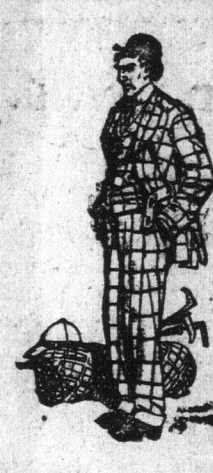




George Ade IN... PASTURES NEW



NAPLES—and Mr. Peasley is still with us.

We waited for him in London until he recovered his lost trunk, and he was so grateful that he decided to go along with us.

He said that he was foot-loose and without any definite plans and it always made him feel more at home to travel with people who were just as green and as much scared as he was.

A week ago we were in London—shining about in the damp and dismal mixture of mud and snow which lined the dark thoroughfares.

This morning we are basking in the crystal sunlight of Naples—the blue bay with the white walls of the mounting city on the other. Vesuvius looming in the distance behind a hazy curtain and tourists crowding the landscape in the immediate foreground.

Three big steamers are lying at anchor within the breakwater—one from Genoa, one from Marseilles and one from New York—and all heavily laden with Americans, some sixty of whom will be our fellow passengers to Alexandria. The hotels are overcrowded with Yankee pilgrims, and every Neapolitan who has imitation coral and celadon tortoise shell for sale is wearing an expectant smile.

The jack rabbit horses attached to the ramshackle little victorias lean wearily in their shafts, for these are busy days. The harvest days are at hand. The Americans have come. An English woman who had seen the hordes on the streets here remarked to a friend this morning, "It must be awfully lonesome in America just at present."

And she meant it, too.

It has been a fairly busy week for Mr. Peasley. Mr. Peasley is addicted to the habit of taking notes. Every night at the hotel he takes out a small leather bound book, presented to him by an insurance company in America in appreciation of the fact that he has paid the company all his ready money for the last fifteen years, and in this small volume he jots down brief memoranda of anything thrilling that has happened to him during the day, or some detailed information regarding the sights that strike him as being truly wonderful.

Mr. Peasley has a terse style. Sometimes he uses abbreviations. His English is not of the most scholarly brand. As he is merely writing for himself it makes no difference.

The Peasley notebook, after twenty days in Europe, is full of meaty information and contains many a flash of life in the Old World. By permission we are reproducing it herewith. The author admits that his composition is jerky in spots, but he believes in the tabloid method of administering useful knowledge.

London.

"By Warrant. Every man in London who sells anything, from a collar button to a chariot-and-four, does so 'by appointment' or 'by warrant.' Poor man opens shop, business bad. He is trying to sell shaving soap. One day royal personage floats in and buys a cake for 6d., whatever that means. Dealer puts out gold sign to effect that he is supplying 'royalty' with latter. Public breaks down showcases getting at his merchandise. All true 'democratic' theoretically, but in this second hand worship of royalty, but just the same, take notice that the shops with the rarest uniforms in front and the testimonials from their Royal Majesties are the ones that catch the humble American tourist."

Opera Hats.—Wandered into a hat store and discovered, to my amazement, that the proprietor was the inventor of the opera, or concealing, hat. Surprised; always supposed that at least



NAPLES—AND MR. PEASLEY IS STILL WITH US

a dozen men had worked on it. Establishment had documents to prove that the first folding hat had been manufactured on the very spot where I stood. Proprietor has not yet been knighted—probably an oversight.

Rubber pavement.—The large covered court of the Savoy Hotel is paved with blocks of soft rubber three feet square. Constant procession of cabs in and out of court, and rubber deadens sound. Good idea—should be used in all streets of New York. New cab horse comes along—never has tackled rubber pavement—is "clattering" along noisily over the asphalt—suddenly hits the soft rubber and begins to bounce up and down like a tennis ball. Strange look comes into horse's eye—and "he crouches like a rabbit, looks over his shoulder at the driver and seems to be asking, 'What am I up against?' Mean trick to play on a green horse. Should be a warning sign displayed.

"Famine in Trousers."—One type of English chappie, too old for bread and jam and not quite old enough for music-halls, wears extraordinary trousers—legs very narrow and reared above tops of shoes (I mean boots)—causes them to look thin and birdlike.

English Drama.—Saw new problem play last evening. New plays, but the same old bunch of trouble. Each principal character failed to marry the person of the opposite sex with whom he or she was really in love. Marriages did not interfere with love affairs, but helped to complicate the plot. Discovers why we never can have a great native drama in the States—we have no open fireplaces in which to destroy the incriminating papers. Impossible to destroy papers at a steam radiator.

L. C. C.—In musical comedies, pantomimes and at music halls many sarcastic references to L. C. C., meaning London County Council. Council is the ploughshare of modern progress, tearing down old buildings, putting up new buildings and spending money like a sailor on a holiday. Their extravaganzas have given great offense to the low comedians and other heavy ratepayers, while the very poor people, who are getting parks, sunshine and shower

baths free of charge, bless the L. C. C. and tastes like the day after taking cologne. Thought that horse-drawn might improve, modify or altogether kill the taste, so I tried to order some. Knew that "horse" was "cheval" and "red" was rouge, but could not think of the French for "fish," so I had to do without. Somewhat discouraged about my French. Almost as bad as former American consul, who, after eight years in Paris, had to send for an interpreter to find out what "poulet" meant. Have got "merci" down pat, but still pronounce it "mercy."

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Naples.

"The Ship's Barber." Coming across from Marseilles in the damper (Germ. for boat) the weather moderated so that I needed only one overcoat. Got acquainted with Barber. Often have some trouble about the hair, so I can usually hit it off with the barberhood. Barber is a bureau of information, headquarters for scandal and knows what the rum is going to be. The barber on our damper no good. Shy on conversation, but great on arithmetic. Charged me two francs for a shave and when I suggested that he was rather high he said he was compelled to ask one franc and thirty centimes for the extract of vanilla he had put on my hair. Told him I did not want any extract of vanilla, but he said there was no way of getting it back into the bottle. Besides, he had the money, so we compromised by permitting him to keep it. Said he longed to go to America. I told him there would probably be an opening in America for any one so energetic and muscular, and I promised to give him a letter to Armour & Co., of Chicago.

"Free Fireworks." A full roundup miles out at sea we could make out an irregular oval of fire suspended in the sky—the two streams of lava now trickling down Vesuvius. Finest landmark and sailing target a sailor could ask for. When we were forty miles away we wanted the captain to slow up for fear he would run into the mountain and inflame it. Next morning in harbor we discovered that we were still ten miles away from it.

"The New Naples."—In ten years Naples has done a lot of sprucing up. Streets are cleaner, new and pretentious buildings have multiplied, smells have been eliminated. Guides, beggars and cabmen not so pestiferous as of yore, but still had enough to deserve electro-

hacks. Thirty cents would seem a reasonable charge, but not after you have seen the hack. The smaller the horse in Naples the heavier the harness. Evidently a desire to have about the same total weight in each case.

"Emigrants."—Alongside of our ship lay a German steamer about to sail for America. The tender made trips to and from the dock, and every time she came out she was filled to the last inch with Italian emigrants. We saw hundreds of them disappear into the ship, so many it seemed they must have been packed in below by hydraulic pressure. Otherwise there wouldn't have been room for them. All headed for the land of the free to build railroads. Englishman wanted to know why there was such heavy emigrant traffic at this particular season. Told him they were hurrying over to vote at the April election in Chicago. He believed it. Come to think of it, I believe it myself."

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GOLDSTREAM

A FINE drive from the city, 20 minutes by E. & N. Ry. High-Class Hotel. Every Comfort. Lunches and Dinners a Specialty. Wines, Liquors, Etc., of the best. Good Stabling.

GOLDSTREAM HOTEL.
Under new management
A. SLATER, Proprietor.

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Dated March 20, 1906.
F. L. WOLFENDEN,
W. A. MILLINGTON.

Witness: W. C. Morphy.

NOTICE

In the Estate of Goodwin Purcell (deceased):

NOTICE is hereby given, pursuant to the "Trusts and Executors Act," that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Goodwin Purcell, who died on the 18th day of February, A. D. 1906, are required to send in their claims duly verified, on or before the 5th day of May, A. D. 1906, to Messrs. McBride & Kennedy, New Westminster, Solicitors for Augustin Donsenwill, Roman Catholic Bishop of New Westminster, executor of the estate of the said Goodwin Purcell, deceased.

AND NOTICE is hereby further given, that immediately after said date, the said Executor will proceed to distribute the estate among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice, and that he, the said executor, will not be held liable for the assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons whose claims shall not have been received by him at the time of distribution.

Dated this 27th day of March, A. D. 1906.

MCBRIDE & KENNEDY,
New Westminster,
Solicitors for the Executor.

R. ANGUS
51 Wharf Street, Victoria

RAGS WANTED

AT THE

COLONIST OFFICE



PROMISED LETTER TO ARMOUR & CO. CHICAGO

"Just for Fun."—Strange epidemic of killing in Paris. Two or three murders every night, committed in revenge or in a morbid desire to take life. Among certain reckless classes toughs, or "foot-loose," it is said to be quite the fashion for ambitious characters to go out at night and kill a few belated pedestrians merely in a spirit of bravado and to build up a reputation among their associates. Seems unfair to the pedestrians. At one of the theatres where a "revue," a lodge-podge "take-off" of many topics of current interest, was being represented the new type of playful murder was represented as waiting at a corner, shooting up, one after another, some twenty-five citizens who chanced to stray along. The performance was almost as good as the Buffalo Bill show and gave much delight to the audience.

"Costly Slumber."—From Paris to Marseilles is about as far as from Chicago to Pittsburgh. Sleeping car fare is about \$10; total fare by night train, about \$30. Two cents a pound for all baggage in excess of a meagre fifty-six pounds. No wonder people travel by day in the refrigerator cars and try to keep warm by crawling under hundreds of pounds of food and luggage. Any thing with a handle to it is "hand luggage." Some of the cowhide bags must have been used up two or three times.

"The Habit."—The habit has struck Paris. At Grand hotel and many cafes general round-up about five in the afternoon, every one gulping out and eating cakes. Not as demoralizing as the absinthe habit, but more insidious.

"American Music."—After a "coon" song has earned a pension in the United States it comes over to Paris and is grabbed up as a startling novelty. All the "revues" studded with songs popular at home about two years ago. Frenchmen believe that all Americans devote themselves, day in and day out, to accumulating vast wealth and singing coon songs.

"Oysters."—Went to famous fish and oyster restaurant for dinner. The Gallic oyster wears a deep blush of shame

and tastes like the day after taking cologne. Thought that horse-drawn might improve, modify or altogether kill the taste, so I tried to order some. Knew that "horse" was "cheval" and "red" was rouge, but could not think of the French for "fish," so I had to do without. Somewhat discouraged about my French. Almost as bad as former American consul, who, after eight years in Paris, had to send for an interpreter to find out what "poulet" meant. Have got "merci" down pat, but still pronounce it "mercy."

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