Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1885.

THE PLUMBING QUESTION.

The citizens of Victoria showed by the choice they made for mayor and councillors at the recent election that they are in favor of improved sewerage. The experience of the past year has taught all sensible people that the results of bad drainage are malarial sickness and death, and after the many cases of typhoid fever and diphtheria which occurred in our midst, all the sophistries of the opponents of the sewer system were unable to prevent the return of those candidates for municipal office who had pledged themselves to use their influence to inaugurate a good system of sewerage. It is to be hoped that nothing will prevent a speedy fulfilment of this purpose, as the work should be well underway before the next rainy season. As soon as it is practicable all houses along the line of sewers should be connected with them, and regulations should be made at the outset providing for proper sewer connections as well as for traps and other sanitary precautions. Some interesting information on this subject was given to a Globe reporter by Dr. Daniel Clarke, superintendent of the Toronto Insane Asylum. He said:

"We have never had a case of typhoid since I came here, except those which were brought in from the outside. The state of the institution, I believe, was as good almost at not quite from the beginning. The reason why we are thus free from a disease which kills so many is that we apply common sense to the matter of plumbing and drainage, and so have the work well planned and well done. We have in this building, on the average, all the year round, over nine hundred people. The vast majority of these are the patients. Among these people—owing to their inability to properly care for themselves, and to their low vitality, and also to the fact that they spend nearly all their time indoors—the tendency to malarial diseases is very great. We have a sewer running from the premises direct to the lake. It was used only by ourselves at first, but now the drains from the Mercer Reformatory and Central Prison empty into it. Emptying into this sewer, from this building alone, are twenty-six closets besides many sinks. Eighteen of the closets are four tiers in the wards, and the others are in different parts of the building. The care of the four tiers used by the patients is of course by far the most important thing. Each tier empties into the main sewer by a different drain. Each of these drains is trapped outside the building. The traps are square, angular, made of brick and water-lined. To reach this well-trapped drain the closets in each tier empty through a nine-inch iron tube which continues on through the roof, the same size and material all the way, and the joints properly made. Each closet has a trap made of iron, and angular like the brick ones."

When asked what is the advantage of having them angular, he replied:

"Take an ordinary goose-neck trap, and the sewer gas can make its way through it much more easily than if it had to encounter the angles. This trap is an exceedingly good one. It was in use here when I came. I believe it is the joint invention of Dr. Workman, my predecessor, and the engineer of the institution. The traps are cast for us from our own patterns, and are so made that if anything goes wrong with one of them the top can be taken off and the clog or injury exposed. The closets are of the "Crapper" pattern—no pan affairs—and from the bowl of each is an iron pipe, properly jointed, which runs by the most direct way possible into the flue. More than that, the water pipes from the roof run into the drain between the outside traps and the building, thus keeping the trap and sewers flushed, and furnishes additional ventilation from the drain. The same system could effectively be applied to city houses. There is one defect in plumbing which is often not noticed, but which is all the more common and all the more dangerous for that reason. Now, suppose that this (making a rough sketch) "is a bathroom, the drain pipe from the bath connecting with the soil pipe leading from the closet in the next room or perhaps in the same room. This pipe from the bath is trapped and so is apparently all right. When the handle of the closet is raised there is a rush of water down the soil pipe. The soil pipe has no proper ventilation. The rush of water carries the air before it down the soil pipe, leaving a vacuum, more or less perfect, behind it. The trap to the bath is siphoned, that is the water is drawn off to fill the vacuum. That leaves the bath water-pipe simply an open conduit from the sewer. Unless people are perfectly sure that their pipes are properly ventilated, they should turn the water on in the bath every time the closet is used, so that if the trap is siphoned out it may be filled again before any harm is done."

Dr. Clarke expressed his approval of the water carriage system, but said that the present appliances used in Toronto are ridiculous. "Every day the sewers are emptying an immense volume of filth into the Bay directly in front of the city. During the winter, the Bay is frozen over, and the winds and currents have no effect in moving this filth. It accumulates and lies there. In spring, when the ice goes away, the whole accumulated corpse mass lies in front of the city. With a trunk sewer all the filth could be carried away, and the bay left an ornament and advantage to the city, instead of a fever nest."

In whatever direction our sewage is carried this same consideration must be studied. If the sewers are emptied into the harbor there would be this constant accumulation which can only be prevented by carrying them out to tide water. Should they lead out to the straits, however, the force of the tide is so great that everything would be carried out to sea.

THE SCHOOL BILL.

The new public school act introduced at the present session of the legislature makes provision for the annual election of trustees, to be held on the third Monday in June. A great improvement in the mode of carrying on the election is made by the substitution of the ballot for the open vote hitherto employed. Though intimidation has never been resorted to to any extent, it is nevertheless true that a mild form of it has often controlled the votes of many who have been influenced, by business or other considerations, against their better judgment. Our laws allow every householder or freeholder, On the contrary, the Times report shows that so far from the premier trying to prevent its appointment he strengthened it by moving to place upon it Mr. Dunsmuir. The resolution to appoint the committee passed the house without a dissenting voice or vote. Every one favored it as a practical method for bringing the question to an issue; and when the Times boasts that he was instrumental in having the committee appointed he but repeats the old fable of the "fly on the wheel." We again say that no evidence can be adduced to show that the government opposed the committee; while, on the other hand, all the evidence goes to show that they favored it.

The Glanders.

To the Editor:—It is currently reported that this much dreaded and fatal horse disease is prevalent in our midst and that it was introduced through the importation of a number of cheap Oregon horses sold a short time ago at auction on the fair grounds.

The mere mention of the name of this disease is sufficient to strike terror into the heart of every horseman and horse-owner, fatal as it is to both man and beast, and immediate steps should be taken to prevent not only the spread but the introduction of horses who may bring it into this country.

If there is a Dominion law regarding this matter it should be immediately brought into operation.

Centaur.

humane means than that which requires the sacrifice of hundreds and thousands of human beings. But a cowardly and murderous act like this attack on London public buildings, known to be full of innocent people and in a time of peace, is viewed with universal horror and condemnation. It is of course attributed to the Fenians and even those who sympathize with Ireland's woes revolt from such a manner of avenging them. England does not deserve such treatment at the hands of the Irish for she is doing much for the amelioration of their condition. Legislation for Ireland has occupied a large part of the attention of the present and many previous parliaments in England and many reforms have been effected. That much yet remains to be done cannot be denied, but all in good time. England is not a despotic monarchy; the instincts of the race and the spirit of the country's constitution are for justice and human freedom. The spirit of civilization and of Christianity rules the empire and in the end the right will prevail. Ireland will be treated with justice, and if the time should ever come when she should have an independent parliament England would acquiesce without any fear that her own power or glory will be thereby diminished. But Ireland so long as dynamite is her argument will not be fit for home rule. Men who are swayed by such ferocious passions are not able to rule others. There is a general belief that the socialists were also concerned in the London outrage. It is this that rouses a vague fear in the hearts of other nations; this secret organization is growing with stealthy but marvelous rapidity which is appalling to all established governments. The powers of Europe have hitherto been unable to restrain its growth, and unless some check is put upon it soon the inevitable result is terrible to contemplate. If England's legislative halls and her oldest and most revered structures can be demolished by these ubiquitous plotters, the throne itself is not safe. Already one ruler in Europe has fallen a victim to this diabolical organization, and plots are laid against them all. These human fiends, however, seem possessed with the idea of destroying all within their reach, for not only those in authority but the weak and innocent are not safe from their machinations. The late outrage will have one good result if it rouses the United States government to the necessity of trying to prevent that country being used as a base of operations against Europe. Advantage is taken of the free laws of the country and its hospitality to strangers is abused. The reports from Washington in yesterday's dispatches show that prompt action was taken by the senate in expressing its horror of the outrages and in declaring the importance of taking immediate steps to prevent as far as possible any future plotting in that country. Legislation may be expected on the subject by the present congress; but it remains to be seen how much can be done to abate the evil. Socialists have not troubled America much as yet; but the "home of the free" harbours thousands of men who are devoting their energy and money in a cause which means with them the ruin of England.

POLICE INVESTIGATION.

The mayor and the police committee, sitting as police commissioners, yesterday investigated the charge against Officer Hough (preferred through this journal) of kidnapping a Chinese woman. The evidence, taken under oath, exculpated the officer. But it was shown that although he went on special duty to the outer wharf at the request of a citizen to protect a Chinawoman who had taken passage for San Francisco on the steamship Mexico, he failed to report the fact to his superior officer. It was also proved that the editor of *The Colonist*, before inserting the paragraph, ascertained from the chief of police that the officer had not reported the occurrence to him. The commissioners dismissed the charge against the officer, exonerating him entirely; but an order was subsequently issued by the mayor requiring policemen, when on special duty, to report the fact to their superior officer.

METLAKAHTLA.

Mr. Grant moved yesterday a ponderous resolution preceded by two or three ponderous whereases on the subject of the Metlakahtla difficulties. At the request of Mr. Drake the preamble and resolution went over until to-day when it is thought that the whole matter will be ventilated. It is rumored that an effort will be made to compel the legislative machinery to crush Mr. Duncan and establish the Bishop Ridley mission on the ruins of Mr. Duncan's system. Mr. Grant's remarks seemed to be directed at the Port Simpson mission as well as at the Metlakahtla colony. The house should reflect seriously before it consents to interfere in religious squabbles. The Indians are the wards of the Dominion government, who should keep them in order and not cast the responsibility on the province. The house should keep out of the fray.

THE SQUATTERS' COMMITTEE AND THE GOVERNMENT.

Our evening contemporary of the Times is not blamed for his bumptiousness. He can't help it. It is one of the faults of youth which will mellow as he grows in years and he toned down as he gains experience. But juvenility cannot be urged in extenuation of the sin of untruthfulness to which he is nightly prone. From the very inception of the squatters' controversy the attitude of the Times towards the government has been that of the highwayman when dealing with a wayfarer: "The land or your life!" It was not a question of right or wrong. The squatters were not consulted. It was a clear case of attempted extortion in behalf of a few wealthy speculators who had bought out the supposed interests of squatters and who were doing the "poor" act at the Driard and through the columns of the Times. The ministry were to be bulldozed (or coerced) into surrendering the land or they were to be burst. Well, the government declined to give the land and the only parties who are likely to be "burst" are the speculators who have got hold of the business end of a political dynamite cartridge which will probably go off in their hands. These high explosives are dangerous things to meddle with—especially by youngsters like the Times. But a truce to badinage. Let us see where the untruth lies. The Times asserts that the government opposed the appointment of the squatters' committee. This is a positive falsehood in support of which there is not a scintilla of evidence. The government did not oppose the committee. On the contrary, the Times report shows that so far from the premier trying to prevent its appointment he strengthened it by moving to place upon it Mr. Dunsmuir. The resolution to appoint the committee passed the house without a dissenting voice or vote. Every one favored it as a practical method for bringing the question to an issue; and when the Times boasts that he was instrumental in having the committee appointed he but repeats the old fable of the "fly on the wheel." We again say that no evidence can be adduced to show that the government opposed the committee; while, on the other hand, all the evidence goes to show that they favored it.

THE BLUE LADY.

by Florence Marryatt.

A visitor for the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Gorhambury.

The Bishop is seated in his study, puzzling his brains how best to settle certain clerical disputes that have been submitted for his arbitration. He is a spare little man, dressed in a long black coat and gaiters, with very white hair and a nose like a chilblain—a little man indeed, of so frosty an appearance that he looks as if he had been expressly got up to ornament a Twelth cake.

But the frostiness is all on the outside. His lordship's heart is in the right place and brimming over with kindly feeling for his fellow-creatures.

"Who is it, Matthews?" He demands the dignified creature who has been kind enough to bring the intelligence to him.

"Mr. Ryle, my lord."

"Oh, show Mr. Ryle in, show him in at once," replies the Bishop, with sudden interest, for Mr. Ryle is a wealthy landowner in the diocese of Gorhambury—a munificent man, moreover, who spends his money liberally on charities for the good of the county, a friend and neighbor whom even the Bishop of Gorhambury cannot afford to despise.

In another moment Mr. Ryle has entered the room and is shaking hands with its Right Reverend occupant. He is a stout, florid, genial-looking fellow, also dressed in gaiters, but of quite a different cut to those of the Bishop, and the sashed condition of his velveteen suit, no less than the crop he carries in his hand, show that he has ridden for some miles through the muddy lanes that lead to the episcopal residence.

"Well, Mr. Ryle, and what brings you out this wet morning?" demands the little Bishop, when they have shaken hands.

"Business, my lord, business!" replies the other, with a twinkle in his eye; "I have come to ask a favor of you on behalf of a friend of mine."

The Right Reverend screws up his little chilblainy nose and laughs.

"A favor! Well, Mr. Ryle, if there is anything I can do for a friend of yours that you cannot do for him yourself you may command me. But I am afraid substantial benefits are more in your line than mine."

"It is not a benefit, but a benefice I come to ask at your lordship's hands. The fact is, my friend Darrell, an excellent fellow—first class man at Cambridge, and has been working like a horse ever since—has suddenly conceived an ardent desire for matrimony. They all do it, you know, my lord, sooner or later! The shepherd's crook is all very well for a while, but it stands no chance against a four-post bed-stead."

The little Bishop chuckled to himself. He also commenced life with the intentions of dedicating it to the good of suffering humanity, but there is one little Bishopess and more than one episcopal olive shoot in the upper story, that looks as if his thoughts had, at some time or other, wanderer sadly out of the beaten track.

"Yes," he admits, after a judicious pause; "it is certainly true that a helpmate has a wonderful effect in sweetening the path of duty."

Mr. Ryle laughed aloud.

"So my friend Hugh Darrell thinks, and he has found the helpmeet if he had only the means of marrying her. But he is half starving by himself some where down at the East End of London, and it is unless trying to do a division sum with nothing but naughts. So I have come to you, my lord, to see if you can assist me. Is there no cure in this big diocese of Gorhambury into which you could pop my friend and wife and let them begin a pastoral life together?"

The Bishop knit his brows.

"How sorry I am," he replied, "to be obliged to say 'No.' But I have nothing to offer you—nothing! except, indeed, curacy of Sarcellett, and that Mr. Darrell would not thank me for. Indeed, I am just considering how I can unite it with it of Payne."

"But why? What objection is there to Sarcelett?"

"Have you heard?"

"Indeed no! These parish disputes and scandles are not at all in my line."

The Bishop glanced around to see if the door is closed and lowers his voice.

"We don't like to speak of these things," he says, mysteriously, "but I am afraid this story has been too much talked about to be a secret. Have you not heard the reason Mr. Sheepshanks has left Sarcellett?"

"Not a word of it, my lord. I did not even know he had gone till you told me."

"He could not stay there, Mr. Ryle; no one would remain in that parsonage after a few months' trial. I have been in the diocese now for ten years and during that time I have put as many men in to the cure of Sarcelett."

"But what is the matter with it?" demands Mr. Byle again.

"It is haunted!" whispered the Bishop.

His visitor bursts into a loud and unseemly laugh.

"Is that all, my lord! Well, then, give Darrell the chance of exercising the ghost! He is the man to do it, if any one can. He is not a pale-faced, white-livered creature like poor Sheepshanks, who would tremble at the falling of a leaf, but a stout-hearted, muscular man, with the wisdom of a serpent and the courage of a lion. He'll clear Sarcelett of its ghosts, I warrant you, and you'll never hear another word about them after he has taken up his residence there."

"It is all very well to laugh at such things, Mr. Ryle, but do you think I should be justified in allowing him to accept the cure? Remember Sheepshanks is not the only one who has found life impossible at Sarcelett. Every one has told the same tale and given up his means of subsistence sooner than remain there. I could not justify it to my conscience to install another man in that parsonage without telling him the truth."

"Let us tell it to him then," cried Mr. Ryle, "I know my friend better than you do and an obstacle in his way will only make him the more eager to fight and overcome it."

"You can do as you choose in the matter, Mr. Ryle. The cure is vacant and Mr. Darrell is welcome to it, on condition that you fully explain its disadvantages. The parsonage is a charming old house and the stipend is four hundred a year. But these facts only prove how much its former holders must have been annoyed before they consented to resign so good a curacy."

"Darrell will not resign it," says Mr. Ryle, confidently. "I will make out the case to him as black as I can, and in another month you will see him and his pretty little wife as happy as two birds at Sarcelett. And now all I have to do is to thank you cordially, my lord, for your kindness, in the matter."

"I hope you may see cause to thank me as cordially three months hence," replies the little Bishop, with a perturbed countenance, which only causes the irreverent and unbelieving Ryle to burst out laughing afresh. And his ridicule seems at first to be justified. Hugh Darrell is as ready as himself to pooh-pooh the idea of so paltry a thing as a ghost—even could it exist—having the power to oust him from a curacy that he is to share with lovely Bessie Lympton; and his gratitude both to his friends and to the Bishop of Gorhambury is in proportion to his anticipation of coming matrimonial bliss. Only, he says, as he parts with Ryle—who has made a journey to London to convey the good news to him:

"I think, perhaps, that, all things considered, it will be as well, to keep this story from Bessie's ears, Ryle. She's an awfully clever girl, you know—plucky and full of common sense; still, women are more timid and superstitious than men, and this idea of a ghost to be looked out for might mar the pleasure of our honeymoon. So we will keep it to ourselves for the present and it go hard with me if the first time it appears in Sarcelett parsonage after I am installed there I don't hit it such a crack over the head as will transform it into a ghost in earnest."

As he is brimming over with happiness at the unexpected good fortune, this merry Hugh Darrell. He has no thought but for his pretty Bessie and his four hundred a year, and a few weeks afterward he goes up to the altar with as firm a step as ever bridegroom bore and signs himself away for life as cheerfully as if he were merely putting his hand to a receipt of five shillings. Everyone is contented and satisfied, and before long the villagers of Sarcelett hear that their new parson has arrived and taken up his residence at the haunted house. Of course the furniture is of the plainest and most modest description, although good Mr. Ryle has sent many a pretty ornament and useful article over to Sarcelett. But Mr. and Mrs Darrell are in the seventh heaven as they arrange their various possessions, and Hugh varies the monotony of labour with unclerical kisses.

Their first difficulty arises on the question of servants, and Bessie cannot immagine why the rosy-cheeked of the village will consent to be her housemaids. However, she has a useful married sister in London, whom she makes her referee on all domestic matters and who soon dispatches her a couple of servants procured from the registry office in the next street.

Then all goes merry as a marriage bell.

The little household gets into perfect working order. The Rev. Hugh Darrell has become a first-class favorite with his parishoners and has but one complaint to make, that the village people take up his time so fully he has hardly a moment to bestow on herself, that is, until his afternoon rounds are concluded and the delightful tea-time comes, when she can bring him his slippers and his lounging coat and sit at his feet to hear all he has to tell her of the events of the day.

But one morning at breakfast the Rev. Hugh proposed to his wife that they shall take a ramble together.

"The summer is nearly over," he says, "and we shall not have any more opportunities of spending the day out of doors. The morning, for a wonder, I am free. Let us walk over to Gorhambury, Bessie, and explore the beauties of the cathedral."

Bessie's face falls. "How tiresome," she says, "that it should happen so, but I have engaged Mrs Brown to come to-day to alter my winter dresses and if I do not supreintend her she will not do a quarter of the work. I cannot put her off if I would. What shall I do?"

"Never mind," replies her husband, cheerfully; "the dress is of the more importance of the two and it is right you should attend to it. I will write my Sunday sermon instead and we will put off our little jaunt to the end of the week." So saying he rises from the table, and kisses his wife and walks into his study.

As he writes his sermon, an hour afterwards and raises his eyes mechanically to look for ideas among the roses in the garden, he is rather surprised to see Mrs Darrell going down the gravelled path towards the gate. She is attired in a blue dress which he has not seen before, but he admires its shape and fashion and thinks how well it becomes her, as Bessie goes steadily through the garden and out upon the village road. Yet he cannot help wandering where Mrs Brown can be and why his wife did not tell him she had broken her appointment. The incident trifling as it is, disturbs him, he does not make much way with his sermon during the rest of the morning. And when he meets his wife at the early dinnertable his first words revert to the subject.

"Why didn't you tell me, my dear, that you had changed your mind about going out this morning? I should have liked to accompany you."

"I have not been out," says Bessie, indifferently.

"Not been out? Why, I saw you with my own eyes."

"Nonsence, Hugh. I have been up stairs the whole morning, working with Mrs Brown. I have had no time for walking, worse luck! It is quite a penance to be kept in such a lovely day."

Hugh Darrell regards his wife with the utmost astonishment.

"My dear, you have forgotten. Do you think I am blind? I tell you I saw you leave the house, and I can tell you what you wore into the bargain. A blue dress—"

"I haven't a blue dress in my possession," cries Bessie in a tone of annoyance, "and do you think I would tell a falsehood for such a trifle! I repeat Hugh, I have not been out this morning."

"It is very strange," replies her husband; "who can it have been, then? I made sure it was you."

But enquire as he will, he can hear further tidings of the lady in blue, and an uncomfortable suspicion that his wife has, for some reason or other, deceived him, remains on his mind.

A few days afterward, however, Mrs. Darrell, having a question to ask her husband, steals down stairs with a view of knocking at his study door. As she comes in view of it she see a figure of a woman dressed in blue standing on the threshold, who as she catches sight of her, enters the study door and disappears.

"That must be the lady whom Hugh mistook for me," she thinks to herself; "but she is not a bit like me, in figure or style, and I am sure he will never catch me wearing such a hideous blue dress. I wonder what her face is like and what can she want to see Hugh for?"

Bessie is too sensible to be suspicious, so she goes down to her kitchen for half an hour, and at the end of that time returns, and, gaining admittance to her husband's study finds that he is alone,

"Where is the lady?" she asks inquisitively, "and what did she want with you?"

"What lady?" demands Hugh, looking up from his writing.

"The lady in blue, who was here half an hour ago.

"There has been no lady here, Bessie.'

"Oh, Hugh, what a story! I watched her go into your study, with a hideous old-fashioned dress on."

"What was she like, Bessie, young or old?"

"I am sure I don't know. I only saw her back. But she came in here."

"That I'll swear she didn't. No one has entered this room but myself."

"I can't see the good of denying it," pouts Bessie. "One would think there was something wrong in the matter to hear the way you go on."

"My dear, you cannot mean what you say. You know I would not deceive you. But wherever your lady friend went it was not into my study."

"I tell you I saw her," cries Bessie, "and you are not infallible, you know, Hugh. You declared you had seen me in the garden last Tuesday, when I had been up-stairs with Mrs. Brown all the time, and now I believe it was this lady you saw, because of her blue dress."

At this reminder Mr. Darrell looks visibly disturbed. What was the story Mr. Ryle told him and they had both laughed at, about some apparition at the parsonage, and was it possible that this phantom in blue, which had appeared to both Bessie and himself had anything to do with it? A chilly feeling seems to creep down his back as he reflects upon the possibility of such a thing, notwithstanding his serpent brain and lion heart. And he does not know whether to tell his wife the truth or to leave her to cope with her suspicions as she best may. But as he is deliberating with himself the cook appears in the passage and approaches the open study door.

"Hearing the mistress up-stairs, sir, I make bold to say a few words to you. I don't know the way as they go on in the country, but as a London woman I consider it's a tempting of Providence to leave a Christian house all on the latch, as this be?"

"Why, cook! What on earth do you mean?" says Mrs. Darrell.

"Why, ma'am, there isn't a door as fastens, not to say properly; and 'Liza and me have been frightened out of our wits more than once since coming here by the strangers hanging about the premises."

"You need be under no alarm, cook," interposes her master. "No one in Sarcelett would come up to the parsonage with a dishonest intention, and I don't suppose there is a house in the village that is bolted at night; so I should not like to be the first to set an example of distrust."

"Well, that must be as you choose, sir," grumbles the woman; "but 'taint pleasant to have strangers a coming and going at all times."

"What strangers, cook? What do you mean?" repeats Mrs. Darrell.

"Well, ma'am, there's a woman—a lady I 'spose she calls herself—always a-prying and peeping about the place. Wherever we go, 'Liza and me, we're pretty sure to come across her blue back, peering into a cupboard or a door."

"Her blue back! Do you mean to say she wears a blue gown?"

"Yes, ma'am, an old-fashioned concern of twenty years back. I guess she's some prying old maid out of Sarcelett; but she you wish you wore into the bargain. A blue dress—"

"Hold your tongue, cook! Not a word more! Not a word more!" cries Mrs. Darrell, in a tone of command, as the astonished woman stands staring at her in amazement.

"Yes, ma'am," she replies, with a sniff of offended dignity, as she turns to leave the room; "I'll not mention the lady in blue before you, since you don't like it, and ask her what she wants in our beautiful parsonage."

Even as she speaks the evening shadows seem to gather in the little study, and through them gleams the blue dress of the phantom woman.

"See, there she is!" cries Bessie, clinging to her husband. "How strange and weird it seems that she should stand there, yet never show her face. Are you afraid of us?" she continues, addressing their ghostly visitant; "you need not be. We are your friends. Show us your face; tell us if we can serve you by our sympathy or our prayers, and we will do all in our power to give you rest."

But the only answer she receives is conveyed by a backward waving of the phantom hand, as the spirit melts into thin air.

"Let me go after her," says Bessie, struggling in the clasp that would detain her.

"No, dearest; do nothing rash," replies Hugh Darrell. "I am thankful beyond measure to find how little this story has affected you, but there is no necessity for you to court the mystery that surrounds us. Let us hope that it may die out as it has arisen."

But the parson's hope is not realized.

The lady with the blue dress is seen oftener than ever after that day, and the occupants both of the kitchen and drawing-room become so familiar with her appearance as to mind her no more than if she had been one of themselves. They meet her everywhere; up stairs and down stairs her blue back goes before them, and the servants, discovering at last that she is an apparition, make almost as much fun out of it as their mistress. Yet they never see her face. They know exactly how her dress is made and how her hair is worn, but no one has had the good or ill fortune to view her features. It has become a regular custom to follow the phantom and banter her on her modesty respecting her charms; but no jesting has induced her to turn and look at her pursuers, until one day, as Mr. and Mrs. Darrell are down stairs together, a fearful scream calls them to the upper story, where they found their housemaid, Eliza, foaming on the ground in a fit. Restoratives are freely applied, and as soon as the woman has recovered her consciousness, she is eagerly questioned as to the cause of her illness.

"Oh! ma'am," she exclaims, "I have seen the Blue Lady, and I must leave you at once. I can't stop in this house another night."

"What nonsense, Eliza! Why, you have seen the Blue Lady as often as you have seen me. Why should you be frightened of her now?"

"Oh! but I have seen her face, ma'am. I was turning down your bed, when she came around the other side and looked at me; and I wouldn't sleep under this roof another night for all the wealth of the Indies."

"You saw her face!" cried her listeners, simultaneously. "What was it like?"

"Don't ask me, sir! Don't ask me ma'am, not for the love of heaven!" screams the housemaid, as she goes off in another fit.

Mr. and Mrs. Darrell are very much annoyed, but they attribute the girl's fear to her illness rather than to the phantom with which she is so familiar. Nothing, however, will induce her to remain in their service and she leaves the parsonage the same evening, having told nothing further of her adventure with the Blue Lady.

The cook is disposed to resent Eliza's departure as a personal injury. Had they not weathered the storm together, and is she to be left to ride into port alone! She calls the poor housemaid all sorts of hard names for being such a timorous fool and swears that twenty ghosts may come and grin in her face before they'd persuade her to give up a good service and a kind master and mistress. Notwithstanding her boasts, however, not more than a fortnight has elapsed since Eliza's departure when a very similar scream is heard from the basement, and Bessie, running down in consternation, finds the cook struggling on the floor, black in the face and with distorted features. The usual remedies are applied and in a few minutes the servant is sitting on the hearth rug, trembling in every limb.

"Cook—cook! What is the matter?" cries Bessie Darrell.

"Oh! ma'am! that face, that awful face," returns the servant, sobbing.

"What! Have you seen it, too?"

"The Lord help me—yes, ma'am! I've seen it the first and last time in my life. No power on earth shall make me sleep under this roof another night!"

"What! are you going to desert me also? I thought you always wanted to see the Blue Lady's face. What is the matter with you? Why are you so frightened?"

"Don't ask me?" exclaims the cook, as she regards her mistress with a look of terror. "I couldn't describe it to you, not if you was to kill me for it; but I must leave you this very night, ma'am, or I shall be a dead woman before the morning."

"This is becoming serious," says Hugh, when his wife confides the cook's intentions to him. "We shall be unable to keep a servant at this rate. However, my dear, you must send for old Martha Scraggs to help you in the work, and your sister will find us a new cook and housemaid as soon as she can."

Notwithstanding the inconvenience to which they are subjected, Mr. and Mrs. Darrell continue to make themselves very comfortable until the morning that Bessie receives a letter from her married sister in London to say that she has found her some fresh servants.

"It is all right, Hugh," she says, cheerfully, as she brings the letter to her husband to read. "Maggie has found two charming servants for us, and only waits to know when she shall dispatch them to Sarcelett. But what is the matter?" she continues, as she observes his downcast countenance; "has anything gone wrong? You look as if there was a death in the family."

"Bessie," replied Mr. Darrell, solemnly, "write and thank Maggie for her kindness, but tell her we shall not require the servants, for we cannot remain in Sarcelett."

"Not remain in Sarcelett! And for what reason?"

"My dear! I have seen the Blue Lady's face."

"And you are going to be as ridiculous as the servants?" cries Bessie. "Upon my word, this is too absurd, and for a brave man, too."

"You may laugh at me as much as you like, Bessie, but this very night I leave the parsonage to-night. I would not sleep here again to save my life. I am going to ride into Gorhambury at once, and tell the Bishop the reason of my resignation."

"Hugh! this is very disappointing, and after all the trouble we have taken to make the house comfortable. And how are we to live if you give up the curacy?"

"Don't ask me; I have not the courage to think," replies the unhappy man.

"And all because you have seen the Blue Lady's face, when you have seen her back fifty times. I wish I could see it. What is she like?"

Hugh Darrell groans and buries his face in his hands.

"Merciful heavens!" he exclaims; "preserve me from dwelling on or remembering what we got her herself."

Not all the persuasions of his wife will prevent him riding into Gorhambury to see the Bishop; but he insists upon her leaving the parsonage when he does and putting herself under the protection of a neighboring farmer's wife. He is to be away for a night and he enjoins Bessie to remain at the farm until he can fetch her away, and starts on his journey very down-heartedly, but serene in the idea that his beloved wife will be safe during his absence. But Bessie is a very courageous and independent little woman. She does not like being treated as a coward and is curious on the subject of the Blue Lady's face. She is even anxious to confront it. Old Martha Scraggs sleeps in the house, and why should not she? So when evening arrives she makes some lame excuse to the farmer's wife and slips back to her old house. The deaf and blind Martha hardly knows she has returned and she steals up to her bedroom and lays herself down to rest. At noon the following day Hugh Darrell presents himself at the farmhouse and demands his wife.

"Mrs. Darrell ain't here, sir," replied the farmer's helpmate; "she went home to sleep last night, and haven't come back yet. I've been wondering all the morning if she've got her breakfast."

He makes no answer, but setting spurs to his horse gallops as fast as he can to the vine-covered parsonage.

"Where is your mistress?" he demands breathlessly of old Martha.

"The mistress, sir! I'm sure I don't know. She came in last evening, but I haven't seen her since. I thought she had gone back to the farm."

He leaps to the ground and dashes up stairs with one bound. The curtains are drawn closely round their nuptial bed. He tears them open and reads the awful truth at a glance. Bessie is lying on the pillows, white as marble, with her eyes open and fixed with horror, but dead—dead beyond all hope of recall! There is no need to tell the wretched husband what has caused his loss. He knows that she has been brought face to face with the Blue Lady!

* * * * *

Doubtless my readers may imagine that I have invented this little story for their Christmas mystification and lay it down again with a smile of superior wisdom. Will it interest them more if I tell them that it is no fiction built on my own fancy, but the relation of facts that happened in our own country, and not very long ago?

The parsonage of Sarcelett is still vacant. No one has ventured to inhabit it since Bessie Darrell came to her death there, and the chances are that now the story is becoming more freely circulated the Blue Lady will remain unmolested forevermore.

Japan.

A notification has been issued sanctioning the use of return postal cards both foreign and domestic.

A steamship company is about to be started it is is said at Uwajima, in Iyo to compete with the Osaka company, whose boats monpolize the coastwise trade of that district.

Captain Isobayashi, who was travelling in the Corea at the time of the recent emute, was murdered with his two companions. The mutilated bodies of the three have been recovered.

Applications to be employed in a campaign against China, should war break out, have been received from many parts of Japan, and in several cases offers have been made to serve gratis, or to equip bodies of men.

The corsages of simple evening dress intended for young girl's wear, are plainly gathered and bound at the waist with a belt and long loops of gay ribbon.

FOURTH PROVINCIAL LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

THIRD SESSION.

Monday, Jan. 26.

The speaker took the chair at two o'clock.

Prayers were said by the Rev. Mr. Percival.

COAL MINES ACT.

Mr. Raybould asked leave to introduce a bill intituled the "Coal Mines Regulation Act Amendment Act, 1885."

On motion leave was granted and the bill read a first time and put on the orders for Wednesday next.

SCHOOLS.

Mr. McLeese moved, seconded by Mr. Wilson, That an order of this house be granted for a return of all correspondence between the government and the trustees, Gavin Hamilton or any other person, relating to the establishment and maintenance of a school at 150 mile house, William's lake school district.

The mover explained that Mr. Hamilton had given the use of a house for school purposes and asking for a certain amount of remuneration for the same, but the government had thought fit not to grant it.

Hon. Mr. Robson said that his recollection of the facts were different from those expressed by the hon. mover. Mr. Hamilton offered a building for the establishing of a school and the government had expended sufficient on the structure to build a new school house. The building was offered free and it was never intended to charge rent for a school house which the government had practically constructed themselves.

Carried.

MAIL SERVICE.

Mr. McLeese moved, seconded by Mr. Cowan, That a respectful address be presented to the lieutenant governor, requesting him to urge upon the Dominion government the desirability of establishing a semi-monthly mail service between Soda Creek and some central point in the Chilcotin country.

The mover said that several representations had been made to the post office inspector for this service and he had advised a petition to be presented which was done. If was thought desirable, however, that a resolution be passed by this house and sent to Ottawa, as it was very important that such a service should be given to this part of the province referred to in the resolution.

The motion was carried.

SCHOOL VOTERS RETURNS.

Mr. Duck said when he gave notice of the resolution he had not considered it thoroughly, and probably he was asking too much, or more than was necessary that the public should know. His object was to find out to what extent of interest the female portion of the community took in the welfare of public affairs. His object was also to show that our women, when the franchise was extended to them, had used it not only in a proper manner and had worked hard for what they considered right. What was wanted was to do away with the prejudice against extending the franchise further. He had altered his resolution to read: That an order of this house be granted for a return showing the total number of votes polled by males and the total number by females in the school elections for last year.

Hon. Mr. Robson said that the resolution as amended was open to little objection, but if every school trustee election was to be questioned in this way it would entail a great amount of work to attain the answer. It was asking for the return of the name of every voter who voted at the last school election and that his or her name be published, and for whom they voted. What right had they to put in print such information? They would be going in the teeth of public opinion, and the matter was of no general information and would entail great work on the department.

Mr. Dunsmuir said that he thought the number of votes polled and for whom recorded at any election should be given to the public and all that he wished to attain was the number cast and the number voted by male and females. With the permission of the house he would withdraw his resolution and give notice of another.

Mr. Speaker said that he could have his resolution put and get some one to move an amendment.

Mr. Wilson said that he would help his honorable friend out of the dilemma he appeared to be in, and would move the amendment. He would state, however, that he was not going to vote for female suffrage.

Mr. Allen—Hear, hear.

Mr. Wilson then moved an amendment asking for a return of male and female voters which was carried, Mr. Allon voting against.

INDIAN RESERVES.

Mr. Drake moved, seconded by Mr. Martin, that an order of the house be granted for a return of all lands set apart for Indians in this province subsequent to the return made to this house on 13th January, 1873, with the names of the tribes and the number of Indians for whom each reserve has been made; and a return of the reserves which have been made to the chief commissioner of lands and works, but not assented to by him. The mover said that the reserves at present held by Indians were too large for their requirements, and were not in the least cultivated. No returns had been made for some time to the house, and much annoyance and injustice had been caused by the way the government agent had granted Indian reserves.

Mr. Carey asked the mover of the resolution if the opening up of this question would not give the Indians a chance to ask for more land. It was very generally thought throughout the country that the Indians already had too much land. He thought it unadvisable that the matter should again be opened up. The honorable mover was the counsel of the Dominion, and it might be with the object of getting information on that head that he asked for the returns.

Mr. Martin said that the Indian commissioner was in the habit of telling the Indians that lands asked for by them would be given, and without the understanding that it would at first have to be submitted to the chief commissioner, and as a result much mischief was done when the reserve was not approved by the chief commissioner.

Mr. Galbraith said that he would support the return asked for, as the present mode of settling reserves was a most unsatisfactory one. The difficulty was that of unsettling the Indians' minds. A very great deal of mischief was made by having the Dominion commissioner finally settle the granting of reserves. A provincial agent should also be appointed and accompany the Dominion agent, and the two decide on the reserves.

Mr. Allen said that injustice had been done settlers by the loose manner in which the Indian reserves were located, and instanced a case when a grave injustice had been committed by the agent.

Hon. Mr. Smithe said he thought the returns asked for in the resolution should be given. In his opinion the present condition of the Indian reserves was a very unsatisfactory one. He would be glad if all the information should be published, and he would ask that the honorable mover would go further and ask for all correspondence between the chief commissioner of lands and works and the Indian agent and superintendent on the matter. The Dominion agent at present had an idea that he could finally lay out crown lands for Indians without consulting the lands and works department. They had been in the habit of communicating the bare fact that so many thousands of acres had been set apart for Indians. He did not feel that he could approve of such reserves without knowing as much about the matter as the agent did himself, and with the belief that it was the interest for all concerned that such reserves should be made. The Indian commissioner had stated to him his instructions from Sir John Macdonald were to the effect that his decision final in locating such reserves.

Mr. Drake said that he had no objection to adding the amendment suggested by the chief commissioner. The hon. member for New Westminster had no right to assume that he had any further intention than that of forthering the interests of the province in moving for the information asked for.

The resolution was altered to read "suggested" at the word "made," and to read "and copies of correspondence between the chief commissioner of lands and works and the Indian commissioner and the superintendent of Indian aff