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LECTURER BILL NYE.

He Says it Isn't so Easy as it Looks to Acquire Wealth as a Lecturer.

An Up Hill Job Under Any Circumstances—His First Lecture and How He Felt.

[Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.]

I've just been talking with a young man on the train. He squirted an hour of sunshine into my life. So he imagined. In fact, I wanted to sleep, being short over six hours of slumber and counting on getting a small collection of winks on the way. He sat near me in the seat and hung his overcoat over my head so that his smoking tobacco sifted down the back of my neck and tickled the top of my sensitive head.

He said he would like some day my judgment on a book he was going to publish under the title "Gleanings." I said yes, I would look at it when I happened to be at his house. He said that would be unnecessary, as he had it with him. He opened his valise, which contained the manuscript, a pair of arctics and a lunch, and took out "Gleanings." He read quite a lot of it to me.

"Now what would your judgment be on that?" he said.

"Ninety days and costs," said I as quick as a flash.

"NINETY DAYS AND COSTS."

He said as he reluctantly got off the car that he was a great student of Mr. Riley, the Hoosier poet. "I don't believe Jim has ever wrote anything that I can't repeat, and, between you and me, a heap better than he does it. I use his 'Good-by, Johnnie; see you later,' in my lecture.

Speaking of lecturing, I have an earnest and sincere letter from a young man at Raccoon Summit, Tenn., asking about my own early experience and how I like it.

The history of the lecture industry of America is one of alternate elation and depression. It is a history of alternate failure and success, written with the heart's blood of the lecturer. It is a record of hope and indigestion, of exhilarating applause and nipping frosts.

It is easy in America to say: "I will be a lecturer. I will train my voice and warm the cold hearts of my fellows with my nice new upper register. I will train myself from an elocutionary point of view, and I will write myself a lecture to fit the gestures that I have thought up. I will win for myself a place in the hearts of my countrymen at $200 per pop, and committees shall say, 'Lo! he is indeed a corker!' and the leading people of the town shall take me to their homes and give me of their preserves, and the committee shall meet me at the depot with a livery team."

It is easy to say all this, but it is not easy to do it. Before all this can happen the long dusty road that leads to public approval must be sprinkled with tears. The amateur lecturer must contribute many sobs and three sheet posters, and many an amateur manager must meet with reverses of his fortunes while the lecturer's cuffs are going through the same process.

Our best lecturers are too wealthy to lecture, and so the field is occupied pretty extensively by those whose fame is superior to their lectures, or whose lectures are superior to their fame. So too often it is either "a small but delighted audience," or "a large and disappointed one."

Sometimes the lecturer entirely escapes criticism, while the audience gets a terrible roasting for its apparent enjoyment. This is one of the saddest sights I have ever witnessed. A bright young critic, who has had sometimes as high as a year and a half of experience as a thought molder, takes an audience of more or less mature people across his knee and gives it a well merited rebuke. I have known an audience after such an experience to change its name and go somewhere else. No one who has never been an audience under such circumstances can imagine its chagrin when it finds by the paper that it has enjoyed a lecture which was a bitter disappointment to a blase young critic.

Judicious advertising twenty-five years ago would have made any lecture a financial success, but now it will not. It is a queer combination of fame—ability to entertain and business sagacity—which together make up the sum of success from a box office standpoint now, and that has to be the test at least, for lecture committees and local managers do not love one who cannot draw. You are therefore to combine your talents as a talker and as a draftsman.

To start out as a lecturer and win wealth and fame in this way is an up hill job, even though your lecture was written by some one in whom you have the utmost confidence. Generally originality of thought and expression, which through the medium of the public press have attracted attention, are the first and strongest elements of success in the makeup of a lecture tour. Then should follow a complete study of the average audience and an effort to please its peculiar taste.

In the autumn of the year 1884 I met with a severe accident in the northern woods of Wisconsin, by which my leg was very much broken at the knee. The accident was due largely to an error in judgment by which my own ecliptic bisected the orbit of a grownup cyclone at a time when the cyclone's orbit was in use. "Stepping on a bright, new peal of thunder," to quote from myself, I fell quite a long distance with very little obstruction until I reached the earth, when I was shocked to find that I could proceed no farther.

Starting up, however, I was horrified to find before I had proceeded two steps that my choicest leg had been broken just below the knee. After weeks of suffering at a village, to which I was carried by admiring friends, I was led to believe from the large number of people who came long distances to view the shattered limb that if I could get it on the stage, together with a few explanatory remarks regarding atmospheric phenomena, I would entertain and instruct while possibly detracting attention from the accursed ballet and thus elevating the stage.

A New York manager had previously written me regarding the possibility of my lecturing, and I had been just coy enough to keep him interested. Thus as I began to get around on crutches I could not overcome the desire to appear in public, so that those who had "read after" me could also "sit under me." I wrote to this manager and told him that he might make fifty dates for me in desirable cities in December and January at an enormous price. He wrote back to know what printing and press notices I had.

I had one notice, which I sent to him at once, although he never used it. It was as follows:

"Last evening Mr. Nye spoke at the new rink here on the subject, 'Is or Is Not the Tariff a Tax?' The speaker arrived on the 8 o'clock stage from Tie Siding. He was the first one in the hall and by far the last one out of it. He speaks with great difficulty, owing to the fact that he is unable to think of things to say. Some think he will improve. The lecture was free, and several came in to get warm. Those who were already warm enough did not come in.

"The janitor tells us that the lecture lasted over an hour. He thinks that if our people here had begun in time it could have been averted. He is going to resign as janitor if the owners of the building do not treat him with more consideration."

There were other notices that were better than the above—notices that I had written myself—for I was more careful not to wound my feelings than the man who wrote that one.

After a few weeks, greatly to the surprise of those who knew me, I got a telegram asking me my price for lecturing. The telegram came from a small but very active and thrifty place. I wired back that I would charge $300 and expenses. The answer by red message was that my terms were accepted with pleasure.

This only gave me two days in which to study my piece and finish my clothes. It was very annoying, but I could not honorably get out of it. Also by this time I had grown very tired of studying the lecture. It did not improve on acquaintance. I wondered how I could have seen anything smart in it from the start. Oh, how very trite and tart and tough it seemed as I studied it walking up and down in the granary, and how I wished that I had not beaten down the price of the young man who wanted to write a good lecture for me!

Why did I try to economize by writing my own lecture? Here was a young man who had written lectures for all the prominent lecturers of the country, and eight dollars was all he asked. Why did I try to save eight dollars and thereby humiliate myself before the people?

ANY RELATION TO BILL NYE?

Finally the job was done. The lecture instead of the lecturer was committed, and the new clothes came home with white basting threads in them. I had a dress rehearsal in the evening at home before I went to bed. One good, kind man went from my rehearsal to sit up with a lady who had been killed by her husband while at tea. He went rather cheerfully, it seemed to me.

All along the way to my engagement I could not be happy. Everything reminded me of my lecture. In my imagination I could see the audience, at first expectant, then disappointed, then disagreeable, then offensive and finally riotous. I could not eat anything. I did not feel hungry. I dreaded meeting the committee. I was tempted to get killed on the road, and though I needed the advertising I gave it up, for I could not think of any kind of death that would not make me ashamed to be laid out.

No one met me at the train. Then I began to hope that possible it was all a mistake and that maybe I would not have to lecture. I went to the only hotel and registered. The landlord asked if I was any relation to Bill Nye. I said yes.

"Well," said he, "he is here to-day; has been here all day."

"He has?"

"Yes. Came in on the morning train. The committee met him and took him up to see the artesian well, and visited the public school with him, and they say he spoke to the children, kept 'em laughing all the while, sassed the teacher, swore at the scholars and smoked the committee's cigars. Oh, he's a corker! He lectures here to-night!"

"Is he stopping at this house?"

"Yes, he stops here. Charlie, where did Bill Nye go to?"

"Why, he was here just before the train went out."

"Well, a'posin you run up to No. 80 and see if he's in. Tell him there's a relation of his down here."

Pretty soon Charlie came back and said that he was gone. Also his bright little enameled portemonnaie. He had gone out on the same train which brought me in. He had enjoyed himself very much indeed, it is said. He had buggy ridden all day, made a few remarks to the workingmen on reciprocity and delivered a notoriously unsound speech before the Presbyterian synod, which was then in session there—a speech which I have been nearly eight years in trying to live down by an upright life.

I spoke on that evening at a great disadvantage. It had become noised about that I was a low, coarse thing, and that I had never been in good society much. One man asked at the box office if it would be a proper place to bring ladies. I do not know when I have been so pained. It is hard enough to lecture for the first time anyhow; but, oh, how distressing it is when one has been maligned and misrepresented by an alibi!

I was introduced by a man who was so afraid that he might accidentally be responsible for my sentiments that he said nothing except in regard to the beautiful soil and climate of the town, and what a future she had before her, and what undeveloped resources she had, and how a little foreign capital would make her what she was destined in the no great distant future to become—the gem city of the continent.

I arose somewhat irritated and said that after the beautiful and deserved tribute and introduction just given to the gem city of the continent I was sorry to state that it was unable to be present this evening, and that I had been secured to take its place. Then I went on with my lecture, which sounded strange and very poor to me.

When anyone knocked, it surprised and astonished me so that my very astonishment added to their mirth. I was so depressed and sad inside that it seemed to heighten the effect and add to what there was in the text that was of a humorous character. That air of intense gloom while on the platform is still with me to-day. It is natural and honest. It is not assumed. It was stage fright to begin with, and it has at last crystallized into habit and has been honored by the name of "art." It is not art. It is the petrifaction of my early horror.

BILL NYE.

TWO GREAT MUSICIANS.

A Very Graceful Speech made by Mendelssohn.

A charming little incident which connects the two wonderful and greatly beloved musicians, Mendelssohn and Jenny Lind, is told by Elise Polko in her "Erinnerungen an Mendelssohn." It was after a grand concert in Leipsic, at which both artists had taken the audience by storm, that Mendelssohn made his first appearance as an orator. The directors of the Gewandthaus gave a torchlight serenade in honor of the famous singer, and so many people thronged into the garden of the Brockhaus, where Jenny Lind was at the time, that it was crowded to overflowing. The ovation was so wildly enthusiastic that it bewildered the "Swedish Nightingale," who turned to Mendelssohn and asked what she should do to satisfy the crowd of people who had thronged to serenade and do her homage.

"You must go down and say a few words to make them happy," prompted Mendelssohn.

"Good," she replied, after a minute's hesitation, "I will go to them, but you must lead me and speak in my place."

Mendelssohn presented his arm and they went down and out into the crowd of artists and admirers in the garden. The appearance of these two together raised a perfect tempest of applause. When Mendelssohn could at last make himself heard he spoke.

"My dear friends," said he, "you must not think for a moment that I am now Mendelssohn; I am Miss Jenny Lind, and I thank you heartily for your delightful surprise.

"After, however, taking to myself the honor of this splendid personality, I will now return to my former self, the Leipsic musical director, and cry with you all; 'Long live Jenny Lind!'"

A thousand-voiced echo followed the cry. Even though the singer protested against the manner in which he had performed the task she had intrusted to him, she was moved by the beauty and grace of his little speech, and, accompanied by the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wood Song," the pair left the place together.

WAR WELL WAGED.

WHAT greater enemy of mankind than disease, and what nobler work than to fight against this death dealing enemy of humanity. The most successful war against disease is being steadily carried on by Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood, biliousness, etc., cannot resist its powers.

Special to the COLONIST.]

FANCIES FOR THE FAIR.

The Restless Fledgeling—It's Struggles and Development—The first Attempt at Literature.

The Aspirant Admires, but the Cruel World May Scorn it—No Empire Style for Redfern.

NEW YORK, Jan., 1893.—In every family there is one who wants to leave the nest of the parent bird earlier than the rest and explore the world for himself. This is the case quite as much among girls as among boys, particularly now when "independence" is the cry among so many women.

In every family of ordinary numbers, of ordinary ideas and attainments, there is seldom more than one who is destined to make a mark in the world. The struggles of this one whose talent is so often mistaken for caprice, whose bursts of brilliancy are mistaken for wilful, wanton moods, whose ambition is mistaken for discontent, are often very hard and very lengthy. There is hardly a literary or artistic success which has not been earned by years of "kicking," and many tears of disappointment. In the first place the fledgling must really fly. Fly once and in Public and the Public—that great, cruel unaccountable Public, that decides the position of all talent—will recognize it or ignore it. The literary aspirant generally errs by appointing herself her own judge and her own Public. She has an idea; and mind you it is a rare thing to have an idea, although there is so much talk about them. If you sift off the fine words and quotations and the personalities there is seldom a good healthy idea left.

Well, to return to our muttons, we will suppose that the ardent literary aspirant has an idea. While she is possessed of this idea she forgets her new gown, and doesn't even wonder how the bill will be paid, and she forgets that the person whom she thought she loved has shown some very disappointing qualities, and she is not worried by certain pessimistic views which she has developed concerning the future, in fact everything is obliterated by the

IDEA.

And as she cherishes the idea, it grows. Grows bigger and bigger. It is the child of her brain and she clothes it, as mothers clothe their babies in all the prettiest clothing they can find. Fine words, unusual words, musical phrases, crisp descriptions, these are to her ideas what lace and muslin and ribbon are to the baby. Of course by the time the child of the brain is dressed it looks very much better than it did when it was first born. It was a poor naked meagre little thing then, and the author of its being felt some doubts as to whether or not she should own it. She has no doubts at all now; it is, she thinks—as all authors of our being think—a better looking child than other people's and she persuades herself that it has a very strong individuality of its own. Even if it has she is not the judge.

It is impossible for her to be her own Public. As she reads her own creation over and over again she likes it better and better. When she first reads it through after being separated from it for some time, she is a little bit doubtful as to its merits, but each reading endears it to her. At last she declares to herself that it is very good, and without a word of advice from anyone, without a fear for its reception, she sends it off.

And sometimes it comes back! Simple words these, but oh how much they mean. Oh the heart burn, the disillusionment, the disappointment contained in that returned manuscript. No package of returned love letters ever caused quite such a dreadful combination of feelings.

Redfern—who I suppose is let into all feminine secrets in the matter of dress, tells me that he is glad to say that the Empire style, although introduced by many of the leading houses, is not a success. Its only advocates are ladies whose anatomies will not bear the severer test of tight fitting gown. It is a convenient style for the "high kicker" who dupes the Public into thinking that her length of limb is the apex of well trained agility. It is quaint on the freshest of buds, but for those who really move the world of fashion, there is a style which although not so artistic, is more calculated to show off their charms.

Then the slender waist, and balloon sleeves, is the ladies lot just at present, with the hateful crinoline looming in the distance.

The Toreador bodice over a full, rich, silk or velvet ground, generally made as a blouse, still holds its place. These have handsome braiding on them, silk facings, and Jehu buttons.

The newest bodice which I have seen at Redfern's was formed of narrow puffings of velvet, with steel or jet trimmings, running up to the throat from the waist between each puff. Many of the skirts are decorated with steel or jet up every seam.

LE BARON DE BREMONT.

Choice Wines.

A special shipment of very superior wines arrived by the Chili, amongst them being a selection of fine Burgundies from Messrs. Poulet Pere et Fils—Beaune Cote d'or, France—whose wines have a very high reputation in Europe. Turner, Beeton & Co., agents. dec2-tf

Sheffield pocket and sporting knives at Fox's, 78 Government street.

For Over Fifty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers or their children when teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. ul d&w-1y

ECONOMICAL FOREST CLEARING.

TO THE EDITOR:—Except in the case of townsites and suburban lands, capital and energetic enterprise has, till recently, been shy of entering into combat with the giants of the British Columbia forests, the density and magnitude of which precluded the idea of economical reclamation of the land for agricultural purposes, though suitable as to soil and blessed by a climate so favorable to the husbandman, consequently settlement and progressive development of the province in that direction have been retarded. Many have racked their brains in vain endeavor to solve the problem of economical land clearing. It, however, remained for the perceptive ability and ingenuity of Mr. S. M. Robins, manager New Vancouver Coal and Land Co., to overcome what seemed to be an almost insurmountable difficulty, whereby by a simple application of the well-known stump extractor, and the utilization of the force of traction—multiplied by the ordinary block and tackle—trees of the largest size may be pulled up by the roots easily and economically. This unique idea was no sooner conceived than it was put into practice on the land belonging to that company adjoining the five acre suburban allotments contiguous to Nanaimo. The unexpected success of the experiment proves by practical demonstration — no matter how large the growth of timber—the possibility of economical forest clearing in British Columbia. By the practical use of this ingenious application of a rude mechanical power—and when the *modus operandi* of the invention becomes widely known at home and abroad —no longer will the terrors of the giants of British Columbian forests be utilized to intimidate intending agricultural immigrants. Considering the dense forest growth covering so considerable a portion of our valleys, hills and dales, the benefits to the Province certain to accrue cannot be too highly estimated.

Some few years ago—having in view the social and material welfare of their numerous employes—on the recommendation of the management, the New Vancouver Company introduced what is known in England as the "Cottage Farm System," and in order to stimulate exertion and the spirit of emulation, decided on enclosing and clearing a tract of 400 acres abutting on the allotments.

"The object of our undertaking here," said Mr. Robins to your correspondent when visited amid the heaped up bodies of his gigantic opponents—the trees—"was first, a desire to encourage our people, to whom we leased the allotments and induced them to expend both labor and money thereon, and thereby endeavor to create a spirit of emulation, and show them how clearing can and ought to be done, profitably and economically. When work was first commenced on the farm the usual crowd of pessimists came forward. 'It will be very expensive,' said one, 'It will never pay during the creation of cats,' said another. 'All right, gentlemen,' replied the management, 'we'll try the experiment as a duty, for landowners have their duties as well as their privileges.'"

A considerable portion of the land consists of a low, flat valley covered with a heavy coating of timber. This was cleared according to the old plan—first: it was brushed; then the trees were felled, followed by the usual "stumping." To encourage home industry the Hamilton Powder Co., Departure Bay, were invited to experiment and test the power of the explosives manufactured by them, also as to the probable cost per stump blown up by explosives. It is a characteristic feature of the management of the New Vancouver Co. to carry out all their projects on a purely business basis, and exact the strictest economy in all undertakings, especially in regard to the farm experiment, it having been the determination from the inception of the project, to prove, if possible, and place on record the fact that British Columbia forests can be cleared and made arable at a cost not much exceeding the sum of $50 per acre!

The experimental tests of the Hamilton Powder Co. on several stumps, using the explosive best suited for the purpose, i. e., black and giant powder, proved to be rather too expensive. The cost for each stump was $4; the labor employed in digging round the stump, boring, tamping, preparing and firing the blast, $1.50; making the cost $5.50 on the average for each stump. Accordingly the extraction of the stumps by explosives was abandoned as too expensive. An old-time stump extractor had been in use for a couple of years on the roads and lands of the company. This contrivance is simple in construction: Two "dead men" sunk in the ground transversely at right angles—pinned by stout pickets driven in the ground *a la chevaux de frise* and a stout frame work for the capstan, on the drum of which the wire rope is wound—the power is given by a mule hitched on to the capstan bar. The capstan is anchored on solid ground where good hold can be secured, and at a distance from the trees to be operated on to ensure safety to driver and mule from danger of the falling timber." The wire rope is anchored at an angle from the machine and the tree, so as to fall the latter in a side direction.

The draft on the mule at the capstan bar is about 350 lbs., at the drum six tons leading from the gearing power; and by the rope being passed round the trunk of the tree, 30 feet from the ground, gives a leverage of six times the power on the root, extending over a radius of 6 feet, of about 80 tons, a force sufficient to uproot most trees not exceeding 3 feet 6 inches in diameter. Larger trees, from 5 to 6 feet in diameter, require the service of a triple block attached to the leading rope, which ensures a dead pull of 200 tons at the root. Where clumps of large trees stand together a couple of handy men—sailors preferred—bend the rope round the bunch of trees at 80 feet from the ground, and the same power, one solitary mule—not over good looking at that—brings to bear on the tree a force of 600 tons dead pull at the roots, and occasionally appears, scattered over the ground, a mass of roots drawn, standing up like a wall, 20 feet high.

The idea of this simple application was conceived by Manager Robins while observing the uprooting of the stumps by the rude machine, and the theoretical deduction made was that with more leverage given the same force would be sufficient to uproot the tree *holus bolus*. As before stated a practical test more than fulfilled the anticipations. The forest is, figuratively speaking, mowed down by the contrivance, and the trees, like mown grass, lay in swaths on the ground to season and dry, ready for burning. The only hitch likely to prevent up-rooting is the snapping of an unsound trunk under the strain.

By this mode the three operations of clearing: brushing, felling and stumping, are performed at once, and at the highest calculation at about one-thirteenth of the cost under the old plans of clearing. When the burning is accomplished there remains but little to do—comparatively speaking—to bring the land into an arable state.

As to the cost of operation we give an estimate of the forenoon's work on the day of our visit—during which time an hour was lost owing to unavoidable delay—eleven trees of average size, were up-rooted at a charge for help, etc., for:

Two men, 1 day at $2 20 per day per man	$ 5 00
One boy, 1 day at	1 25
Mule driver	2 50
Mule	75
Total for day	$ 9 50

Or $1 75 for half a day; about 15 cents per tree.

Compare the foregoing with the cost under the old plans:

Two experienced choppers (falling 1 tree every half hour, 22 trees per day), 1 day at $3 per day per man	$ 6 00
"Brushing" space of 22 trees	1 00
Explosives for blowing up stumps, 22 at $4 each	88 00
Labor in connection as shown, 22 stumps at $1.50 each	33 00
Total	$128 00

or an average cost for each tree of $5.82! Whereas the whole work under the new operation is well and satisfactorily done at the mere cost of the choppers alone! There is no patent on Mr. Robins' invention, the celebrated "forest mower" is free to all energetic handy men desirous of entering on a campaign of conquest against the forest. There is a fortune for the genius who contrives and patents a device for the more expeditious attachment of the rope to the trees, wherein exists the only observable delay in the entire operation.

On inquiring, it was learned that the tap roots of the trees were no obstruction to the effective working of the plan—tap root or no tap root, out it came. In the highlands the tap root, owing to the proximity of the trap rock to the surface-soil, does not penetrate to any depth, while in the soft bottom lands the hold of the tap root is generally lax. It may be remarked that the utmost regularity appeared to prevail throughout, void of hurry, bluster or confusion. Even when the warning "cr-r-rash!" betokening the impending downfall of a clump of five trees, followed closely by the "sh-h-ugh!" as their stately tops touched mother earth for the first time, the operators seemed, to all outward appearance as unconcerned as if nothing extraordinary had happened to disturb their equanimity.

The New Vancouver Co., as the possessors of a large area of land in this vicinity, are determined to make it produce something besides taxes. Increased wild land taxes, or, mayhap, single tax, may become realities sooner than expected by the average speculative land-holder. However, be that as it may, it seems apparent that progressive development of their wild lands has become a settled policy with them.

The low-bottom lands of the farm have been subjected to a most perfect system of thorough drainage which, considering the high price of labor prevailing, has been executed at the comparatively low cost of four cents per foot. The lateral drains are about two rods apart, connected with a deep main, and t[illegible] the most approved fash[illegible] England. A sufficient falls [illegible] out, thus ensuring perfect [illegible] impossibility of obstruction [illegible]

The soil on the higher po[illegible] shallow and gravelly. Th[illegible] remedied when the annual [illegible] company's stables of 600 lo[illegible] heretofore to them a worthl[illegible] supplies the defects of N[illegible] spect and eventually makes the best land in the world, especially for upland hay and clover. Vancouver Island is essentially a clover growing country, and though the variety is smaller than the English or Irish it is vastly more nutritious. The settled plan at present is first to crop the land with potatoes, well manured, which will clean the land; then with oats, sowed down with clover and grass seed. With a good top dressing annually of well-rotted stable manure and an occasional dusting of lime to dissolve the lichen, if any, the land so treated will give crops of hay and clover sufficient to pay good interest on preliminary outlay and also return a handsome profit to the proprietors. Hay at $16 a ton soon mounts up and forms no inconsiderable item in the annual expenditure of a concern employing in their works a large number of horses and mules.

Taking the possibilities of the future into consideration, coupled with the unexceptional climate and fertile soil, there appears to be every probability that, even as a farm pure and simple, what some at first looked upon as an expensive fad, will eventually prove to be one of the most remunerative undertakings, —coal not excepted—as yet entered upon by the company. The hope is that other large wild land holders, seeing the success attending the enterprising venture, will not delay in following the good example.

Those interested in forest clearing and all who desire the advancement, development and settlement of the Province, if opportunity offered, would be well repaid for the trouble of a visit to what may aptly be termed the model farm of Vancouver Island.

Nanaimo, January 19. M.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

TO THE EDITOR:—In to-day's (Friday's) COLONIST, it is reported that the Mayor called the aldermen together for the purpose of considering sanitary matters, and that one alderman kicked, asserting that such matters should be left to the Sanitary committee; that is to say, the Sanitary committee and all the other committees should originate what they may fancy requisite and leave their fancies to be discussed in the public chamber. This is wrong. The Mayor is the chief executive officer of the corporation, and a duty belonging to this office is to call the aldermen together to discuss what measures may be advisable for the ensuing year, and to devise the ways and means of paying the cost. In order to do this he has to take into consideration the reports of the expert officers at the head of the various departments, as also their suggestions of the work necessary or advisable to be done. All such matters ought to be discussed in Executive Council, the Council being, as it were, an executive meeting of the government. Any measures deemed desirable at these meetings would, of course, subsequently have to be discussed in public, and the public thus made acquainted with the arguments pro and contra. As it is there are half a dozen civic governments, each one deeming itself almost independent, with the motto, if you do not trespass on our domain we will not trouble yours. That these separate governments do not act in unison everybody knows—in witness thereof how often has a street been graded and macadamized, and as soon as finished torn up to lay water pipes. Such woeful waste would not take place were the committees acting in unison; acquainted with each other's procedure. That the committees should look after work, and so forth, agreed upon to be done, goes without saying, but that each committee should be entrusted with a sum of money for executive purposes is manifestly wrong. Executive meetings should be held frequently, or at all events as often as the Mayor thinks advisable or the members have suggestions to make.

It would seem the committees have mistaken their vocation; they are subsidiary to and not the government in themselves. It is not necessary that an alderman should watch men scraping the roads; digging a ditch, or some other petty work; neither is it essential that he should put his nose into every stench or examine the soil microscopically for the fashionable bacillus or microbe. All these things ought to be done by the salaried officials, of whom in all conscience there are plenty, and bosses innumerable! Indeed, one reason why men in active business will not become aldermen, arises from the fact that they cannot afford the time to look after these essentially executive concerns—although they might afford time enough to attend meetings of council as well public as private. It is to be hoped that the Mayor will continue in his course and bring the city government into a shape somewhat resembling at least responsible government; that committees shall carry out the matters referred to them by the civic council—but shall not carry on works on their own responsibility at all—they shall see that the officers of the corporation do their duty—if not, chop off their heads. Committees are part of the executive, but not *per se* executive. X. X.

THE MARINE HOSPITAL.

TO THE EDITOR:—It was not my intention to rush into newspaper correspondence anent the above mentioned question; but so much has appeared in the newspapers lately in the shape of editorials and reports from members and directors of different institutions, that, in defence of the Department I represent in this Province, I consider it my duty to refute some of the calumnies which have been made public.

In the first place, the Marine Hospital being under the supervision of Dr. J. C. Davie, one of the ablest and most experienced medical men on the Pacific Coast, is of itself sufficient guarantee that sick seamen will received proper medical care and attention.

During the year 1892 75 patients have been under medical treatment in this hospital, and in no case whatever has there been any complaint regarding medical care or otherwise to the Collector of Customs or myself; on the contrary, ship-masters on behalf of their crews have always spoken most highly of the institution, with the exception of an angry Norwegian shipmaster, who brought in a sailor for treatment of rheumatism, and because the Doctor could not attend to him immediately, thought he had a grievance, and consequently reported to his Consul, Mr. Robert Ward, and this gentleman, without any other information or [illegible] whether his informer [illegible] accu- [illegible] an in- [illegible]ng; for [illegible] his be- [illegible]nce the [illegible]ar have [illegible] hospital [illegible]vie, for [illegible] I fail to find any correspondence on me in this office that the Department of Marine and Fisheries has refused to sanction the payment of any account incurred on behalf of any sick seaman so removed.

Reflections are cast through the newspapers on an intelligent, conscientious and painstaking man (the steward of the hospital) because he only receives a small salary; insinuations are made that he cannot live and keep his family on the wages he receives, and consequently must recoup himself by stinting the patients under his charge. This I consider a most unjust and uncharitable accusation. Notwithstanding all this, he has testimonials from a large number of men who have been in the hospital, testifying as to his attention and good treatment.

Both the Collector of Customs and myself have asked the question of seamen and we have heard of no complaint, and I can testify that I have heard less grumbling at the usage received in this hospital than of any other institution of the kind in British Columbia.

Referring to the salary of the keeper, that is a matter between himself and the department. All agree that he does his work, and does it well. I have frequently visited the sick ward of the hospital, and everything is in a neat, clean and orderly condition.

In reference to the water supply I may say that negotiations are pending between the Marine department and the Esquimalt Water Works company for conveying water to the hospital. A large expenditure is being laid out on repairs to the building under the supervision of the resident engineer of the Public Works department.

I trust that I have been sufficiently explicit to disabuse the mind of any prejudiced person who might believe that there was any truth in the reports which have lately appeared in the newspapers.

JAS. GAUDIN,
Agent of Dept. of Marine & Fisheries.
Victoria, 7th January.

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