The Colonist.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1893.

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

We quite agree with our very intelligent correspondent, Mr. Bennett, that the Citizens' Association should not dissolve its organization or cease its labors because this year's election campaign is over. It should, on the contrary, be unceasing in its efforts to keep up an interest in civic affairs and to aid the voters to come to intelligent and sound conclusions on the different matters which will be certain to come before them. What our correspondent himself says about the city's water supply shows the necessity of the inhabitants of the city having full and accurate information with respect to the subjects with which the city government has to deal. It is of the very first importance that the water consumed in the city should be pure. The health of the citizens, to a very considerable extent, depends upon its purity. Our correspondent has come to the conclusion that the water we drink is not pure, and, no doubt, there are many in the city who are of the same opinion. The only authority which Mr. Bennett gives for his estimate of the quality of the water supplied to the city is Sir Matthew Begbie. Now, while we are ready to receive the dictum of the Chief Justice on a point of law with all due respect, we cannot say that we place implicit faith in his decision with regard to the water conveyed to the city from Elk Lake. The proper person to give an authoritative opinion on the composition of the city water is an analytical chemist. What our correspondent should do, and what the Citizens' Association should do, is to get the water examined by men skilled in the analyzation of water and other substances. The opinion of any unskilled person, no matter how able or how intelligent he may be, is simply not worth a straw. Appearances are deceptive in this as in other matters. When it is possible to find out the exact quality of the city's water supply, it is not wise to depend upon the guess or mere opinion of any man. We need not remind our readers of the bad results that follow giving anything a bad name, whether that name is deserved or not.

The fair presumption is that the water supplied to this city is as pure as water can be. It comes from a lake in a thinly settled part of the country. This lake receives its supply from rains and from pure streams. It is hardly possible to imagine a body of water less liable to contamination. The water of the lake, before it reaches the pipes that carry it to the city, flows through a swamp. It is said that in its passage through the swamp it receives impurities in the shape of decayed and decaying vegetable matter. It is quite possible that the water, when it enters the supply pipe, is not so clear or so pure as it was when it left the lake. The difference between the water in the lake and the water that flows through the supply pipe can easily be ascertained. The Citizens' Association could very readily find out the difference, if any, and when it is found should make it widely known. If we do not mistake, water taken from a city tap was analyzed not very long ago and found to be pure. Let it be analized again, and let it be compared with Elk Lake water taken from the most favorable spot and the analyses published. There should be no guessing about a matter of such vital importance to the city as to the quality of its water supply. And we may add that persons not qualified to give an opinion on the subject should hesitate before they take upon themselves to do the city a serious injury by creating the impression that the water with which it is supplied is impure and consequently unwholesome.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

The Rev. Mr. Flower, an American clergyman, has contributed a paper to the Arena, in which he answers the question, "Are we a prosperous people?" The "people" of whom the question is asked are the people of the United States. There are thousands both in the Great Republic and in Canada who would emphatically and promptly give an affirmative answer to Mr. Flower's question. They would say "the American people are prosperous—the most prosperous people under the sun"—feeling sure that their confident declaration did not admit of successful contradiction. Well, Mr. Flower, who has inquired into the condition of the citizens of the United States, does not give so ready or so cheerful an answer to his own question. He sees that there is a great deal of misery in this country supposed to be so prosperous, and he also finds that whole classes who are supposed to be doing well are struggling hopelessly under a terrible load of debt.

When the advocates of Home Rule want to show how poor the peasantry of Ireland are, and in what a miserable condition they drag out an unhappy existence, they point to the number of evictions there are every year in Ireland. They say that in Ireland, in 1890, there were as many as five thousand evictions. The amount of misery and suffering that this fact implies is almost unimaginable. What must be the condition of a community in which thousands of poor people are every year made homeless? The thought of what these poor people have to go through is enough to make persons who are not remarkable for their tenderness of heart shudder. But in a single city in the United States there were nearly five times as many evictions in 1890 as there were in the whole of Ireland. The eviction warrants in the city of New York in that year were twenty-three thousand eight hundred. In one judicial district in New York there were issued last year six thousand one hundred eviction warrants. In that great city, the abode of hundreds of millionaires, in the year ending September 1, 1892, the enormous number of twenty-nine thousand seven hundred and twenty eviction warrants were issued. Is there any one who can imagine the hopeless poverty, the misery and the destitution which this state of things implies? Allowing that there were five persons in every one of the evicted households, we have an aggregate of 148,600 persons in the largest and wealthiest city of the United States made homeless. It must be remembered that these facts are given not by an enemy of the United States but by one of its own citizens writing for their information and edification. He reminds them that they cannot be properly considered prosperous when in a single year, after every allowance is made, as many as one hundred thousand persons are made outcasts.

But poverty in the United States is not confined to its great cities. It is found that the rural population cannot live and keep out of debt. The farmers of some of the most fertile states, although sober and industrious, are obliged to mortgage not only their farms, but their stock and their farming implements. In the state of Nebraska, in the year ending May 31, 1892, the total of the mortgages filed amounted to $59,915,416 and total released $41,694,195, leaving the burden on the land increased by $18,221,221. There were besides 2,100 mortgages on farms and lots satisfied by foreclosures. The amount of the chattel mortgages filed was $25,138,016. The mortgage indebtedness of five of the richest agricultural states of the Union is literally enormous. Here are the figures:

	Number.	Amount.
Illinois	297,247	$384,299,150
Iowa	252,539	199,774,171
Missouri	192,028	214,609,772
Kansas	298,880	243,141,824
Nebraska	155,377	132,902,322

When these figures are studied the secret of the Farmers Alliance will be revealed. It is hardly a matter of wonder that farmers groaning under such a load of debt and not having an extensive knowledge of political science should look to the State to relieve them of their burden, and should listen eagerly to fanatics and demagogues who promised to extricate them from a Slough of Despond blacker and deeper than the one which the "inspired tinker" saw in his dream. Yet these hopelessly embarrassed cultivators of the soil form a very considerable proportion of what is represented to Canadians as the most prosperous nation that the sun shines on. And these Western farmers are not the only men in the United States who have found it necessary to mortgage possessions nominally theirs. There are now in Washington abstracts of about nine million mortgages. This gives one mortgage for every seven inhabitants. Mr. Flower's inquiries have not raised his spirits or caused him to contemplate the future of the Great Republic cheerfully. An intelligent study of them ought to convince Canadians that it would be wise in them, when annexationists try to undermine their loyalty, to inquire into the cause of the condition of things in the United States which the Rev. Mr. Flower has brought to light.

THE RIGHT COURSE.

It is more than probable that the report that the Toronto Empire will announce to-morrow that the tariff of canal tolls adopted for this year puts an end to all discrimination against vessels, merchandise and citizens of the United States, is perfectly true. The remission of tolls on grain-laden vessels bound to Montreal was construed by the United States Government as a discrimination against Americans, and it certainly had that appearance. It is, therefore, wise in the Dominion to discontinue the practice and to carry out the terms of the Washington treaty in such a way that the United States will not have the shadow of a cause for complaint. It would indeed have been better to have put all vessels on exactly the same footing as soon as it was found that the Americans looked upon the regulation granting remission of tolls to vessels bound to Canadian ports as obnoxious and as a breach of faith. It is of the first importance that the parties to an agreement, whether they are nations or individuals, should be perfectly confident that each will carry out its conditions to the letter. It is better to suffer inconvenience and loss than to give the slightest cause for an imputation of bad faith. We are, therefore, pleased to see that the Government yielded this point. It required some courage to do so, for, as the Americans have retaliated, those who are unfriendly to Canada and its Government will be pretty sure to say that the concession was made under compulsion.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

WHITAKER'S ALMANAC for 1893 has been kindly sent us by a valued correspondent in London. It contains a long, well-written and carefully compiled description of British Columbia. The information it affords is full, accurate and up to the present moment. There is, unfortunately, in it one typographical error. The 3 per cent. loan of £200,000 inscribed stock which was put upon the London market in 1891, is made by the printer to be £20,000. With this exception we cannot discover the slightest inaccuracy in the article. Its statistics are remarkably full and well arranged. The person who wrote it is evidently well acquainted with the Province, is inpressed with its importance and takes a great interest in its welfare. The article "British Columbia," in Whitaker's Almanac, will, no doubt, be a splendid advertisement for the Province and do it a great deal of good.

To-Day

Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not be won without positive merit.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

The Little Woman at Lone Pine Station—The Silent City.

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In the building of the first great trunk line of railroad across the continent upwards of 10,000 men were killed by Indians or met death through sickness or accident. During the first three or four years of train service tramps and toughs and terrors made life a burden for all train conductors, and the small stations were entirely at their mercy. There were plenty of telegraph operators out of a job who could not be induced to take a lone station at any salary, and sometimes the company had to send three men to a station where there was little or nothing for one to do.

Lone Pine station was up in the mountains, just at the east end of a long stretch of snow sheds. It was thirteen miles from Bad Creek to the west and eleven from Big Rock to the east. The names of these stations, together with dozens of others, have since been changed. At the date I write of a man named Clark had the Big Rock station. I had Bad Creek, and a new agent and operator had just taken possession of Lone Pine. That station had been vacant for a week. It had been held by a young man named Reed for about three months, but one night he was found dead and robbed—the work of the lawless element then over-running the west. The first news I got from the new agent came from herself over the wire one afternoon, and this is what she said:

"Allow me to introduce myself as Mrs. Hadley, the new agent at Lone Pine. I am just out from Chicago. Charming place this, and I know I shall like it. Hope to become better acquainted."

I found out later that she was a widow about twenty-six years old, good looking, well educated and possessed plenty of courage and common sense. Just why she didn't do as most other widows do was no one's business but her own. Finding that she must earn her own living, she learned telegraphy and came down the road in search of a place. They didn't want to give her the station at Lone Pine, but she was so persistent that she was finally installed. As at many other stations, she had to gather her own firewood and cook her own provisions, and there were many annoyances to be encountered.

Clark and I were both knocked out to find that a woman had been sent to Lone Pine. Had it been a man we should have expected him to take care of himself, but as it was a woman we couldn't help but worry. There was hardly a day that we didn't have to drive some tough out of our houses at the muzzle of a shotgun, and both of us had twice been held up and cleaned out by gangs. Her station was even more isolated, and though her sex might be respected by some there were men abroad as wicked as the old time pirates. In response to our inquiries she assured us that she had been provided with the regular outfit of weapons by the company, and that she should not hesitate to shoot if she found it necessary.

It was in May when the little woman took possession. In describing her I did not say that she was little but such was the fact. Her weight was not over 100 pounds, and she looked more like a girl of sixteen than a woman of twenty-six. I got a chance to run up and see her one afternoon in the month and found her nicely settled. She had been more or less annoyed by roughs, but there had been no occasion to test her nerve as yet. I found her double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot, and her navy revolver ready for business, and she assured me that she should not hesitate to fire upon any man who menaced her safety.

I went home much relieved in mind. Outside of the fraternal feeling so strong among the brotherhood of the key, there was something in the thought of that little woman being perched up there alone among the grim hills and wild forests calculated to keep a man awake when he should have been sound asleep in his cot. The first alarm came one night early in July. In the forenoon of that day two very rough looking men had come up the track from the west. They halted at my station, sized me up and then demanded something to eat. I might have given them a bite had they requested instead of demanded; but when I saw that they meant to pick a quarrel and have an excuse for assaulting and robbing me I brought out a shotgun and obliged them to walk on. As soon as they were out of sight I notified the little woman at Lone Pine to look out for them. She replied that she would, and up to 10 o'clock at night I heard from her every hour, but the tramps had not put in an appearance. It was 11:30 o'clock and I was sound asleep when I heard Lone Pine call me over the wire. I rolled off my cot and ran to the instrument and asked what was wanted.

"The tramps are here," was the reply. "They are knocking at the door and asking for food and shelter."

"But don't let them in. Get down your shotgun, lay it across the table, with the muzzles pointed at the the door, and if they break in pull both triggers!"

"They are cursing me and declaring they will set the cabin on fire if I don't open the door!" telegraphed the little woman a moment later.

"If you open the door they will murder you! You have a sliding window to the right of your door if I remember right?"

"Yes."

"Take your revolver, slide the sash back and fire upon the fellows!"

"But I might kill one of them!"

"That's what you want to do—both if possible! If you show any fear of them they will batter the door in, and then God help you!"

"It's awful to shoot"——

Then came a break. I knew that the fellows were making some demonstration which obliged her to act, and during the next sixty seconds I heard every beat of my heart. Then came the tremulous message:

"I—I've shot one of them, and what—what shall I do about it?"

"Did you fire from the window?"

"Yes."

"Don't do anything except wait and watch. If you have hit one, the other will likely make off. If he tries to get in, however, give him the same dose. Do you hear him about?"

"No; I think he's moved off, but the one I shot is groaning and taking on awfully."

"Let him groan. You'll have a train from the east in thirty-five minutes. Keep me advised." I had two more messages before the train reached her. One was that the man had ceased to groan and was probably dead, and the other was that the other tramp had tried to burst open the door, but had been driven off by her firing one barrel of her shotgun into it from her side. When the train rolled in a dead man was found at the door and a wounded one lying on the ground a few yards away. There wasn't any inquesting on the dead. The body was carried a few miles west and dropped into a gulch, and the wounded man, who had half a dozen buckshot in his shoulder, was turned over to the first sheriff. The little woman's adventure made her a heroine for many weeks, and I was not mean enough to let on that I had been obliged to brace her up and direct operations from a distance of thirteen miles.

Everything went well at Lone Pine until the 13th of September. That fall there was a regular army of tramps headed for the west, and the employees of every passenger and freight train had to be armed to the teeth. In some instances the gangs took possession of freight trains and ran them to suit their own convenience. The number of trainmen killed or wounded every week was something astonishing. On the 13th a gang of twenty tramps seized a freight train at a water tank twenty miles east of Big Rock and ran it to that station. There happened to be a big construction gang at Big Rock, and they turned to and overpowered the tramps and scattered them in every direction. It began raining at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and when night fell it was as dark as pitch. At 8 o'clock a train loaded with bridge material and accompanied by twelve mechanics reached my station from the west on its way to Big Rock.

Just as it came in I got word from Clark over the wire that a landslide had occurred between him and Lone Pine, and no trains would be able to pass it before next day. This you will observe cut Lone Pine off on the east, and it held the bridge train at my station. I turned in about 11 o'clock, with the rain coming down as if everything was to be drowned out, and it was just half an hour after midnight when I was called by the little woman at Lone Pine.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," she said, "but I fear I'm going to have trouble."

"What's wrong?"

"A number of those tramps who were bounced at Big Rock to-day have reached here and taken possession of two empty freight cars on the siding. The whole crowd is half drunk and raising Cain."

"If they have shelter and something to drink they won't be apt to bother you to-night. However, I'll sit up with you for awhile for company's sake. Are your firearms loaded?"

"Yes. The gang appears to have four or five revolvers, and two bullets have been fired through the window."

"Well, don't show any light, and you had better bunk down on your cot. The fellows will get over their hilarity pretty soon."

It was five minutes before I heard from her again. The engine of the freight train was standing almost opposite the door, and during the interval I went out and roused the sleeping engineer and fireman and told them what was going on at Lone Pine. If things got desperate with the little woman I proposed to take half a dozen of the mechanics and go up to her relief. When she called me again she said:

"One of the gang has routed me up and demanded whisky and something to eat. When I ordered him away he made threats of what he would do."

"Don't get shaky," I replied. "It's probably a bluff. Construction No. 8 is lying here, and in case you need help a lot of us will come up on the engine. We'll have a clear road and can make it in fifteen minutes."

It was seven minutes before she called again. The locomotive had been fired up, and the fireman had gone back to the caboose and routed out six men who had revolvers, and they were ready to make a lightning dash with us.

"You remember the old caboose car at the end of the side track?" queried the little woman at Lone Pine.

"Yes."

"Well, they have made a bonfire of it, and it's blazing away even in this rain. There are fourteen of the fellows and the toughest lot I've ever seen. I think they mean to attack the house. Hadn't you better come up?"

"I don't want to take the responsibility unless it is positively necessary. You are expected to stand them off if you can. No one will blame you if you wipe out the whole gang. Talk right up to them if they come to the house."

Three or four minutes slipped away, and then she announced that they had given her five minutes in which to surrender, and that one of the empty freight cars had been fired.

"They can't set fire to the house with the water falling like this," I replied. "You have a stout shutter at the window, and they can only attack by way of the door, if at all. They can't shoulder it in with two bars across it, and if they bring up a battering ram you want to fire on them through the lower panels."

What was to be the last message came about ten minutes later.

"They brought up a beam," telegraphed the little woman, "and I gave them the buckshot through the lower panels. I think I hit three or four. Some of them are now firing into the house, while others are bringing up firebrands to burn me out."

"Coming—don't give up!" I rattled off to her, and thirty seconds later the engine was moving away with our crowd. We had a wet track, but a clear run, and after the first two miles we simply flew. We had some fear that the fellows might have turned the switch or pushed a freight car down on the main track, but no such idea had occurred to them. We went through two miles of snow-shedding like a rocket shooting along a tube, and when we popped out at the eastern end we were among the tramps. The two cars were blazing away, and a fire had just been started in a third. Firebrands were piled up against the house at three different places, and three or four fellows with revolvers were blazing away at the door and window.

Before the engine had come to a stop we dropped off and began shooting to kill, and in five minutes had cleaned out the gang. Perhaps you remember the way that certain newspapers pitched into us about that affair, calling it a massacre and howling for our arrest. There were four killed and seven wounded. Three men were hit when the little woman fired through the door. I know what became of the killed, for I helped to bury them, but the wounded were taken east that afternoon.

When the little woman opened the door to us she had her revolver in her left hand, because one of the stray bullets had passed through the palm of her right. She had also been grazed on the shoulder, and two bullets had passed through her clothing. She had fired both barrels of the shotgun and eleven bullets from the revolver and was doing bravely well when we turned the scales. And did she continue at Lone Pine? Oh, no. A division superintendent fell in love with her, rearoused the tender passion in her breast, and away she went to settle down on the Pacific slope and became a nobody—that is, she couldn't be a heroine any more.

THE SILENT CITY.

This is the fourth day since we realized that we were lost. We have kept the Black mountains to our backs and our faces to the west. There are six of us, but two are blinded and must be led along. Our guide is one of them, else we should not have gone wrong.

Over sterile plains, over wastes of sand, over miles of thicket and scrub and broken ground, and now the afternoon is waning. The last food was eaten thirty hours ago—the last few drops of water went to moisten the crumbs. It is a pitiful sight to watch men who thirst. They stagger as they walk. They clutch at space with their fingers. They are dead to each other, saying never a word from hour to hour. They seem to stare into vacancy as they walk, and the smile which flits over the face now and then is the laugh of an idiot. And there is a feeling of selfishness in each breast never known before—never to be known again. They watch each other like wild beasts. It is the fear that one may discover a great lake or river of pure cold water and drain it to the last drop before the others come up.

It is sand here—a soil on which never a spear of grass will take root. It blisters our feet anew as we toil on. Sometimes the great rattlesnakes will crawl grudgingly away at sight of us, but oftener we must turn aside and make a new path. It is a plain of horror and desolation. Even the atmosphere above it is given over to the vulture alone. What hope have we? Why not lie down and die?

Since noon every eye has been fastened on a green spot miles away. There are trees there—water, shelter, perhaps people and food. To the right and left we can see green mountains. We raised no shout at sight of this haven. Thirst had benumbed and silenced us. Our tongues were sticks—our lips cracked and bleeding. Plodding, staggering, stumbling, we press forward, and as the sun is within a hand's breadth of the horizon line we find grass under our feet, trees around us, and before us a city—Aye, a city in the valley! We stand and stare. We are dumb, but we are not mistaken. We are at the end of a long street, and it is lined with log and board and stone houses—a hundred of them.

At our left bubbles up a great spring to form a river fifty miles away. There is no haste. An hour ago we would have sold our hopes of heaven for a gill of water. Now we have lost our thirst. It is only after we dip our hands in the cold water and moisten lips and tongue that a frenzy seizes us and we cannot drink enough. The guide asks what we see around us, and when told of the street and houses he whispers:

"It is Death Valley, and we have come to the Silent City!"

While the others kindle a fire to roast the rabbits so easily secured two of us advance until we are at the beginning of the street. On the first building there is a faded sign of "Hotel." There are no doors in the frames, no window sashes in the openings, and a part of the roof has fallen in. We look into the room where men once drank and cursed and shed each other's blood. A rattlesnake lies in the centre of the floor, and a lizard frisks along the mouldering shelves. Men were killed here—aye, dozens of men! Water never washed out all the blood stains on this rough floor.

We go slowly up the street, pausing to look into a doorway here and there. There is grass from side to side of the street now. Years ago the feet of horses and mules and the wheels of wagons cut the earth to dust. Desperate men rode up and down here and performed desperate deeds. This building, which needs but a stronger puff of wind to bring it to earth, was a saloon; the next a grocery; the next an eating house; the next a hotel. Here and there a weather beaten sign still holds out, and before one of them we pause for a few minutes. It swings on rusty hinges before a hut which might still shelter a wayfarer and reads, "Undertaker." This man buried the dead when the city teemed with life. Time has buried the city itself.

Here and there, as we wander on, a door creaks on its hinges in the evening breeze. Creak, creak, creak! It is thirty years since Time buried the city, and yet the doors creak on. At intervals decay has left a pane of glass in its sash. It catches the rays of the setting sun and throws a reflection on the faces of the Indians camped twenty miles away. They are awed and speak in whispers. They know of the Silent City, but they never approach it. They believe it was accursed. Serpents wriggle off the rotting doorsills as we advance, and now and then a wolf rushes out of a building in a frightened way and makes off with dragging tail.

We come to the end of the street at last. Here is the graveyard. Once there were headboards. Nothing is now left to mark them. Each grave is sunken; into each cavity the wolf has dug with ghoulish instinct. On a dead and leafless tree in the center of the plot sits a great owl blinking at the last rays of sunset. There are days when the vulture drops down here and walks about in search of food, but he finds nothing. It is a quarter of a century since the bones were picked clean of meat.

As the twilight comes and the shadows fade into darkness we make our way back along the street of desolation and death. It is as silent as the grave. The silence makes us fearful, and we hasten our steps. Now and then we look back to see if we are pursued. We think of the spirits of the dead gathering in the Silent City as night comes down, and chills creep over us and our limbs grow weak. And when we sit at the campfire and speak of what we have seen no man dare raise his voice above a whisper. Even the men whose eyes were burned and blinded by the awful heat and glare of the July sun beating down on the sands of the desert try to look into the darkness and shiver as they crowd closer.

M. QUAD.

MURRAIN OF CATTLE.

Fatal Cattle Epidemic in Japan—Every Beast Within Thirty Miles of Yokohama Dead, and the Disease Spreading.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14.—Details of the fatal cattle disease in Japan were received by the steamer Gaelic. On December 3 the Gaelic reached Yokohama from San Francisco. The Oriental company usually supplies its steamers with fresh beef at Yokohama for the return trip, but when the island was reached this time the captain of the Gaelic was informed that a serious disease was raging among the cattle around Yokohama, and that it would be impossible to furnish meat for the return trip. Arrangements were then made for a supply at Hongkong.

When the Gaelic left Yokohama for Hongkong all the dairy farms around Yokohama were being guarded by policemen, and no milk was furnished to any of the hotels in the city for fear the disease may be in the milk. Two weeks later the Gaelic returned and found that every cow and steer within a radius of thirty miles of the city was dead, and that the disease was spreading all over Japan. A meat famine was feared, and only the best hotels could secure any beef. They received a supply from Hongkong by the Gaelic.

Dr. M. Scofman, who was on board ship, says the damage done cannot be estimated yet, but the dairy business around Yokohama has been wiped out. He could give no facts about the disease except that it resembled the rinderpest, and was fatal in every case, death ensuing within six hours after an attack. To save the dairy and beef industries, it will be necessary to import all cattle. Those which died were originally shipped from England, but it is expected now that some orders will be sent to the United States. Thus far horses and sheep have escaped the scourge, but it is thought these animals will become subject to the disease, which, thus far, has proceeded unchecked.

IN NO IMMEDIATE DANGER.

Hon. J. G. Blaine Passes an Easy and Comfortable Day—He is Stronger and Better.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—Mr. Blaine is kept alive by stimulants. The physicians say his vitality is wonderful, as the quantity of nourishment passing his lips daily is scarcely enough to keep life in a canary, but the struggle cannot last very much longer. The long strain upon his constitution has told terribly upon the sick man. His face is shrunken and wan and his hands are those of a skeleton covered with skin of ghastly whiteness. He is not permitted to speak, but his expressive eyes show that the old time energy of mind is not dead. This has, on the whole, been a good day for the patient, the best he has passed in its entirety for two days. Dr. Johnston visited the house at 10 o'clock remaining only a few moments. He says Mr. Blaine is stronger than he was yesterday and passed an easy, comfortably day. Dr. Johnston stated that he would not return during the night unless sent for, and Dr. Hyatt will not be there either, which would indicate that the physicians and the family consider Mr. Blaine stronger and better and in no immediate danger.

PANAMA CANAL.

The Time for Its Construction Extended—Government Authorized to Enter Into a New Contract if Necessary.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—The Herald's Panama cable says: President Nunez, of the United States of Colombia, sends the following telegram to the Herald from Cartagena, under date of January 12: Congress has approved a law giving an extension of time for the construction of the Panama Canal.

Article 1 of the Act authorizes the Government to modify, in accordance with certain provisions which are enumerated, the contract entered into on December 1, 1890, between the Minister of Foreign Relations of the republic and the attorney for the liquidator of the canal, relative to the extension of time for the beginning of the work.

Article 2 announces that by virtue of the authority contained in the bill, the Government may extend, under conditions which are deemed equitable and convenient, the time originally conceded for the organization of the new company and for the resumption of the work of excavating in a serious and permanent manner.

Article 3 provides that if the Government should not make use of the authority conferred by article 1 of the new law, it is authorized to sign an entirely new contract, which will not be subject to the approbation of Congress.

Another law just passed by the Colombian Congress decrees ample funds for the gradual exchange of paper money for silver.

VICTORIA'S PUBLIC LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR:—I wish to draw attention to a matter which seems to me to be specially in need of such publicity as the COLONIST can give: I refer to the Victoria Public Library and Reading Room. With regard to the latter, it is surely an altogether unheard-of thing in institutions of this kind that they should be closed in the evening, the very time when nine-tenths of the people most likely to benefit by the library are alone able to attend. If the learned gentleman who takes charge of the library were to curtail the morning attendance by even one hour, and devote that time to the evening, it is only reasonable to expect that it would be the most useful hour of the day. To the great majority of those who depend on the Public Library for a large part of their reading, it is at present open only one evening in the week, which is altogether insufficient. X.

The Cure For

Scrofula was once supposed to be the touch of royalty. To-day, many grateful people know that the "sovereign remedy" is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful alterative extirpates "the evil" by thoroughly eliminating all the strumous poison from the blood. Consumption, catarrh, and various other physical as well as mental maladies, have their origin in

SCROFULA

When hereditary, this disease manifests itself in childhood by glandular swellings, running sores, swollen joints, and general feebleness of body. Administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla on appearance of the first symptoms.

"My little girl was troubled with a painful scrofulous swelling under one of her arms. The physician being unable to effect a cure, I gave her one bottle of

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla, and the swelling disappeared."—W. F. Kennedy, McFarland's, Va.

"I was cured of scrofula by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—J. C. Berry, Deerfield, Mo.

"I was troubled with a sore hand for over two years. Being assured the case was scrofula, I took six bottles of Ayer's

Sarsaparilla

and was cured."—H. Hinkins, Riverton, Neb.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Cures others, will cure you

"W. H. KEELEY GOLD CURE COMPANY" (FOREIGN).

REGISTERED THE 16TH DAY OF DECEMBER, 1892.

Certificate of Registration.

THIS is to certify that I have this day registered the "W. H. Keeley Gold Cure Company" (Foreign), under the "Companies' Act," Part IV, "Registration of Foreign Companies," and the "Companies' Act Amendment Act, 1889."

The objects for which the Company is established are:—

First.—The establishing and conducting of hospitals and institutes for the treatment of all persons addicted to the use of alcholic liquor, opium, tobacco and other narcotics and stimulants, and for the treatment and cure of nervous diseases:

Second.—The manufacture and sale of the Keeley Gold Cure, and the establishment of agencies and institutions for the sale and use thereof:

Third.—The carrying on and conducting of all business necessary or incidental to the objects before mentioned.

The amount of the Capital stock of the said Company is twenty-five thousand dollars, divided into one hundred shares of two hundred and fifty dollars each.

The term of the existence of the said Company is fifty years.

The place of business of the said Company is located at Victoria, Province of British Columbia.

In testimony whereof I have hereto set my hand and affixed my seal of office this 16th day of December, 1892, at the City of Victoria, in the Province of British Columbia.

C. J. LEGGATT,
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.
ja6-w1mo

INGERSOLL ROCK DRILL CO.,
OF CANADA, LTD.
MONTREAL.

ROCK DRILLS
Air Compressors.
General Mining and Quarrying Machinery. A full stock of Drills and Duplicate parts always on hand.

WM. GORDON, Agent for B. C.,
OFFICE: GALPIN BLOCK,
P.O. Box 787. 49½ Government St., Victoria.
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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.
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FOR SALE

Percheron Horses, Holstein-Friesian Cattle, and Yorkshire, Chester White and Berkshire Pigs.

Dark grey Stallion, 7 years old; weight 1,600 pounds; solid and compact build; best of legs and feet; prompt and active; a sure stock getter.

Black Stallion, 11 years old; will make a large, fine horse.

Holstein-Friesian Calves (bulls and heifers), sired by a son of Clothilde II., who gave 23,460 pounds of milk in one year, and made 320 lbs. of butter in ninety days. Stock all registered.

H. F. PAGE,
Riverside P.O., B.C.
de23-w-1mo

FARMS FOR SALE—$1,500 will buy 140 acres of land ¾ mile from railway station; near salt water on Cowichan bay; about 20 acres cleared land, balance lightly timbered; all arable land; log house. Other farms to sell or rent. Apply Geo. Bartell, McPherson, P. O., Vancouver Island.
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HAGYARD'S
"YELLOW OIL"
Cures Rheumatism.

Freeman's Worm Powders

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION.

A successful Medicine used over 30 years in thousands of cases. Cures all diseases caused by abuse, indiscretion or over exertion. Six packages GUARANTEED to CURE when all others fail. Ask your Druggist for the Great English Prescription, take no substitute. One package $1. Six $5, by mail. Write for Pamphlet. Address EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., DETROIT, MICH.

For sale and mailed by the HANGLEY & CO. Victoria, B. C.
jly14-d&w-eod

LABOR IN POL

Influential Positions Occ
Zealand by Represen
the Workingm

Four Artisans Called t
House—Their Indi
Records.

LONDON, Jan. 13.—A b
newspaper compositor, a gen
and a warehouse porter have
members of the upper chamb
lature of New Zealand. Su
of voluminous advices rec
New Zealand Government to
Ripon, Secretary of State fo
Some time ago Lord Ripon
Governor of New Zealand th
cept the advice of his minist
the creation of new members
tive Council. The Governm
have taken the secretary at h
report received to-day rec
innovation, and one that is t
the hour in all the leading G
partments at Downing stre
chamber of the New Zeala
has always been held sacr
blood of the colony, large lan
of wealth and influence who
political service in the low
the Government has taken fo
from their workshops and st
them to the upper chambe
news received in Downing st
re-echo throughout the world
Elaborate reports concer
"labor peers" accompany t
received to-day. Not one of
dabbled in politics. The fire
kinson, is a boiler-maker in t
railway workshops. When
arrived asking if he would all
to be submitted to the Gover
side a boiler engaged in rivet
telegraph boy poked in the m
a hole in the cylinder. Jenk
treated the affair as a hoax,
take any notice of it; but
pursuaded to send a reply
afterwards going on with
without saying a word. He
age and was born in New
owes his elevation to the fact
successively president of
Boilermakers' Union and the
branch of the same society.
Another of the new cou
Rigg, is a compositor in the
printing office. He is 34 yea
born in Victoria, but went to
at an early age, and is a Ro
He owes his new position to
being president of the Well
and Labor Council. William
edin, another of the new
storeman in a warehouse th
native of the Shetland Island
life was a sailor. He went to
about 30 years ago. He has
as storeman by the firm of
merchants by whom he is now
the past 23 years. He is said
ding, self-educated man. Bo
lection to Sir Robert Stout,
of the colony, and who has a
ion of Bolt's ab lities.
The remaining labor mem
nings, is the foreman printer
land Evening Star. It was
derstood that the proprietor
nal, which enjoys a large circ
North, would have been hime
nominees, and great was the
it was found that he had bee
in favor of the chief of h
staff.

RUTHERFORD B. H

The Only Living Ex-President
Member of the Washing
Historical Society

TACOMA, Jan. 13.—At the
meeting of the Washington St
Society ex-President Rutherf
was elected as the first hon
thereof. This fact was com
him by Secretary Hobart, acco
a diploma of honory member
Secretary Hobart received
letter, accompanied with a
photograph of himself.

SPRINGL GROVE, FREMONT, O
MY DEAR SIR:—I appreciate
me by the Washington State
ciety, and I bez you and the
society to receive my thanks
ness. Sincerely,
RUTHERFO
Mr. Charles W. Hobart, Secre

Mr. Hays is the only living
of the United States except
the lower left-hand corner
graph is the Latin abbrevi
"Æt.," with his age, 76, and
when the photo was taken.
coat-of-arms is at the top of
ing an eagle standing on
wings uplifted, with the fo
scroll beneath: "Qui patris
optime servit suis partibus."

AMERICAN SHIP C

Proceedings of the Convention
ting in Washington—A S
Congress Asked Fo

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 1
vention of representatives of
al bodies and the lake int
country, called by the Duluth
Commerce to organize a mov
port of a scheme to unite the
and the ocean by a ship c
United States territory, met h
with between seventy-five an
delegates present. W. R. H
dent of the Duluth Chamber
was made temporary chairm
At the afternoon session a
dresses were made, among
George H. Ely, of Cleveland
that for the present the conv
itself to a declaration in fav
priation by Congress to mak
routes for the canal. Speak
tent of internal improvement
try, he said the impression
the United States expended
other nation. As a matter o
there had been expended all t
tional and state governments
1890 for the improvement of
and building canals less than
France had expended over
with nothing like the expecta
nent benefit that promise
States.
The committee on Perma
tion reported, recommending
officers: President, George
Vice-Presidents, S. C. Osg
and William A. Sweet, New
honorary vice-president fro
Secretary, S. A. Thompson
Mr. Ely stated his platform t