

Vigorously Resented Mullock's Attacks.

Foster and Haggart Explain Why They Resigned from Sir Mackenzie Bowell's Cabinet.

OTTAWA, Feb. 10.—Replying to a violent attack upon Mr. Foster by Sir William Mullock, who in a bitter speech made unfair and unfounded charges against the former minister of finance, in connection with the resignation of that gentleman and six of his colleagues from Sir Mackenzie Bowell's cabinet in 1894, Mr. Haggart and Mr. Foster made their first public explanation of their part in the affair in the house this afternoon. Their explanation brought out facts never before made public in connection with this chapter in Canadian history. Of these facts the most interesting was that Sir Charles Tupper came to Canada from England in 1894 at Sir Mackenzie Bowell's request, that Sir Mackenzie was a party to an agreement by which the government should be reorganized, with Sir Charles as premier, and that his hesitation to make good that agreement was the chief cause of the famous resignation of the seven ministers.

The discussion began over a matter brought before the attention of the government by Mr. Martin of P. E. Island, of the inadequate means of communication between the Island and the mainland. He asked again for a special train between the Cape and Sackville to accommodate delayed winter passengers. He also complained that the P. E. Island railway service was being very inadequately carried out. Emmerson should "let the Islanders get out and shovel snow." Sir William, while expressing polite sorrow at the state of affairs, said the government could not provide the remedies asked. He attempted to justify this by alleging that the forces when in power paid still less attention to P. E. Island than the liberals are doing.

Mr. Foster proved that this was untrue and in chaffing Mr. Mullock about his vivid imagination proceeded to retort to an interpolation of Sir William, to the effect that Mr. Foster was a man with a past, by pointing out some glaring inconsistencies in the

of good management, for want of a federal leader at Ottawa. It was with the consent of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, as well as the rest of his colleagues, that Sir Charles Tupper was asked to form a government. These are the facts. Not a man but would have been loyal to Sir Mackenzie for this. But from day to day, like a rich girl hanging on to life, he hung on to office. He did not carry out his resignation as his colleagues expected him to do.

"There was then no other remedy than the remedy we took at the time. We did it not for ourselves. My honorable friend had nothing to gain, he was getting no promotion, nor was I. We may have been wrong, we may have made a mistake at the time, but we did it thinking it was in the best interests of the liberal conservative party and for the purpose of benefiting that party and the country. From that moment to the present day I have never felt sorry for what I did at that time. My honorable friend performed the same act that I did myself, and I am confident that he did it because he thought it was in the interest of his country. There was nothing else left for us to do, and we did it. For those reasons I now rise to the purpose of defending my honorable friend. When the whole history of that transaction is written there will not be a single man from one end of the country to another who can point a finger at any of those gentlemen and charge them with having done wrong."

Mr. Foster said that considering Mullock's remarks, and in view of the fact that that gentleman had followed him for years like a leechhound upon his version of the affair, it would be just as well if he stated what he did at that time. Since 1886 he had had such charges as Mullock just made thrown in his face everywhere, but had never once allowed himself one word in explanation or reply, because he deemed that his silence, injurious to himself, was better for the public life of this country than a full revelation. Besides he considered he had done his duty in giving the explanation only to the governor general.

First, Mr. Foster referred to the "moment of weakness" charge, and denied that he had ever been elected on a prohibition platform. Personally, he had always been a total abstemious and a prohibitionist, but he did not make this a plea for his first election. Speaking of Mullock's assertion that he had proven himself not a gentleman and had broken his oath, he said he had sworn no oath of allegiance to any premier. He had a perfect right to leave a government with whose leader he differed on points of policy and principle. It was no proof that a man was not a gentleman because he differed with his colleagues or his leader and publicly said so. Personally he did not force Sir Mackenzie to prefer him or in the hope of gain. He left office and salary for reasons which were stated to the governor general, and which proved his satisfactory to his colleagues that he made him and his colleagues members of another government without a stain or reproach. Before they resigned Sir Mackenzie knew what their decision and intention was and had the matter in his own hands. Referring to Sir William's charges, he said no reasonable or careful man would have made such assertions without authoritative knowledge of the facts which Sir William did not have.

Mullock claimed that the explanations did not satisfactorily explain the fact that seven ministers left in a body and then endeavored to prevent their leader from forming another government. Geo. Taylor, who was chief whip under Sir Mackenzie, indignantly denied that there was any conspiracy to prevent that gentleman from forming another government. He had been the intermediary from Sir Mackenzie to the resigning ministers, he said, and it was at Sir Mackenzie Bowell's request that he went to Sir Charles Tupper and got him to get the ministers together and form a government, with the understanding that Sir Charles was to lead the party during the session, and was to become premier afterward.

This closed the discussion, which, except for Mr. Foster's speech, which was calm and self-contained, was heated on both sides. The house then went into committee again on the public works estimates.

AN OYSTER FAMINE.

Oysters are now seventy-five cents a quart, but in a few days they will be considerably higher. There is a famine—the worst that has been known in the oyster business for many years. It happens this way. During the winter season native oysters are not brought to St. John—native means Bufoche and P. E. Island oysters—and after the supplies which have been procured in the fall are used up, the dealers have to depend on the Boston markets.

Some two or three weeks ago the last of the native oysters went the way of much flesh, and since then the American product has been on sale. These latter have been costing seven dollars per barrel, with the supply limited.

But to make matters worse, for the last week or ten days the Atlantic coast has been blocked in places by masses of floating ice. This has become so bad that the oyster beds along the coast cannot be reached, and as a result the source of supply is shut off. Oysters immediately jumped to nine dollars a barrel, and the stock bought at this price will begin to arrive here the first of the week. Dealers are now using what cost only seven dollars per barrel.

The result will be that oysters by the quart will in all probability be put up to ninety cents or a dollar, and that those people who go to buy a stew or a dozen raw will likewise have to pay more for their refreshments.

In a quart there are on an average fifty-five or sixty oysters, so that they will be worth little less than two cents each.

The supplies are limited and dealers state that they hardly know how they are going to find enough to supply their customers.

Clams are also very scarce owing to the irregular service on the shore line.

THE STORY OF A RUSSIAN RIP VAN WINKLE.

(Continued from page 5.)

years of his life. As to details of this unfortunate incident I will better quote the words of John himself: "On the second of April, 1870, I started out for an outlying pasture to bring in my horse, which was put there by me a couple of weeks previous. I have hardly been a vest from town when I met a couple of drunken policemen driving before them a 'passport-less' (Beshpasportnie) man. (A subject of Russia caught without a passport outside of his native town, is according to the laws of that country marched to the town where his name is registered, by foot. This is carried out with little delay, providing there is a good opportunity, i. e., providing he finds in every town which he is to pass through, a party of other prisoners ready to be transported his way. Otherwise he is lodged in the town jail to await such a golden opportunity, as the Russian government is of course not to be expected to furnish an escort to one passport-less man. Should he meet with such ill-luck frequently a distance of a thousand verses—)

"On beholding me," John continued his narrative, "one of the policemen laid his prisoner and marched to my side of the road, so as to meet me face to face.

"Otkoodeva te? (From which place are you) he inquired sternly. "I am from Kamay, of course," I replied carelessly.

"Have you got a passport?" he inquired again.

"I told you I am from Kamay, the town which you see before you, and consequently I need no passport," I answered angrily.

"This depends," said the policeman with a knowing smile. "If you have a rouble in your pocket you need no passport, but if you don't, by the Holy Mother! I say you need one."

"I happened not to have a kopeck with me," continued John, "and so I had to march with the other prisoner to the town jail. At the time I took it only as a malicious practical joke, but I soon found out my mistake. It seems that as soon as the key of the jail door was turned on me, my captors went over themselves to the town hall and inquired of the city clerk whether he could find my name on his books. (I have previously given them my name.) His answer was, of course, in the negative. Whereupon they came back to the jail immediately, marched me and the other prisoner out, and took us without a word to the town hall. There, unfortunately, we found a 'good opportunity' (a company of prisoners ready to march the same way as yet) and we were at once taken to the next town, a distance of thirty verses.

"I shall not weary you with a detailed account of all the delays and marches, the wretched prison cells and coarse rations, suffice it to relate that after a march of five months and ten days, I arrived at the town of Kroy, and was at once taken to the city hall. I thought that at last there will be an end to my suffering.

"Imagine my surprise when the town clerk looked at me sharply, and called out 'Alexievlitch! John Alexievlitch! Let me see. The name sounds very familiar to me. By heavens! I have it! Prisoner, come nearer! Is your name John Alexievlitch?'"

"Yes, your honor!"

"The son of Alexis, the copper-smith?"

"Yes, your honor!"

"Officer! (clerk to the policeman). Take him over to the criminal jail. Have him chained and tell the keeper to keep a special eye on him."

"At first," continued John—"The whole thing seemed to me like a horrible dream, but when the orders of the official were executed on me to the letter and I found myself chained and fettered like a wild animal, I awoke from my stupor, cried, begged, pleaded my innocence of the crime which as yet I knew not even how to name. But all in vain.

Two weeks later I was taken before a criminal court and sentenced to twenty-five years' exile to Siberia with hard labor.

The facts of the case as I succeeded to learn afterward from my guards, were the following:

"In the year 1868 a plot was discovered to dynamite a government ammunition depot at Orel. The ringleader was arrested and on his person was found a passport bearing my Christian and family name. (The traffic with false passports is very widespread in Russia). The different towns are selling such passports at all councils are generally those persons who have removed from their native town and have not been heard from for some time, at the same time neglecting to have their names transferred to the books of the community where they happen to reside at present. The arrested dynamiter happened to hold a passport in the name of John Alexievlitch from Kroy. (The rest will be clear to the readers.)

"At the time," continued John, "it was not doubted that the dynamiter gave his name, and as his guilt was established beyond the shadow of a doubt he was sentenced to twenty years' exile to Siberia with hard labor. On his way to the place of exile, he escaped and was never located again. When I was brought in by the police a couple of years later and gave my right name it was not doubted for a moment that I and the dynamiter were one and the same person, and as such I was given twenty years, for the dynamiter's original sentence, and five additional years for my alleged escape from the guards. The twenty-five years have expired about a year ago, but it took me a year to work and plod my way home.

"John! You know what I would advise you?" said one of his hearers.

"What is it, Peter?"

"I would advise you to sue the state for false imprisonment."

"Hah! hah! hah!" laughed John. "In that case I think I would have to undergo a second march to Kroy to give evidence in my case, and what with the snail's pace at which justice is marching in Russia. Chances are that my grandchildren will be fifty years hence would have to bear the court expenses."

SAMUEL RABINOWITZ.

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Ladies' Boas, Stoles, Muffs, Fur-lined Capes and Fur-lined Coats.

All odd lines cut in price to ensure a speedy clearance, rather than carry them over. Just read this list over. There is sure to be some article you want.

BOAS.

	Were.	Now.
Alaska Sable, - -	\$12.50 and 13.50,	\$10.00.
Alaska Sable, - -	18.50, -	13.90.
Thibet Bear, - -	13.50, -	6.00. (3 only.)
Dyed Coon, - -	20.00. -	14.25.
Dyed Coon, - -	16.50, -	11.00.
No. 2 Marten, - -	13.50, -	9.25.
No. 2 Marten, - -	18.50, -	13.25.
No. 2 Marten, - -	20.00, -	15.75.
Alaska Sable, - -	22.50, -	16.90. (2 only.)
German Mink, - -	7.50, -	5.50.
German Mink, - -	12.00, -	8.75.
Blue Fox, - -	15.00, -	9.50. 2 only.)
Sable Fox, - -	18.50, -	13.50. (1 only.)
Silver Lynx, - -	18.50, -	10.00.

FUR-LINED COATS.

	Was.	Now.
Black Coat, Squirrel lined, Thibet trimming,	\$45,	\$31.50.
Black Coat, Hampster lined -	42.50,	27.50.
Black Coat, Hampster lined, -	40,	31.50.
Fawn Coat, Hampster lined, Alaska Sable trimming,	55,	39.80.
Black Coat, Muskrat lined -	Alaska Sable 90, trimming,	79.00.
Black Coat, Hampster lined, -	Alaska Sable 60, trimming,	49.50.
Blue Coat, Hampster lined, Mink trimming,	80,	69.00.

There is just one of each of these. They are rare bargains at these prices.

FUR-LINED CAPES.

\$25.00 Capes, - - -	\$17.50.
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Now is an opportunity for any person to get a snap in a fur article. The goods are all new and will bear inspection. We don't want to carry them over, that is why they go at these prices.

Sale Starts Saturday Morning.
D. MAGEE'S SONS, 63 King St.,
Manufacturing Furriers.

WILL HAVE BOTH
WHEELS AND RUNNERS.
New Chemical Engine is Being Fitted
up in Peculiar Style.

The board of fire underwriters request that the city provide runners for the chemical engines. It was not exactly a demand that was made, but merely a request, and the city will go half way to meet the wishes of the insurance men. That is, while runners will be put on the chemicals, wheels will also be kept on, and this half way measure it is hoped will prove satisfactory. At the next alarm citizens may expect to see the chemical going along the streets with two horses, wheels in front sinking in the snow, and runners gliding along behind. It will be the first time in the history of the department that such an arrangement has been carried out.

There are two pairs of runners belonging to the department which are not now in use. They are the ones belonging to the new ladder truck, which rests during the winter months. A pair of the chemical is smaller than that of the truck, bushings have to be inserted in the runners.

When this is done the runners will replace the rear wheels of the chemical, and as most of the weight is on the rear it is expected that they will work all right. Runners not especially made cannot be put on in front, as they project so far forward that the horses could not be hitched.

The firemen think that these rear runners will be an improvement, but they smile at the idea of both runners and wheels on a wagon.

A SONG IN TIME OF REVOLUTION.

The heart of the rulers is sick, and the high-priest covers his head. For this is the song of the quick that is heard in the ears of the dead.

The poor and the halt and the blind are keen and mighty and fleet: Like the noise of the blowing of wind is the sound of the noise of their feet.

The wind has the sound of a laugh in the clamor of days and of deeds: The priests are scattered like chaff and the rulers like broken reeds.

Wilt thou judge thy people now, O king that wast found most wise? Wilt thou lie any more, O thou whose mouth is emptied of lies?

Shall God make a pact with thee, till his hook be found in thy sides? Wilt thou put back the time of the sea, or the place or the season of tides?

But the arm of the elders is broken, their strength is unbound and undone: They wait for a sign or a token; the cry, and there cometh none.

Their moan is in every place, the cry of them filth the land. There is shame in the sight of their face, there is fear in the thews of their hand.

They are girdled about the reins with a curse for the girdle thereof: For the noise of the rending of chains the fag of their color is gone.

For the sound of the shouting of men they are grievously sickened at heart: They are smitten asunder with pain, their bones are smitten apart.

There is none of them all that is whole: their lips gape open for breath: They are clothed with sickness of soul, and the shape of the shadow of death.

The sword, the sword is made keen: the iron has opened its mouth: The corn is red that was green; it is bound for the sheaves of the south.

The sound of a word was shed, the sound of the wind as a breath. In the ears of the souls that were dead, in the dust of the deepness of death.

Where the face of the moon is taken, the ways of the stars undone, The light of the whole sky shaken, the light of the face of the sun;

Where the waters are emptied and broken, the waves of the waters are stayed.

Where God has bound for a token the darkness that maketh afraid:

Where the sword was covered and hidden, and the dust has grown in its side, A word came forth that was hidden, the crying of one that cried:

The sides of the two-edged sword shall be bare, and its mouth shall be red. For the breath of the face of the Lord that is felt in the bones of the dead.

-Algernon Charles Swinburne.

GREAT FIRE SALE

—OF—
Boots, Shoes
and
Dry Goods

—AT—
LESS THAN HALF-PRICE.

Bargains in Grey Cotton,
Prints, Dress Goods, Cor-
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