Refuse Clearance

oms Department Trying to op Sunday Excursions on Great Lakes.

ty Minister of Public Works Will Soon Be Superannuated.

per
ifl

ns ...
to United States vessels ...
y trippers to Canadian points.
o steamship owners have endeavored to induce the department to grant nces on Sundays this year, but department has made up its mind it o nothing of the kind. The Buffalo threaten to appeal to Washington, hey may just as well save them- the trouble. It is recognized as a ple of law, that any country has t to manage its own affairs. Sun- Canada is a non-working day, and customs clearance be granted on abbath, it is done as a matter of and not one of right.

s understood that Mr. Gobeil, de- minister of public works, will y be superannuated and take up ractice of law in Montreal. Mr. l has been 30 years in the public e. Mr. Tarte has not yet indicated he will appoint his deputy min-

Casualty Department at Cape- reports that Trooper Fred. Clarke, e Fourth C. M. R., is dangerously South Africa. Clarke hails from real.

WATER CURE.

ment That It Is Not Torture but Beneficial.

nila, July 11.—Gen. Maxilon, who been convicted of treason at Cebu, been sentenced to 10 years' imprisnt and to pay a fine of $2,000. Gen. s, who was jointly charged with Maxilon, was sentenced to seven imprisonment and a similar fine. e court-martial of Capt. Jas. A. , of the 15th Cavalry, on the e of unnecessary severity to na- was concluded today. It is be- d he will be acquitted. The ac- , during the day's proceedings, a lengthy statement, defending ctions, and Major Edwin F. Glenn, Infantry, his counsel, strongly ed for his conduct. He contended the water cure was not a torture, asserted that its use had saved American and Filipino lives than expedients of this campaign. The r scored Judge Rhode for making port that he was unable to substan- and quoted a score of others for execution of guerilas during the war to justify, Capt. Ryan.

LL NOT ISSUE TRAP LICENSES

minion Decides Not to Do Anything This Season—Fishery Conference.

Our Own Correspondent.

tawa, Ont., July 11.—As announced weeks ago, the Dominion government does not intend to issue fish trap ses this year.

r. Sutherland told me today he hoped fisheries conference would resume few weeks, when he expected Hon. M. Eberts would be present repre- ng British Columbia.

CORONATION CONTINGENT.

sian Reaches Rimouski—All On Board Well.

ther Point, Que., July 11.—The Al- line steamship Tunisian, with the dian coronation contingent on board ed at Rimouski wharf at 7:15 o'clock evening, and is due at Quebec to- row morning, and Montreal early day morning. All the members of contingent are reported well. The sian has over fourteen hundred pas- ers on board.

STEAMSHIP CONTROL.

Christopher Furness Takes Over Shares of Gulf Line.

ndon, July 11.—Sir Christopher ness, the well known ship-owner ship-builder, has taken the entire 00 new shares of the Gulf Stream pany, issued to raise capital for ding steamers. Sir Christopher will after control the management of company. The total capital of the then is to be $1,250,000, of which Christopher and his associates con- $650,000. It was announced in don in a despatch to the Associated s on July 9, that Sir Christopher ness had purchased four Clan line mers, which he intended to place e London and Halifax trade, mak- a regular 10-day service.

THE KING'S CROWNING.

f That Saturday, August 9, Is the Day.

ndon, July 11.—It was officially d today that the coronation of Edward will take place between st 8 and 12. The proposed process has been abandoned.

is now considered practically cer- in view of the announcement made ht, that King Edward will be ed on Saturday, August 9, since olding of the coronation ceremony Monday, August 11, would involve er bank holiday, with the attend- dislocation of general business. Saturdays are almost universally ved as half holidays. The fixing ch an early date for the corona- s regarded as an additional guaran- f the confidence of the King's phy- s of a continuance of His Majes- rapid recuperation.

VOLCANIC CLOUD.

t de France, Island of Martinique, 10.—Between 8 and 9 o'clock yes- y evening a volcanic cloud charged electricity appeared in the sky. The was intensely black and seemed llated with luminous points and streaked vertically and horizontally lightning. The appearance of the was accompanied by loud thunder- nd the atmosphere was warm. population was frightened but w- d calm.

The Editor's Chair

A BOOK in support of the trusts has been issued. It is entitled "The Trust—Its Book," and consists of a collection of essays, written or fathered by James J. Hill, Charles R. Flint, S. C. T. Dodd, Francis B. Thurber and James H. Bridge. These men believe in trusts, and are capable of presenting the trust side of the argument ably and plausibly. A few points from the most comprehensive article, that of Mr. Bridge, may be worth perusal, even by those who are not friendly to the trusts.

While America's population increased about five fold during the last century, the productive power of that population increased about forty fold. Man for man, industrially considered, the American is twenty-five years ahead of the Englishman, who leads his European neighbors. In 1920 there will be 110,000,000 Americans, with a working power equal to all the 350,000,000 people which Europe will then probably contain.

The growth of industrial life from simple beginnings to its present complexity is explained by the general process of evolution; and an important factor of the law of evolution is its suppression of the waste of energy, resulting in the avoidance of needless multiplicity of activities; the creation of a new social machine, simple and effective, even in its complexity. The operation of this law of evolution results in centralization of industries, the elimination of destructive competition, the protective combination of all factors of production, the peceeful, effective alliance of brains, capital and labor. This is in harmony with all progress, and is destined to extend until the whole industrial world responds to this law.

So the trust, Mr. Bridge thinks, instead of deserving hatred and opposition, has the sanction and benediction of natural law. He does, as Mr. Hill also does, recognize the facts of over-capitalization, stock-jobbing and "piratical business methods" in connection with the beneficent trusts; but these evidences and fruits of empowered and sanctioned monopoly and greed he considers only temporary and accidental accompaniments of a great beneficial evolution. He urges that competition is contrary to natural law, and the progress of industrial life; that man's ingenuity and control over natural forces are now sufficient to insure for every human being not only subsistence, but comfort; and that if everybody will be friendly to the trusts, and get into them, transfer our individual energies from mutual competition to universal co-operation, we shall pass from "the cruel egoism of the old system into the kindly altruism of the new"; and the millennium, brought forward by the trusts, will be at our doors.

It may be pointed out, however, that a precisely parallel case could be made out for the feudal system of the Middle Ages. As an economic organization the feudal system was very nearly perfect. Every human being born into the world had his place in it, and for all there was a balance of responsibility and enjoyment. In those days the land was, in a much simpler sense than now, the one instrument of production. At the head of the system was the overlord, who did not exactly own, but who controlled the land. Under him were his vassals, who could not be dispossessed, but who owed allegiance and service for protection and maintenance. Anyone born outside the feudal system was practically without protection except from the king, whose direct vassal he became. The mercantile and manufacturing communities which eventually destroyed the system were vassals of the king, and owed immunity from robbery and outrage to royal charters, which were greatly prized by the trading towns of the Middle Ages. The inherent weakness of the feudal system, which as a system of economic organization was almost perfect, was that it led to the condensation of power in the hands of a noble caste, which, while theoretically responsible, was really irresponsible. The trust as a means of increasing production, lessening competition and diminishing waste is a natural and logical outcome of modern industrial life. The industrial barons do not own the industrial activities of the country; they merely control them. They are trustees for the shareholder or owner in his reciprocal relations with the wage-earner or producer. But they are very largely irresponsible trustees. When Mr. Bridge speaks of over-capitalization, stock-jobbing and piratical business methods as only temporary and accidental accompaniments of a beneficial evolution, the question immediately arises whether they are not defects inherent in the system by which irresponsible power is placed in the hands of a few, just as the robbery, extortion and violence of the barons were inherent defects in the feudal system.

The feudal system led to the formation of a higher and a lower caste. The lower lived purely and simply to maintain the higher. If a man had the good fortune "to be born," as the French phrase had it, he expected maintenance, service and obedience from those who had not that privilege as a matter of right. In the early days of the system it worked very well. But the inevitable development was that the upper or ruling class exacted more and more, became larger and more idle, until the astonishing spectacle was afforded of the greater portion of the human race in feudal countries living hopeless lives of abject poverty to support the rest in unexampled luxury.

The feudal system was broken up by industrial development. The wars and revolutions and democratic declarations of liberty, equality and fraternity which accompanied this break-up were merely the external manifestations of the economic evolution which was changing the face of the world, the piling of the ice at the breaking up of winter. But history tends to repeat itself, and the different phases of evolution to stereotype themselves in moulds whose difference from those which have gone before are very largely external. The question which presents itself with regard to trusts is not a question of the aggregate advantage to the human race of systematized industry. That, I should think, is undisputed. It is the question of the distributive advantage to different classes in the community. The question is, in fact, whether the undisturbed development of trusts will not lead to the complete subordination of the activities of the human race, to the comfort and enjoyment of one part of it, namely, the controllers of the trusts, with the ramifications of their families and dependents. Is there a time coming when no man will be able to invest his savings, but merely to hand them over on the exchange to the rulers of the trusts, just as in old times the surplus wheat of the vassal went into the granaries of his overlord?

The correspondent of the Colonist, "D. W. H.," who drew attention to the fact that it was Charles Mackay who wrote, "Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds," renewed for the time being interest in that beautiful piece of poetry. These lines were included in the selections from varies sources which went to make up the Fourth Reader of the old Canadian series of school books, and to the great majority of the younger generation are well known. But as a number of readers have expressed a wish to have in their possession the entire poem, it is herewith produced. Even though it may have been a friend of their school days, still, like many other gems of that bygone period, it is quite possible that this piece of poetry failed to receive that appreciation to which its beauty entitled it, and it is quite possible that a renewal of the acquaintance with this old-time friend will reveal beauties which erstwhile were overlooked:

TELL ME YE WINGED WINDS.

Tell me ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot,
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find,
The bliss for which he sighs—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while and sighed to answer,
"No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That, with such lovely face
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded,
"No."

Tell me my secret soul,
O tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place,
From sorrow, sin and death;
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and whispered,
"Yes, in Heaven."

—Charles Mackay.

By the way, does any correspondent of the Colonist know what relation, if any, Eric Mackay, the author of "The Love Letters of a Violinist," is to this Charles Mackay? "The Love Letters of a Violinist," a volume which contains some very pretty poetry, has been generally supposed to have been inspired by a passion for Miss Marie Corelli.

The Salmon Industry.

THE present season shows a new move in the canning business that is destined to have an immense and advantageous influence on the general trade in American and European markets. The combine is not without its enemies, but most of these are to be found outside of the business altogether, and while some few packers are opposed to the concern, the majority of them, either those whose property has been merged, or the outsider hail with no small measure of satisfaction a move that is calculated to steady the market, and which in the end will enable all classes to command a paying price for their pack. The combine is big enough to make a fight, and cut rates, but it is a matter of congratulation that the effect is likely to be quite different, and will tend to prevent undue stocking of certain markets and starvation of others, and by materially lessening the output, and bringing supply and demand to a more equal level will surely enable some return to be made for the capital invested. Last year, while not a good year in many respects, was not such a hopelessly bad one as we were led to expect, but anything that was lost a year ago is likely to be more than met in the present season. Prospects are good so far, fishing started at some points at least a month earlier than last season, and already quite a run has commenced in some of the lower reaches of the inlets. The Indians too are hopeful, and if long acquaintance counts for anything in the salmon business, their idea should command a considerable amount of respect. The weather also is promising. Warmer days than a year ago are plentiful, and the snow is off the mountains at any rate three weeks earlier than usual.

At Rivers Inlet, preparations are being made for a pack from the combined canneries of at least 90,000 cases, and along the Coast to the Northward in individual concerns, packs ranging from 7,000 to 20,000 are expected. On the Skeena too a good season is looked for. Mr. Cunningham, of the Skeena Packing company, says that in his 30 years' experience of the river, he has never seen prospects so good, and Mr. P. Herman has made preparations for a larger pack than ever before.

At all the H. B. C. stations the same story is told, and certainly if prospects count for anything, the expectations should be verified. Last season some very extravagant statements were made by the Mainland press about the extent of the labor employed. One paper put the number at a quarter of a million men, and the busines was boomed as being a veritable mint for the laboring man. The fact of the matter is, that the total labor employed, men and women, does not number 100,000, and so far from it being a mine it is simply a fairly lucrative means of living to those engaged in it. As a white man's job, it is too short to be a favorite, for the season is practically limited to some three months, and while during these months work is plentiful, it is of such a kind that the average white man won't have it. This should be made known in justice to the owners, who would willingly employ white labor if it could be got, but as it is, they must be content with the Mongolian and Indians.

Quite a lot of distress has been caused by an influx of white men to the various quarters looking for work, when work was not to be got, or was such that the average man would not do, and it seems a pity that some otherwise level-headed individual should not take the trouble to make inquiries before coming or sending others to the canneries.

A Fashionable Flitting.

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SHE ought to have married young Guy Charteris, who was wealthy and who had what is technically known as a "future," instead of that upstart from nobody knows where. And the fact that Blanche Manners had not married the man whom she was to have married was assuredly a source of grief and tears.

Such was Vandeleur's thought as he passed through the reception rooms where the guests at the wedding were assembling. There was talking and laughing; a fashionable crowd can always avoid the tragic side of things. (Luckily Charteris was putting a good face on it, and had come to congratulate his old love, Blanche—Mrs. Allerton—and when Vandeleur asked him cheerily about his future movements, meeting him with a light-hearted—

"Well, so you are here after all!" the young man answered, with an affectation of cheerfulness:

"Oh, I'm off to the Zambesi to-morrow," and there was a sad ring in his voice, that suggestion of a wish never to return.

"Good!" exclaimed Vandeleur. "Wish I was, too. Don't get eaten by the lions." And then he passed on, wondering whether Charteris was thinking at that moment of the old days of spring in a country place of a certain summer night. He stopped a moment to speak to Allerton, the "happy man," who had come from the West, provided, it was said, with heaps of money, and had been selected as the husband of Blanche Manners, though why, apart from his reputed wealth, nobody could understand, for he had not, to outward seeming, a single favorable trait in his character; as somebody was kind enough to point out, he had married Manners, and he wanted them badly enough. Anyhow, the marriage had surprised people, for Manners doted on his daughter, and was a gentleman of the old school of thought, of courtliness. Those who commented on the matter were not aware of an incident in a train six months previously, of a blackmailing coup, which completely placed Manners in the other's power.

Vandeleur was disagreeably surprised to see a couple of detectives from Scotland Yard in the billiard room; he recognized them at once, having frequently seen them at Whitehall when he had called on his old friend, Inspector Ford, and one of them, the senior, exchanged a glance of shrewd intelligence. What surprised Vandeleur was that two men of their calibre should have been placed on such duty, such ordinary duty, as looking after wedding presents, although the latter were particularly valuable.

"What on earth can have induced the Yard' to send them?" he thought.

"Why, Smithers," he said aloud, "you are up to a strange game. What in the world are you doing here?"

The man gave a subdued chuckle.

"Very strange work it is, sir," said the emissary from the police headquarters.

"Guarding wedding presents?"

"Oh, I'm after something very different from that, sir."

"Whew! What is it?"

"There's a warrant out for Allerton."

"The bridegroom? Do you know him?"

"That same, sir. I don't know him, but he will be unmistakable."

"But you cannot execute it—here."

"I don't want to, sir. I might have done it at the church."

"Then why in Heaven's name didn't you? It would have been the more merciful course."

"Well, it was only—"

"Only—?"

"We wanted to spare Sir James Manners as much as possible, you see, sir, and I am waiting here to see him."

"That's very considerate of you. What has the man done?"

"Run off with twenty thousand from New York. He is one of those slim chaps with whom there is no reckoning. If his New York wife had not put us up to the whole game, why—"

"His New York wife!" ejaculated Vandeleur.

"Yes, Mr. Vandeleur, he has a wife in New York, who feels it pretty deeply. That's what I meant when I spoke about the lady."

"I see," said the other, calmly, and he was proceeding to say something else, when a number of people entered the room, and further communication was rendered impossible.

But one thing was there to be considered! Blanche! Yes! But how was she to be saved? She was his wife—the wife of that knave! And he had known her for years! "Poor girl," he murmured. "Poor girl!" He saw her at a distance, and she looked sad and pale. But it might yet be possible to save the family from a deplorable scandal of an arrest in the middle of the wedding fete.

Sir James Manners was talking unconcernedly to a friend, when he felt a touch on the arm, and, turning sharply, he saw Vandeleur, who said:

"I want a word with you, Manners; it is urgent."

And when he had got the baronet out of the throng he said:

"We must find a way out of the difficulty, Manners, old fellow, but there is a detective in there with a warrant for your son-in-law's arrest."

Sir James started and turned as white as a sheet.

"A warrant!" he gasped. "A warrant for my son-in-law!"

"All plain and in good order."

"What—what has he done?"

"Oh, borrowed a few things which don't belong to him—something of that sort. Anyhow, there is the warrant."

"My poor little girl!"

"Well, don't let's pity her."

"He is her husband! You forget what it means! The terrible disgrace!"

"Not in any way whatever; the rogue has cheated you all round; he is married already. You will find Charteris a much better son-in-law—but that is for later. Now we must find a way out of the mess."

Sir James looked at his friend in a dazed way, and the latter went on:

"If Allerton is to be arrested, it must be done elsewhere."

Manners tried to collect his thoughts.

"Yes, you are right," he said, hesitatingly. "I can scarcely understand it. I had better warn him; he can get away—yes, he can get away."

"That won't be one little bit of good—he can't get away in ordinary fashion; the house is sure to be watched. Smithers of the 'Yard' is waiting to speak to you. They want to save you all the unpleasantness and pain they can. Another time I would select my son-in-law more carefully—but that is a consideration which will do for the future. For the present, we must see what is to be done."

"And what do you advise?" asked Manners, tremulously.

Vandeleur hesitated.

"We must cheat Scotland Yard," he said, quietly, "though I don't like doing it, for Smithers is a good sort."

"But in Heaven's name, how? If the house is watched, he cannot escape."

"Oh, yes, he can. Let's speak to him first," and so saying Vandeleur led the elder man into a corridor. "Wait here," he went on, "and I will fetch Allerton," and he penetrated the crowd once more, and, going straight up to the happy man, touched him on the arm.

"Can you spare a moment?" he said. "I have something urgent to tell you," and when they were able to speak without being overheard, Vandeleur continued: "You must know that you are rather a pickle, my dear sir! Oh, don't look surprised; I know all about it. There is a friend of mine in there," and he indicated the billiard room, "who has an unholy desire to put a stop to your honeymoon. By the way, where did you spend your first honeymoon?"

"What do you mean?" stammered the other. "I don't understand."

"I mean simply that you must get away. Ah, there is Manners! Trust your first father-in-law is well? Manners is waiting for us. He is going to ask my friend, Mr. Smithers—awfully nice chap, Smithers—to delay arresting you until you arrive at the station. But of course you must not go to the station at all. You must escape."

The other dropped his mask.

"Are you a friend?" he asked. "Do you mean to help me?"

"I mean to help you," said Vandeleur, shortly.

"Thanks. It is all true that you have been saying."

"Well, you ought to know best about that. But come along," and when they approached Manners, Vandeleur said, quietly: "Allerton is in a sensible frame of mind. All you have to do is to go to Smithers and ask him to delay the arrest till the terminus is reached. He will do it for you. And now we had better be going. Fortunately I know the house," and Vandeleur pushed open a door, and, followed by Atherton, entered a plainly furnished room, which had been given up to the servant's use. "Just as I thought!" he exclaimed, and he unhooked a big cloak from a nail on the door. "The lady who owns this must loan it to you. And a hat! Here you are! You are clean-shaven and short, luckily, and will make a very passable figure. Turn up the collar. Ah, that's it! Now, my dear sir, diplomatically 'get' and walk flat on your soles. It will give vraisemblance." He opened another door and bowed with mock deferentiality, adding, as Atherton passed out: "Now, I must see to Smithers, in order to make all safe."

Making his way back to the billiard room, he went straight up to Smithers, who at once said quietly:

"I am going to 'nab' our man at the station, in order to oblige Sir James.'

"Glad to hear it. But that means that you have ten minutes to spare. They won't be off for another hour or so. Come and have a cigar in a place I know."

The detective readily agreed, and accompanied Vandeleur out of the room into a small side library, where whiskey and soda stood on a table, with several boxes of cigars, and as Smithers had his back to him and began lighting up, Vandeleur softly turned the key in the door, and, quick as lightning, drew it out and dropped it into the folds of a curtain, where it fell noiselessly.

Then he subsided casually into a saddle-bag chair, and in his turn lit a cigar.

"What a relief!" he exclaimed. "A quiet five minutes and a chat," and he leaned forward and poured out some whiskey.

They remained talking for some minutes, when suddenly the door was tried.

"Come in," said Vandeleur.

"The door's locked," said someone. "Where's Mr. Allerton?"

"Well, you know that," said Vandeleur to his companion, as he jumped up. "Have you had him arrested already?" Then he shouted through the door: "Why don't you unlock it? Allerton isn't here."

That intelligence seemed to quite satisfy the individual without, for he passed on, and Vandeleur dropped on his knees by the door. "Confoundedly annoying!" he ejaculated. "The key must have fallen out. Oh, here it is," and he quickly unfastened the door.

Smithers hurried out of the room. In the corridor several people were hurrying by. The house was very different.

"Gone, did you say?" asked someone. The detective glanced at Vandeleur, but even his flair showed him nothing but absolute surprise in the expression of the latter.

"They will never get him now," Vandeleur soliloquized, but fate was disinclined to make his prophecy accurate.

The moment Vandeleur had left him, Allerton hesitated. A sense of remorse came to him of grief for what he had done.

"I can't go off like this," he ejaculated to himself, glancing down at his inglorious rig-out, and he turned back into the house, dragging off his disguise. "There is some good in me," and he felt in his pocket.

Meanwhile Blanche glanced round the room where she was receiving congratulations, but she did not see her husband, and a sense of disquietude came when, instead of the man she had sworn to love and honor, she saw approaching her Guy Charteris, whom she did not wish to meet—not just then. But there was no help for it. The young man came up to her and held out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said.

"You are going—so soon," she responded, endeavoring to make her tone indifferent.

"Yes," he replied, "I'm off, and tomorrow I'm starting for Africa—so that you see I do not intend to trouble you."

"But you don't trouble me," she said, gently, and there was a ring of the old sympathy in her voice, which made him start forward.

"If that is so," he exclaimed, "if it is really so, give me a minute away from all these people—will you? I won't keep you for more than that. I won't say much to you. I won't trouble you."

She looked at him earnestly, and there were tears in her eyes.

"If you wish it," she said, and he followed her out of the salon into a smaller compartment.

"Thank you," he murmured.

"And now," she exclaimed, "tell me what you have to say," and she sank into a seat.

At that moment Charteris forgot all the events of that day; the fact of the marriage seemed to be only a pitiful dream. It seemed possible to forget for a moment that in a very little time she would have gone away—forever; that she would have vanished out of his life completely, that the old days in which she figured would be only a memory—a memory of grief, yet something to which it would be pleasant to cling, maybe, when he was far away in the Tropics.

"I wanted to say," he began, "I wanted to ask you if I had done anything to cause you to change?"

She regarded him fixedly for a moment ere she replied.

"No," she answered, "you have done nothing—nothing."

"Thank you," he said, fervently.

"And does that make you happy," she enquired, rising.

"No—nothing would ever make me that. Blanche, why did you marry that man?"

"You have no right to ask it."

"I had the right," he said, slowly. "You know, Blanche, that I would have done anything for you. I would have died for you. And even now is it too late? Dearest, we are alone, and we have the world, and all might be right yet."

He tried to take her in his arms.

"Guy!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, and drew away.

"I am sorry," he said, contritely, "but you don't know exactly how it is," and though she held up her hand in protest against his words, he went on excitedly: "Why, when I heard the news of your engagement I could not believe it. I know that I have done nothing good in life of any moment, but you seemed to overlook all that, and then down at Fordham you were such a brick. Do you remember all that, the ices at Tatenham's that night on the river, the music! And the moment I heard that it was all over, although I could not believe it, I did not come to trouble you. It would not have been fair. But I thought of you, Blanche, and I knew how strong you were under trouble of any sort, and I tried to imitate you. But it was a gloomy failure. I ought to be on the Zambesi, now," he continued, moodily, "if all that I can do is to come and bother you, to lament—what?—that you have been a good friend, and that you elected to marry somebody else."

"It isn't that," she answered. "Perhaps it is much better that you are not on the Zambesi. It would be terribly lonely, I should say. You are doing right, I think, to be at home."

"But if there is no hope," he ejaculated. "Just to think of the world to-morrow morning, and the grey skies, and all the panorama, and how meaningless it is—and then I think of you. Good-bye, Blanche," he went on, "it is only 'Good-bye.'"

The girl hesitated, and that minute there came a confused shouting. She rushed to the door, and, flinging it open, entered the larger room.

"What is the matter?" she asked tremblingly. "Why do you turn from me?" she continued, addressing an old man, a friend of her father's.

"Because," came the answer, "there is sad news, and I would rather others told you. Your husband was to have been arrested."

"My husband arrested!" she exclaimed.

"Yes."

"And is it done?" she asked.

"No, madam, he preferred death; he has shot himself."

The girl gave a cry, and clutching at a chair, sank into it, dazed and horrified at what she had heard.

That night at the club Vandeleur ran against Charteris.

"Well," he said, "are you going to the Zambesi?"

"No," was the response.

Verses Grave and Gay.

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Ping-pong motors, ping-pong cars,
Ping-pong tea of ping-pong brew,
Ping-pong ice cream soda, too,
Ping-pong couches, ping-pong beds,
Ping-pong hats for ping-pong heads,
Ping-pong gowns for ping-pong girls,
Ping-pong irons for ping-pong curls,
Ping-pong shirts, and ping-pong socks,
Ping-pong watches, ping-pong clocks,
Ping-pong curtains, ping-pong rugs,
Ping-pong remedies for bugs,
Ping-pong hairpins, ping-pong nails,
Ping-pong carpets, ping-pong veils,
Ping-pong plasters for your corns,
Ping-pong whistles, ping-pong horns,
Ping-pong goods, and ping-pong trash,
Why, then, you'll ping-pong lots of cash!

—La Touche Hancock.

A FAVORITE QUOTATION.

Life's race well run,
Life's work all done,
Life's victory won:
Now cometh rest.

Sorrows are o'er,
Trials no more,
Ship reacheth shore;
Now cometh rest.

Faith yields to sight,
Day follows night,
Jesus gives light:
Now cometh rest.

We awhile wait,
But soon or late,
Death opes the gate;
Then cometh rest.

—E. Parker in New York Observer.

THE LAY OF THE LINERS.

Ye mariners of England,
Give up your native seas!
Your flag has braved too many years
The battle and the breeze.
The glorious Standard Oil combine
And Morgan run the show
And they'll sweep clean and deep
Where the stormy winds do blow—
Where the liners whistle loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Columbia heeds no landmarks;
No powers their own can keep;
She marches in with flag-a-wave
And buys the country cheap.
The fortunes of her millionaires
To sums colossal grow.
But they roar still for more
Where the stormy winds do blow—
Where the liners whistle loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

And Pierpont now is planning
His next terrific boom,
And Britons' troubled nights will pass
Till they learn their latest doom.
Meanwhile ye ocean greyhounds,
The dividends shall flow
To the bank of the Yank,
Where the stormy winds do blow—
Where the liners whistle loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

—London Punch.

THE SEASON'S FRUIT.

"Fruits in their season," said the bill of fare
That graced the 25-cent table d'hote,
And I so innocent and debonair
Supposed I'd have the fruits on which I dote.
'Twas early spring; the market stalls were filled
With strawberries from the sunny southern dunes,
I ordered some; the girl expressed regret—
"T' chef says he ain't put in no berries yet—
He says it ain't in season for 'em here,
But I can give you fruit." She brought me prunes.

'Twas summer, and the melons cut in twain
Made my mouth water as I passed the booth,
But when, with watermelon on the brain,
I asked at table, what got I forsooth?
Regrets and prunes. So likewise in the fall
When pears were ripe, and luscious ones were boons;
And winter, when sweet oranges I sought,
'Twas only prunes, till this in grief I wrought
Beneath the "Fruits in season" legend on the bill—
"Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Prunes."

HE SAVED MONEY.

They strolled together in
The twilight soft,
Fond nothings in her ear,
He whispered low,
"How fair the summer night
The silver stars!"
He said: "Watch how the
Shadows come and go."
'Twas thus engaging her
With thoughts divine
He steered her safely past
An ice cream sign.

A LITTLE MOTHER.

Dolly, you've been very naughty!
Do you see that broken cup?
I must punish you severely—
In the dark I'll shut you up.
Do not answer back, now Dolly.
I'm your mother, do you hear?
You've been very, very careless!
You did do it. It's quite clear.
No one else was near the table—
I won't listen to you—no!
There's the big, dark storeroom closet—
You've been naughty, in you go!

. . . . . .

I suppose the cat did break it,
But no one was here to see;
And I have to do to dolly
As my mamma does to me.

CONSOLATION.

Sometimes I wish that I might wear
King Edward's coronation gear—
His heavy robe—it's fur-lined, too—
His gros-grained sash of blue;
His ruffled shirt, his silken hose,
His slippers tied with ribbon bows,
His satin breeches, coat and vest;
The string of orders on his breast,
All polished up like new.

But only for a little while
Would such habiliments beguile
My thoughts from torrid miseries,
In summer days like these.
For steady wear my choice would be
A light-weight serge, cut wide and free,
An outing shirt—not over gay—
An Ascot tied the usual way.
My taste would better please.

—J. C. Bayles, in New York Times.

MINES AND MINING

OWING to the strike at Fernie and Michel, there is a probability that all the smelters in the Boundary, Kootenay and Slocan districts may be obliged to shut down. The Greenwood smelter has been blown out, as no more coke was procurable, and it is expected that others will be forced to follow the unpleasant example thus set them. The situation is serious, for in the present temper of the Crow's Nest Pass management and the men there is no knowing where the trouble may end. The Phoenix Pioneer has the following to say of the shortage of coke:

"Boundary smelters require no less than 350 tons of coke per day to make up the respective charges, or about 18 cars each 24 hours. Of this amount the Granby smelter alone uses 10 cars for its four furnaces. Since the Fernie explosion, which occurred May 23, comparatively little coke has been received in the Boundary. Agents from all the local smelters have visited Fernie, to get at the exact situation, but with little satisfaction.

"When the explosion happened the Granby smelter had about 1,500 tons of coke as a reserve, the Greenwood smelter had a 30 days' reserve for one furnace, and the Sunset smelter also had considerable coke. But these reserves were soon used up, and a coke famine now confronts each of these reduction works, no one being able to tell just where it will end. A little coke—perhaps four or five cars daily—has been received at the Granby smelter from the Michel ovens, but this is not sufficient to run two furnaces at full capacity.

"Rumors have been abroad that coke would be obtained from Nanaimo, at the Coast, but this is out of the question, both because of cost of freight and on account of lack of sufficient supply there.

"One theory as to the real cause of the present trouble has been advanced, and that is that Jim Hill is at last getting even with the C. P. R. and its patrons for the trouble he has had, and is still having, to get his new line into the Boundary, and particularly to the Granby smelter.

"It is asserted, though no proof is brought out, that Mr. Hill, who is acknowledged to own 30 per cent. of the Crow's Nest Coal Company shares, and is building a railway line to the coal fields from the States, has managed to get this strike brought on at this time to, if possible, tie up the whole country by cutting off the coke supply of the smelters. Another injunction is to be argued on the 8th of July at Victoria, as to whether he will be allowed to lay his rails into Grand Forks and to the Granby smelter.

"If Mr. Hill has really manipulated matters in the Crow's Nest to bring this about, and show the people of British Columbia his real power, it will be interesting to note what move the C. P. R. will make in the matter. Mr. Hill is a fighter all over, and he will undoubtedly, in the opinion of the public, eventually lay his rails into Phoenix, but in the C. P. R. he has no mean antagonist, as Mr. Hill himself knows only too well. If this theory is correct, the Boundary is being made the scene of a battle royal between the two greatest railway forces in the world."

CAMBORNE CAMP.

The Rossland Miner publishes the following interesting information regarding the Camborne camp, which, from present indications, promises to rival the world's greatest gold-producers:

Extensive development work has proved the existence of what is practically a mountain of rich free-milling gold ore in the Fish River district of West Kootenay. Fish River is situated in the Lardeau district, and is reached by boat from Arrowhead to Thompson's Landing, at the head of the Arrow lakes, from which point runs a five-mile wagon road to the town of Camborne, located at the foot of Mount Lexington. Strange to say, the discovery that gold existed on this mountain in very large quantities was made some considerable time ago, but the man who made the discovery did not do any advertising, and both the discovery itself and the fact that the outside world knew anything about it were very accidental.

The first claims on the hill were staked as silver-lead propositions, and the men working them were throwing over the dump hundreds of tons of quartz containing high values in free gold. One day there came along a person who knew gold when he saw it. He picked up a piece of quartz and broke it in two. To his astonishment the pieces were held together by what he found to be streaks of pure gold. A closer examination of the dump and the big ledge upon which the tenderfoot prospectors were working disclosed the fact that some of the ore was worth several thousand dollars per ton. Since that time the whole of the mountain has been staked; in fact the claims are so numerous and the zeal of the prospectors so keen that several surveys have been made to show that a great many claims which were supposed to be full-sized are only fractions.

The original group of claims is known as the Eva. It is owned by a syndicate of Nelson business men. The company is known as the Imperial Development syndicate, with a capital of $200,000 in shares of $1,000 each. It is impossible to buy any of these shares at anything less than par, and the majority of them are held at a considerably higher figure. It is on the Eva group that the most work has been done, and it has been proven that the high values existing on the surface not only continue, but improve with depth. At the 400-foot level of the Highland Mary, one of the claims of the Eva group, ore has been encountered averaging from $15 to $40 in gold. Individual specimens from this and various other groups on the mountain are some of the richest ever discovered in British Columbia, assaying many thousand dollars to the ton. Some of the specimens actually contain more gold than quartz. The following are some of the assays which have recently been made from samples of quartz from ledges on Lexington Mountain:

Average chipped across 20 feet of quartz ledge, $18 gold per ton.

Average from bottom of a 60-foot shaft, $21.60 gold per ton.

Average of 18 feet of quartz ledge, $23.80 gold per ton.

Average of four feet on hanging wall of ledge, $64 gold per ton.

Average of a two-foot vein of galena and iron, gold, $22.80; silver, 25.2 ounces; lead, 27 per cent.

Sample selected, $478.20 gold per ton.

Sample selected, $2,601.40 gold per ton.

Selected sample, $1,247 gold per ton.

Selected sample, $3,104 gold per ton.

Average sample from vein of quartz three and a half feet wide, $44.60.

Average sample from dump of 400 to 500 tons, $28.10 gold per ton. Exceptional specimens have assayed as high as from $20,000 to $30,000 per ton.

Although the Eva group was the first to be discovered and worked to any extent, there are several other groups and claims on the mountain, some of which excel the Eva in gold values and strong, well-defined ledges. Two of the principal ones are the Oyster and Rossland. These groups contain seven or eight claims, and are owned by J. J. Young, of Calgary, and his partner, W. B. Pool, an old-time Lardeau mining man, who has been singularly successful in handling silver properties. The price paid by these gentlemen for the two groups was a comparatively large one, but was amply justified by the showings. The larger portion was paid in cash when the deal was made, enabling several old-time Fish River prospectors to accumulate comfortable fortunes. B. B. Starkey left on a trip to the States shortly after the deal with $20,000; J. Ernest, who had a third interest in one group, received $25,000; Mr. and Mrs. W. Allan have left on a visit to their old home in Scotland the richer by $15,000 as a result of the sale; R. G. McLeod, a hotel-keeper in the district, received $15,000 for his sixth share in one of the properties. Messrs. Pool and Young are turning the groups over to the Ophir-Lade Gold Mining Syndicate, which will put in a tramway and stamp mill this summer.

Another rich group of claims owned on the mountain is the Lucky Jack, owned by four or five prospectors who have already refused offers of from $75,000 to $100,000, and are going along quietly working the claims themselves. On the opposite side of the river a group known as the Camborne is being vigorously developed by an American company, which has already installed an electric plant, which is to be operated by power from Fish river. It is being used at present for operating power drills, and in the near future will furnish power for a large stamp mill which the company has decided to instal. This company has just bought an adjoining claim, the Goldfinch, for $25,000."

ORE SHIPMENTS.

Owing to the continued enforced shortage of coke on account of the strike at the Fernie coal mines, the smelters of the Boundary have done but little work this week, that at Boundary Falls being the only one now in operation. As a result the ore shipments for the week are only about half the usual number of tons.

On account of the holidays and owing to a series of accidents on the railway line between Rossland and Northport, the output for the mines during the past week has been less than at any previous time for several months past.

There has been no further word as to the shipment from the War Eagle and Centre Star to the smelter at Trail, and it is evident that the arrangements have not up to the present been consummated, although it would seem certain that the delay cannot be prolonged to any further consid