

ELOPERS CAPTURED.

McCord Courted a Toronto Heiress But Stole His Friend's Wife.

LOCKED UP IN DETROIT.

A Detroit despatch says: Nine years ago Theo Pinkney, a well-to-do young man living in Toronto, was married to Miss Emily Renicks, daughter of prominent and highly respected parents in Montreal. Pinkney was twenty-one years of age, and his bride was a beautiful blonde of seventeen. The couple settled in Toronto, went out a good deal in society, and lived happily. Pinkney was deeply in love with his wife, who appeared to fully return his affection. Three children, all boys, resulted from, and seemed to further bless, the union.

A year ago Wm. Arthur McCord, a cousin of the old friend of Pinkney, came to Toronto from Quebec, and entered the law office of Ross, Cameron & McCord as a student. Young McCord was small in stature, with blonde hair and moustache, and rather insignificant in appearance. He was welcomed into the Pinkney household and was treated with every consideration. As his salary was very small Pinkney frequently advanced him money. Pinkney further took him to the theatre and introduced him to his many friends. In August last Pinkney, who is assistant manager of the Farmers' Loan & Savings Company, took a six weeks' vacation and went up the lakes, finally reaching Chicago. His wife, who had remained at home, wrote to him at Chicago, saying that possibly his mother had written to him, saying that she (Mrs. Pinkney) was too intimate with McCord. If he (Pinkney) thought they were too intimate she would leave the house. Pinkney was startled and puzzled by the letter. He cut his vacation short, hurried home, and found that his wife and McCord had been criminally intimate. However, he did not wish to have a sensation over the matter, and told Mrs. Pinkney that for the sake of her family and the children she had borne him he would do nothing if McCord would leave town. She should still live in the house and bring up the children as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Pinkney consented, and McCord apparently left town. A short time after he reappeared.

Three weeks ago Mrs. Pinkney and McCord left Toronto together, taking a considerable quantity of baggage and about \$100, which had been given to Mrs. Pinkney by her husband at different times. They came to Detroit, and stopped at Rice's hotel as man and wife. A few days later they went to Fenton, Mich., where Pinkney and McCord have a cousin named Goodfellow, a school teacher. Goodfellow had never seen Mrs. Pinkney, and when McCord introduced her as his wife the matter was taken without question. After a two-weeks' visit in Fenton the couple decided to return to Detroit. Pinkney in the meanwhile had traced the eloping couple, and seemed to be well posted on their movements. He came to Detroit, accompanied by his brother John Pinkney, and when McCord and Mrs. Pinkney stepped off the train this afternoon they were accosted by the two Pinkneys and two police officers. There was quite a dramatic scene, Pinkney nearly losing control of himself in his rage.

The elopers were taken to the Central Station with their baggage. Pinkney said he did not wish to prosecute his wife for adultery, but wanted to prosecute McCord for taking some of his (Pinkney's) property from Toronto. An examination of the trunks showed enough articles belonging to Pinkney to make out a case, and the couple were locked up.

Later, accompanied by officers, McCord and Mrs. Pinkney went to Gies' hotel to get supper. They were met by the two Pinkneys.

"You brute," said John Pinkney, addressing McCord, "do you know that when your mother heard of your villainy, she was so shocked that she now lies at the point of death?"

McCord exhibited a great deal of anxiety at this and set up a piteous wail.

"Quit your babbling," almost shouted Thos. Pinkney. "I can't stand any of your sentiment. Did you stop to think of your mother or me or any one else when you were betraying my friendship, when you were tearing my wife away from me?"

Pinkney then decided to prosecute the couple for adultery. He says that McCord, while betraying his confidence, was courting a Toronto heiress, worth \$250,000, with the apparent hope of winning her. He declines to name the young lady. He says that McCord and Mrs. Pinkney conspired to have Mrs. Pinkney get all his (Pinkney's) property and then do away with him.

McCord claims that Pinkney was unfaithful to his wife, and that this had caused trouble between the couple.

How They are Defrauded.

A London cable says: Startling evidence has been laid before the Labor Commission in regard to the condition of the operatives in the textile trades in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Of the workers' scant wages, ranging from sixteen shillings weekly upward, a system of relentless fines absorbs a large percentage. It appears the manufacturers hold the workers responsible for spoiled material. A single fine sometimes absorbs the whole week's pay, and any excess of fine over wages is carried forward until the whole fine is worked off. Truck abuses supposed to have been suppressed are still in active existence, and the Factory Acts are openly defied.

A Pleasant Time.

Brooklyn Citizen: Mr. Willing—I called on Miss Mushae last evening.
De Staff—What did she have to say?
Mr. Willing—Oh, about as usual, her dog barked all the evening.

Food For Thought.

Philadelphia Press: It may be true that some are not as black as they are painted, and it is equally a fact that they are not as white as they are whitewashed.

Near Salem, Mass., on Wednesday Farmer Samuel Wilkinson, while in the woods counting ties with a gun in his hand, caught the hammer on a twig and the weapon was discharged, killing Mr. Wilkinson's 14-year-old son, who accompanied his father.

OVER ONE HUNDRED KILLED.

Many Killed and Wounded by a Bull Fight Grand Stand Crash.

A Rome cable says: A terrible accident happened to-day in Castel-a-Mare, a city on the Bay of Naples. A large number of spectators had gathered to witness a series of bull fights, which were to take place in the arena of the circus at that place. While one of the contests was in progress and the people had been worked up to a high state of excitement by the struggle between the infuriated animal and its tormentors, the circular tiers of seats from which the spectators were viewing the sport became weakened, and a large section of the structure, containing 500 persons, suddenly collapsed and carried the people down with it. Those seated on the wrecked spot had no chance to make any attempt to escape. There was first a terrifying tremor and lurching of the structure, and then before anyone had a chance to realize the danger there was a horrible grinding, tearing noise and the seats gave way beneath the terror-stricken people, and they could only utter a cry of alarm when all were precipitated with a terrible crash to the ground below. Instantly a scene of the greatest excitement and confusion ensued. Those of the spectators who were uninjured, as soon as they could recover from their fright, hastened to render whatever assistance was possible in rescuing the unfortunate people in the ruins. Those buried in the debris, who had not been rendered unconscious, were shouting piteously for help, but although the rescuers worked heroically, it required a considerable time before all the injured could be extricated from the jumble of torn and splintered wood-work. Finally all were got out, and surgical assistance was obtained for the large number of those who were bruised and cut, and had bones broken or fractured. Nearly every one who went down with the falling portion of the structure received a wound of some kind. When the large force of physicians who had been summoned had concluded their labors, it was learned that one hundred of the victims were seriously injured, and that in twenty cases it was feared that the wounds would have a fatal result.

WRECK OF THE ENTERPRISE.

Heroism of Female Convicts in the Work of Rescue.

A London cable says: Further particulars received here this morning from Calcutta say that when the storm burst the steamer Enterprise was caught unprepared, and was blown with terrific speed on the shore. She dashed upon the rocks lying opposite the female convict prison, and the waves swept clean over her. The wreck was seen by a number of female convicts who were seeking shelter from the fury of the gale, and they at once started for the shore. Slowly they forced themselves against the storm, grasping rocks and other things to prevent them from being literally blown away. At last they reached the shore. Here, nothing daunted by the thundering rush of the waters, which at times swept high above their heads, they formed a human life line, each woman grasping the other's hand. The bravest of the party rushed into the sea and grasped a struggling form seen twisting and turning in the water, and aided by her companions, dragged ashore one of the men who had been swept from the Enterprise. Again and again the women entered the water, and each time they returned with a man, who had not been for their heroic aid, would surely have been drowned. Of the 83 men comprising the officers and crew of the Enterprise only six were saved, and all of these were dragged from the water by the female convicts. Every English officer and every English member of the crew of the Enterprise were lost.

A TORONTONIAN MURDERED.

Found Dead in a Tough Place, with 37 Stab Wounds.

An Indianapolis despatch says: The dead body of a man with 37 stab wounds in the breast, side, head, and the body otherwise horribly mutilated, was found yesterday in the worst part of the city of Greencastle, about 40 miles from here. A party of tramps had been seen in the neighborhood the day before, and an empty car was discovered absolutely covered with blood. Last night a despatch from Terre Haute announced the capture there of a tramp named William O'Brien, who confessed that he was with the man who did the murder, but denied taking any part in the deed. O'Brien says the dead man's name was Matt Shea, of Toronto. He said that he and three others were with Shea at Greencastle, and he also declared that Shea told him that certain leading Irishmen in this country would give a pile of money to see him (Shea) dead, as he knew too much about the Cronin murder which started Chicago about two years ago. O'Brien claims that Shea was then in Toronto, was in communication with the Clan-na-Gael. He says the men who murdered Shea had fallen in with them two days before in a Greencastle saloon, and claimed to be perfectly ignorant of their names. They fought with Shea in the car where all were going to sleep, and he then ran out and hid himself in the stable, being afraid that they would kill him as well as Shea. Shea's body has been buried in the Greencastle potter's field.

Courtesy is Business Policy.

Albany Argus: She had risen several times to let a little man pass but between the acts. "I am sorry to disturb you, madam," he remarked apologetically, as he went out for the fourth time.
"Don't mention it," she replied. "I am happy to oblige you; my husband keeps the bar."

The Fatal Cup.

Puck: Mrs. Morris—So you have lost your new girl.
Mrs. Benedict—Yes; when she broke Charlie's pet coffee cup and gave him a new one with "Love the Giver" on it, I thought it was time to let her go.

Their Weak Point.

Washington Star: The prohibition party cannot logically expect to bring out "a full vote."

About 8,500 women are employed in the British Post-office, or one to every eight men employed.

TALKS WELL OF US.

Lady Aberdeen's Trip Through Canada With a Kodak Ended.

DAYS SPENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Canada is a Great Country and Has a Great Future.

(From "Onward and Upward" for November.)

And now we have come to the last part of the trip through which I have endeavored to act as your conductor. And if I have felt myself inefficient in that capacity during the earlier parts of our journey, still more do I feel the impossibility of doing justice to all the glories of the scenery through which we shall now pass. For even the prairies of the Northwest prove themselves to be not so limitless as they appear to those traversing their vast extent day after day, and one night, as we peep out of our berths behind the closed blinds of the car, we find ourselves standing still at the very foot of the Rockies. In the early dawn, we see ourselves guarded by three high purple peaks, known as the Three Sisters, and we feel ourselves once more safe at home in the bosom of the mountains. Soon the heavy engine which is to pant up the steep inclines in front of us comes, and hooks us on, and all day long, as we clamber the snow-covered Rockies, and steam on slowly through the heart of the Selkirk, along the Columbia river, and the wild waters which sweep down the Kicking-Horse Pass, and pass under the shade of the crags of huge "Sir Donald," we rush about from side to side, and from end to end of our car, attempting, if not to photograph or sketch, at least to imprint some memory of the magnificent panorama unrolling itself before our eyes. But all in vain! There is such a thing as being surfeited with fine scenery, and it is a transgression against nature to hurry, as we did, through these glorious scenes. All that remains now is a remembrance of towering snow-capped peaks rearing themselves up in all their strength above us, and stretches of mountains changing in the varying light of sun and cloud, from palest blues and greys to rich tones of yellow and red and purple, as we come nearer, and as the autumn foliage shows itself blending with the deep browns and blueish-green colors of the waters foaming below. To appreciate scenery such as this frequent halts should be made, and time should be allowed for the eye and mind to drink in and realize what is before them. Solitude too, and deep, unbroken stillness, are needed, if you would be in harmony with these surroundings, if you would have nature lead you up irresistibly to nature's God, if you would be able from your heart to bow yourself down and say:

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,
These, wondrous fair! Thyself, how wondrous
Unspeaking! who sits above the heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works, yet these
Declare Thy goodness beyond thought
And power divine.

This year we hope to be able to stop at various places on this route, for a day at a time, and perhaps then I shall be better fitted to be your guide on some future occasion. The only halt we did make in these regions we enjoyed immensely. It was at Banff, where the Government are forming a National Park, twenty-six miles long by ten broad, and where the C. P. R. have put up a most comfortable hotel, 4,000 feet above the sea, overlooking the Ben River. The hotel is about one and a half miles from the station. Our train arrived at the forge about 1 a. m., and we shall not soon forget the brisk drive in the bright, frosty air, over snow-bespinkled grounds, amidst snow-covered mountains, with stars glistening overhead. The hotel is a prettily-designed wooden building, capable of accommodating a hundred guests, and in the large entrance hall a huge log-fire, crackling away on an open hearth, bids welcome to weary travellers from East and West, whatever hour of the night they may arrive. Well, we had what is termed in America "a lovely time" at Banff. The sun shone brilliantly, the air was exhilarating, and we made the most of our one day. We walked, and we sketched, and we kodaked—we visited the hot sulphur springs, which are much resorted to by invalids, and which boil out of the ground at different degrees of temperature from 92 degs. to 90 degs. Some of these look most tempting to the bathers, the clear green-blue water bubbling into a large pool enclosed by high rocks, and the rays of the sun glinting through the opening above. And in the afternoon Captain Harper, one of the inspectors of the Mounted Police, came round with his break and four-in-hand, and took us for a drive round the park, chaperoning us most skillfully up and down the steep roads, winding round Tunnel Mountain, and showing us many beautiful views.

The time for departure came all too soon, and as we were standing near the station in the darkness, waiting for the arrival of the train, I heard a familiar Aberdeen-voice putting the question, "Do you remember 'Titaboutie'?" "Remember 'Titaboutie'! I should think we did! The voice belonged to a daughter of one of Lord Aberdeen's Farland tenants, and we found that she and her sister had both come out to Canada. One was engaged at the Banff Sanatorium, the other was with her brother on one of Sir John Lister-Kaye's farms, and both said they liked the country. It was a touch of home where we had least expected it, but it was by no means a solitary experience. Wherever we went, it seemed as if we met "our ain folk," and these same folk seem generally to get "the guiding o't." That reflection should do more than fill our hearts with pride of old Scotland, it should bring home to those of us who are parents the additional responsibility of being parents of children who belong to a race who seem bound to rise to high position and influence wherever they may go, the world over. The thought that the destinies of countries far away may one day largely rest in our children's hands should fill us with a noble ambition for them, that they may be able to say with others who have gone before—

We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wilds
The music of her bells,
Upbearing, like the ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God,
Against the foes of man.

Undoubtedly Scotchmen have largely had to do with the making of Canada, and happily they have for the most part left their mark on her for good. We find their names much associated, too, with the making of this wonderful railway, by means of which all this marvellous scenery is witnessed.

Look at the picture we give you of a specimen of a good road in these parts before the railway came, and then see the iron road cut through, or cut out of the sides of perpendicular cliffs, the workmen in some cases having had to be lowered by ropes from above in order to get at their work. From side to side of rushing waters the train crosses on trestle bridges like that of which we give you an illustration, and finds its way along ledges of rock, twisting and turning in every direction on the brink of the precipitous wooden erections, called snow-sheds (something of the character of tunnels), have had to be put up to protect the line from snow in winter. By this means the road is scarcely, if ever, blocked, even during heavy falls of snow. And, thus, by one device and another, and by the exercise of constant, vigilant inspection, this railway, though covering such an extent of country, and though having to face so many perils, places, can, up to the present time, thankfully record that they have only lost the life of one passenger, and that was in consequence of his standing on the steps of the car after being warned by the conductor not to do so.

I could tell you much of the glimpses we caught of life in British Columbia, of the Indians spearing the salmon, of the Chinamen washing the sand for gold, of the villages of both Indians and Chinese, which are quite different to any other we had seen, and the curious burying-places, high up in the trees, which the Indians make for their dead. But I prefer to wait until I have seen more of all this, and will then gladly give you a paper or two, exclusively on British Columbia, if you should wish it.

I will only ask you on this occasion to come straight on to the cities of Vancouver and Victoria, and take a look of these before we part.

At Vancouver we were most hospitably entertained by the Mayor, Mr. Oppenheimer, and his wife, and, in addition to this, the Scotch and Irish residents combined together to give us a most hearty and kindly reception one evening. In this way we heard much of all that was doing in the place, and of its wonderful growth since the disastrous fire which utterly annihilated it five years ago. Within three months after the fire four hundred houses had been erected, and the progress has since been so rapid that there is now a population of 13,000. This is the more remarkable when we reflect that the site on which the town stands was covered with a dense forest of enormous pines, such as we now see just outside the limits of present habitations. Their great roots have to be removed, and the heavy wood and dead timber have to be cleared at an enormous expense before the land can be utilized, yet a great part of this forest is already parcelled out into building blocks, and is selling at a high price. And where the Douglas pine and the cedar flourished undisturbed, but a few years ago, handsome streets are now formed, lighted with electric light, and supplied with electric trams. Most of the buildings are of wood, but there are a few principal streets where only stone or brick buildings may be erected. Great foresight is also being shown by the municipal authorities in matters of sanitation and drainage, unlike some new towns, where such matters have been left to chance; and even in these early days a Public Park has been set aside with a circuit of ten miles, called after the present Governor-General, the Stanley Park.

We had the advantage of being shown some of the country round Vancouver by an old friend whom I had often seen during my childhood at my father's home in Inverness-shire. He came out here three years ago to see if this would be a good place for his sons, and liked it so much that he never went back, but sent for his family to join him. As he pointed out to us, the peninsula on which Vancouver is situated on either side of her beautiful harbor is bound to be built over and to become exceedingly valuable as the city develops under the increase of trade which must of necessity come, through its being the terminus of the C. P. R., and commanding the shortest route to Japan, China and India, by the new magnificent steamships which are now running. Just ten weeks ago, the advantage of this route over any other was demonstrated by the Japanese mails reaching Queenstown in twenty days from leaving Yokohama. You may imagine the pride of the Vancouver people at seeing the Empress voyage from Yokohama.

The atmosphere of hope and faith in the future of their country makes British Columbians a very delightful people. There is a spirit of enterprise in the air which, coupled to natural advantages, makes success a certainty. This belief in the future was rather amusingly illustrated by a huge sign-board which we found stuck into the ground on the borders of a dense forest, with no house in sight. The notice ran thus:

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune!
This is the tide of your life!
Invest in the city of the future, Steveston,
And become
A MILLIONAIRE.

I wonder whether we shall find the city of Steveston an accomplished fact this year? We must tear ourselves away from Vancouver and its beautiful surroundings with regret, and embark in the "Islander" for the five hours crossing to Victoria, under Captain Hadden's care. See Mount Baker raising its head high above the sunset clouds, all in a golden glory, and seeming isolated far above all the rest of the common world below. And there, opposite, are the peaks of the famed Olympic Range, standing out a deep blue against the sky, only hidden here and there by a light mist curling about their sides. So we sail out of Vancouver, and the sunset fades into moonlight over a delightful calm sea long before we reach Victoria, the beautiful capital of British Columbia. Is it indeed Victoria and Vancouver Island where we have arrived? Has not the "Islander" lost her way and

brought us by a short route back to England, and landed at Torquay? The resemblance has almost a touch of the ridiculous in it—the same scents, the same sort of greenness all round, the same sort of ferns and foliage and surroundings, and on that day, at any rate, the same moist feeling in the air, developing later on into a steady downpour. Then English voices and faces abound, and English customs predominate so largely that the illusion would be complete if we were not recalled to our whereabouts by the presence of the Chinese pigtail everywhere.

The residents of British Columbia would be hard put to it if they were not for these same Chinese. Domestic servants are very difficult to get, and even when obtained often give themselves such airs that the mistresses are glad to return to the Chinaman, who will act as cook, housemaid, waiter, groom and gardener, all in one, without giving any trouble. Girls, however, who do come out, and are ready to work, and do what they are told, get very high wages, the labor generally is very dear. An ordinary laborer will get 10s. to 12s. a day, and mechanics and masons get as much as 16s. to 20s. a day.

We much regretted that the steady rain prevented us from seeing all the beauties of the place. But the Governor of British Columbia and Mrs. Nelson and Sir Joseph and Lady Trutch were ready to help us to see all that could be seen. As it was, the Governor kindly drove us down to the magnificent harbor of Esquimalt, three miles from Victoria, the headquarters of the North Pacific squadron. Several warships were riding at anchor, adding one more touch to the likeness to England. The Admiral of the fleet, Admiral Hotham, had been good enough to give us an invitation to tea on board the flagship, the Warspite, commanded by Captain Hadworth, the Lamington, and so here, on the Pacific Ocean, I paid my first visit to a British warship. Everything on board looked spotless in its whiteness and brightness and trimness, and the Admiral's room, in the end bows of the ship, was like a drawing-room for cosiness and comfort, a bright fire burning in a grate, and comfortable chairs and tables and ornaments, all looking as if we were ashore. Admiral Hotham gave a high character to British Columbia; he had been here for five months and this was only the second wet day he had seen—climate, people and all surroundings were amongst the pleasantest he had known in his nautical wanderings. It was sad that we should not have the opportunity of seeing the place to full advantage, but our brief stay was full of enjoyments, including an evening at Government House, and here, too, we met our friend, Professor Henry Drummond, who had just arrived from Australia and Japan, and who now joined our party for the homeward trip.

Here then, amidst the roses and fragrant breezes of this favored Isle, I must leave you, with many regrets that our trip has come to an end. It is a hurried journey that we have taken, and we have had but glimpses of the inexhaustible resources of this great country. But if these little sketches have added somewhat to your knowledge of what Canada is, if it has increased your pride in her, if it has kindled a desire to do what may be in your power to build up its fortunes, I shall feel they have not been written in vain. The high moral and the religious character of her present population, the wise and true foundations that they are laying for future development and prosperity make one long that those remaining in the Old Country should thoroughly realize how much reason they have to rejoice in our common kinship, and that those thinking of coming out to Canada to try their fortunes should come with a hearty desire to do their utmost for the land of their adoption. There has been some disappointment this year at the increase of the population during the last decade being only half a million. Still, all admit that the men settlers are of a good stamp, and this, after all, is of far more importance than mere numbers. Strong in her sense of the future, she can afford to wait. As we sail down her rivers and lakes, and traverse her prairies, and climb her mountains, the poet Whittier's words haunt us—

I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

Our eyes may not see this consummation, but we may join our prayers to those of a Canadian poet, with whose words I will close: Canada! Maple-land! Land of great mountains! Lake-land and river-land; Land 'twixt the seas!

Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage
Spirits as free as the breeze!

Grant us Thy fear, that we walk in humility,
Fear that is reverence, not fear that is base;
Grant us Thy righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
Peace—if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love, and the love of our country;
Grant us Thy strength, for our strength is in Thy name;
Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
Shield us, O Father, from shame.

Last born of nations! The offspring of freedom!
Hill to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
Courage to guard what we own.

Four Years Married.

Puck: "Blasher" is the most bashful man I ever knew."
"Well, how on earth did he ever come to get married?"
"He was too bashful to refuse."

Her Hubby's Teachings.

New York Weekly: Friend—Why do you get married so soon after the death of your husband?

Widow—My dear, if there was any one thing that my poor dead and gone husband insisted upon, in season and out, it was that I should never put off till to-morrow what I could do to-day.

The Man of the House.

Brooklyn Life: "Now that you have consented," said the happy young man, "I must see your papa."

"No," replied the radiant girl. "You mention it to mamma. What she says goes."

In Africa there are 500 missionaries and 400,000 converts. An average of 25,000 a year become converted, and in five years more than 200,000 converts have lost their lives there.

There are 1,125 characters in the twenty-four books that Charles Dickens wrote.