Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19TH, 1887.

BAD AUTHORITY.

Our esteemed evening contemporary should not allow his angry passions to rise; rather he should endeavor to cultivate a philosophical spirit when his little inaccuracies are pointed out, coupled with a resolve to lead a better and more truthful life in future. After being so completely "nailed" on the question of the appointment of the Hon. Messrs. Dunsmuir and Turner to the provincial Cabinet we had hoped he would be more careful before publishing such rash statements in future. In connection with the postmastership our contemporary works himself up into a terrible rage and makes a fiery onslaught upon a most uncomfortable party. We are not the target in this case at least, for his usual impertinence. Mr. Shakespeare, through us, denied the statement of the *Times* as to his acceptance of the city postmastership. He ought to know the ins and outs of the affair better than our Grit contemporary, and would not make so flat a denial if he was not fully informed of the matter. The fact is somebody, who gave the scheme away, *in confidence*, you know, has been "stuffing" our gullible friend, who intimates that if Mr. Shakespeare's appointment is not made *instanter*, it is coming. So is Christmas.

BREAKERS AHEAD.

Sir H. D. Wolff has, at last, left the Turkish capital, and to all entreaties for the prolongation of his stay has turned a deaf ear. This is in one sense satisfactory. It is high time the convention, which the sultan freely negotiated, was either ratified or withdrawn. Britain has done all she could, and much more than we need, to show her consideration for the wishes of the sultan. If the convention be not ultimately ratified it will make no substantial difference to England, who will be at liberty to act in Egypt as she chooses without reference to the terms of newly drawn diplomatic instruments. But what of the greater moment to England and to Europe than the non-ratification of the Egyptian convention, is the present state of affairs at Stambout—a condition which is described as one of utter administrative disruption, and as likely to lead any moment to the gravest dangers. For some time past, we are told, the whole executive authority has been centred in the palace, and ministers have been no better than so many puppets. Under such circumstances ample scope has been found for the active operation of Russian and French intrigue and in this way Abdul Hamid has been completely frightened into a deep dread of Russian displeasure—for it is reasonable enough that a ruler who knows his ministers to be reduced to a condition of abject submission, and to be the tools of unscrupulous political schemers, native and foreign, is aware that his government is dangerously unstable and is consequently anxious to offend no nation likely to become a foe. What is the position of the sultan? He sees himself surrounded by a ministry upon which he cannot rely; his grand vizier, being openly denounced by the press and learning that the denunciation is approved of in the highest quarter, has tendered his resignation and the whole situation at Constantinople is surrounded by countless pit falls and hidden risks. In Bulgaria political affairs continue unsettled, and here, as well as at Stambout, both Rus an and French influence is working directly against those who seek an early and pacific solution of existing difficulties. Russia holds her possible secret designs upon Bulgaria as threats to the sultan. France sees the condition of Bulgaria and the possibilities of Russian intervention as a lever with which to move Abdul Hamid to act against England with reference to Egypt.

THE TUNNEL SCHEME.

A session of the British parliament that would adjourn without having engaged in a test of strength of the question permitting the construction of a tunnel between England and France under the English Channel would be a rarity indeed. The bill providing for the excavation of such a tunnel was at the present session rejected by no fewer than fifty votes, but its opponents claim that they could have greatly increased the majority had the result of the division seemed at all doubtful, while the supporters of the measure declare that public opinion is gradually drifting to their side of the question. The mere mention of the project to the old-fashioned member is sufficient to throw him into spasms of patriotic indignation, and, in fact, conservatives of all grades profess to be able to detect in the scheme a diabolical plot to hand the country over to the natural enemies of England; so the sentiment of the houses of lords on the matter can be easily obtained. When the scheme was first outlined there was serious discussion and it was found that Englishmen were not wanting who would put their money into it. The rage of the alarmists arose to grandly ludicrous proportions. A pamphlet, *brochure*, in the style of the Battle of Dorking, portrays the machinations for a seizure of the tunnel by the wily Frenchman a little while after British capital has completed it, the unsuccessful attempts of heroic English railway servants to drown the invading Gauls by letting in the English channel on them, the final subjection of Albion and the ultimate doom of all the inhabitants of the British Isles to wear wooden shoes and eat frogs for evermore. The best engineering talent of the nation, says the secretary, Sir Edward Watkin, introducer of the bill, having set all objections as to the physical difficulties at rest, plans for the construction of the tunnel are being put into such a state of perfection as to permit of the work being begun to-morrow and money in abundance has been pledged in advance. All that is lacking is the accession of common sense to a majority of the legislators. That the tunnel will ultimately be built there is not a shadow of a doubt; but there is, unfortunately, too much reason to believe that the prejudice and fears of the Gallophobists will delay its commencement for some years to come. However, we are doing our best to combat the objections and quiet the alarms of the old crusted-port-wine-drinking gentry, the counterparts of those who fought quite as strenuously half a century ago against the introduction of railroads here and prophesied the ruin of the country as the result of their adoption, and we may meet with success by inducing them to see things as they are.

MAYOR FELL AND HIS METHODS.

The outcome of the meeting at the city hall on Thursday was a surprise party for the mayor and his cronies. The gathering was convened in a surreptitious manner. Only a few of the elect were bidden to the feast. The invitations were not on tinted paper; nor were they perfumed; but they were in the handwriting of the assistant city clerk and, strange to say, were not signed. They were *anonymous!* Ratepayers may question the correctness of this assertion; but one of the invitations is before us as we write. It is as devoid of signature as the palm of the mayor's hand is of hair. We have seen at least one dozen copies of the same document and they too were unsigned. The object of the meeting was important. It was neither more nor less than a scheme to appeal to the courts to compel two-thirds of the council to yield to the *dictum* of his worship and the remaining one-third of the illustrious city fathers. The movement struck at the root of municipal institutions. Under the constitution the majority is supposed to rule. Under the constitution which Mayor Fell seeks to force on the city he and three out of nine councillors will constitute the governing power. We did not believe that a majority of the ratepayers were in favor of divesting the city corporation of any part of its delegated authority. The mayor seems to have entertained the same belief, for instead of meeting the people fairly and squarely and discussing the important matter he picked and packed a gathering of those whom he had reason to think were friends to the shallow but dangerous plot which he has evolved from the inmost recesses of his somewhat shallow mind. But his plan, like that of the mice, went "agley." The meeting—his worship's own particular meeting, drawn together for the express purpose of endorsing his illegal and arbitrary acts—went back on him. It voted down his resolution to appeal to the courts, thus showing clearly and unmistakably that the current of popular sentiment does not flow in his direction and that the ratepayers are not in favor of divesting themselves of the power to expend the civic revenue which was conferred (not without reluctance) by the legislature. But although beaten at the game in which all the points were in his favor; although checkmated by a hole-in-the-corner meeting largely composed of those whom he believed to be favorably disposed towards his aim; what did he tell those present? It makes no difference whether you pass this resolution or not—legal action to force the obnoxious scheme down ratepayers' throats will be taken. Have not things municipal come to a pleasant pass under King Fell? He who was elected as a popular representative to carry out the wishes of the ratepayers as expressed through a *majority* of the council, authoritatively tells *his own meeting* that whether it votes him up or votes him down he will continue his evil effort to break municipal institutions that refuse to bend to his demands. His worship's conduct in the council chamber on Wednesday night, when he refused to put an appeal to his ruling, for which he was moved out of the chair, was bad enough; but his declaration at Thursday's meeting was far worse. It has now begun to dawn on the mind of the public that Mr. Fell, if he cannot rule, is determined to ruin. He has shown his hand at last and the ratepayers must prepare for a determined attack on the citadel of municipal institutions. The councillors must act with vigor and resolution to prevent the consummation of what would seem to be a plot to take the control of the water works out of the hands of the corporation and place it in those of commissioners, or pass the entire property over to a joint-stock company, who will rack-rent consumers, and measure every drop of water through a meter. At all hazards the plot must be frustrated and the property of the people held sacredly for the people. The question is not now whether the Hendry scheme shall be adopted or another main laid. It has assumed a far more serious aspect, and threatens to deprive ratepayers of the constitutional right to spend their revenue. "Forewarned is forearmed."

A CHRONIC GROWLER.

In his eagerness to damage the minister of education, our evening contemporary blames that gentleman for the backwardness of certain repairs to the Central School building in consequence of which some of the departments were not in full session last week, and he takes occasion to put in print a lot of gabble about the management of the educational department which would be unworthy of any journalist but himself. Our contemporary ought certainly to know that if any blame attaches to the government at all in respect to these repairs it must lie at the door of the lands and works department; but if he will take the trouble to enquire, he will find that no blame attaches to any department, that the delayed work was an after-thought, undertaken at the urgent request of the trustees at a time when it could not but interfere with some of the classes, it was doubtless a relief to our contemporary to know that the work in question is now completed, and all the rooms ready for the reassembling of school to-morrow morning, and we suggest that instead of sitting in his den growling and misrepresenting facts and slandering individuals, he would be much better employed in taking a look through the Central School building and give his readers a description of the extensive and most useful repairs which have been made during the giving due credit therefor, if it be possible for him to do so, to the government and the trustees, all of whom certainly deserve credit for what has been accomplished. To show how untrustworthy, shall we say untruthful, our contemporary is we will simply draw our readers attention to one fact which could not have escaped him if he cared to see it, that they could have greatly increased the majority had the result of the division seemed at all doubtful, while the supporters of the measure declare that public opinion is gradually drifting to their side of the question. The mere mention of the project to the old-fashioned member is sufficient to throw him into spasms of patriotic indignation, and, in fact, conservatives of all grades profess to be able to detect in the scheme a diabolical plot to hand the country over to the natural enemies of England; so the sentiment of the houses of lords on the matter can be easily obtained. When the scheme was first outlined there was serious discussion and it was found that Englishmen were not wanting who would put their money into it. The rage of the alarmists arose to grandly ludicrous proportions. A pamphlet, *brochure*, in the style of the Battle of Dorking, portrays the machinations for a seizure of the tunnel by the wily Frenchman a little while after British capital has completed it, the unsuccessful attempts of heroic English railway servants to drown the invading Gauls by letting in the English channel on them, the final subjection of Albion and the ultimate doom of all the inhabitants of the British Isles to wear wooden shoes and eat frogs for evermore. The best engineering talent of the nation, says the secretary, Sir Edward Watkin, introducer of the bill, having set all objections as to the physical difficulties at rest, plans for the construction of the tunnel are being put into such a state of perfection as to permit of the work being begun to-morrow and money in abundance has been pledged in advance. All that is lacking is the accession of common sense to a majority of the legislators. That the tunnel will ultimately be built there is not a shadow of a doubt; but there is, unfortunately, too much reason to believe that the prejudice and fears of the Gallophobists will delay its commencement for some years to come. However, we are doing our best to combat the objections and quiet the alarms of the old crusted-port-wine-drinking gentry, the counterparts of those who fought quite as strenuously half a century ago against the introduction of railroads here and prophesied the ruin of the country as the result of their adoption, and we may meet with success by inducing them to see things as they are.

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Iceland is again made a centre of public attention by the doleful reports that come from its barren shores. The Icelandic emigrants, whose statements were lately reported from Quebec, are not alone in describing the country as gloomy and unpromising in the extreme. The accounts of different parties of Icelanders who have lately arrived in Great Britain and America unite, with those of tourists in describing the condition of affairs in all parts of the lonely island as about the worst on record. For over a thousand years the brave northmen have been fighting with the elements to maintain their existence upon this outskirt of the habitable world. Through this long period, many conditions have constantly been against them, and there never has been a time when love of native land has not been the chief reason that prevented them from leaving *en masse*. Now, however, it appears that the matter is getting so desperate that even patriotism will not constrain them to remain much longer. Some time since there was talk of making arrangements whereby a large majority of these hardy islanders would transfer their residence to North America, and, if the plan can be perfected in time, it will probably be carried out before another winter. The 75,000 or more Icelanders would make a most valuable addition to the population of any country. They are very strong and natural lovers of hard work.

A case of rare canine intelligence reported some days ago from London finds something approaching a parallel in Canada. The London dogs, it will be remembered, brought an injured collie to the King's Cross hospital and barked at the door of the institution until their disabled friend was taken in and attended to. Here is the Canadian case. The Montreal people have opened a home for the children of the poor during the summer months at Varennes. Mr. Sinclair, the secretary to the charity, reports that on the day the home was opened a large Newfoundland dog, well up in years, entered the grounds and constituted himself assistant guardian to the children. The faithful brute is never off duty, and will not permit a stranger to approach without giving vent to his feelings in deep barks and growls. By day he remains on the verandah, carefully watching the children; by night he is in the corridor, pacing to and fro. No one seem to know where he came from, but there he remains, faithful to his self-imposed task. The committee, it is gratifying to learn, has decided to give him a home for the remainder of his days, as a reward for his faithful services. These cases of dog sense indicate a more charitable disposition on the part of quadrupeds than some bipeds possess.

The Austrian government has plainly declared that the movements contemplated by Russia will be a signal for a war, in which Austro-Hungary will stake her existence. A prince who intends to go to Sofia ought to carry in his mind a plan of campaign against a Russian invasion. He ought to know who will be his backers among the Powers, and how far the promises of Austrian and of English statesmen represent the settled policies of the countries in whose name they were made, and the general conviction of the people with regard to their interests and duties; but the prince who had thought out all this would see that his appearance at Sofia would be a signal for that general war that every one hopes to postpone. If, therefore, he were a prudent and strong man, he would keep away from Sofia until, without his initiative, the storm should break; then, perhaps, but not till then, he might offer to lead his people in their hour of supreme need, with some hope of success. This appears to be the possible explanation of that reticence on the part of Prince Alexander which Prince Ferdinand of Coburg finds so much at variance with his own garrulous pretensions.

MISLEADING THE INDIANS.

To the Editor:—An excursionist a short time ago went to Alaska, and after speaking of the wonders she has seen there, said substantially as follows:—

What a sad sight it was to see Metlakahtla abandoned. The houses, very nice, one and two stories high in some instances, had their windows and doors planked over, and the current and raspberry bushes overgrown with weeds. The place looked forlorn. An Indian was asked what it meant, and he said: "We are going to remove to a new settlement in Alaska. We intend removing the doors and windows, and having taken all we want intend setting fire to the place so that we never may come back and that no one else shall occupy them." The Metlakahtlans are now at the fisheries; they do not intend to return to Metlakahtla, but will pack their fish and other things at the fishery and go direct to the new settlement. A poor woman was crying, and she said she was crying because she and her friends had to leave their land, the home of themselves, their children and their ancestors. She was asked why she was compelled to go and she replied, "*because the government have taken our land away from us and sold it for $75,000*, and so we have to go—we have no land left to live on." She was asked how she knew this and the reply was, "all my friends say so."

A white man made an harangue to the excursionists about the treatment these Indians had received, etc.

I told this lady that it was a falsehood to say that the government had taken, or had any intention of taking, the Indian land, in fact that the reserves now being laid out and surveyed for them amounted to seventy thousand acres. I told her that it was a falsehood that the government had turned any Indians off the land, or that they had the smallest intention of doing so; in fact, that the government could not sell the Indian reserve in any way without the Indians' consent and compensation given; that it was now truly Indian property; that the Indians were as free as any white man, could come and go as they pleased; work when and where they liked, and, in fact, could go into any trade or business, if they had the ability or wish to do so, in any part of the world.

The lady, not a little surprised at learning this said: Well, we had American senators, professors and a great many people on board and they all believed falsehoods to be the truth.

Now, Mr. Editor, who has been inculcating these and other lies of a similar nature into the minds of the Metlakahtlans? These barefaced falsehoods mislead the Indians and going abroad mislead other people. By means such as these the Metlakahtlans are seduced into Alaska.

J. S. H.

August 11th, 1887.

THAT INTERMINABLE DISCUSSION.

To the Editor:—Mr. Bell attempts to-day to cloud the question of water supply in a mass of figures. I think, and most people think, that we had figures *usque ad nauseam*. "Nothing lies like figures except facts," is an old proverb. I did not intend to add any further contribution to this controversy, but am compelled to state briefly the facts of the case. Mr. Bell was employed by the council to check, examine and verify Mr. Hendry's figures, or to condemn them and his scheme *in toto*. These were my instructions to him. After the lapse of some weeks Mr. Bell reported to me, as chairman of the water works committee, as follows:

"I have the honor to report progress so far. I have examined the general principle of the proposed extension of the city water works, and approve the scheme. I find that scheme capable of further extension than the works now contemplated. I have checked the calculating in the various reports furnished me, and find them perfectly correct. An abstract of these calculations is as follows: Summer level of Elk lake, 139 feet above datum; level of low service reservoir, 135 feet over datum; difference of level 54 feet, less 10 feet of head for pumping purposes, 44 feet; distance for this head, 31,000 feet; pipe diameter, 12 inches; velocity, 1.94 feet per second; discharge, 1.51 cubic feet per second, equal to 815,400 gallons in 24 hours—enough for 16,308 people at 50 gallons per head per day.

"If the night readings of the guage are higher than those of the day, then the per centage of increased efficiency will be, in proportion, more. A new main would subserve the same purpose as the reservoir system, and the two are not capable of comparison, as the height which the water has to be raised for the higher levels and for efficient fire protection below, is above the source of the present supply."

Mr. Bell was at this time superintending the preparation of the plans, which the council thought necessary, and the result was that Hendry's plans, though only in pencil, were those adopted with very slight modification. On 7th of May the committee reported Mr. Bell's approval of Hendry's scheme and recommended that work should be proceeded with at once. This report was adopted by the council at a full meeting. Thus far Mr. Bell did his duty. He then went through his favorite performance of mathematical calculation, a very innocent amusement, but when used to deceive himself and others, as in the former report, which it will be observed is very emphatic and decisive as to the value and efficiency of Hendry's scheme, and after the expenditure by the council of the cost of preparation of plans and reports probably amounting to $1000, becomes a very serious matter to the ratepayers. The scheme formulated by Mr. Bell in to-day's COLONIST is a new one in some respects and not quite the same as that which had been before the council on various occasions. Perhaps if we are patient his love of abstruse calculations may develop some other plan. The ratepayers will no doubt think with me that *finality* is necessary and will be unwilling to waste more time and money on rival schemes. The people have voted the money necessary to carry out Hendry's scheme, and it is clear to my mind that it is the sufficient and economical one. As to cost of pumping in American cities Mr. Bell in his first letter says: "His (my) calculations in reference to the cost of pumping is not based on the actual experience of twenty-four leading American cities, because I have the same figures, and if Mr. Pearse Knew how to use them, he would find an error in his figures of 50 per cent." In his letter of to-day Mr. Bell says: "The average cost of pumping in 12 American cities (not 24) taken from Fanning's book is $16.71 per million gallons of water raised 178 feet high, a calculation good enough for a good modern engine for a lift of 200 feet."

Now taking these two statements together, it is, I think, apparent that Mr. Bell supposes me to have used "Fannings" book, and hence his dogmatic assertion. The fact is, I never saw that book, but used, with one of my colleagues, a book by Wood & Co., which gives the cost as stated by us. Mr. Bell has been convicted of more than one error in his calculations as to head, etc., whilst poor Mr. Hendry's scheme has triumphantly passed the ordeal of an examination by the board of honorary engineers, by Mr. Pickering, *and by Mr. Bell himself!* A word as to alleged discourtesy. I plead guilty to having used a "slang," though not die courteous, and certainly expressive sentence, "knock the bottom out." When Mr. Bell's report of 27th July last, which should have been addressed to me, in accordance with his invariable previous custom, was read in council, any one could see that the impression produced was unfavorable to the writer, and I confess I did think that the use of such expressions as the following: "The water committee's reference to Mr. Mahood's diagram proves that neither Mr. Mahood nor the committee know the difference between the hydraulic grade of a pipe and the plane of the celestial equator," "A sample of 'mental fog' and unimaginative idiotic drivel," "is simply a senseless non *sequitur*," used in a report by a consulting engineer to his employers, justified me in thinking that the writer of them was under the influence of stimulants, outside his own brain power. If Mr. Bell is aggrieved at the action of the committee, he has only himself to blame. He made a report which was either well-considered or the reverse, approving of Hendry's scheme, and he not only approved it, but *checked and verified it*. Very shortly afterwards, he pulls the whole thing to pieces and renders himself ridiculous in the eyes of the people by saying it was only a progress report. If the report was well-considered, and I think it was, then the scheme is a good one. If it was not well considered, the writer can not expect to escape the blame which must attach to him for reporting a bad and unworkable scheme as a good one, and he cannot blame the people for attributing such a complete change of front to some motive which has exercised an influence over him, and over those with whom he appears to be working, to defeat an economical and for some time to come efficient scheme, the preparation of which, up to a recent date, has not cost the city a penny.

I will now, in conclusion, briefly examine Mr. Bell's proposed scheme, as enunciated in to-day's COLONIST, with Mr. Hendry's assistance. Mr. Bell's scheme is this: Cut the main at Queen's avenue, pump to a high level reservoir the water necessary to supply all levels over 100 ft. above high water, all lower levels to be supplied by gravitation as at present, except in case of fire. The amount of pumping required for a long time to come would not exceed 240,000 gallons per day as a maximum. The working of this scheme involves the supply of any quantity less than 1,750,000 gallons in 24 hours, of which 240,000 gallons would be pumped to the higher levels. Mr. Bell then goes into a mass of figures about cost of pumping, which we have shown, not from our own theories, but from actual experience in 24 American cities, with the most modern machinery, to be as stated in our report, i. e., $10,433 per annum.

Now suppose the main cut as proposed by Mr. Bell, we can readily understand that we would be relieved of the water supplied, and a pump of sufficient power run continuously, that the whole of the water can be raised to the upper reservoir at a height of 225 feet—cost being no consideration. The main being cut, where is the head for a supply to lower levels by gravitation? There is none. The main being cut there is no head, and therefore no pressure to perform the work required by gravitation. If the pumping engine be not run continuously, or a reservoir built at that point to receive the discharge from the main, when engine is stopped (it being designed only to run about six hours daily) the quantity, 1,750,000 gallons, cannot be delivered at that point by present 12-inch main. Mr. Bell also states distinctly that the city up to the 100-foot level is to be supplied by gravitation. Why, if we want to pump one million gallons (this corrected statement) above that point seeing that 75 per cent of the population is below that point? And yet he goes on to state that 240 000 gallons is the greatest quantity which would require to be pumped above the 100-foot level! Should Mr. Bell by another change of point say that he intends to let the main deliver as at present during the day, and with a pumping reservoir at night, then it is clear that his calculation of quantity delivered into the city by present main, viz., 1,750,000 gallons in 24 hours, is erroneous. Mr. Bell's statement that the single reservoir system will cost $50,000 less than the dual system is nothing less than absurd, seeing that the whole cost of the high service reservoir will not exceed $4,860 (vide report to council), whilst the probable cost of the present low level reservoir will be about equal to the one of nearly similar capacity required by Mr. Bell's scheme. In the interest of the public I have had to deal *candidly* with the scheme of a "responsible hydraulic engineer," and can only hope that this question of water supply may be carefully settled by each citizen of Victoria, so that each may be able to vote intelligently on the subject at a future time.

B. W. Pearse.

Fernwood, 10th August, 1887.

LATE CANADIAN NEWS.

ONTARIO.

It is believed the election in Ottawa county will take place on the 30th inst.

Owing to the continued dry weather the milk supply in Toronto is not equal to the demand and the prospect for the coming winter for the milk and butter supply is very poor.

Geo. Beacroft, of Port Huron, has been jailed at Sarnia on the charge of passing counterfeit money. Several hundred dollars of counterfeit money were found on him.

It is reported that vast beds of anthracite coal of the finest sort have been discovered nine miles from Campbellford, near Kingston. The discovery was made on a farm by a doctor. The coal-beds, which are said to be wonderfully large, are near the iron mines.

A sensational report comes from Seymour, of a man being found dead in the woods with a child playing beside the dead body, but too young to convey any information. An investigation is being held.

Mrs. S. G. Zealand, whose husband and child were burned to death in the late railway holocaust at St. Thomas, died from the effects of injuries sustained in the same accident.

Mining operations in North Hastings are booming. H. A. Ritchie, president of the Central Ontario Railway, will open the Baker iron mine in a few days. J. B. McMillan, late superintendent of the same road, has bought a gold mine near Bannockburn which he will operate at once. The ore will be sent to a crusher at Malone. The St. Charles mine will also be opened at once.

QUEBEC.

It is stated that Lieut.-Governor Masson will withdraw his resignation and accept a six months' leave of absence and resume his duties at the end of that time.

Mrs. Breman visited St. Helen's Island on Tuesday. While her boy was bathing in the river and was being swept away by the current, the mother went to the rescue and both were drowned.

St. Sauveur is agitated over a sensational kidnapping case. While a young man and woman were out for a walk one day they drove up in a carriage. They drove the man off and ran off with the girl, who belongs to a good family. There is no trace of the captors.

It is understood that writs for Charlevoix and Dorchester counties, vacant at present, will be issued immediately. The elections take place in the latter end of this month.

MANITOBA.

John Kennedy, a C. P. R. sectionman, was killed by the yard engine at Winnipeg. He leaves a wife and ten children.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The fisheries department is advised of the detention at Sorin of the U. S. fishing vessel J. H. G. Pekins, for shipping men there. The matter has been referred to the department of justice.

Capt. Quigley, of the cruiser Houlett, has been sent to Tignish to watch the Americans, who have been purchasing supplies. They were in the habit of landing ostensibly for the mails, but would purchase supplies and have them expressed to a distance from the store, when a boat from the vessel would land and convey all the necessaries on board. They (the Americans) have about, when ashore, taken general charge of the place, destroying property. Since Capt. Quigley's arrival things have changed. If any Americans are ashore after sundown some of the cruiser's crew are with them to prevent any violation of the law.

Secretary Whitney is very much put out at the way in which Admiral Luce has taken authority to himself in asking questions of Captain Scott. Whitney has instructed Admiral Luce to recall his questions as far as possible and suggested that Captain Scott was not the person to whom they should be made, even if he (Luce) was the person to make them, which he was not.

A Fredericton paper tells of a six-year-old girl near there who weighs over 100 pounds and has six toes on each foot and six fingers on each hand.

THE LOVERS' GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night! And yet I would linger still,
For there lurks in the throes a strange and thrill
Overshadowing love's delight;
And never, sweetheart, since Romeo
To Juliet murmured it long ago
Was it harder to say, good-night!

Soft quives the moonbeams through the
[illegible]
But a device fairer troubles and chines
In your eyes, tear-dimmed, yet bright;
And, like the flush of the day's first dawn,
The rose on your cheek blooms quick and
is gone.
Good-night, my darling, good-night!

Bad as the miser's Heaven the lands
But sadder the clasp of trembling hands,
The brown one holding the white,
And our hearts cling closer than ever before.
As those sorrowful words are uttered
once more:
"Good-night, dear love, good-night!"

Tossed by the breeze, the jasmines pour
Their perfume down by the cottage door
From petals of creamy light;
But these sweets are mixed with a sense
of pain
For love's sweet part, though to meet again.
Good-night, sweet blossom, good-night!

From leaf to leaf, and from spray to spray,
The dew-spires dance in their twinkling
play—
Now here, and now lost to sight;
But purer pearls are the tears that shine
In your beautiful eyes, upturned to mine,
Good-night, bright weeper, good-night!

But the moon will wane in an hour or
more,
Will rejoice in the new dawn's light;
So love will slumber, so love's sleep beam
In the trust and truth of its waking
dream.
Good-night, beloved, good-night!

A DINNER AND A KISS.

"I have brought your dinner, father."
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arm a kettle
And lifted its shining lid.
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you the kiss."
And upon his tell-worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith tore off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food.
While all about were visions
Full of prophetic bliss,
But he never thought of the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging
Merrily trudged away,
Stopped at the sight of a squirrel,
Or nodding some wild bird's gay,
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

A Well Bred Man.

During a defeniner a swell, conversing with Father Tom Burke, the great Dominican, spoke of a cousin of Father Burke's as "your cousin."

"Oh, shure, I have no relatives in the army," was the reply, "who ever got higher than a corporal, but my family are certainly the best bred Burkes in Galway."

The point of the pun is that Father Burke's father, "Old Walt," was a baker of Dominick street, in that town, an austere, good-natured miser, remarkably fond of music, and devoted to his family.

THE MURDER OF ARCHBISHOP SEGHERS.

"Leaves have their time to fall
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

We know not where moonbeams wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's sere shall tinge the forest leaf,
But we know where we look for thee!

How sharply, how clearly, how vividly in the weird truth expressed in Mrs. Hemans' exquisite lines brought home to all whose hearts have been chilled by the announcement of the tragic ending of the saintly prelate murdered in the far-off regions of the north. How magnificent, contrasted with truth, some of the exaggerations and romance in depicting honor. How "fair, stale and unprofitable" the death scenes of the most courageous of wordly heroes, surrounded though it be with a crimson setting of slaughtered foes, to the death scene of the now immortal and always saintly Archbishop Seghers.

What element of terror that romance could resolve is lacking here? The huge shadows of a swartzen wald, where trees gigantic crowd close around the rude tent where sleep the tired travellers of the northern land; mountains whose snow-clad tops seem to pierce the very heavens; mountains whose rugged granite base seem fit to be the abode of all the demons of the pit! A roaring torrent from distant heights, with many roar seems to come to the ears of a thousand imprisoned beings. Wild shapes noiseless by moving over the fresh fallen snow, winds moaning down the great canyons from the north, skies dark with sombre clouds; all these are there, fit setting for the tragedy of which we write.

Look, the soft-fanned robe that hangs tang form the door of the missionary's tent moves as the tent is thrown back and a face peers forth upon the darkness scared disturbed by the dawn of commencing day. A face whiter than the snow around it, lit up though it is with the fires of hell. Look at the scene within; four tired forms lie in a semi-circle sleeping, their feet towards a smouldering fire near burned down. Look at the central figure there; it is the Adelhidmon! the good Archbishop, who, in the prime of manhood, thrusting aside all the allurements of civilized life, the glory and power of prelacy, who with a mind exquisitely attuned to enjoy that attrition that comes from contact with trained intellectuality, has left all, all that he may, as an humble missionary, live and die in the wilderness the glad tidings of Christ to heathens to whom he will have said keep His word.

Go for the pen of a Hugo, that I might fittingly delineate the blood lineaments of the sleeping saint, its innocence its tray quility, its joy. Dreaming, perhaps, of his boyhood's home so far, far away; smiling fondly as in dreamy thought he feels again the kiss of mother's lips. Again, in holy contemplation lost, he seems to dream of the happy days when, in the first blush of manhood, he vowed his heart, his life, his soul to God, for God and man. But hark! a stealthy tread breaks the stillness of the air, and the figure of him whose baleful face we saw peering from the door is seen approaching the sleeping group; nearer and nearer it draws, the fire is reached. It halts. From the folds of its cloak it takes the deadly rifle, and with eyes aflame glancing along the gleaming barrel, its lips scarcely moving, it whispers hoarsely: "Archbishop, awake! Archbishop awake!"

O my God, what a sight for angels! and demons to behold!

There, erect, rigid in his fell purpose, the murderer Fuller stands; there, in the innocent sleep of Christian purity, lies the priest of Christ. A moment more and the blue eyes of the missionary unclose. To what? To gaze into the valley of death! Ah, now is seen the contrast of the world, and the Christian death. Through that bright intellect, in that moment of time flashes the knowledge that for him his hour has come—a regretful thought for the imperfections of the past, and ardent aspiration for the eternal future, and then, calmly folding his hands in the form of the emblem of salvation, he bows his head, and while yet tremblies on his lips the prayer for his murderer, he knows not what he does, he dies. Quick as the flash of the rifle that pure and noble soul has gone before its God, while the murderer, now all unnerved, stands stupefied, by what he has dared to do, and is borne to the ground by the now aroused and horrified Indians, who scarce comprehend the awful deed committed.

Need we follow the sad tragedy further? Need we tell how, for many weary days the faithful heart-broken Indian boys their beloved dead over the dreary wastes of snow, Indian sheep breaking the trail, dogs, with the little sled, bearing the form of the Indian's friend, following Indians behind, sorrowfully following as funeral train; and away far away in the rear the Indians would not let him come near—name the unfortunate being whose sinful act has caused a world to mourn. Oh, what a walk that must have been to all, but most of all to him, the murderer. Shunned by the very savages, on he follows, fearful to be left alone with the demons of his thoughts, now a mocking demon. Falls there a limb from the tree he passes, he starts as though his time had come; rushes there across his path a harmless animal of the forest, he shudders as though he would dissolve. The moaning wind seems to curse him. All nature, that of late looked to him so beautiful and grand, now seem to be given tongues to cry him down. At night he was motioned by the Indians to camp away from them, to come not near; they treat him like an infected thing. His food they leave, for him to find, and haste away for fear they would see his accursed face. And this goes on for weeks, for months. My God, what must the mind of that man be? Outcast by all the world, on he wanders and on. Only can imagine him crying in remorseful agony:

"Lost! lost! lost!
O God, forever lost!"

—*F. W. G. in the Catholic Sentinel*

THE DEN OF ROBBERS.

A lonely farm-house among the solitudes, with wild, vapor-crowned hills surrounding it, and the weird hush of fossy twilight on the steep gorges beyond; a sunset all purple and gold, with masses of bright-edged clouds piled above; and the wall of forest closing the landscape darkly. In Flora Montcalm had seen many a "Twilight" on the walls of picture galleries and artists' studios, but she never saw one that impressed her with such a sense of mystery and gloom as this.

She had been crossing the mountains from the obscure little railroad station at Howlet's Hollow to the Gothic cottage among the glens of the Adirondacks, where, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," her aunt and cousins were spending the summer. And just at this stage of their journey, about half way, the rickety old vehicle had chosen to break down, leaving her no alternative but to pass the night at the nearest place of shelter.

"There's a blacksmith shop three miles beyond," suggested her charioteer, a red-haired, freckled-faced giant of two or three and twenty; "but we can't get it fixed up afore to-morrow morning anyway, as I see; and Bezaleel Hopkin's folks they'll keep ye all night, Miss, and glad o' the chance."

Flora glanced timidly at the one-story farm house, with its steep, sloping roof overgrown with patches of different colored moss and lichens and house leeks, and its one huge chimney outlined against the stormy s