

SENSATIONAL ESCAPE OF MAN HELD FOR MURDER

Winnipeg, Jan. 10. — Within 12 hours after his committal on a charge of murdering H. M. Arnold, manager of the Ban of Montreal at Plum Coulee, on Dec. 3, John Krafchenko, a dangerous criminal, escaped from the city jail at 2:30 o'clock in the morning.

After his trial yesterday afternoon Krafchenko was lodged by the police in what is known as "the old kitchen," on the second floor of the Rupert street jail. Two armed officers were placed with him. Suddenly, shortly after 2 o'clock in the morning Krafchenko produced an automatic gun which, in some manner, had been smuggled to him by friends.

Krafchenko was walking nervously around his room, with the two officers sitting in one of the two beds in the big cell. Suddenly Krafchenko walked to the end of the room as far away from the guards as possible. Wheeling around suddenly he presented a revolver to the eyes of his astonished guards. He was grinning. Krafchenko spoke low and deliberately:

"Fellows, I'm going out of here. The man who tries to stop me dies. Get back into that closet and if you move I'll kill you. Remember, I go out or die."

The two guards were so amazed they obeyed mechanically, backing into a small closet at the end of the room. Then the murderer went on deliberately with his plot to escape.

"Give me that key," he cried to his prisoners on whom he had so suddenly turned the tables. "Throw it over and be quick about it," said the man as one of the officers hesitated. Jack advanced closer but not so as to enable the men to spring on him, he kept the gun levelled at them and was most alert. With death staring him in the face one of the men reached into his pocket and tossed the key on the floor. He unlocked the cell door, passed out and locked it again. To the window he attached a cord and quickly lowered himself, and was taken away in an automobile which was in waiting.

The provincial government is offering a reward of \$5000 for his capture.

INDIAN WEATHER FORECAST

Dane, Jan. 8.—The government's of all civilized countries have their meteorological offices on which barrels of money are spent yearly to get the weather probabilities 24 hours in advance. About 90 per cent of these are fully verified and partly verified. But the Indians of this north land have them all beaten, for they forecast the weather months ahead, and while some may smile at the alleged weather wisdom of the aborigines, old hunters, trappers and settlers place a good deal of reliance in them.

Down here in the big boarding house where those bound for Larder Lake jump off the train and pass a night before hitting the trail that leads to the gold fields sat Levi, some of whose ancestors fought with Brant, Bill Macdonald, an old prospector, and a few others.

"What sort of weather do you suppose we'll have this winter?" said Bill to Levi.

"I killed no moose this season," answered Levi as he puffed a cloud of tobacco smoke across the stove, "but the Indians that have killed them say it's going to be mild. I shot a rabbit last week, though, and the fur was white, but only for half an inch or so. It will be pretty mild, I think."

"What do the Indians say?"

"Pretty mild," was the answer. "The moose tell them so."

"How do they tell them?"

Then he explained that what the whites term the melt in a hog is also present in the moose. Just what use it is in the anatomy of the pig or the moose he could not say; probably something like an appendix in the genus homo — no one appears to know. It is a flat piece of grey-colored flesh that lies along the stomach. In the moose it is about ten inches long, a couple of inches broad and of somewhat irregular thickness; one end is slightly smaller than the other. In fact, it somewhat resembles a pig's tongue. Sometimes the smaller end lies towards the animal's head and at others it is reversed. From this and its thickness, as well as color, the Indian predicts the weather to be expected during the winter.

It is a strange fact that amongst the Germans of old Ontario the very same superstition, or whatever one likes to term it, prevails. After all, perhaps the weather bureau doesn't know it all.

THEY MAKE HIM WEEP

Before us is a fashion plate. We suppose some women will wear clothes like those depicted thereon, but if they do, it is to be hoped they will kindly give public notice, so that people with skittish motor cars may keep them from bolting, and those who have weak hearts may be forewarned so as to stay in the house. Grace and beauty have from time immemorial been the attributes of lovely women, and are yet of some of the sex, for which we sincerely hope we are duly thankful; but how can a woman be graceful when she has to waddle like a duck if she wishes to make progress in the street? How can she be beautiful if she hangs glorified potato sacks on her head and calls them clothes? One day the dear creatures will awaken to the realization of the fact that they are making caricatures of themselves. There have been foolish crazes in dress before today. The Empress Eugenie, who it was whispered was bowlegged, made crinoline the rage, and it became an abomination to the eye after a time. The Grecian bend was once very much a la mode, but a woman in a Grecian bend would be considered a freak nowadays. Then came the era of the pullback, which ran its brief day. The abominations of today have nearly reached the limit, and when they have reached it, what will happen? We do not know, we do not profess to guess. There is only one satisfaction about it, and that arises from the knowledge that whatever fashion may have in store for us, it cannot be any uglier than that where with she vexes our eyes now.—Victoria Colonist.

G. N. SAID TO BE BACK OF FERNIE LINE

(Calgary News-Telegram)

What is said in railway circles, to be a move by the Great Northern to enter Alberta in the spring and build from the border to Calgary and also west to Fernie has just come to light. The Calgary and Fernie Railway company, which was incorporated in 1906, will apply to parliament at the next session for amendments to its charter. The railway will change its head office from Fernie to Calgary and will build a line from Calgary south to a point near Lethbridge and thence west to Fernie. It is stated that the Great Northern will link up with the road with a branch from Montana at a point in southern Alberta and that later the Hill interests will take over the entire road.

It is a fact that the Fernie and Calgary railway has suddenly shown life. It is also a fact that they will apply to parliament for power to issue securities not to exceed \$60,000 per mile, and for power to enter into contracts with other railways. A railway authority states that he has been informed that the Fernie and Calgary railway company has received from Louis Hill tempting offers of financial support to proceed with the construction of their railway from this city to Fernie. It is the intention of the Great Northern, he states, to link up with the Fernie-Calgary road when completed at the eastern end by a branch from Great Falls, and also at the west end with a branch from the Jim Hill railway at Nelson.

The company are asking parliament for an extension of time for the completion of the road and if the amendments are granted the road will commence construction work in the early spring.

Must Not Form Police Union

London, Jan. 12.—We nearly had a comic episode this week, and one which will be sure to come into all the pantomimes and be handled by all the writers of revues — namely, attempts to form a union among the police with the possibility of a strike. The public first realized the situation by the announcement that the commissioner of police had caused a notification to be read at all the police stations in the metropolis notifying the men that it had come to his knowledge that attempts had been made to induce constables to join a police union or federation, and he therefore called their attention to the fact that any member of the force joining such an organization himself or inducing others to join would expose himself to disciplinary measures which might entail dismissal from the force.

LONDON'S HAPPY POOR

A London clergyman, whose work is in the East End of London, has this to say concerning his experiences of London's poor:

I have lived in the East End of London for a large number of years,

and during this time a most impressive fact has been borne upon me — namely, that it is not necessary to be rich in order to be happy. Many of those who have dwelt, as I have, among the poorest in the land, whether in London, or the overcrowded suburbs of provincial towns, or impoverished villages, assert that it is not even necessary to be "comfortably off."

Happiness, like affection, has nothing to do with the guineas. Within my squalid area, there is vice of every kind—gambling, swearing, drinking, fighting—but behind all there is the joy of life, and that, I consider, is the main thing.

My people never seem to go to bed. I hear them outside my window at all times, except, perhaps, between 4 and 6 a.m. It takes some getting used to, but I don't despise their pleasure merely because they do not happen to represent my own. I like to hear them shouting. It does them good.

Of course, I am not defending wrong doing. But if it's true that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, it is true also that you cannot make a conventional saint out of a man who has been born in London slums, with hooligans for neighbors. It is the sullen, sly customer object to—not the lusty brawler whose unhappy point of view is nevertheless allied to a redeeming sense of the joy of living.

Many people cannot grasp the fact. They cannot understand how an East End glorifies in his humble home and can be as patriotic over his street as a king in his castle. As the residents of Mayfair will gladly turn westwards from a pilgrimage to the east, so the cockney will rejoice to find himself facing East after a visit to the West. It is just instinct, the call of the soil. It is the stuff that makes good soldiers.

Nonsense! you may say. It is discipline that makes a soldier worthy to hold a gun. Granted. But if that discipline is not backed by native enthusiasm, you will never secure victories like those of Trafalgar and Waterloo.

Naturally, the spirit isn't always the same. There are different grades among the poor as there are among the rich. Take the south Londoner, as an example, and compare him with the East End cockney. I have had experience of both, and I possess a strong affection for both. But if I had to lead an army composed of either one or the other, I should select my cockney friend, despite the fact that he would probably have less muscle.

Wars, whether physical or otherwise, are not won by the mere strength of arm. They are won by grit, doggedness and determination. These qualities are rife in the East End of London.

Fighting is a favorite diversion. I rarely interpose. Another man might consider it his duty to attempt to interfere, as, of course, I should myself in a really ugly affray. But you won't stop fighting, or any other unfortunate form of "entertainment," by crying out, "My dear sirs, this is very wrong of you!" A man who has the fighting instinct in him must work it out of himself one way or another until he gains a more profitable spirit to take its place. You must dig at the very root of the man, and get him to join in the digging if possible.

But, in the meantime, who with an ounce of humanity can blame an ill-nourished tree for bearing poor fruit? Well, I cannot.

I accompanied a party of East End boys last summer for a holiday in Dorsetshire. We thought the splendid scenery would do them good and give them something healthy to think about. They did nothing of the sort. The boys were bored to death with their quiet surroundings, went into the towns to find picture palaces and quarreled lustily. As for myself, I returned home an absolute wreck.

These boys should have had South-end.

According to my experience, the finest grit exists among those who are the most downtrodden. I am quite aware that Waterloo is supposed to have been won "on the playing fields of Eton," but I'll warrant a considerable number of battles have been won by those whose playgrounds were not green fields but muddy streets and alleys. Grit is a necessity there. At Eton, it is a luxury.

Los Angeles, Jan. 12.—Wong Yim, a Chinese woman, today filed in the superior court a petition for permission to adopt Lucia Ramirez, a three weeks' old Mexican senorita now in a foundling asylum. Mrs. Wong wants to change the girl's name to Wong Jim. The court ordered a hearing at a date to be set.

Not Worth Paying For

Ed and Joe were walking along a country road one hot day in July and became very thirsty, but could not find any water. Coming at last to a farmer's house and noticing a woman standing in the door, they went up to her and requested a drink of water.

She said: "We haven't had any rain for three weeks and the well is dry."

"Then please give us a drink of milk."

The woman replied that the milk is all taken to market but added that she had some buttermilk stored away and would give the thirsty travelers a drink of it.

After quenching their thirst with buttermilk they offered to pay the kind woman for it, but she refused the money, saying: "I was going to give it to the pigs anyway."

LI HUNG CHANG

MOST FAMOUS CHINAMAN

The West As Seen By the East — Pages From His Diary

What Li Hung Chang, the most famous Chinaman of modern times, thought about many of his great European contemporaries, about the west in general and France, England and Germany, and the United States in particular is embodied in the selection from his memoirs edited by the Hon. John W. Foster. The original manuscripts on which these memoirs are founded were discovered in many parts of China, where the famous viceroy lived at various times. They are entirely frank, unstudied and discursive, and therefore of peculiar value. Sometimes the writer would dismiss a subject in a few words and at others, as the mood seized him, he would write a treatise on a man, a movement, or a phase of western life.

When he was well over 70 years of age Li Hung Chang left his country for the first time and undertook a journey to Europe and the United States. It is in his delightfully frank notes on the incidents of this tour that the principal interest of the book will be found. They are full of "stories," many of them touched with a quaint humor, of which, at the time, the viceroy would certainly never have been suspected. Take, for instance, his description of his reception by the French President:

"The French President is a quiet man of studious, careful habits. I should think. He had learned somewhere or somehow to speak one or two phrases in Chinese, and these he repeated at least eight times during our first meeting. Mme. Faure is a plain woman, but I hear, of very kindly heart. She had around her a reception a number of the most beautiful ladies I had ever seen. They were duchesses, princesses, countesses, and the daughters of plain politicians, but they were all so charming that the title of empress would not be too great for the majority."

At this reception he encountered an officer who he had met in China. Remarking on the pleasure of meeting him Li Hung Chang says: "I was so glad to see him again, for he is a truly chivalrous man. I will send him a chest of tea."

Commenting upon his visit to Russia, the viceroy refers to the manner in which the czar and all the high officials appear to be surrounded by would-be assassins. "I do not think I would like to exchange positions with the czar, even to have the fine czarina as wife and my choice of the rarest tea." He adds the following anecdote, which seems to show that he would have been quite at home in the atmosphere of assassination, which he believed to exist in St. Petersburg:

"Once in Tientsin a low fellow came into my courtyard and told the banner captain in charge that he intended taking my life. He had a long piece of wire, and said he was going to hang me to my own gateposts. I had to have his head cut off before he would stop talking."

Here is a story of how he extracted a compliment from Bismarck, a man not exactly celebrated for his affability:

"I had a splendid visit to Prince Bismarck at his castle the day before yesterday," he writes. "He made me drink some beer which I did not like at all, but a taste for which he said I should acquire if I stayed long enough in Germany. I told him I did not expect to live many years longer. . . . 'You seem to have seen but little of us in your part of the world,' said Bismarck, 'for Germany as a unit is only a new nation; but the time will come when the German empire will dominate Europe. England, with all her bluster and show, has a hundred weak points, and she knows that a conflict with a power nearly

her equal will mean her undoing.' When towards the end of our meeting I told him that some people had paid me the high compliment of calling me the 'Bismarck of the far east,' he said: 'I want to tell you that I cannot ever hope to be termed the Li Hung Chang of Europe.'

Crossing the English Channel on a visit to this country the viceroy expressed misgiving as to his reception here. "I read in the French press today," he says, "that the English were making fun of me when I was the guest of Germany. That is not right for when they make fun of me it is not simply a person they are treating lightly, but the envoy of a great nation." He proceeds:

"I have just heard something which sounds like a dream, in truth. Some wealthy Frenchmen and engineers, backed by the government, propose to build a tunnel under these very waters upon which we are sailing. But I also hear that the English, who do not believe it is only a dream, will not let them have an opening on their soil. Oh, those English—they are afraid of everybody and everything. Yet they want to make light of me!"

He was, nevertheless, well satisfied by his visit to England, about which he makes some illuminating remarks in his memoirs. Apparently what most interested him was his interview with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. He writes:

"Only here, in the home of the greatest living Englishman, have I found real rest since leaving the boat at Dover. . . . If I could be any other person than Li Hung Chang, I would want to be William Ewart Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of England. Mr. Gladstone pointed out some tree stumps to me, and said that in eight years he had kept his health good and his muscles strong by this chopping exercise. It amused me very much, and I told him I would like to see him strike a blow. So he took up the instrument for cutting and made several great dents in one of the trees. He wanted me to try, and I did. However, it was awkward work, for the handle of the instrument caught in my sleeve and I nearly cut my foot."

The viceroy notes that during his visit to Mr. Gladstone both he and his host had a "nap" for a couple of hours. Li Hung Chang gave offense to a number of prominent people by going to Hawarden and declining other invitations. In fact he gives a list of persons who he thought might be offended, and he adds:

"What had these other people to offer me? Bread and wine and musical entertainments? I had never heard of them, any of them, and what would I be spending my time with them for? The queen, her son who will be king if he lives, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, Lord Tennyson, and the houses of parliament were what interested me in England, and the ships."

Li Hung Chang's humor gleams out again in his account of his encounters with the American journalists on his arrival in New York.

"One young reporter laughed long when I told him that I was a newspaper man, too. 'You say, Mr. Li Hung Chang, that you are a newspaper man?' he asked. 'Yes,' I replied. 'I have written a great deal that has been published in our Chinese papers, and which the editors dare not refuse.' 'How was that?' he inquired. 'They were decrees from the throne,' I told him. Evidently that was all he needed for his article that day, for he left me immediately, after offering me a cigar, and the next morning I read in one of the New York papers that 'Li Hung Chang is a writer who uses an axe on any man who dares blue-pencil his copy.' To conclude with a few of the viceroy's remarks on the personal characteristics of the great personages he met on his tour—he had a keen eye for charming personalities in women:

Mrs. Cleveland (wife of the president of the United States), of all those fair women who have been mistresses of the executive mansion, is one of the most lovable. I do not know when or where I have seen a face or form more pleasing to the eye. I would call her the mother of graciousness and the sister of heavenly love.

President Cleveland—I cannot compare Mr. Cleveland with any man whom I have met unless it is with Prince Bismarck. But I am sure he is not possessed of the same quick temper. Bismarck kicked one of his hounds and slapped a lackey for letting the dog get in his way. I cannot imagine President Cleveland doing that, or getting so red in the face as Bismarck did.

New York, Jan. 12.—Mayor John Purroy Mitchel declared war today on the organized gangs of the city

and caused emphatic orders to be given the police that these bands of drug fiends, murderers and thieves must be broken up.

As a means to the end the order issued by Mayor Gaynor, which had been construed by the police to forbid the uniformed force to use their clubs or revolvers in combatting the gangsters, has been rescinded by consent.

WATER ACT

Notice of Application For the

Approval of Works

Take Notice that Peter Lund, of Wardner, B.C., will apply to the Comptroller of Water Rights for the approval of the plans of the works to be constructed for the utilization of the water from Little Bull River, which the applicant is, by Water Permit No. 258 authorized to take, store, and use for irrigation purposes on S. D's. 2 and 7 of Lot 313. The plans and particulars required by subsection (1) of section 70 of the "Water Act" as amended have been filed with the Comptroller of Water Rights at Victoria and with the Water Recorder at Cranbrook, B.C.

Objections to the application may be filed with the Comptroller of Water Rights, Parliament Buildings, Victoria.

Dated at Wardner, B.C., this 29th day of December, 1913.

P. Lund,
Agent of the Applicant.
H.M.M. & N.—J2-4.

WATER ACT

Notice of Application For the

Approval of Works

Take Notice that Peter Lund, of Wardner, B.C., will apply to the Comptroller of Water Rights for the approval of the plans of the works to be constructed for the utilization of the water from Burnt Bridge Creek, which the applicant is, by Water Permit No. 259, authorized to take and use for irrigation purposes on S. D's. 1 and 8 of Lot 313 and Lot 2959.

The plans and particulars required by subsection (1) of section 70 of the "Water Act" as amended have been filed with the Comptroller of Water Rights at Victoria and with the Water Recorder at Cranbrook, B.C.

Objections to the application may be filed with the Comptroller of Water Rights, Parliament Buildings, Victoria.

Dated at Wardner, B.C., this 29th day of December, 1913.

P. Lund,
Agent of the Applicant.
H.M.M. & N.—J2-4.

NOTICE

Notice Is Hereby Given that an Application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at the next Session thereof by The Calgary & Fernie Railway Company "Incorporated Chapter 71, Statutes of Canada 1906," for an Act—

1. To extend the time for the commencement and completion of the Company's lines of Railway.

2. To change the Head Office of the Company from "Fernie, in the Province of British Columbia" to "Calgary, in the Province of Alberta."

3. To empower the Company to issue securities not to exceed Sixty Thousand Dollars (\$60,000.00) per mile of the Railway to be issued in proportion to the length of Railway constructed or under contract to be constructed.

4. Subject to the provisions of Sections 281, 282 and 283 of The Railway Act 1903, to empower, the Company to enter into agreements with all or any of the Companies hereinafter named for any of the purposes specified in the said Section 281, such companies being:

"High River and Hudson's Bay Railway Company"; High River Saskatchewan and Hudson's Bay Railway Company"; "Canadian Western Railway Company"; Canadian Northern Railway Company"; Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company"; "Hudson's Bay Railway Company."

Dated at Winnipeg this 12th day of December, A.D. 1913.

Hough, Campbell & Ferguson,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Solicitors for the Applicant Company J9-5

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Shareholders of the Calgary and Fernie Railway Company will be held at the Napanea Hotel in the City of Fernie, on Monday, the 23rd February, 1914, at the hour of three o'clock p.m., for the purpose of electing directors and doing all other things necessary for the organization of this company.

Dated 12th January, 1914.

J. S. Hough,
On behalf of the Calgary and Fernie Railway Company. J16-F20