least a dozen times!"

The angel laughed until it waked up the two-year-old, and her howls drove me downstairs.

I expected to find the boy dead, but I was disappointed. He had toppled back from the pillow, on his back, head down and heels up, and the whole shooting match looked like a hunter's moon settling over snow-clad hills.

He was sleeping like a ground-hog in January.

I thought a great deal the next hour on how I'd fix him so as to get him on his side of the bed and let me sleep some. In fact, I quit everything else and thought; for if there is anything I love to do it is to go to sleep at the right time. And here are some of the fool things that boy did in that hour: Had another fit; sighed long and loud; kicked, most unexpectedly, a pitcher off the centre table, at least three yards from the bed; jumped up and shrieked gleefully, "There he goes, sick 'im, King! Ketch 'im! Ketch 'im! He goes in his hole—now he's out! he's got 'im—he's got 'im—hooray!" After every one of these performances I was ready to swear he was awake and doing it intentionally, until I'd go up and examine, and shake him, and cuff him. He'd only sigh and sleep on.

The plan I finally devised was to put the pillows between us. It was nearly midnight before I had the courage to retire at all. I pulled him up on his side, straightened him out and put this barrier between us. Then I put out the lights and retired. I lay still for quite a while listening. And it was so funny I had to chuckle to myself at the success of my fortifications. He would start on his journey across the bed, diagonally, but wind up suddenly against the barricade. There he'd lie, and I could feel his thumps against them; and in my vanity I'd chuckle again and say: "Oh, it takes a man to know how to manage a boy!" In this blissful state of self-conceit I had just dozed off when I felt something rammed into my throat and mouth until I gasped for breath. I thought at first it was burglars, and that I was chloroformed and gagged—but it wasn't. That infernal boy had shot his foot through under the pillows and caught me square in the mouth. I had been told that I slept with my mouth open. Now I believed it, and, judging from the size of the foot, a good wide open.

When people do me that way I simply fight. I boxed that boy's ears, I pounded his head against the headboard, I kicked him against the footboard, and used vain oaths which I would not have had the angel hear for worlds. When I had satisfied my vengeance he sighed another long sigh and began in his sleep:

Pattycake, pattycake, baker's man,
So do master, fast as I can—
O—woo—oo—w—o—w!

Sleep was knocked out of me after this, and I spent the next hour just seeing how many things he would do; and I am willing to swear he did everything he had ever done before in his short and uneventful life. He had fits; he saw wildcats and burglars and wolves around the bed; he chased rabbits; he saw a bear riding a bicycle down the road; he broke a colt; he swam in the horse-pond; he fought another lad; he wheezed and thumped and made queer noises; he even dreamed he was an infant again and had a bottle, and the noise he made smacking his lips could be heard all over that house.

It was 3 o'clock before a bright idea really got into my head. Then I remembered that the only request his dear mother had made of me was to be sure and see that he didn't fall out of bed—"the dear little fellow, it might hurt him!" Then it occurred to me in my wrath and wickedness that that was the only thing that boy wasn't going to do—like a runaway mule, there was method in his madness, and he was in for bursting up everything but himself. This gave me a happy thought, and I acted. I determined to humor all his little whims. I put a pitcher of ice-water by the bed; I got a link of the garden hose that felt clammy and looked like a snake; I doubled up the little pillow so I could strike hard with it. Then I sat up in bed with fiendish patience and waited. I would humor him in his whims; I would make him realize all he dreamed. In a few moments he was at it; this time he was falling from a swing, or down an endless precipice, for he sat up on the edge of the bed and yelled: "Catch me! Catch me! Oh, I'm fallin'!"

"I let him fall; in fact, I helped him along. I put a lot of force into that pillow. It caught him squarely under the ear, and he went under the bed like a bullfrog. He hit the floor like a ton of long iron. But it wakened him. "Ooo—oo—wow!" he whimpered. "Where—where—am I at? Mamma—oh, mamma." He came sneaking to the bed for consolation. "Come to your mamma," I whispered. "Dear little boy, you have fallen out of bed. Be more careful how you roll."

He was asleep before he hit the cover. But in the next half hour he never fell any more. Then it dawned on me that a boy can be taught things even in his sleep, if only the proper implements be used.

He was cured of that, but not of swimming. And just as I began to doze off, thinking I had broken him, he began to splash around in the bed, lamming me in the head and stomach, and shouting, "Look out, there's a snake; dive for the shore!"

This was my chance. Seizing the ice water, I turned it on, then coiled the garden hose around his legs.

"O—umph—o—umph—oo—oo—wow!" he spluttered. "Wha—wha—what is it?"

"Snakes!" I yelled as I stuck the nozzle in his face. "Dive for the shore!"

He gave one shriek and rolled backward out of the bed. One jump and he had cleared the room, leaving even his night-shirt behind. I heard him going up the stairs yelling, "Snakes! Oh, Lordy, mamma, snakes!"

I let him go. I locked all the doors and went to sleep. The breakfast bell rang three times before I arose. They were all there—the angel, the boy, and the two-year-old—all looking calm and happy. "How soundly you must have slept last night," smiled the angel. "I forgot to tell you the dear little fellow walks in his sleep. And do you know this morning I found him on the first stair landing, sound asleep."

I looked at the boy. He was as calm as a May day, and as innocent. He had eaten both of my eggs, two saucers of oatmeal, all the cream and half the boiled ham. As I sat down he passed his plate with innocent naivete and said: "Uncle John, please gimme some mo' ham."

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

MR. LABOUCHERE.

A Good Story From Mr Hatton's Cigarette Papers in the People.

When Labouchere left Cambridge he went travelling. Mexico was a country he desired to see. Having resided in the capital some little time, he rode off on his own horse and with fifty dollars in his pocket. After a ramble of eighteen months he returned to the capital and fell in love with a lady of the circus. He travelled with the troupe and took money at the doors, or rather oranges and maize as equivalents for coin. By and by he tired of this occupation and went to the United States. He found himself at St. Paul, which was then only a cluster of houses. Here he met a party of Chippeway Indians going back to their homes. He went with them and lived with them for six months, hunting buffalo, joining in their work and sports, playing cards for wampum necklaces, and living what to Joaquin Miller would have been a poem in so many stanzas, but which to the more prosaic if adventurous Englishman was just seeing life and passing away the time. Leaving the Chippeways, he went to New York, and, making the city his headquarters, he visited the towns about. It occurred to him to go into the diplomatic service. He had influence, and he went into it. Don't imagine that he did all this without money. When I mentioned his fifty dollars I did not think it necessary to say that Mr. Labouchere could draw upon his bankers or his father. He was now and then hard up, however, not to say hungry, while waiting remittances, but he was generally quite equal to all emergencies. He has always seemed to take the world more as a jest than the serious business it is. When he strides forth, sword in hand, as if the play were really tragic, that is only his way of pretending. His sword is really only a lath like harlequin's in the play. But the harlequin often turns his bat into a fairy wand, and Labouchere is a bit of a magician. * * * *

Labouchere was sent by the British minister "to look after some Irish patriots" at Boston. Taking up his quarters at a small hotel, he entered his name as Smith. If you have an idle hour in almost any American city, you can get into a game of "draw," or anything else in the way of a gamble. In the evening of his arrival the attache incontinently entered a gaming establishment, and lost all the money he had except half a dollar. Then he went to bed, satisfied no doubt with his prowess. The next day the bailiffs seized on the hotel for debt, and all guests were requested to pay their bills and take away their luggage. Labouchere could not pay, and could not therefore take away his luggage. All he could do was to write to Washington for a remittance and wait two days for its arrival. The first day he walked about, and spent his half dollar on food. It was summer, and he slept on a bench on the common. In the morning he went to the bay to have a wash, independent of all the cares and troubles of civilization. But he had nothing with which to buy himself a breakfast. Towards evening he grew very hungry, and entered a restaurant and ordered dinner without any clear idea of how he was to pay the bill, except to leave his coat in pledge.

And here comes in an example of young Labouchere's luck, tempered by a ready wit. As the hungry, and, for the time being, penniless attache ate his dinner he observed that all the waiters were Irishmen, and that they not only continually stared at him, but were evidently discussing him with each other. A guilty conscience induced him to think that this was because of his impecunious appearance, and that they were making calculations as to the value of his clothes. At last one of them approached their anxious customer and in a low voice said: "I beg your pardon, sir; are you the patriot Meagher?" Now this patriot was a gentleman who had aided Smith O'Brien in his Irish rising, and had been sent to Australia, and had escaped thence to the United States. "It was my business to look after patriots," said Labouchere, telling me the story, "so I put my finger before my lips and said 'Hush!' at the same time casting my was felt at once that I was Meagher. The choicest viands were placed before me, and most excellent wine. When I had done justice to all the good things, I went to the bar and boldly asked for my bill. The proprietor, also an Irishman, said: 'From a man like you, who has suffered in the good cause, I can take no money; allow a brother patriot to shake hands with you.' I allowed him." He further allowed the waiters to shake hands with him, and then stalked forth with the stern, resolved, but somewhat condescending air which he had seen assumed by patriots in exile. Again he slept on the common; again he washed in the bay. Then he went to the post office, got his money, and breakfasted.

EXTENSION FUND.

Another Hundred Dollars Added to the Fund for Widows and Orphans.

The fund being raised for the widows and orphans of the men who lost their lives in the disaster at Extension, was increased yesterday by over a hundred dollars. The subscriptions received yesterday by the committee of miners are:

Province Cigar Co	$ 5 00
W. Jensen	2 50
G. L. Jones	2 00
Wescott Bros.	2 00
The Manhattan	1 00
M. Burnes	1 00
Thos. Spain	2 00
M. Steele	1 00
A Friend	1 00
John Tollich	1 00
Dean & Hiscocks	1 00
Royds & Deasy	50
W. Matheson	1 00
A. W. Knight	1 00
John Cochrane	1 00
T. B. Oldershaw	1 00
E. J. Topp	1 00
G. A. Richardson & Co.	2 00
Fred Carne, jr.	5 00
H. R.	1 00
W. G. Cameron	1 00
Gichon & Lenfesty	2 00
B. H. Anderson	50
F. Sandsbery	1 00
Colonial Metropole	2 50
Jno. Teague jr.	2 50
D. Lindsay	2 00
A. Jipsky	2 00
M. O'Toole	50
Chas. Jas. Prior	50
W. J. Taylor	5 00
J. Haggerty	2 00
J. Perry Mills	2 00
D. Murray	1 00
George E. Powell	5 00
J. D. Helmcken	5 00
Hunter & Oliver	10 00
Davie, Pooley, Luxton	10 00
Geo. Jay	2 00
A. J. Clyde	2 50
E. J. Salmon	2 00
W. White	1 00
Runabout	1 00
C. H. Topp	2 00
McCandless Bros.	2 50
Thos. Shotbolt	5 00
Cash	50
Fletcher Bros	2 50

Palatable as Cream.—"The D. & L" Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, for those suffering from severe coughs and hemorrhages, is used with the greatest benefit. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

CRICKETERS AT FOOTBALL.

English Team Proves Too Strong For The Quakers.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 8.—An Association fooball game was played here today by teams composed of members of Captain Bosanquet's English cricketers and the representatives of the Belmont cricket club. The Englishmen won by a score of six goals to nothing. The Englishmen are all experts at the game and outclassed the Belmonters. About five thousand persons saw the contest.

SHIP AFIRE.

Bark in New York Harbor Loaded With Combustibles Badly Damaged.

New York, Oct. 8.—The three-masted British bark Griffel was amagedd by fire and smoke tonight while lying at her dock in the East river; 520 cases of gunpowder which were part of the cargo were thrown overboard. The cargo of the ship consisted of 30,000 cases of petroleum, which was stored in the lower hold, general merchandise in the middle hold and the gunpowder and two hundred and fifty cases of loaded bird cartridges in the top hold. The fire when discovered was burning in the lower hold among the oil cases, fortunately no case exploded. The city fire boats got alongside the Griffel and after an hour's work so filled her with water that she sank and the fire was extinguished. The loss is estimated at about $150,000.

STOCKED WITH BASS.

Thousands of Game Fish Placed in Florence and Langford Lakes.

The efforts which Colonel Prior has been putting forth for a number of years to have black bass placed in British Columbia lakes by the Dominion government have at last resulted in success. Of the six thousand young fish brought from the East by Mr. Cunningham, the Dominion inspector of hatcheries, a thousand have been placed in Florence and Langford lakes on the Goldstream road, the balance being placed in lakes on the mainland. The fish were put in the two lakes on Sunday by Messrs. Cunningham and Sword, the Dominion inspectors and Messrs. Bickford and Giles. The conditions are splendid and in a few years if properly protected the two lakes should teem with the gamiest of all game fish.

Special Meeting.—The city council will hold a special meeting at 4 o'clock this afternoon in the committee room at the city hall.

TEST THE PINE-APPLE CURE

In the Storehouse of Providence there's an Antidote for every bodily ill. Medical Science has found Nature's Stomach Panacea in that most delicious of fruits—the Pineapple.

And medical science has given to mankind that pure and pleasant formula Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets, to be an everlasting and never-failing healer to suffering humanity—a treatment quick and effective, and so inexpensive that the poorest sufferer in the land may use it almost as "free as water." One dose gives relief to stomach distresses in any form.

Sixty Tablets, 35 cents. 40

Sold by Jackson& co., and Hall & Co.

Figuring Up The Results

Exhibition Office Staff Busily Engaged In Winding Up the Business.

Winners of Medals and Diplomas—Gate Receipts Aggregate $5775.25.

Mr. Boggs and his assistants have returned to their old quarters in the market building and are now busily engaged in closing up the business of the exhibition. A caretaker remains at the grounds for the benefit of a few absent-minded or careless exhibitors, who have not removed their exhibits. The paying of prizes, checking acounts and general winding up of the exhibition will probably occupy several days.

The committee on medals and diplomas have made the following awards:

British American Paint Company, silver medal.
British Columbia Soap Works, silver medal.
M. R. Smith & Co., silver medal.
Okell & Morris, silver medal.
Weiler Bros., silver medal.
Brackman & Ker, silver medal.
R. P. Rithet & Company, silver medal.
Albion Iron Works, silver medal.
John Meston, silver medal.
E. G. Prior & Company, diploma.
Norris & Sons (harness), bronze medal.
Norris & Sons, (trunks), diploma.
James Leigh & Sons, bronze medal.
British Columbia Saddlery Company, bronze medal.
British Columbia Pottery Company, diploma.
T. N. Hibben & Company, diploma