

NEWS OF THE PROVINCE.

Crossley and Hunter in Nanaimo—No Tidings yet of Alexander Whiffin.

Sons of England Banquet—Drowning at the Mission—General Mainland News.

YANCOUVER, Jan. 28.—John Fay, father of Rev. Father Fay, is very low, and expected to live through the week.

There was a large attendance at the Young People's social of the St. Andrew's church, this evening. A pleasant time was spent.

The Prospective Daily Mail of Nanaimo is not likely to materialize.

R. P. Cookes is seriously ill. He is at the east end; T. P. Coland, two lots at the west end for \$4,900, and four lots at the east end for \$4,900.

The Hastings mill caught fire, to-day, but it was promptly put out by the mill brigades.

At a meeting of the North Vancouver Council, on Tuesday night, it was decided to hold meetings, for future, on the third Monday of each month.

Capt. Copp, of the Vancouver Belle, has shipped a crew, and will start for the coast early in the week.

WESTMINSTER. New Westminster, Jan. 28.—The estimated revenue of the city for the present year is \$87,000.

The Trades and Labor Council intend to inaugurate a movement against the employment of the chain gang on the public streets.

In the County Criminal Court, before Judge Dole, Ellen Murray was sentenced to one year's imprisonment for having stolen a gold watch from G. McDermott, some six weeks ago.

Mr. Pottinger has returned with his bride, and settled down in our midst. The people of the neighborhood unite in wishing them a long life of prosperity and happiness.

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He had been ailing some time, but was in good spirits on the previous night.

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That the Steamboat Inspector was culpably careless in not noting and condemning the disgraceful condition of the life buoys furnished by the C.P.N. Company to the steamer Irving for the protection of the crew and passengers, as indicated by the condition of the life buoys attempted to be thrown by the witness James Lafendiele.

The line of the life buoy was so rotten that it parted in the hands of witness when he attempted to throw it.

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A football match will be played on Saturday between a team from the Vancouver lacrosse club and the association club here.

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The happy couple left for California, and then proceeded to Scotland, where six months will be spent.

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The body was found five days after it was buried. Strange to say, no word was sent to the coroner until the news of the drowning only reached the city to-day.

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Harry Shovel's orchestra performed the dance music, and Mr. A. B. Watrous furnished a first-class supper. The feature of the night was the Highland fling dancing by R. McKenzie Murray, of Victoria, who assisted the following local vocalists in the concert: Mrs. Cole, Mrs. Housman, Mrs. D. S. McDonald, Misses Bate, Glaholm, Kilpatrick and Dempster, and Messrs. W. D. Gray, Charlton and J. Kesley.

Evangelists Hunter and Crossley, who have been here since leaving Victoria, have not found their task in the Diamond City strewn with roses. The orthodox church scandal has followed in their train, and, just at this time, threatens to assume rather more serious proportions than anyone imagined at the outset. It seems that Rev. D. McRae, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Nanaimo, while attending the meeting of the evangelists, and apparently sympathizing with them, had expressed himself, privately and in his pulpit, as opposed to some of their methods. For so doing Mr. McRae was harshly criticized in a letter published in the local press over the name of "Predestinated." Sunday next, Rev. Mr. McRae devoted his two sermons to a refutation of the controversy, and succeeded in proving to the satisfaction of his congregation that both Hunter and Crossley had been playing a double-faced scheme, pretending all the while to be friendly with Mr. McRae, while in reality they were at the bottom of the "Predestinated" matter. And now comes Rev. W. Baer, pastor of the Nanaimo

Methodist church, with a statement that his Presbyterian brother in the faith is the real prevaricator. Both parties claim to be well armed for the fray, and some interesting developments are expected. Those who claim to read between the lines say that the fine hand of the writer of the article attacking Rev. Mr. McRae, is also visible in the articles which appeared a short time since going to the press, of Tovey, of St. Alban's Episcopal church.

As yet absolutely no tidings have been received of the hiding place of E. W. Whiffin, the defuncting secretary of the building association. Rumors are of course plentiful, the last being that he has been located at Denver, Colorado, but the latest definite information as to his movements comes from Westminster, where he bought a ticket for New York. The police of America's metropolis have, of course, been furnished with his description. The most lamentable feature of all this bad business is the effect which it has had upon the wife of the missing man, a daughter of Rev. J. B. Good, who has been in very delicate health for many months past, and the cruel blow which her husband's flight has been to her is said to have deprived her of mental health. The general meeting of the shareholders called for to-morrow evening promises to be highly exciting, and some lively scenes are expected. There is a strong feeling amongst a number of the stockholders that the directors have been extremely negligent in allowing the business of the society to be conducted as loosely as it has been by the missing secretary. On the other hand, it is claimed that the shareholders are free from responsibility because it was the duty of the treasurer to see that all funds collected by the secretary were immediately deposited in the bank to the credit of the society. The excuse the treasurer makes is that he, on two separate occasions, notified the president, Mr. Marcus Wolfe, that money presumed to have been collected, were not forthcoming from the secretary. Still another peculiar feature of the case is that, when the auditors discovered that there were some discrepancies in the accounts, they did not immediately notify the directors, but first let it be known all over town that there was something crooked. It was not until the whole details had been discussed by nearly every gossip in town, that the directors had anything official to go on. All these different phases of the case will be discussed to-morrow evening, and those who best know the feeling say that there will be a bitter wrangle. A new secretary will be appointed to-morrow evening, and, although there are about a dozen applicants for the position, it is thought the choice will be between William K. Leighton and A. E. Planta, either of whom would be an acceptable man. The new secretary will be required to furnish bonds to cover all funds he may be called upon to handle.

CHERMAINUS. Chermanus, Jan. 28.—Mr. Williams, of Montreal, is spending a few weeks with his sister, Mrs. Conway.

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A BLOODY HIGHWAY.

Record of the Orimes Committed on a Kansas Road.

A Favorite Resort of Thieves and Murderers Who Plundered and Killed at Every Opportunity.

Grouse Creek road, in Cowley county, has attained an unenviable notoriety during the last few years. To the ghost hunter it would prove a rich field, for here can be found enough horrors to fully satisfy the most morbid imagination. A few years ago a cattleman, known as Dave Bright, was driven in a hack on this road from Arkansas City, a beaten senseless and robbed of \$100. A little further down, at Silverdale railway station, George Blair was shot and killed while trying to rob the postoffice. Near where the road crosses Grouse creek, known as Estus ford, United States Richard Walker, captured except by his Winchester rifle, sniped a party of five horse thieves, who had turned loose on the road for a raid prior to a run down into the territory. He was more fortunate than the city marshal of Coffeyville, who, with a posse of five men, rode into a camp of three horse-thieves, near the same spot, and demanded their surrender. The marshal was shot down by the leader of the thieves, when the posse fired a volley, bringing down the murderer. Both men were carried to a little log schoolhouse near the creek, where they were tenderly cared for until both the officers and the outlaw died a few minutes later. The latter was buried beside the road and the marshal was carried home to his mourning family. At Estus ford an old man named Kieth was knocked from his horse, robbed, bound and gagged, taken across the creek and turned loose on the burned prairie to make his way the best he could, barefooted, to Arkansas City. In the log schoolhouse which had sheltered the murdered officer and his slayer, within a few feet of the grave that could still be plainly seen, the sheriff of Cowley county, Armstrong had shot and killed James Riley in front of his own store in Arkansas City, and had fled to the old rendezvous. Down this trail, or road, many stolen horses had been led across the river out of reach of pursuers, and numerous had become these thefts that finally a vigilance committee arrested High Hager, who was suspected of being one of the gang. They took him out to Grouse creek and hanged him from a tree until he was almost dead. He did not even die until finally turned loose. Only a little farther down the road a horse thief named Tolles was arrested after a brief battle in which no one was injured. This time the right man was secured and he is now serving a long term in the penitentiary. At a short time since John Seely, another man afflicted with a desire to appropriate other people's horses, was arrested and taken to Guthrie. He had taken shelter in one of the draws immediately beside the road. Later on comes the murder of Lee West, who was shot and killed just out of reach of pursuers, on the bridge over Grouse creek. Farther up the creek is an island on which an old man named Ournier was killed, while eastward in the valley and only a short distance from the road the body of an unknown man was found shot through the forehead. In the early days, this section of the state was said to be the headquarters for horse thieves. On an island formed at the junction of the two rivers was at one time a regularly fortified camp, where a tough gang might be found at any time. As the country became more lawless, this element sought shelter down in the rough country of Indian territory, but the record of Grouse creek road has become a more bloody one.

CHINESE NEED NOT STARVE. The Chinese seem to be waking up to the sense of their wrongs, and the necessity of maintaining and improving their navigability. The Wen Tsao creek, near Woosung, has already been deepened and widened, so that the villages along its higher reaches may be brought into communication with the other parts of the country, and have their wants supplied. The Soochow creek is also under the same process of improvement. Last year the governor of the province came down to see that the work was properly performed, and even kicked out the several dams over the creek, to deprecate their breaking before the work should be finished. The fact is, that with proper means of communication between the different parts of the empire there need be no famine in China. Food there is in more than sufficient quantity, but there is at present no possibility of distributing it.

A ROACH DECAPITATION. In the engineers' department of the Philadelphia Press building, recently there took place a remarkable combat between two roaches which had somehow found their way there. When first seen they had locked horns in the center of the floor and were tumbling over and over, but suddenly they became motionless, with the larger roach of the two, who had the other one's head in "chancery," made a heroic effort to gain a "fall." Lo, and behold the smaller one fell over dead, minus his head, which the larger roach had in his grasp. After having decapitated his foe the victor sat silently meditating for about five minutes, when the engineer endeavored to arouse him with a stick from the state of syncope into which he had fallen, and discovered that the victor was as well as the vanquished and paid the penalty of its act with death.

PIRATE MORGAN. A Freighter Who Was Knighted and Became Respectable.—When the Spaniards were driven from Jamaica, they left behind them a number of slaves, who sought shelter in the mountains and defied the authorities, says the Boston Herald. These bandits were nearly exterminated soon after the English occupation, but the remnant later grew to be powerful and greatly troubled the colony. They were known as the Maroons, and the stories of their desperate struggles for freedom, of the privileges wrung from the whites, and of their assistance in suppressing the rising of the blacks in 1865, reads like a romance. Six hundred of these troublesome marauders were transported to Nova Scotia. The descendants of the ancient Maroons are even to this day a separate people, and still enjoy the privileges granted to their ancestors.

Pirates and their bloodthirsty deeds have furnished so often the plot and theme for the melodramatist and the dime-novelist that one hesitates to write about them in sober earnest. But they were no myths in Jamaica, and no account of Jamaica's past, however brief, can omit a reference to the part they played in its history, especially as the most dreadful calamity that ever visited the island is connected with them.

The Jamaica pirates generally sought to throw over their marauding and pillaging expeditions the sanction of legal authority by obtaining letters of marque, but they were nevertheless capturing pure and simple. One chief of the outlaw crew, usually Spanish, on the high seas, and when the ocean did not offer enough to satisfy his cupidity and love of adventure, attacked cities and towns, laying waste with fire and sword and committing horrible barbarities and cruelties. Nothing was sacred to these human devils, and yet they were tolerated for many years by the Jamaica authorities. The island profited by their expeditions, and the last half of the seventeenth century witnessed a prosperity as great as it was wicked and demoralizing.

Port Royal was the capital of the pirate empire, and the Maroons filled it with wealth and debauchery. They long maintained in semi-barbaric state their great establishments. They lived like men, with all the pomp and splendor of a court, and they were not afraid of God or man. Imagination can hardly picture the character of the populace of that little city under the sun or the life within its walls. To it came the reckless, the desperate, the men most skilled in villainy. With them they brought the spoils of rich laden Spanish galleons bound home with silver and gold, the ransoms of cities, and whole provinces and fleets of merchant vessels freighted with rich stores from all the markets of the world. All this wealth was poured into Port Royal, and was spent with a lavishness and extravagance that is possible only with treasure bought at so slight a cost as that of human life.

Nothing seemed lacking to make it the wickedest place on earth, yet the vengeance of the Lord apparently fell upon it. But it was only for a season. One day the earth opened and in two minutes the city, its palaces and its hovels lay at the bottom of the sea. Thousands of the inhabitants perished with their ill-gotten gains, and the unbearably dead, floating in the harbor, bred a horrible pestilence that carried off thousands of those who escaped the earthquake. To-day the waters of the bay hide from sight the ancient city. Was ever retributive justice more terrible or complete?

Romantic and exciting as were the lives of all these buccaniers, that of Henry Morgan, the greatest of the freebooters, was the most so. From a white slave in Barbadoes, where he had been sold into servitude, he became first the most daring and successful of the pirates, and later a knight, and as lieutenant obtained one of the prizes of Panama, a value of one hundred and seventy-five mule loads of treasure. The governor who gave him his commission was recalled for that act, but Henry Morgan was knighted, and as Sir Henry turned his back on the country and gave up piracy, he became a most popular governor of the colony.

THE MENTAL STRUGGLE OF THE MAN WHO IS A WORKER. The political Mrs. Grundy is a phantom conjured by the apprehension of a politician of what he supposes to be the opinion of the people or of a party. The inevitable result of the apprehension, writes George William Curtis in Harper's Magazine, is to regard that general opinion as mean and unintelligent, and so that the politician is often trying to conform to a standard that he despises. Instead of asking what does the public advantage require and what ought to be done, he wonders what he can do that will alienate the least votes.

Statesmanship, he says, consists in doing what you can, not what you would. But the fault of that apothegm is its vagueness. You know what you would, but no man until he tries knows what he can. It is certain that you can do exactly what is generally approved. But the vital condition of progress is that somebody shall go first. The forward step is not generally approved until it is generally taken, and in arguing that it ought not to be taken until it is generally approved, you argue that taking it is the way to secure approval. The important point is not what Mrs. Grundy says, but what she ought to say.

Man's Ambition. At an experience meeting held in New York city the various speakers told what had been the objects of their ambition in early life. One of them had wanted to be president of the United States, another to get rich, another to have plenty of mine pie, another to be a military dictator like Napoleon, another to own a pony, another to be a preacher, another a lawyer, another a blacksmith, and another a naval commander. Only two of all the speakers had attained the object of their early ambition.

One Umbrella Less. Mr. Spinks—Why, under heavens, did you give Billington that cotton umbrella? He'll never hold it back. Mr. Spinks—The only other one in the rack was silk.

You should have given him that. "Humph! If he wouldn't return the cotton one, why should he return the silk one? Tell me that, Mr. Spinks." Mr. Spinks—The cotton one was his. —New York Weekly.

THE WOES OF "CABBY."

Innumerable Hardships Are His to Bear.

He Is Subjected Aliter to Disagreeable People and Inclement Weather and Is Poorly Paid for His Services.

"Talk about a professional lot being an unhappy one," said a veteran hack driver the other evening to a New York Herald man, "well, you can lay large, gloomy and peculiar wagers that I will swap lots with any policeman on the east or west side—or, for that matter, with any one of the squad in the toughest district in the city. I guess you don't know what we drivers have to put up with, or the great difference in the kind of parties we have to drive. Why, before now I have had parties take me to the best home and give me an order to drive them to Fifty-ninth street, and when I would get out at the address given me I would climb off the box to open the door for my passenger and collect my fare, when, lo! presto, change the hack would be empty. The Lord knows where my freight got out, but most probably somewhere between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets. I don't see how they do it so quietly, for it makes some noise to open a hack door and takes some practice to jump out safely. But they do it somehow, and I suppose it is partly due to our getting tired and sleepy with our day's work."

Then, I sometimes run across a hard crowd, and when I try to collect at the end of the routes they give me the laugh, and I know that if I insist I will only get half killed. Policemen are never near, either. Oh, I don't blame them, for if I was one I would like, too."

"Another thing that troubles a driver awfully is waiting—waiting, perhaps in a pouring rain—for a man never went into a house yet without saying that he would be out in a few minutes. And you never can tell when they will come, either. If they would only say they were in the first place, it would be easier, for then you could drive off to some convenient spot, or else curl up and go to sleep quietly inside, in case the gentleman didn't give you a cigar to comfort you. And, speaking of cigars, it is astonishing how few few drivers get. A man will fee his waiter, his barber, his porter, his chambermaid or any people in such employment, but he seldom thinks of offering the driver anything but a cigar or a drink. Yet a driver has a hard time, and his wages are not large, either, to say nothing of the responsibility resting on him in the way of careful driving, finding the way, etc."

"Still, I have known people to give me money occasionally, and in this line I think drivers are more generous than others. There is one lady in particular—the wife of a star actor—who never fails to give me at least fifty cents over and above the fare I have to turn in to the boss. I never enjoy shopping except when I go with her."

"Speaking of ladies, I suppose they are worse than anybody else at keeping you waiting. The trouble with them is that they get as impatient as the door of a house and there they stand. Why, I have jumped up and down off my box a dozen times just because every time my fare opened the house door she would close it again and continue her conversation. Of course it fooled me, as I wanted to be ready to open the carriage door for her."

"Theater parties and parties who want to be taken to the stations are pretty good jobs, as the distances are almost always short and direct and there are generally several in the party. Another thing a driver has to do is to use judgment as to how he drives, as to how to get the party inside and the occasion. Often have I had a young fellow press fifty cents into my hand when I would be driving him home from the theater with his girl and whisper: 'Drive slow as you can, please, and go a long way.' Well, sir, perhaps those same people would take me again a year or two afterward, and I could tell they were married, because the fellow would put her in the carriage and shut the door, saying: 'Good night, dear; will be home soon. I just want to look in at the Hoffman house; business engagement. Man takes an early train; be up in half an hour.'"

"When you are driving swells home from the theater with their wives you want to drive fast, you know, so that they can get back to their clubs at a decent hour. Everyone knows that you want to go slow at funerals and fast to town, but for the life of the devil a driver has to have judgment."

"What's that? Well, thank you, sir, don't care if I do. Very much obliged. Good night, sir, and please don't mention my name."

Could Not See Beyond His Nose. Volkhovsk, a Russian exile, while lecturing at Hampstead, Eng., related a desperate artifice to which he once resorted. A police official once searched his house, but for the moment he was not found. But a daring trick saved him. He coolly handed the document to the official, who scarcely glanced at it and handed it back. Thus, after the most minute search, the official, his nose blackened with smoke, and his hair decorated with feathers—for he had even examined the stovepipes and the bedding—had to depart empty-handed.

Winters in Finland. Finns have to battle with the hardness of Arctic winter from November until May, and the ice during this dark period blocks all trade with foreign countries. To remedy this the Finnish government has had an ice-breaker especially constructed strong enough to force the severest of ice, and, although it cost upwards of 1,000,000 marks, the Finns do not regret the money.

BRITISH COLUMBIA LAND AND INVESTMENT AGENCY, L^{td}

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