The Colonist.

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ALONE! ALONE!

A Story of a Hudson Bay Post. Founded on Fact.

(Written for the COLONIST.)

"Say, boys, I've struck a job!" said Douglas Gordon, looking up from a letter he was reading and addressing some half a dozen young fellows, who were lounging about in the reading room of a Victoria hotel.

"Where? Is it on the railway?" Take me too!"

"Is it over in Vancouver? 'the rising city of the Coast,' as one of their boomers called it the other day."

"Make me your private secretary!"

"Tell us all about it," said a serious looking fellow near the fire.

"This letter is from a friend of mine, Andrew Duncan, who is living in Winnipeg; he writes to say that he is going to the Hudson Bay post at Vermillion Lake, and as there is another man wanted he recommended me, for he thought I would go. You may be sure I'm going."

"Humph, what about the girl you'll leave behind you?"

"Yes," chimed in another, "Jim Hill will get ahead of you, sure, if you go away now."

"Oh! Douglas will take her to the lake on a wedding tour. Arctic explorations are fashionable just now."

"When is the wedding, Douglas; going to ask us?"

"Oh! 'come off' you fellows, don't talk to me about getting married; no, wait till I come home with my little sack and then I'll ask you all. Maybe Barkus won't be willin', though. But I must go now, boys, I've lots to do before I start and I must be in Winnipeg on the 1st of November, 1885; this is the 20th of October. Good night, all."

After Douglas left the hotel he began thinking of Mabel Morris. Her father was a well-to-do merchant and had not quite liked the idea of his eldest daughter going with Douglas. The thought of Jim Hill winning Mabel while he was away filled Douglas with jealousy, but still he could say nothing to her himself. Hill was well off and Douglas would not bind Mabel to any engagement; besides, he did not know whether she cared for him. At last the time to say good-bye came. Mabel loved him, but was determined to be strong and let no sign of this appear to him; her pride would not let her show how deeply she felt the parting, for he had never said anything to her and she was not one to give her love unasked. Douglas had been spending the evening with the family, and as he rose to go he said: "I expect to come back again to Victoria next year; I will think of you all often when I'm up in that lonesome place, and of the pleasant evenings I have spent in your house."

As Mabel opened the door for him he said: "It will be awfully lonely up there; may I write to you, or rather, will you answer my letters?"

"Oh, yes; if you care to write I will answer, but I'm not much of a letter writer. I wish you a pleasant journey, Mr. Gordon."

"And a safe return!" questioned Douglas.

"I shall always be pleased to see you."

"Well, good-bye, Miss Morris."

"Good-bye, Mr. Gordon," and the door was closed between them. Douglas fancied he saw tears in her eyes, but she had closed the door so hastily that he could not be sure.

His companion met him at Winnipeg and together they started for Vermillion Lake, N.W.T. When they reached there winter had set in and it was cold. The ground was covered deep with snow. The air was clear and frosty. One could hear any sound for miles. There was a large Indian encampment just across the lake and Andrew Duncan went over to it to trade with the tribe. Douglas waited his return for a week and then began to fear that something had happened to him. At first he thought of going to find him, but then he remembered that he knew nothing of the country and that it would be very easy for him to be lost in this place, where there were no roads and where the nearest station was 380 miles distant. He therefore resolved to send his companion, an Indian, who was well acquainted with the country. Of course this would leave him alone, but he had no doubt that both the Indians and Duncan would return in a few days.

Douglas Gordon did not know till long months after that Andrew Duncan and his guide had been drowned in the lake, and that the Indian he had sent to look for them had reached the camp, but had found it deserted, for scarlet fever had broken out and the Indians had fled before it. This Indian, instead of going back to the post, had followed on their trail. So Douglas was in that white, frozen country alone. At first he expected the return of his friend and the Indians daily. He spent his time trapping. Everything was novel, but as the weeks went on and no friend came he began to get lonesome and hunting lost its interest. Christmas came; and a lonely one it was. Douglas made his dinner of venison and beans with hard tack in place of pudding. In the evening he looked around for something to read and was rewarded by finding an old almanac, but he soon got tired of that and began to think of the people at home and how they would be speaking of him that evening. Then he thought he would write to Mabel, but was greatly dismayed at finding that in his hurry in packing he had forgotten to take paper.

As the months went by he wrote on birch bark and pieces of wood, but had no way of sending off what he wrote. He thought of Mabel and how she must wonder why he did not write. In the lonely evenings he got into the habit of talking to himself; his own voice frightened him at first, for all was so still, but anything was better than the continual thinking. He would sit down to his meal of "hard tack" and bacon and imagine some one was opposite him. Sometimes it would be Mabel, sometimes his friend.

"Well, it's pretty cold to-day, the hot meat tastes good!"

"Wish we had potatoes!"

"Well, so do I, but they'd freeze; we never could keep them."

"I saw deer tracks to-day! You'd like fresh meat? Maybe we'll have some to-morrow; the deer are very bold now, I can get nearly up to them." "Yes, as you say, it will soon be spring, we'll get out of this desolate, God forsaken country!" "Where do you want to go?"

"Oh, to Victoria!"

"Well, I'm going there myself; I have friends there!"

Then he begins to think of Mabel waiting for a letter. "Here I've been for five months and have not sent her a line; what will she think of me? She'll think I've forgotten her and that sneak Jim Hill will be around all the time. I know he'll tell her that with me out of sight is out of mind. Oh, if I had him here! I remember the night at the social when Mabel and I were having such a nice time. Of course I intended to see her home; I never thought of asking if I might; I knew she understood. Didn't he come along and ask her right before me, and what could she do? She could not say she had company, for I hadn't asked her. That was just like him. Perhaps she's married. Then there's the folks at home: poor mother will be fretting. The ice is clearing a little, but if it were all gone what could I do? I've no boat or canoe, and even if I did get to the other side I'm hundreds of miles from the nearest post. I've not even a compass; it would be sure death. No, no, I'd better stay here; at least I've plenty of food and can keep from starving."

Summer came, the forest put on its mantle of green, the birds sang and all things looked bright, but Douglas would rather have seen the ugly face of an Indian than look upon the countless beauties of nature. Oh, the lonesomeness and the anxiety, the dreadful longing to hear from someone at home. How he longed to send even a line, a word to Mabel to tell her he was still in the land of the living. Each morning he looked out upon the lake in hope of seeing a boat, and each day only brought disappointment. While on hunting expeditions every noise in the woods startled him. He was in momentary expectation of seeing someone. When an animal appeared in the distance he would be sure it was a man and run toward it, only to see it make off at his approach; and although hunting was his only recreation many a deer escaped unharmed, for even the thought that something living was near him made him feel less desolate.

In the evening on coming home he would prepare his meal and talk over all the day's doings with an imaginary companion. Then he would recite pieces of poetry and things he had read:

"I'm monarch of all I survey.
My right there is none to dispute."

"Great monarch, in this little sight by ten hut living on bacon and beans"—

"From the centre all round to the sea;
I'm lord of the fowl and the brute.

Far from humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone;
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own."

"Right you are, old Robinson; you were homesick, too."

He would write these selections all over his walls. Tired of this, he'd take out his almanac and read once more the jokes and try to get up an interest in the patent medicine advertisements. As the fall came on he lost hope; he felt that he was to spend another winter alone, and then an awful fear grew upon him. He feared that he should lose his reason. This fear possessed him so entirely that he felt it would only be a matter of a few more months till he would be a lunatic. At night the howl of a wolf or the hooting of an owl would wake him and he would start up and rush to the door, hoping to see Indians or traders coming to the post, but the moon would be shining peacefully on the lake and the stillness unbearable. On going back to bed he would think and think. All the things he had ever done in his life would rise up before him. He would magnify the little sins he had committed until he imagined this exile was only a just punishment for his wrong doing.

One morning as he was going to see to his traps, he gazed longingly across the lake. At first he saw nothing, but after a time he thought he saw a small speck on the sunlit water. Was it imagination, or the illusion of a half crazed mind? Was it coming nearer? Hours he watched. It was coming nearer. It was moving and it was a boat. Fearing lest the men in it should not see him, he rushed into the store, snatched up a large scarlet shawl that would have delighted the heart of some dusky belle, tied it to a pole and rushed frantically along the shore, waving it to and fro. After a time he saw that the boat was making directly for the post. At this he shouted and danced, till one would have thought he was some Indian chief practising the war dance. As the boat approached the shore and he could distinguish the men in it, he rushed out into the water until those in the boat feared he should drown. Nearer and nearer it got, till at last they reached him. Oh, to hear a human voice! To see a face once more! He embraced them all. At last, when he became more calm, the men told him that they had heard from the Indians that all at that post had died, and they had sent the word of his death down to Victoria some nine months before. They knew the Indians had left their encampment, and as there were no other inhabitants they had sent no one to the post; but now the Indians were returning and they had come there to trade with them.

They went up to the house with Douglas and spent the evening talking to him and reading what he had written on the wall.

"You were pretty soft on this Mabel, old fellow! Why, here is her name almost everywhere, and here are two hearts and 'Ever Thine' carved on the table. Took a pious turn this day. Why, here's 'Now I lay me down to sleep' and 'Hush, My Dear,' 'The Western Waves of Ebbing Day,' and 'Mary had a Little Lamb,' written on this box. You must have had a liberal education to stretch between those two. And I do declare! Here is some of your own composing. Listen to this, boys:

'Oh Mabel! Fairest of the fair!
To see thee once again would I dare
To cross this broad and dangerous lake;
But no boat or craft have I to take.'

"You're a born poet. And an artist, too! Just see this picture! Look at that family gathered around a stove! How placid the expression on each face! To be sure, most of them have two dots for noses and a straight line for a mouth, but calm content is everywhere visible."

"Got Mother Goose's Melodious Melodies, have you? Here's 'Old Mother Hubbard' illustrated, too. Great Scott! What a dog! She went to the cupboard, didn't she, Douglas? Just where I'd like to go! Hope your's is not in the same condition."

"Well, this is too bad! You must be hungry! I was so full of myself and so rattled that I never thought about that. I'll get something to eat in no time." Before many minutes Douglas had the table spread and his three companions seated around.

"I say, fellows, I feel so happy and thankful at having someone to sit down with me, that I feel it wouldn't be right to begin even this kind of a meal without saying grace; you ask a blessing, Tom," said Douglas.

"Oh, I can't!" came from one after another. Douglas bowed his head, and in a trembling voice, gave thanks to the ever loving Father.

You may be sure Douglas lost no time in returning to Victoria. He reached there Christmas eve. The town was quiet, as it was near midnight. He hastened to Mabel's home. He went up to the door and found that it had been left ajar by some careless visitor. As he was about to enter he heard a voice singing. It was a woman's voice, full and clear. He felt that it was Mabel's. He entered the hall but feared to startle her. He could see her face. Yes! it was Mabel, but the girlish look had gone. In its stead there had come a sad expression, and the eyes, once so full of mirth, were thoughtful and pathetic. He heard her begin again; this time the song was:

"Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so tender, so loving, Douglas;
Douglas, Douglas! tender and true.

Never a scornful word should pain you;
I'd smile as sweet as angels do;
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas! tender and true."

There was such entreaty, such longing in the voice, that Douglas could stand it no longer; he rushed into the room. There was a half frightened, half surprised cry of "Douglas," but Douglas had her safe in his arms, and she was soon convinced that it was himself and not a vision. The family heard the cry and came in from the kitchen, where they had been putting things in readiness for the morning. The welcome Douglas received was most warm, and they all gathered around the fire while he told of his adventures and how he had spent his time during the past year. As they talked the clock struck three. The father said, "It is Christmas morning; I wish you all a merry Christmas. For myself, I am happy, seeing my little girl herself once more."

"Yes, puir bairn; although she never said anything, I kenned she was greetin' for ye. There is a different leicht in her een the neicht," said the mother.

"Well, it's good to see you all and I could talk till daylight, but I must go. Good night, Mr. Morris;" and Douglas shook hands with the old folks, but when he came to Mabel he stooped and kissed her, and the mother whispered to her husband:

"God bless oor bairns."

MARIANNE GRANTHAM.

ACROSS SIBERIA.

New York, Dec. 26.—A morning paper publishes the following: "C. P. Huntington confirmed last night a rumor that the Russian Government had brought from the United States and Brazil Mail Steamship company, in which he is largely interested, five steamships to be used by the Amoor steamship company in connection with the Russian Government's transcontinental railroad in Siberia. The vessels are the Cigran, Vigilant, Advance, Finance and Alliance, now engaged in the Rio trade. They are large vessels, supplied with the most modern machinery, and according to Mr. Huntington the price received for the five was $1,000,000. They are now making their last trips, and will leave soon for the Pacific. One will go to the Baltic about March 15. These, with other vessels purchased, will give the Russians a controlling commercial fleet in the Pacific.

THE BEST COUGH CURE.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the safest and best cure for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25c. and 50c.

"UN CHATEAU EN ESPAGNE."

(Written for the COLONIST.)

"Light as a bubble, bright with rainbow hue;
Couleur de rose mingled with 'Heaven's own blue;
Built in one moment out of some fancy fair;
A ruined pile the next, frail castle in the air."

S. D.

"My lines are fallen in pleasant places—at last."

Ida Melville smiled rather sadly as she spoke, and cast a comprehensive glance round the luxurious room in which she sat. Two years previously she had been left an orphan to face the world alone, and had experienced many of the hardships of life before fate brought her in contact with Mrs. Carew, a wealthy widow. The latter, who was an invalid, was spending the winter in Southern California, when she met Ida, and the girl's sweet, sad face and deep mourning had appealed to her kind heart. The result was that Miss Melville changed her position as governess to a family of unruly children for that of companion to the invalid lady. Before many weeks had elapsed she found herself established in the widow's beautiful home in British Columbia, a few miles from the picturesque city of Victoria. The change was a delightful one for the lonely girl, and she entered upon her new duties with a thankful heart. On the day when we first see her she was in the large, well furnished drawing room alone, for Mrs. Carew was having an interview with her doctor. The latter was an old friend of the family and he looked somewhat grave as he entered the room and disturbed Ida's pleasant meditations.

"Good afternoon Miss Melville. Mrs. Carew is not so well to-day. She is fretting about that boy of hers. When is he expected home?"

"Very soon, I believe. She received a letter from him this morning."

"Well, I am glad of it," declared the kindly old doctor. "Mark my words, Miss Melville, the sight of him will do her more good than all my perscriptions. A nice lad. A great favorite of mine, but too fond of roving. Takes after his father in that. Charles Carew was a restless spirit. That's a splendid likeness of Harold."

As he spoke the doctor glanced at a large portrait of a young man which hung above the mantlepiece. It was that of Mrs. Carew's only son, who had been absent from his home over a year.

"What do you mean, sir, by leaving your mother so long?" continued the doctor addressing the picture, a twinkle in his eyes. "There must be some attraction to detain him in the old country."

He went away laughing, leaving Ida standing in front of the portrait. She gazed thoughtfully at the handsome, youthful face, and the large hazel eyes seemed to follow her slight figure as she slowly left the room. "I wonder if he is as nice as he looks!" she thought as she did so. Time would answer her question in a way she did not anticipate.

* * * * * * * *

Six weeks later the original of the portrait returned home and as the doctor had predicted, his mother's health improved wonderfully after his arrival. She was devoted to her tall, handsome son, whose presence brought additional sunshine into the large, silent house. His return made a great difference to her companion as well, for life with Mrs. Carew, though peaceful and happy, was decidedly quiet. Ida saw a good deal of the young man. The widow's treatment of her was very diffferent from that accorded to the average companion, and unlike the majority of mothers she did not seem the least alarmed when she saw how well the two young people appeared to enjoy each other's society.

"She is an awfully nice girl, mother. I am so glad to think you have someone to keep you company and take care of you when I am away," observed the young man one day when mother and son were alone together.

"But you are not thinking of leaving home again, Harold?" cried Mrs. Carew in alarm, in reply to which he laughed and told her not to worry. But she did not forget his words, for a couple of weeks later she announced her intention of giving a ball.

"I am afraid the dear boy finds it very dull at home," she said to her companion in confidence with an anxious sigh. "It would be better, I think sometimes, if we lived in town. I am always telling Harold to invite his friends out here, but I suppose he thinks I am too delicate to entertain. However, like 'Mrs. Dombey,' I feel I ought to make an effort, and really, my dear, I am so much stronger than I was, I think I shall quite enjoy giving a dance. You must help me to make it a success."

Ida promised to do her best. She was young, and the prospect of a ball gave her as much pleaure as it would to any other girl. She felt sure she would enjoy it, for, with her unfailing kindness, Mrs. Carew had introduced her to all the neighboring families and she no longer felt an entire stranger among them. Her pleasant anticipations were fully realized when the eventful evening arrived. The dance proved a perfect success in every respect, and Ida, in a black lace gown, the gift of Mrs. Carew, won many admiring glances from the numerous young men who had responded to the widow's invitation. But she cared little for their admiration. The pleasant smile she had received at dinner from the host and the exquisite, white bouquet he had presented her with were all sufficient. The color deepened in her usually pale cheeks and her blue eyes fell beneath his as he approached her about the middle of the evening.

"I hope you have a dance left, Miss Melville? So sorry I can only have the pleasure of one. You see, in my character of host, it is a case of duty first."

He glanced admiringly at the pretty flushed face as he spoke and the girl's heart beat faster than usual as he added in a lower tone, scribbling his initials on her programme:

"I see you are not engaged for this waltz. Do you mind sitting it out instead of dancing it? I have something very particular to say to you."

The sweet strains of "Auf Wiedersehn" were filling the room as he led her out on the broad balcony which was prettily decorated and hung with Chinese lanterns. Ida did not hear the music. Were the dreams she had hardly dared to indulge in, the sweet fancies which had brightened existence for her lately about to be realized? She clasped her small gloved hands tightly together as the young man seated himself beside her, and began to speak hurriedly:

"I have brought you out here to ask you a great favor, Miss Melville. I am about to leave home very shortly and I want you to promise me to remain with my mother while I am away."

"Certainly, I would not think of leaving Mrs. Carew as long as she requires me," replied Ida, stealing a glance at the handsome face beside her, which looked unusually grave. Her voice was very low and her heart sank as she spoke. Going away. How she would miss him. How lonely the house would be. She caught her breath nervously as he continued:

"There is something else; I am returning to England for a special purpose and I shall not be away long this time. The—the fact is, Miss Melville, I want you to break it to my mother."

"I will do so. Of course she will be grieved at your leaving her again so soon, but if the parting is to be a short one, as you say, I do not think she will mind it so much," returned the girl, avoiding his eyes.

"Thanks, awfully. I knew I could rely on you to help me out. But it's not only my departure I want you to tell her of. I—well—you see she thinks so much of you. You are such a favorite of her's, I am sure she will take it better from you than anyone else," he went on hastily. "I—When I come home"—he paused and Ida's head drooped lower—"I shall—bring a wife home with me."

* * * * * * * *

Some hours later Mrs. Carew's companion was standing in her room at an open window. From below came the sound of merry voices mingled with an occasional peal of laughter. The ball was at an end and the guests taking their departure. Already some faint streaks of light had appeared in the eastern sky and an early bird was making itself heard. A group of young men were strolling down the avenue, and one of them in a particularly happy frame of mind, began singing the refrain of a popular melody, in a clear, tenor voice. As the familiar words rang out on the fresh morning air, they floated up to the window, and the girl's eyes grew dim as she listened. "There's many a shaft at random sent," and the light hearted singer little guessed how appropriately his song came in "After the Ball."

SYDNEY DALE.

Victoria, B. C. Dec., 1893.

OUR NEIGHBORS' NEWS.

Winnipeg Tribune: There is a movement on foot to organize a Winnipeg Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Montreal Gazette: Some papers are conducting a renewed war against the 20-cent piece, and demanding that it be got rid of. The chief objection seems to be that while it is sometimes taken for a quarter, no one is able to pass it off at more than its face value. Hence the tears.

Chicago Tribune: James W. Ellsworth promises to revolutionize the coal-mining business and bring down the prices materially in less than years. The new scheme in mining is the application of automatic machinery and compressed air. Mr. Ellsworth was the first to try electricity in mining, but he has abandoned that for air pressure. The plans are not ready for the public, but Mr. Ellsworth says the work is five times as rapid as former methods, and one man outside the mines is able to do the work of eight men under common conditions. The machinery cuts its way into the coal a certain distance, a blast follows, the coal is loaded into mine cars, which are automatically attached to an endless rope, and is handled by machinery until emptied in the coal cars. The vein of coal in the West Virginia property of the company, Mr. Ellsworth says, is thirty feet deep. This is of several different varieties, including coke coal and other valuable varieties. The machines to be used in the mines have demonstrated their ability to handle 5,000 tons of coal a day, Mr. Ellsworth says.

Says a writer in an Allahabad newspaper: I was to have witnessed the union of hearts and hands of Miss Amy Lambert, daughter of a signaler in the Government telegraph office at Allahabad, and Mr. Passans, in the employ of His Highness the Rajah of Parna, Central India Agency. It appears that the bride-elect was all along averse to the marriage. She repeatedly and decisively gave her parents to understand that she could not and would not be happy with Mr. Passans, but they continued to make preparations for the wedding. The inamorata (who is an admirable ideal for all young ladies) determined to disappoint, not only her ardent Othello, but also her too interested parents, at the altar. The clergyman, the Rev. Brook Deedes, having arrived at the portion of the marriage ceremony where the question, "Will you have this man," etc., occurs, was unexpectedly met with the answer, in the emphatic negative, the girl at the same time handing him a document setting forth her objections. The result was that all dispersed, and went their several ways, some going to the bride-elect's place to condole with the unhappy father, who, it may be added, did not seem to be at all upset, in fact was quite hilarious.

About $30,000 has been expended in the machinery and barges now being used in working the gold bars on the Columbia river above Pasco. The Kennewick (Wash.) Columbian says: "An inspection of the machinery will astonish anyone. Monster chains coil around cylinders with great rapidity, and when the great shovel is in motion these chains can be seen moving back and forth during the process of loading and dumping. The shovel will hold one square yard of gravel, and can scrape up and dump a yard per minute or less. The shovel is fastened to the end of a large beam and is controlled by a lever in charge of a man who also has control of the loading and unloading of the shovels. The gravel is dumped into a large hopper, from whence it goes into an enormous cylinder, which is covered with a wire gauze. The fine sand and gold pass through this gauze into a tank of water, in which quicksilver and other ingredients are kept for gathering and saving the gold. The coarse sand then passes on through a pipe to the river and is borne away by the current. The coarse gravel that does not pass through the gauze of the large cylinder is carried on through the same until it falls out at the end upon a carrier, and is dumped out of the way. It is claimed that when the old rockers will pay a dollar a day per man, this new machine will clean up as high as $250 to $400 per day."

CABLE NEWS.

Cardinal Richards Issues a Pastoral Asking for Prayers for France.

The Matabele Subjugated—Severe Famine in Central Asia—Anarchist Threats.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 25.—There is a famine in Central Asia. Wheat is selling for two roubles ten copecks a pood at Samarkand, at over three roubles at Ferghana, and four and a quarter roubles at Tashkend. Troops have to buy their own rations at a heavy loss. People are paying six to seven copecks per pood for bread, when they can get it. Many go without bread.

CAPE TOWN, Dec. 26.—A dispatch received here from Major Forbes, commanding the field forces of the English South Africa Company, says the Matabele have been completely subjugated. It is added that Lobengula has fled.

PARIS, Dec. 26.—Written threats to destroy various public buildings in this city and elsewhere continue to be made, ostensibly by anarchists. Every precaution has been made to prevent the threats being put into execution. The latest buildings threatened are the stations of the Eastern railway.

PRAGUE, Dec. 24. — Three arrests have been made of persons suspected of implication in the murder of glovemaker Mrva. He was known under the assumed name of Rigolette, of Toscang, and was the ringleader of a society of socialists. In a recent debate in the Reichsrath Dr. Herold, leader of the Young Czechs, said he had in his possession Mrva's notebook, containing a plan for blowing up the palace of Count Thun with dynamite. Eighty young men belonging to the socialist society have been arrested and will be tried for high treason. Mrva had been advised to leave Prague, but delayed departure and was murdered. He had lately received threatening letters.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—The British steamer Eton, from Soolina, at the Danube's mouth, for Rotterdam, has been detained at Gravesend for twenty-four hours for examination. There have been three cases of cholera aboard her. The man who was stricken last recovered on December 13.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—A Paris dispatch to the Times says: Cardinal Richard has issued a pastoral letter prescribing prayers for France in all the Paris Catholic churches. In reference to the dynamite outrage in the chamber of deputies he says Catholics share the felicitations of the deputies over preservation from awful death, and pray God fervently that He should turn aside the evils menacing the country.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—A dispatch to the Times from Calcutta says: The Government has not given any sign of its intentions with regard to silver. The opinion is becoming more general that a sliding import duty should be imposed forthwith. The strongest opposition is likely to come from Bombay, where it is feared Chinese trade will be disturbed.

PARIS, Dec. 26.—The anarchists of Orleans paraded the Madelin suburbs this evening, hurrahing for anarchy and for Moulinier, a friend of Vaillant, who was recently arrested in Orleans. Many of the paraders wrenched up tree guards, with which they smashed the windows of houses. No arrests were made. Twenty blasting cartridges were found on the railway at St. Etienne to-day.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Chauncey M. Depew, on his arrival from Europe to-day, talked entertainingly to an Associated Press reporter of his trip to Rome. "I did Rome in four days," said Dr. Depew. "I wanted to see the Pope, but was told he gave no private audiences; nevertheless I received a message that he would see me next day at noon. As I entered the pontiff rose, came half way across the room, shook me cordially by the hand, requested me to be seated and then resumed the papal chair." Mr. Depew said he found the Pope vigorous and strong in health, with the vivacity of 50 instead of 85. This was especially noticed when His Holiness was discussing the questions of the rights of property and of labor. "When I rose to go," said Depew, "he took my hand and said he had the profoundest respect and admiration and love for the United States and wished I would tell the American people that he was much impressed with the World's Fair and had done all he could to help it. He said he was much pleased and gratified to learn that I was always kind and considerate for the employes of my company, and that I had never made any distinction between the Catholic faith and others. He also expressed gratification when I told him of Archbishop Corrigan. Thus ended for me a most pleasant meeting with one of the most remarkable men of the age. The Pope sent a message to me, but I received it when I could not return to the Vatican. The church looks to America with more interest and attention, in view of the rapidly increasing spread of socialistic theories, as her great field for the future."

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FRUIT GROWERS.

The annual meeting of the Horticultural Society and Fruit Growers' Association of B.C. will be held at the City Hall, New Westminster, on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24TH, 1894, at 2 o'clock P.M.

All interested are cordially invited to attend.

Papers by leading fruit growers will be read and discussed.

Questions will be received and answered.

A. H. B. MACGOWAN.
Secretary.

Vancouver, Dec. 23rd, 1893. de24-d1t-w3t