Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1886.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

It cannot but be remarked by those who heard him that the utterances of Sir John Macdonald at the Victoria Theatre last Thursday evening came at a peculiarly happy time—relating as they did to the completion of a work whose importance even its opponents have ceased to underrate. When the man ripe in years, and rich in the respect and confidence of a nation—the politician of nearly half a century, who has ever, we believe, wielded his influence for the best interests of his fellows—when he stood up before the people it was but fitting that the homage they paid him in round after round of cheering should be so hearty and prolonged. They have never forgotten, and remembered it more forcibly than ever when he stood up before them, that Sir John has been, since confederation, a consistent advocate for the construction of the Canadian Pacific railway, which has united, by the strongest bond of all, British Columbia with her sister provinces. Nor has the Premier forgotten, as he did not fail to say, that the people who greeted him so enthusiastically were those who in his hour of need had returned him to a seat in the Dominion Commons when he had been rejected by his own constituency. Isolated comparatively as we have hitherto been from the rest of the Dominion, there has not been manifested that eager participation in and discussion of Canadian politics which there might otherwise have been; and knowing and feeling the commercial disadvantages of remoteness from the other portions of Canada we have ever looked forward to the construction of a connecting line of railway as a herald of increased trade and prosperity. Such work was one of the stipulations of the terms of union, and though the province in view of the delays that most certainly took place, spoke of broken faith and reckless disregard, yet time has softened its asperity, has brought it the fruition of its hope, and there is to-day, we feel assured, no warmer supporter of confederation than the province of British Columbia. We are essentially a liberal-conservative province, and look upon Sir John Macdonald not merely as the ruling spirit of Canadian confederation but as the chief instrument by which this province has become an indissoluble part of the Dominion by the extension of that iron band. In common with all who have travelled the line of the Canadian Pacific or have visited British Columbia by other means, Sir John Macdonald has expressed himself in enthusiastic terms of not merely the beauties of our wondrous scenery, but of advantages more practical in the way of salubrity of climate, and of diversity, extent, and evident richness of our resources. Our timber has been too often extolled to need particularization, and the wealth of our fisheries is now almost a household word, but what we do need is capital to develop our mineral resources, and no more important factor in this regard could be provided than the great transcontinental highway in the glory of whose imperial, federal and commercial importance Sir John Macdonald can so justly share. As a triumph of engineering, as a consolidation of federal interests, as the means of a country's development, and as the strategic safeguard of the integrity of an empire, the Canadian Pacific railway stands alone. Well may Canada's premier congratulate her upon the completion and the already demonstrated utility of the line, and himself and government of whose policy its construction formed a part,—for its results will live after them, while the name of Sir John Macdonald will be handed down as that of a statesman whose ability, courage, and foresight were unvaryingly directed to the accomplishment of a work which should form a powerful and perhaps the most important means of welding many countries into one vast and glorious empire.

DURATION OF BRITISH PARLIAMENTS AND MINISTRIES.

The British Parliament that was dissolved last month is the shortest in the Parliamentary record of Her Majesty's reign. The first began on the 15th of November, 1837, and ended on the 23rd of June 1841; the second lasted from August 19, 1841, till July 23, 1847; the third from November 18, 1847, till July 1, 1852; the fourth from November 4, 1852, till March 2, 1857; the fifth from April 1, 1857, till April 23, 1859; the sixth from May 31, 1859, till July 6, 1865; the seventh from February 1, 1866, till November 11, 1868; the eight from December 10, 1868, till January 26, 1874; the ninth from March 5, 1874, till March 24, 1880; the tenth from April 29, 1880, till November 18, 1885, and the eleventh from January 12, 1886, till June 22, 1886. The longest Parliament, therefore, since Her Majesty's accession, was that in which Lord Palmerston was prime minister for the second time, the only one that continued for six years. The average length, excluding the last exceptionally short Parliament, was about four years and ten months. The average duration of each parliament since the accession of the House of Hanover in 1714 (also excluding the last) was three years and ten months. The prime ministers, since Her Majesty came to the throne, have been Lord Melbourne, who assumed office in the previous reign, and whose party was victorious in the elections, though by a small majority; Sir Robert Peel (second time), September 1, 1841; Lord John Russell, July 3, 1846; the Earl of Derby, February 27, 1852; the Earl of Aberdeen, December 28, 1852; Lord Palmerston, February 5, 1855; the Earl of Derby (second time), February 26, 1858; Lord Palmerston (second time), June 18, 1859; Earl Russell (second time), November 5, 1865; the Earl of Derby (third time), July 6, 1866; the Hon. B. Disraeli, February 27, 1868; the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, December 9, 1868; the Hon. B. Disraeli, afterwards Lord Beaconsfield (second time), February 21, 1874; the Hon. W. E. Gladstone (second time), April 28, 1880; Lord Salisbury, June 24, 1885; the Hon. W. E. Gladstone (third time), February 6, 1886. The average length of each ministry during the last half century has been about three years and three months, or a little over. The longest terms of office were enjoyed by Lords Melbourne, Palmerston and Beaconsfield, each of whom governed continuously for over six years. To Mr. Gladstone, however, belongs the distinction of having, of all Her Majesty's prime ministers, ruled her empire the longest, his tenure of the premiership from first to last covering about ten years and ten months. Next to him, for length of rule, stands Lord Palmerston, who was premier for an aggregate period of nine years and eight months. Lord Beaconsfield's seven years of highest office give him the next place. Of the remaining prime ministers of the present reign, the precedency, according to their years of service, is as follows:—Earl Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Melbourne, Lord Derby and Lord Aberdeen. In the case of Lord Melbourne, whose entire premiership covers nearly six years and a half, in the classification above given, allowance is only made for the time in which he served under Her Majesty. The Montreal Gazette says that it is noteworthy that, although he only entered public life in 1844, Sir John Macdonald has been in power longer, both continuously and in the aggregate, than any of those distinguished statesmen.

A QUEER DISCOVERY.

The Globe has been inquisitively poking its nose into the private affairs of Toronto's lawyers, and comparing the amounts returned by the limbs of the law as their income when the tax collector is going his rounds, with the "style" developed in their every day life. It has found a wide discrepancy to exist, which can only be accounted for on the ground that the boastful city behind Hanlan's island is either possessed of a lot of very poor lawyers, living at the expense of their fellow men, or that the assessor's books are the record of a good many legal evasions. There are fifty-five of the lot who plead guilty to annual receipts of $4,000, twenty-eight manage to make $2,506, but [illegible] reach $5,000, while only six admit an income of $5,000. The $800 limit, after which the income tax is levied is evidently the goal aimed at by the majority of the fraternity in Toronto, beyond which they have no desire to go, and this figure, no more nor less, is attested to as the yearly receipts of fifty-three of the lot. Even below $800 there are a good many on the list, earning, what our contemporary calls, hodman's wages.

THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

Not long since Col. Hope, of the British army, wrote a letter to the London Times, in which he charged that serious abuses existed in the administration of affairs connected with the War Office, even going to the length of stating that a system of wholesale corruption prevailed, whereby army and navy contractors provided the government with guns which burst, rifle cartridges which jam and bayonets and swords of such inferior quality and make as to be practically useless. Charges such as these, made so publicly by one occupying a public position caused the generals who for the last ten or eleven years have been at the head of the war department to demand that an investigation conducted by a court-martial be had, but Mr. Campbell Bannerman, secretary for war, replied that the charges not being accompanied by proof were not sufficiently definite to warrant the appointment by act of parliament of a royal commission of enquiry. This was during the last parliament, and it is possible that now the matter has been started that fresh revelations will be forthcoming. The shocking abuses of the contract system that were brought to light during the Crimean war, added to the terrible mismanagement of the commissariat, revealed a state of things which caused an outbreak of public indignation, and a cry for reform. A committee of enquiry into the management of one of the recent expeditions to Egypt revealed a repetition of such abuses. The beef had been abstracted from the cans bought from Armour & Co., Chicago, and sand substituted for it; baled hay was found to contain a large admixture of willow and birch twigs; the canoes for use on the Nile were defective; the bayonets had not been properly tempered or had been made of inferior steel; the clothing was shoddy; and the contractors for supplying pumps for artesian wells had supplied "dummies," which were, of course, quite useless. Frauds were also practiced by the contractors for supplying coal; and a deficit amounting to a little short of one million pounds could not be traced because of the confused system of keeping accounts. Again, it came out in an action at law over the estate of a gun inventor that he had been compelled to bribe his way step by step in securing interviews with high officials before whom he wished to lay the merits of his invention. The British army and navy are honorable services, and it is not meet that the stigma of charges of mismanagement, incompetency or corruption, however undeserved, should be in any way connected with their administration; nor is it right, if there be any foundation to the statements, that the revenue of the country should be so flagrantly misapplied, nor those serving their country in the more inferior grades of the army and navy be made to suffer by such abuses. In spite of the position taken by the late secretary for war the popular voice will doubtless call for and bring about a thorough investigation.

FASTER SERVICE.

The following cutting from an eastern paper, is exceedingly appropriate in view of the remarks by Sir John Macdonald on Thursday night at the theatre. It is plain that both Sir John's government and the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. mean business:—

"Considerable interest is manifested in shipping and commercial circles regarding the contract of the Government from April next for five years for carrying the mails between Canada and England. A strong feeling is being developed that a faster service than the present is necessary to compete successfully with New York, and unless the Allan and Dominion lines put on faster steamers, the Canadian Pacific will be forced to enter into competition to make their through route via the Atlantic and Pacific to the east, the fastest in the world. It is stated that the mission of Sir Donald Smith and Mr. Angus, who are now in London, is partly to promote the object in question.

SAVED HIS SISTERS AND HIMSELF.

A Boy's Presence of Mind Averts a Fearful Fate.

New York, July 21.—Sunday morning little Tommy Hinman, of Gravesend, L. I., took his sisters Sarah and Rosie, aged six and three years respectively, for a romp on the sands. Hearing men shouting, and dogs barking, the children looked around and saw a large Newfoundland dog rushing towards them. The dog's eyes were bloodshot and he was foaming at the mouth. Tommy remembered what his father had told him to do under such circumstances, and seizing his sisters he dragged them across the sand and into the water until the youngest girl was standing waist deep. They were entirely out of danger. The dog chased them a short distance toward the water and then rushed off in another direction. A few moments later a colored man shot the brute dead. It was then learned that the infuriated animal had bitten seven dogs before he came in sight of the children. These dogs were subsequently killed by policemen.

STOUGH STATION.

Chicago News.

In the smoking car of a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy suburban train the other morning two passengers were discussing the pronunciation of the word "Stough," which appears over the door of a small station building not far from Hinsdale. They could not agree, so they submitted the question to Mr. Mervin Tabor, the State insurance actuary, and a former schoolmaster.

"Why," said Mr. Tabor, "r-o-u-g-h spells 'ruff,' I should think s-t-o-u-g-h would spell 'stuff.'"

"What do you think about it?" said one of the gentlemen to Mr. Watson, a board of trade man.

"I should think it would be pronounced "Stoo," said Mr. Watson; "you know t-h-r-o-u-g-h spells 'throo.'"

At this juncture Mr. Caldwell, the paper manufacturer, came in, and the question was put to him.

"Why," said he, "anybody ought to know that 'T-h-o-u-g-h,' 'tho,' stough, 'sto,' of course."

When Mr. E. W. Rood of Aurora came in he was asked for an opinion.

"I should call it 'stoff,'" said he, "c-o-u-g-h" spells "coff," and I don't see how s-t-o-u-g-h can spell anything but "stoff."

At this, a gray haired man, with a light plug hat and the air of a capitalist, turned around in his seat, with the intrepidity of one who speaks from absolute knowledge said:

"It is pronounced with the sound of 'ow'—'stow.'"

"Well," said one of the parties to the controversy, "what confounded fool gave such an infernal name to a town anyway?"

"It was named after me," said the grayhaired man; "I laid out the town; my name is Stough."

For several minutes the clickity-click of the car-wheels was the only sound that broke the embarrassing stillness.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

Imperial Federation.

Beecher's Visit to England.

French Railway Traveling Becoming Dangerous.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

London, July 10.

The Indian and Colonial visitors to this country cannot complain of the reception accorded to them. They have been *feted* and feasted in London and elsewhere to so astonishing an extent that a plain mutton chop and a potato or two for dinner should come as a positive relish to them after the monotony of turtle and champagne. The latest sign of welcome given to them is their entertainment by the Queen at Windsor Castle. They were shown all the "lions" of this magnificent palace, and dined in the Waterloo chamber. On Saturday night a conference of the Imperial Federation League closed its sittings in the Colonial and Indian exhibition. The conference was interesting, as being the first occasion in which Lord Rosebery appeared as chairman of the Federation League. In the course of the noble lord's observations

A FITTING TRIBUTE

was paid to his predecessor, the late Mr. Forster, who was described as a man that possessed wide experience and sympathy, united to great independence of character. Lord Rosebery justly remembered that to Mr. Forster belonged the merit of never having permitted party connections to suborn his private opinions. Whether agreeing or differing from him, it was impossible not to recognize his earnestness and sagacity. Not unfrequently British statesmen when they have retired from office seek recreation in the abandonment of political affairs, but, to active natures, want of occupation is not rest. Mr. W. E. Forster belonged to this class, and it is not improbable that he may yet be known to posterity by his connexion with the federation movement than by any of the measures with which his name is now identified. There was a time in the history of this country when an opposite theory to that of federation fascinated statesmen and practical thinkers. But, the logic of events has fought against their pre conceptions. Among those who have done good work in popularising the idea of federation

PROFESSOR SEELEY

merits honorable mention. The learned professor's "Expansion of England" is a most instructive study. He very justly argues that the present connexion of Great Britain with the colonies must either grow slighter and slighter until it is dissolved, or else be strengthened. But it cannot be strengthened without being also modified. The difficulty is to understand exactly what should be done. A class of thinkers talk of the British empire as overgrown, and assume that "States of moderate size such as Great Britain or France, are natural and healthy, while vast aggregations of territory are abnormal, monstrous, and therefore—when by accident, they appear—are certain to be ephemeral." Professor Seeley argues that, however true this assumption may have been at one time, steam and electricity have to day made vast aggregations of territory natural and convenient. In illustration of this he points to Russia and the United States. It should not be forgotten, however, that in both of these countries the territory is contiguous. That fact gives them an advantage which our empire, scattered over nearly every quarter of the globe, does not enjoy. The Federal system was unknown in Great Britain or her colonies until it was introduced into British North America in 1867. Since then an attempt has been made to establish

A SIMILAR SYSTEM

in South Africa, and at this moment several Australian colonies seek federation the more efficiently to "guard their own." This protective element has been a prime factor in the creation of all the great confederacies that have yet existed. A very substantial service would be done to federation were the debates on that subject which preceded its establishment in Canada republished in a cheap and convenient form. There is abundance of literature on this question in the United States but very little of it has been studied in England. A great colonial empire has grown up almost without observation, which has created conditions that cannot be trifled with. The legitimate aspirations of free men must be gratified, and there is no other mode in which this can be done so effectually as under a federative system. Though the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has come to England at rather a bad time, politics and electioneering cannot altogether overshadow the interest to be naturally felt in so conspicuous a figure.

MR. BEECHER

has not visited us since 1864, and his reception at that period was not altogether of a kind calculated to breed in him a desire to come again. He has, however, allowed bygones to be bygones. The way he was met at the City Temple in London affords a taste of what is to come. Dr. Parker and his congregation greeted him with the greatest of warmth; and elsewhere Mr. Beecher will no doubt be the recipient of similar gratifying tributes to his worth. Particularly so when he begins to lecture, which, I believe, he is going to do as soon as the arrangements necessary for the purpose are completed. Mr. Beecher's fame as a lecturer is world-wide, and thousands will be anxious to hear his eloquent and profitable discourses. The Rev. Ward Beecher has been amusing the congregation at the City Temple. At least, the odd sayings with which he interspersed his sermon seem to have made those assembled "often smile," and sometimes "laugh outright." Nor is Mr. Beecher by any means the first who has thus from the pulpit played upon the sense of humor of his auditors before approaching them in the stern spirit of the mentor. Most people are familiar with the story told of Mr. Spurgeon, and which relates how on one sweltering summer's day he mounted the steps of his pulpit in the Tabernacle, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, and put his flock

IN A FLUTTER

by exclaiming "It's damned hot!" After the amazement came the explanation. Mr. Spurgeon had simply heard the words quoted as he walked along to his temple, and they furnished him with the text of a most eloquent and impressive discourse upon the sin of cursing and swearing, not easily to be forgotten by those who listened to it. Society was never more rotten, never more hopelessly vicious, than it is now, and never was it more perilously near a sharp and drastic corrective. Unless the general condition soon improves the strongest upheavals are likely to ensue. At the rate things are going, railway traveling in France will become a slightly dangerous undertaking, to be avoided by all who can possibly do so. Within the last few months there have been no less than

THREE OUTRAGES

in railway carriages, one of them attended by fatal results. The first, it will be remembered, was the murder of Mr. Barrienne, the Prefect of Eure, whose assassin has to this hour evaded detection. The second was a murderous attack upon one of the keepers of the museum at Versailles, but which was fortunately followed by the capture of the delinquent. Now it seems that a man named Boissard was, while journeying from Paris to Villers Cotteret, struck on the head with a hammer as he lay snoozing in his compartment, and that but for the resolute resistance offered by him, aided by the timely slackening of the train as it was about to enter the Villers Cotteret station, he would have been, in all probability, robbed and killed. The culprit in this case made his escape and has not up to the present been captured. It is to be hoped, however, that the police will be able to get hold of him, so as to prove to this class of malefactors that to elude successfully pursuit is the exception not the rule.

CANADA'S CARDINAL.

The Ceremonies of His Installation Begun.

Quebec, July 20.—The ceremonies and festivities connected with Cardinal Taschereau's installation opened this afternoon. Crowds of strangers have been pouring in since morning by every boat and train, and a still larger influx is expected to-morrow morning. Flags are flying in every direction, and some sixteen magnificent triumphal arches have been erected on the route of to-morrow's procession. The basilica has also been lavishly decorated for the installation ceremonies, and very extensive public and private preparations have been made for the illumination and fireworks to-morrow night.

At 1 o'clock this afternoon the ceremonies opened with the swearing in of the new Cardinal, in the private chapel of his palace, in the presence of the Papal Ablegate and Garde Noble, the Archbishops of Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, Ottawa, St. Boniface, Charlottetown, St. John, N. B., St. Louis, Mo., and New Orleans, the coadjutor Bishop of Toronto, and the Bishops of St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Chicoutimi, Rimouski, Nicolet, Arichat, Kingston, London, Pontiac, Hamilton, Chatham and St. Albert, N. W. T., besides a large number of inferior clergy.

Standing in front of the altar and having the Papal Ablegate on his right, and Archbishop Lynch on his left, His Eminence, with his right hand on the Gospels, read the formula of the prescribed oaths in the case of all Princes of the Church, afterwards subscribing it, and handing it to the Ablegate, who will take it back with him to Rome. This ceremony was very solemn and impressive.

To-night the festivities in His Eminence's honor was inaugurated by a gigantic concert in the skating rink, which was attendedby at least 5,000 people in full dress, the immense building being crowded, while at least three times the number crowded its surroundings and almost blocked its approaches from St. Louis street and the Grande Alle. At 8 o'clock His Eminence, accompanied by the Papal Ablegate, and the Garde Noble, Vicar General Legare, Archbishop Lynch and the other visiting prelates and clergy and escorted by a guard of honor, composed of the Quebec contingent of the Papal Zouaves, drove to the rink in open carriages, each drawn by two horses and was greeted all along the way with the cheers and respectful salutes of the assembled thousands. On the entrance of the distinguished party into the rink the immense audience rose to receive them, and a battery of artillery stationed outside fired a salute.

The programme of the concert was magnificently executed by the choral societies and bands of the city assisted by Miss Alta Pease, Miss E. Tessier, Signor Liberati, and John Prume. The Anvil Chorus and the National Anthem, at the close with the accompaniment of bands and the firing by electricity of the guns of B Battery and Quebec Field Battery were very effective. The interval between the first and second parts of the musical programme, Judge Routhier delivered an eloquent address, relating to the history of the church in Canada, and eulogizing the new Cardinal.

The absence of Bishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers, from the cardinalistic celebration so far is being very generally noted.

Eastern Canada Mail.

(Per Canadian Pacific Railway.)

Ottawa, July 20.—Last night the office of Sparks' estate, on Wellington street, was entered by some daring thieves, and $410 extracted from the vaults.

At Oregon, Oldham county, on Wednesday, a school teacher named Weston detained three of his pupils, little girls, 7, 8 and 9 years of age, after the other scholars left. When the room was cleared he locked the door, and deliberately outraged the three children. He let them go home about dusk and they told their parents. A mob was organized at once to lynch the brute, but he escaped, going to a station five miles distant. News of the outrage had preceded him and a crowd caught him there, stripped him naked, tied him to a tree and gave him 100 lashes. He was then given five minutes to leave the country, and made the most of his time, cutting through the woods. The little girls are all in a precarious condition.

Monday afternoon a lady visited the office of a physician in Detroit to see about having a surgical operation performed upon the arm of her little nephew, who was with her. While waiting for her turn to see the doctor she picked up a copy of a newspaper and began reading it. Presently she uttered a cry and fell from her chair in a swoon. When the lady had recovered consciousness it was learned that she had read for the first time the account of the suicide of Charles Gibbs, the painter, who jumped over the Genesee Falls at Rochester, and that he was her own brother and the father of the little boy in whose interest the visit to the physician was made.

At Halifax, Hon. Thos. F. Morrison, legislative councillor and member of the Nova Scotia government, died July the 23rd aged 79 years. He was a Liberal and anti-confederate.

The annual statement of the post office savings bank for the year ended the 30th of June last, show the amount deposited to have been $7,645.27, being the largest in the history of the bank. The amount withdrawn was $6,183.70.

At Glencoe, Ont., Andrew Clanahan's planing factory, house and the Presbyterian church were totally destroyed by fire. Dr. Wilker's and E. A. Surbu's residence and contents were also badly damaged. Loss, $15,000; insurance, $7,000.

Non-Suited.

Some time ago Mrs. Hoskins, who lost a husband in the late explosion in the Wellington collieries, and Mr. Roberts, who was severely injured at the same time, entered a suit in the court of Nevada for $25,000 compensation for loss and injury against Messrs. Dunsmuir & Sons, the proprietors of the collieries. The case was referred to the supreme court of California, and there it was decided that the court had no jurisdiction from the fact (1) that all the parties to the suit were aliens; (2) that the cause of action arose in a foreign country. The case was thereupon sent back to the Nevada court, and last week that court non-suited the plaintiffs on the same grounds, *i. e.*, that the parties were aliens and the injury sustained occurred in a foreign country. Mr. W. H. Barnes appeared for the defendants, Messrs. Dunsmuir & Sons.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Its Mining and Agricultural Advantages.

Now that the C. P. R. is in operation, the miner will have chance to prospect the country with greater facility than heretofore. Some time since Mr. J. A. Mara gave a *free trip* to prospectors and their outfits, up the North Thompson, thereby encouraging a good many to try their fortunes in that unexplored country between Horsefly, Mahood and Quesnelle lakes, and if a few more gentlemen of Mr. Mara's stamp would come forward and do what they could to help the prospector, British Columbia would soon make the people think that the days of '49 had returned. At present the C. P. R. rates are so exhorbitant that miners are inclined to wait a while before expending their money on tickets and freight; it would be a great stroke of policy on the part of the C. P. R. to issue tickets at reduced rates to prospectors, and letting them debark at what point they wished. If anything were struck the railroad would benefit by it, and therefore they should make it a point to induce miners to "strike out" from their line of railway.

STARTING FROM YALE

we find that at no matter what part of the road you get off and prospect, colors are to be found and quartz abounds. Eight mile Creek, at Cook's Ferry, is rich in copper ore; Nicomin gold mine (placer) is well known; the coal mine below Lytton is waiting development, and in fact it is impossible to enumerate the many valuable mines that are waiting development along the C. P. R. Then again opposite Tranquille, there are coal indication; in the Tranquille Creek, and at Adams Lake, a quartz mine is opening up. Scotch Creek is paying the men working on it now good wages, and to make a long story short, all that British Columbia needs is development. At Scotch Creek there is good land, but I fancy it is Indian reserve, although for the three months I was there, I did not see an Indian on it. The Indians have corralled, or had corralled all the good lands in that section. Many a white man has looked with longing eyes on the land up the creek. Around Adams Lake and Scotch Creek is an admirable grazing country, and yet there are no cattle on the hills.

AROUND SALMON ARM

good land is obtainable, and in fact in every direction, if one has a mind to look, good lands can be secured. I notice that the government appoint Mr. Halpenny as guide to parties looking for land on the Island, and if they would appoint some one for Kamloops and vicinity they would facilitate the securing of homesteads for the immigrants that will shortly be pouring in.

TELL TALE.

MRS. CLEVELAND IN CHURCH

An Example to the President and a Good Many Other Folks.

Washington Letter: Mrs. Cleveland sets her husband some good examples when she goes to church. Readers of this correspondence may remember that Mr. Cleveland, as seen at church, did not bow his head when the prayer was offered; did not join in the hymn or open the hymn-book; fidgeted through the sermon, and was evidently glad it was over, and took no particular part in the services, except to drop a crisp new bill in the basket when it came round. Mrs. Cleveland does all these things differently. Like too many of her sex, she appears to have to attend to the privilege of praying for the family. When she goes to church, as soon as she enters the pew and takes a seat, she drops her pretty head upon her dainty gloved hand and devotes a moment to silent prayer. Then she settles herself for a quiet attention upon the service, nodding pleasantly to Mrs. Sunderland, the wife of the pastor, whose pew is just alongside that of the president. She knows, of course that she is the target of every eye in the church, and though she tries to conceal her embarrassment, she is not able to do so entirely. When the pastor gives out the hymn, she is glad to turn her attention to the hymn-book and forget the uncomfortable feeling which is the natural result of being stared at. When the congregation rises she rises also, following the hymn through from beginning to end sometimes, though not often joining in the singing. When the minister leads in prayer her head is bowed and it drops a little lower when he prays for the "chief magistrate of the nation," and adds a petition for "those that are dear to him." The announcement of the church meetings which follow the prayer are listened to with womanly interest, and when the sermon begins after the second hymn has been sung she is all attention. She does not fidget about and lean up in the corner and rest her head upon her hand as Grover does, but sits straight and quiet, listening to the sermon from beginning to end. Of course she fans herself constantly, for she would not be a woman if she did not. She seems occasionally to remember that she is being stared at constantly, and bites her lips nervously, wiping them with her dainty handkerchief, which she holds in the same hand in which she carries a jewelled smelling bottle, a wedding gift from one of the cabinet officers. When the basket goes around, she

DROPS HER CONTRIBUTION MODESTLY

into it, and when the closing hymn is given out, finds not only the hymn, but the doxology corresponding in metre with it, and follows them closely to the end. When the services end, then comes the most trying time for Mrs. Cleveland. All eyes are upon her. Of course she has attracted more attention than the preacher, even during the sermon, but she only divided attention with him then; now, however, she is the central and only figure of the moment. All eyes are upon her as she moves down the aisle, and every neck is craned to get a look at her face and figure. She tries to appear unconcerned, bows to the churchpeople near her whom she knows, talks a little to those nearest her, and is evidently relieved when the carriage door bangs and she is hidden from view of the crowd that was gathered on the sidewalk to see her pass from the church door to the carriage. Throughout, her conduct is full of dignity and gentle grace. She dresses for church with excellent taste, but absolute plainness, usually a dark grey or black, a small pin at her throat, but nothing else in the way of ornament, a high black straw hat tastefully but quietly trimmed, black gloves of undressed kind.

Horace, Book I, Ode XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

Leuconoe, you should not seek to know
What term of life the gods above to me
May have assigned, or what allotted thee;
Nor try if Babylonian schemes can show
Our fate; that is forbidden man below.
How better far it were whate'er may be
Calmly to meet! whether, by Jove's decree,
We've many winters more, or the last now
Dashes in fretted foam the Tuscan sea
'Gainst wave-worn rocks. Be wise; your wines outpour;
Far-reaching hopes reduce to a short span.
Even while we speak the envious moments flee
Our idle grasp. Seize then the present hour;
And to the morrow trust as little as you can.

Esquimalt's Fortifications.

(St. Paul Pioneer Press.)

The British government, according to a Halifax dispatch, is now taking steps to begin the long-discussed fortifications in British Columbia. The government has a fine naval station on Vancouver Island, which is 270 miles long and 50 miles wide, and it is to be made impregnable, and the mainland of British Columbia is to have a series of fortifications. The Vancouver station is to be the headquarters of the British Pacific squadron, and the locality is admirably adapted to the purpose. If we ever get into a war with Great Britain, Vancouver will prove a great menace to our whole Pacific coast. Our coast line ends in latitude 49 deg., and is crowned by the Alaska line. This is a rather awkward arrangement, but it cannot be helped now.

Father Smith Relates How He Narrowly Escaped Being Buried Alive.

"Yes, it is true, I did have a trance while in Brooklyn some days ago, and for several hours I was believed to be dead!"

The speaker was Rev. Father Smith, of the Order of Dominican, whose unique experience is recorded in a previous edition. Father Smith is young and intelligent. He is a native of Ottawa, and from the Oblat Fathers in that city he received an honorary classical education. Being religiously inclined he abandoned home and kindred and left for France, where he was admitted into the order he now belongs to. Scarcely had he been cloistered a few months, when by a Parliamentary decree the Dominicans and Jesuits were banished from the country. Father Smith with several of his associates repaired to America, and he has resided in Brooklyn ever since. It was in Brooklyn that he fell into a trance. Father Smith is stopping at the St. Lawrence Hotel, Montreal, on his way back from Ottawa, where he had been relating his experience to his family. He willingly repeated his story to a Star reporter.

"And how did the unfortunate affair occur?" was asked. "Well you see," said the reverend gentleman, "I am suffering from a malady which weakens me greatly. But never did it cause me to enter into a trance before, except once in Italy, for several hours I was believed dead, but it was only when the *chapelle ardente* was being prepared that I awoke. In Brooklyn the trance began in the same manner. I had been ailing for several days. One evening when I was lying on my couch I suddenly felt a great weakness coming over me. I tried to call for help. My mouth refused to articulate any sound. A moment after I had entered into a trance like the one I had had in Italy. When my friends came into my room they found me pale and motionless. They felt my heart, but its pulsations could not be felt and they conjectured that I must have passed away during their absence from my bedside. I could hear them walking about my couch, but I was so overcome with weakness that I was unable to move a finger. It is customary in religious communities to bury one of their deceased members shortly after his demise. In accordance with the custom they wired the news of my death to my family in Ottawa and charged one of my confreres to prepare my funeral oration. When the time came to place me in my coffin, I fully realized my horrible position. I tried to move but the effort proved fruitless. When in the coffin I made a supreme effort, and called upon Heaven to hear me and saved from such a horrible fate I succeeded in partly raising my head, and this is what saved me. The first to congratulate me was the priest who had been summoned to preach my funeral sermon."

Eastern Canada Mail.

(Per Canadian Pacific Railway.)

Ottawa, July 22.—Not a little indignation has been excited here in consequence of the vile slander put in circulation by Mr. Chagnon, the "own hook" candidate for the representation of Chambly in the House of Commons, reflecting upon the moral character of the young women employed in the public departments. He has been in the service of the Government for a time, and affects to have a knowledge of some grave misconduct. The slander was uttered in a speech delivered at a political meeting in the constituency which Mr. Chagnon is desirous of representing in the House of Commons. It was a most villainous and cowardly attack, a foul libel, and deserving the most unqualified condemnation of respectable politicians and newspapers. No notice was taken of the attack here until for its own purposes desirous of having a fling at ministers, the local organ of the slander party took it and deals with it in a hypocritical and insinuating manner. It affects indignation over the reflection cast upon the virtue of the young women, whom it declares are absolutely innocent, and yet it makes references to ministers in a general way after a manner implying wrong-doing on their part.

Toronto, July 23.—Mr. Van Horne, Vice President, and Mr. Olds, Traffic Manager of the C. P. R., leave in a few days for Vancouver for the purpose of arranging a basis of freight rates over the lines. Mr. Olds stated to-day that at present it was impossible to promulgate a fixed tariff owing to the war of freight rates between the transcontinental lines. There has not as yet been much inquiry as to freight rates for the reason that owing to the apathy of Canadians the bulk of British Columbia trade was done with the United States. British Columbia had been neglected.

Quebec, July 22.—The Shoeburyness team left by the SS. Vancouver this morning. The men, as they marched to the ferry, were loudly cheered. They made a fine appearance. The officers of B. Battery accompanied them to the steamer. In conversation with Capt. Drury he said that the men were almost perfect in their drill, etc., and that he felt certain of success. Sir A. P. Caron, Dr. Colin Sewell and other prominent people are passengers by to-day's outgoing steamer. As the steamer left the wharf the band struck up some lively airs and, together with the loud cheers of the people, caused quite a scene of animation.

France.

Paris, July 28.—The editor of the Figaro, which published an article on "Boulanger and War," last Sunday, says: "Figaro's article was to some extent hypothetical. I don't think Boulanger has any definite plan. *Coup d'etats* are not made so easily. I don't think war is imminent. Meanwhile the general has come to the conclusion that there is no harm in getting himself talked about, and making his name known to the people. We are always liable to be surprised. At a given moment some disturbance might occur, and doubtless Boulanger would be ready enough to seize an opportunity of using his sword to defend the republic perhaps, or even to attack it. I may sum up my views about Gen. Boulanger in a few words, he is a great perhaps."

New York, July 27.—The Herald's Paris correspondent says that the Figaro article on Gen. Boulanger is making a great sensation. Clemenceau makes light of the suggestions that Boulanger meditates a *coup d'etat*. The Journal des Debats says: "In our mind, Boulanger is only a general who likes to advertise himself, see his name constantly in the papers, and is rather more partial, if the truth were told, to pistols that don't go off."

NOT A MEISSONIER.

An Amusing but Improbable Tale of the Sale of a Meissonier.

(Letter to Detroit Free Press.)

A picture dealer in London told me a story which illustrates the ignorance of a rich man in art matters. The story is told me as showing that Englishmen could be quite as cute as Americans when they set their minds to it. I use it to illustrate another point. The firm received a Meissonier from Paris and it was to be put on exhibition next day. It was framed and set up on an easel in the shop and the price of it was to be £1,500. Through some error on the part of the clerk a tag marked £100 was put on the Meissonier, while the £1,500 tag went on another picture. Before the mistake was discovered and corrected an American bought the picture and had it sent to his rooms at one of the big hotels. When the head of the firm found that his Meissonier was gone, and gone for £100, he nearly raised the roof. He gave the clerk who had made the mistake of the tags and the clerk who had sold the picture to understand that if the picture was not back by the next day he would expect their sureties to make up the deficiency. The young men were appalled. One thousand four hundred pounds divided by two is still in excess of what the average young man gets per annum in a London art store. After abusing each other roundly for a while they began to notice that this did not bring back the picture. The clerk who put on the wrong tag finally hit on a plan.

The clerk dressed up in his holiday suit and called on the American.

"I am the art critic of the Daily ——," he said, "and I was told you had bought a Meissonier. Would you mind my looking at it?"

"Not at all," replied the buyer, and he invited the alleged critic to his rooms.

"Got that for £100," he said, waving his hand toward the picture.

The critic said nothing, but a cynical smile stole over his face.

"What's the matter? Don't you believe I paid the £100?"

"Oh, I believe you paid the £100."

"Well, don't you think it's worth the money?"

"If it's a Meissonier—yes."

"If? Why the name's on the corner."

"Yes, it usually is."

"But I bought it from Frames & Co. Aren't they a good firm?"

"Oh, yes. If you have a certificate from Frames & Co., signed by the firm, that it is a genuine Meissonier, then you have a great bargain. Still, Meissoniers are not selling in London this season for £100."

"I haven't a certificate."

"Ah!"

"Don't you believe it's a Meissonier? If you think it isn't, why, hang it, say so."

"Now I won't say whether this is a Meissonier or not, but I tell you what I would do if I were you. I would take that picture back to Frames & Co. I would find the person who sold it to me and I would say—quietly—'I believe it is customary to give a certificate, signed by the firm—signed by the firm, mind—that it is what it is claimed to be.' If the young man doesn't remember you the chances are that he will admit such to be custom. Then produce your picture and say that you would be obliged to have that certified a Meissonier. Don't be put off by his word that it is so and so, or by any bluff about the standing of the house, its reputation, and all that. Insist on the document. If he refuses demand your £100, and if he refuses that, threaten suit, and I imagine you will get your money."

"That's business," said the American. "Come with me, will you?"

"Now," said the critic, when they were in the hansom, "I don't care to appear in this matter. Frames is a good fellow personally, and always claims it is his rascally clerks that make these little mistakes. I'll stay in the hansom while you go inside."

When Dives, with his picture under his arm, came in and recognized and was recognized by the clerk who sold it to him, the latter became pale with excitement, and almost fainted with the fear that he would not act his part as well as the other fellow had evidently acted his.

"I see you know me," cried the purchaser, "and probably you know why I've come back."

"Haven't the slightest idea, 'pon my soul I haven't," said the clerk, with his teeth chattering.

"Oh, yes, you have. I can see you have. Now," placing the picture on the easel, with the wrapping removed, and shaking his finger at it, you said that was a Meissonier. All right. I want a written certificate to that effect."

"I beg your pardon, but it isn't usual to give that."

"I happen to know that it is."

"Only in exceptional cases, sir."

"Well, this is an exceptional case."

"Very sorry, sir, but we can't do it in this instance."

"Well, sir, I'll tell you what you can do, sir—what you must do, sir. You give me back my £100, and be darned quick about it do you hear."

When the American came back to the hansom he said.

"See that!" showing the crisp bank notes; "I got back my £100."

"Thank God," said the critic devoutly, and doubtless the American wonders to this day why a stranger took such an interest in keeping him from being cheated.

King Ludwig's Private Circus.

Pall Mall Budget. Among the follies of Bavaria's late king not generally known was the erection of a circus on the first floor of the royal palace at Munich. The ceiling was made to imitate the skies at night time, with the moon and stars, lit up from behind by electric lights. On the walls were a series of colored frescoes, representing various country scenes, including an Italian capanna, a French auberge, and a Swiss chalet. The monarch and his guests, twenty in number, first went to the theatre. They then returned to the palace and supped. About two o'clock in the morning the king ordered his favorite charger, and mounting invited his friends to follow him. Their horses were brought up, and as soon as they were all in the saddle his majesty rode off into the circus. The royal party galloped round the ring several times. The king stopped, descended, and rapped at the door of the capanna. Suddenly the door opened as if by magic, and a crowd of persons emerged from it. They were dressed in the different country costumes of Italy, and bore baskets of fruits, cakes and wines of which the guests partook. During the repast an invisible choir sang Italian airs, accompanied by a brass band. His Majesty again mounted his charger and followed by his friends rode round the circus once more. He now knocked at the door of the auberge, and French peasants came out with more wine and eatables, which the poor guests already surfeited, were bound to consume rather than offend their eccentric host. The musicians here executed favorite French songs. The same performance was gone through at the chalet, and then the king, at 4:30 in the morning, abruptly withdrew, leaving his companions more dead than alive.

Another Circus Broken up.

Putnam, Conn., July 18.—Frank A. Robbins circus was wrecked here yesterday morning while pulling out from the New York and New England station. Three cars containing cages of wild animals were thrown from the track and shattered. The accident was due, railroad men say, to the unusual length of the cars and the spreading of the axles. John Willy, driver, aged 60, was thrown under a car and crushed to death. One man, name unknown, was badly injured in the back. Seven cages and a band wagon were wrecked. The monkey cages were torn to pieces, and the monkeys are loose in the woods.

Saturday Half-Holiday.

The half-holiday movement, now commanding so much attention, not only among merchants and government officials, but among brokers and bankers, manufacturers and philanthropists, in short, among nearly all employers, employed and their friends, has something also to say both to mistress and maid. There are households, indeed (most of them are found in large cities), where the servant's right to a weekly "afternoon out" is claimed and conceded; but in the greater number of country households, holidays or half-holidays, whether for mistress or maid, would be an innovation indeed.

They seem, in fact, to be almost an impossibility, there is so much to do. Where the mistress never spares herself and rarely takes so much as an "evening out," the overworked servant has little sense of injustice, though she never finds an hour to herself till she finds herself in bed. Where, as is the case in far too many households, the "hired girl" is free to go out as soon as her work is done, going where she will, and returning with whom she will, letting herself in by the back door, of which she keeps the key, she would probably be the first to cry injustice if she were given a half-holiday every week and required to come in betimes after a walk in the early evening of the other days. Yet the half-holiday plan is much the better one, although at first sight it seems to interrupt work, to curtail the freedom of the servant, and to add to the labor of the mistress, without, on the whole, increasing the sum of recreation or rest.

Perhaps the sum of either is not increased and yet the worth may be. An afternoon walk in the open air, dressed in one's best, that consciousness of seeing and being seen, which the girl loses in the darkness of evening; the company of two or three chosen friends, all enjoying that sense of holiday so grateful to the hard worked; and better still, that delicious consciousness of having earned it by extra diligence and forethought in the morning—all this is worth far more, both as enjoyment and as rest, than such evening pleasures as are within the reach of domestic servants. On pleasant afternoons in spring there may be flower-hunts along the wayside, and in the woods, and Bridget may learn a new pleasure in making her kitchen gay with posies, or on presenting her mistress with a bouquet of early flowers. In autumn there might be nutting frolics, and a store laid up for winter evenings. In the summer, why should not Bridget be allowed to make up a luncheon basket and join "the other girls" in a picnic? And if a few of their "cousins" were also enjoying a holiday (as let us hope, they soon may), why should not each basket hold enough for two, and a few "good b'ys" be invited to join the party? We may be sure that the tendency of such an afternoon's pleasuring would be quite as safe and far more wholesome than the evenings out. In the winter, and on stormy days, the kitchen shining in Saturday's neatness, and well vanguarded by door-mat, scraper, and broom—should be open for calls. The girls could gather together with needles and thimbles, the "good b'ys" could drop in sociably; a generous pot of tea and a loaf of plain or raisin cake made by Bridget's own hands, would not impoverish her mistress, and like bread upon the waters it might return to her after *not* "many days," in more loyal service and more faithful endeavor to do well.

It is not Bridget only who needs a half-holiday. Her mistress wants it no less than she. It is a grave mistake which so many house-mothers make to crowd Saturday so full of extra work—cleaning and baking, and mending and making—until midnight commands the needle to fall from the weary fingers. One of the sweetest and saintliest of the mothers of the generation now growing old, used always to call Saturday "The Preparation Day," borrowing the old Jewish designation of the day before the Sabbath. Morning was given to the careful preparation of house and food and apparel for the holy morrow; afternoon to the preparation of herself. Not religious preparation—her soul was always ready for spiritual joy—but she would not have a tired body or a jaded mind to drag upon the upsoaring spirit. The hours were spent in reading, in still idleness, in looking over, and cutting slips from accumulated newspapers, in a walk, a drive, above all, in companionship with the children. Many a rainy afternoon was spent in repeating to them the poems with which her richly endowed mind was stored—cantos of Scott, sonnets of Shakespeare and Milton, long poems of Goldsmith and Cowper and Dryden, ballads of Burns and Motherwell, the earlier poems of Longfellow and Tennyson, the Hebrew melodies of Bynn, the sacred songs of Keble or Newton or Montgomery. Many a winter's afternoon was spent in pasting pictures into the great scrap book, which was one of the institutions of the family, in learning the intricacies of the Chinese-puzzle or in solving the enigmas of charades of *Merry's Museum*, the one children's magazine of those days. Blessed Saturday half-holiday! Day of sweet and joyful preparation! Why cannot mothers and mistresses take the initiative in the new reform, and inaugurate such a half-holiday in all the households in the land!—*Good Housekeeping.*

SAVAGE'S SUCCESS.

Love's Young Dream Realized After a Long Separation.

Bangor, Me., July 20.—A most romantic marriage took place a few days ago in the little town of Bingham. Thirty-two years since Abram A. Savage paid his respects to a Miss Chadbourn. An engagement followed, and Mr. Savage went to Nevada to seek his fortune. He neglected writing, and after some years Miss Chadbourn married one William Bassett. Their married life was happy for a time, but Bassett finally went to California, and unpleasant rumors reached his wife's ears. At last he consented to a legal separation and a division of the property. Mrs. Bassett supported herself by keeping a boarding-house at Foxcroft, Me., for some time thereafter. Meanwhile Savage had prospered in Nevada and had accumulated several hundred thousand dollars. A friend recently wrote him that his old love had been married and divorced. Telling his clerks that he should be gone six or eight weeks, he took the next train, and reaching Maine a few days ago, renewed his offer of marriage. Mrs. Bassett readily consented, and the marriage followed, after which the couple who had been separated 32 years, left for their Western home.

Salmon Pack.—The run in the Fraser has slackened considerably and a small pack is almost certain.