Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1887.

DISGRACEFUL JOURNALISM.

We took occasion yesterday to refer to the indecent and untruthful statements circulated by the Toronto *Globe* with reference to Sir John A. Macdonald's mental condition. Its disciple in this city comes to the master's defence, and says the latter "but gave currency to a rumor that has been prevalent for some time." No such rumor ever had life until the *Globe* started it, and by doing so brought down upon itself the indignation of the people of Canada, liberals as well as conservatives. We a few days ago showed up on the "Independent" question, in a manner which the *Times* editor could not contradict, his utter hypocrisy, thorough want of principle, and complete disregard of any of the amenities of honest journalism. We propose this morning to do so again, and in so convincing a manner as to utterly discredit the editor of the *Times* in the estimation of all good citizens. In parallel columns we publish the utterances of the *Times* last July and now with reference to Sir John Macdonald's appearance while in this city last summer:

Times, July 26, 1886.	*Times, Feb. 5, 1887.*
Notwithstanding his seventy-two years, and ill-health and declining vigor, Sir John looks almost as young as he did ten years ago. He stepped ashore and into his carriage with all the elasticity of a man of forty or fifty, and wearing that jaunty appearance which has never left him in the days of his greatest troubles, the iron entered into his soul and last evening he launched forth some choicest extracts from that extensive vocabulary of Billingsgate which is the exclusive property of the *Times* office. Our misguided contemporary should bear in mind Lord Beaconsfield's famous saying that "Impertinence is not wit, and insolence is not invective." We simply quoted the *Times* seven months ago and now, to show the utter hypocrisy and double-dealing which characterized its editor—nothing more, nothing less, and we think we have done so effectually. No amount of vulgar abuse will cover up the fact that our contemporary has been condemned out of his own mouth. We are sorry that journalism should be so prostituted, but then we feel it our duty to make the *expose*. The *Times* yesterday had the audacity to state that in its article of July 26, 1886, which we published on Sunday morning, it "did not question his (Sir John's) mental activity." Let us again, just to show how entirely regardless of the truth our contemporary is, reproduce a paragraph from his issue of July last:	Those who met Sir John while in this city—and they were by no means few in number, who knew the chieftain as far back as the early fifties, were not backward in expressing their opinion as to the marked change that had taken place in his condition. This was but quite natural, for the veteran is now in his 73rd year, having reached a period beyond the allotted span of three score years and ten; an age which a very large per centage of the human family do not live to see. That Sir John's mental and intellectual capacities have materially deteriorated during the past half dozen years is well known to all who have come into close contact with him.

Mentally this prince of the people is as vigorous as he ever was, and not even his three score years and ten, or the violent attacks of sciatica can bend his will or convince him that he is not as young as he used to be.

"The prince of his people" was then, as he is now, in the fullest enjoyment of all his faculties, and the effort to prove him an imbecile simply because he happens to be an old man will draw down upon our contemporary's head, as it has upon the *Globe's*, the scorn and indignation of an outraged public. Mr. Gladstone is an old man, no more remarkable in many respects than Sir John, but who would think because of that fact of accusing him of having lost his mental activities and being little better than an idiot. All the *Times'* talk about the Chambly election and Haldemand is mere "balderdash," born of the diseased imagination of the hero of Guelph. The Chambly elections took place while Sir John was in Victoria, and we are sure the hundreds of our readers who met the Premier while here will bear us out in saying that the result did not visibly affect him. Such specious arguments show the utter inability of the *Times* to bolster up its statements as to Sir John's mental condition, which have been the coarsest that have ever appeared in the Victoria press.

THE Dominion revenue returns indicate a considerable increase of business at Montreal since 1885. The customs receipts at that port in 1886 amounted to $8,362,619, as against $6,681,443 in 1885, an increase of $1,681,176. The December receipts amounted to $771,000 as compared with $497,000 in December of the previous year. The inland revenue office collected $1,844,016 in 1886, or $234,067 more than in 1885. The receipts for harbor dues were considerably ahead of the previous year, and so were the aggregate collections by the Quebec excise office. More buildings were put up than during the year before.

JUDGING by the board of trade figures just to hand, the past year was not an entirely satisfactory one in the trade and commerce of the United Kingdom, but the revival of business toward the end of the year did much to prevent a less favorable showing. The total exports in 1886 were valued at £212,364,000 against £213,045,000 in 1885, a decline of about ½ of 1 per cent. The imports showed a large decrease amounting to only £349,381,000 in 1886 against £370,404,000 in 1885, a falling off of nearly 6 per cent. Among the few exports which show increases over 1885, textile fabrics, including yarns, are foremost. The good export trade in this class of goods, indeed, was one of the few redeeming features in the year's trade.

OF OVER 52,000 bushels of grain shipped from the port of New York in 1886 not one bushel was carried in an American vessel. The New York *Herald* has published the following table showing the number of vessels and the amount of grain carried, with the nationality of the carriers:

Nationality.	*No. of vessels.*	*Bushels.*
American	24	772,037
British	743	32,926,996
Belgian	76	4,061,330
Danish	97	1,062,880
Dutch	51	1,522,600
French	55	2,405,612
German	183	4,380,273
Italian	61	2,192,382
Norwegian	5	118,403
Portuguese	19	441,991
Spanish	33	1,734,362
Swedish	2	91,114
Totals	1,279	52,503,373

MR. RICHARD SEYD says the total reported failures in the United Kingdom during 1886 are 5,714, of which 533 occurred in the financial, wholesale and manufacturing branches of business, and 5,181 in the retail trade, professional pursuits, and among builders, publicans, the working classes, etc. These figures show an increase in the number of retail failures against the two preceding years, but a continued diminution in the wholesale failures. The following table gives the numbers in each class for each of the past ten years:

	Wholesale.	*Retail.*		*Wholesale.*	*Retail.*
1887	2,172	8,350	1882	1,314	9,705
1878	2,043	12,416	1883	1,261	9,228
1879	2,546	14,061	1884	607	3,767
1880	1,478	11,969	1885	593	4,503
1881	1,225	10,680	1886	533	5,181

Of course these figures do not include private arrangements with creditors, which have again been very numerous during the past year, particularly in the retail trades.

THE mortal remains of the late Mr. J. W. Williams were brought up from San Francisco on the Elder last night and will be interred in Ross bay cemetery.

MR. MARA'S CANDIDATURE.

There would seem to be little probability of opposition to Mr. J. A. Mara, as a candidate for the Yale-Kootenay district. The former member, Mr. Barnard, who served that constituency so faithfully, having declined to seek re-election, Mr. Mara solicits the suffrages of the electors. He announces, in his address, that he would consider it his duty, if elected, to give the present Government an Independent support, believing, as he does, that it is to the policy formulated by them eight years ago, and so successfully carried out, that we owe our present prosperity. He favors a reciprocity treaty with the United States that would include the products of the province, but would oppose any modification of the tariff which should have a tendency towards free trade, as long as the Republic keeps its doors closed against Canada by high protective duties. Application for charters having been made for several projected railways, which would assist materially in developing our mineral and agricultural resources, and Federal aid being required to commence them, he would strongly urge upon the Government the justice of liberally subsidizing these lines. The money thus invested would soon pay a fair interest in the form of customs' dnties. Believing that the administration of the Dominion lands within the province is not satisfactory, he would recommend that they be administered on terms similar to those governing provincial lands, and that an office be established at some central point in the interior. If the courts decide that the precious metals within the railway belt belong to the Dominion and not to the Province, he would endeavor to have the mining laws of the former assimilated to the latter, so far as they relate to minerals within that area. Although, since the completion of the C. P. R., the greater portion of the district is favored with regular and frequent mail communication, several outlying settlements have still to content themselves with a monthly service, which they have far outgrown, and he would see that the wants of these are properly represented to the government. To the present administration he believes we must give full credit for the construction and early completion of the Canadian Pacific railway, the benefits of which to the whole province have been so great. Excessive rates and unjust discrimination have considerably lessened these to the interior, and in his opinion railway charges should be fixed by statute, or, if this is found impracticable, on account of competing lines, then the government should insist on the rates being submitted to and approved by the governor in council as required by the consolidated railway act. He regrets that it will be impossible for him to make a personal canvass of the district, extending as it does from longitude 114° to 122°, and from the American boundary to the 53rd parallel of north latitude. He will, however, in the future, as in the past, if elected, give every possible attention to any question of a public nature to which his attention is called by letter or otherwise. Having occupied a seat in the legislative assembly continuously since confederation he confidently points to his past record as a guarantee that if returned he will to the best of his ability represent the views and guard the interests of his constituents. As speaker of the house during the last term all his rulings were characterized by the strictest impartiality and the highest sense of justice, and in that capacity he endeared himself to the members on both sides of the house. His long acquaintance with the inner political life of the province will be of great assistance to him in the wider sphere opened up by the Canadian commons, where we may expect him to take a foremost place. In the event of his election, which we are advised promises to be by acclamation, the electors of the district are indeed to be congratulated, since they will have at the seat of government an able and painstaking representative, thoroughly conversant with all the needs of the district, who will work for the good of the people whom he has the honor to represent.

SIR JOHN'S DEFAMER.

Perhaps after the Toronto *Globe*, the most thoroughly unreliable and wickedly calumnious organ in the Dominion is the one-horse grit sheet which does duty in this city for a newspaper. It is said liars need long memories—the recent diametrically opposite statements of the editor of the *Times* prove the truth of the saying. A short time ago we exposed the wordy and abusive editor on the "Independent" question, showing by his own paper that while he now advocates "straddlebugs," because he knows clear-cut grits would stand no possible chance of election in this district, he only a few months ago described Independents as the lowest of the low and the meanest of the mean. So completely was he convinced that he was unable to perform the wriggling out act in which he is so proficient. Again on Saturday, following the lead of the *Globe*, he rehashed the base slanders upon Sir John A. Macdonald's mental condition, and as good as insinuated that he was in a state of idiocy. He even went so far as to say that when the chieftain was in this city last summer his old friends noticed the marked change in his condition and stated: "That Sir John's mental and intellectual capacities have materially deteriorated during the past half-a-dozen years is well known to all who have come into close contact with him." When we confronted him with his own account of Sir John's appearance while here in July last in which he declared him to be just "as young as he used to be," and "wear that jaunty appearance which has never left him in the days of his greatest troubles," the iron entered into his soul and last evening he launched forth some choicest extracts from that extensive vocabulary of Billingsgate which is the exclusive property of the *Times* office. Our misguided contemporary should bear in mind Lord Beaconsfield's famous saying that "Impertinence is not wit, and insolence is not invective." We simply quoted the *Times* seven months ago and now, to show the utter hypocrisy and double-dealing which characterized its editor—nothing more, nothing less, and we think we have done so effectually. No amount of vulgar abuse will cover up the fact that our contemporary has been condemned out of his own mouth. We are sorry that journalism should be so prostituted, but then we feel it our duty to make the *expose*. The *Times* yesterday had the audacity to state that in its article of July 26, 1886, which we published on Sunday morning, it "did not question his (Sir John's) mental activity." Let us again, just to show how entirely regardless of the truth our contemporary is, reproduce a paragraph from his issue of July last:

Mentally this prince of the people is as vigorous as he ever was, and not even his three score years and ten, or the violent attacks of sciatica can bend his will or convince him that he is not as young as he used to be.

"The prince of his people" was then, as he is now, in the fullest enjoyment of all his faculties, and the effort to prove him an imbecile simply because he happens to be an old man will draw down upon our contemporary's head, as it has upon the *Globe's*, the scorn and indignation of an outraged public. Mr. Gladstone is an old man, no more remarkable in many respects than Sir John, but who would think because of that fact of accusing him of having lost his mental activities and being little better than an idiot. All the *Times'* talk about the Chambly election and Haldemand is mere "balderdash," born of the diseased imagination of the hero of Guelph. The Chambly elections took place while Sir John was in Victoria, and we are sure the hundreds of our readers who met the Premier while here will bear us out in saying that the result did not visibly affect him. Such specious arguments show the utter inability of the *Times* to bolster up its statements as to Sir John's mental condition, which have been the coarsest that have ever appeared in the Victoria press.

POLITICAL NOTES.

How will the sapient editor of the *Times* wriggle out of the hole in which we have placed him this morning? Will he maintain a "discreet silence?"

By a "youthful contributor!" The trouble would seem to be that while the senior member for Nanaimo don't want the *Times* the *Times* wants the senior member's Dimes. Hence these tears!

Mr. DeCosmos' cuckoo cry for addresses is becoming monotonous. By the same token, where is his own address? Should he lack *vim* to write a new one he can fall back on his memorable issue of 1882. That *was* a "snorter." Come, Mr. DeC., joking aside; let's have your address. The farmers are just dying to hear what you know about a public market!

Canvassing in the midst of the severe cold weather is proceeding languidly. It is no joke to drive ten or twelve miles in the teeth of a stiff norther to secure a pledge and find on arrival that t'other fellow had been there before you and corralled the vote. If one is doomed to disappointment he ought to have fine weather for it. To meet with a chilly reception after a chilly drive is as uncomfortable as to eat bread made of *chife* flour.

Mr. Bole has gone to New Westminster ill. Mr. Beaven is suffering from a severe cold. Mr. Higgins ditto. Several other of the honorable members complain of colds, all caught in the ramshackle building where British Columbia condemns her representatives to legislate. The life of the least important member of the house is worth more to his friends than it would cost to build half-a-dozen legislature buildings. Every session but adds to the discomfort and danger to health. The government should raise by loan a sufficient sum to erect a new and substantial structure.

It now appears that our esteemed evening contemporary's dislike for the senior member for Nanaimo is coincident with the date on which Mr. Dunsmuir "stopped" his *Times* and depleted the Yates street coffers to the extent of two bits a week. If every man who has stopped the *Times* is to come in for an equal share of abuse what a task our worthy contemporary has before him! If to stop the *Times* be an offence, to read it should be a crime against public morality. It is not likely that Mr. Dunsmuir can be bull-dozed into again contributing the much-needed quarter. Indeed, should he turn upon his assailant it is safe to predict that he will "*give no quarter!*"

"AN EASTERN LIBERAL" DISCOURSES.

TO THE EDITOR:—A few days ago I noticed that you admitted to your columns a very seasonable and moderate letter from "An Eastern Liberal-Conservative," on the political situation. I venture to address you now in the hope that you will accord me the same favor, for although I am what is known in Ontario as a liberal, otherwise a grit, I would wish you to understand that I do not approve of the methods by which it is proposed to carry this constituency in the interest of the liberals.

First, I am uncompromisingly opposed to the sneaking cry of "independence" raised by dyed-in-the-wool liberals—men with whom I have worked in many a hard-fought contest, and whose conduct now in abandoning principles which I know they secretly entertain I abhor and condemn. If liberal principles are worth anything they are worth struggling for even in the face of certain defeat; and the man or newspaper that dare not own them now, when they are at a discount here, is unworthy of support or confidence.

Secondly, I am opposed to the scurrility a portion of the press is indulging in at the expense of the commoners candidates. The policy of abuse is a plant from the *Globe* conservatory transplanted to Victoria soil, where I earnestly hope it may not take root. Respectable liberals always denounced the *Globe* for gross personalities and have not hesitated to say that it has been the cause of nearly all the misfortunes that have overtaken the liberals since confederation.

I arrived in the province last summer, while the country was in the throes of the general election, and had not been a week in the provinces before I prophesied the utter defeat of the opposition. My prediction was made after reading the scurrilous attacks of the *Times* on the government candidates. Abuse creates sympathy for those at whom it is directed, and almost always ensures their election.

As a free-trader and liberal, I should like to see a full liberal ticket nominated. I should like to see men who are not afraid to stand on the platform of liberalism and low tariff put forward. An independent is a straddler—a trimmer—a sneak. If any such should be returned, what security would there be that he would not go over to the enemy, and who could charge him with recreancy!

Speaking for myself, if I had a vote, I would rather cast it for a straightforward conservative than for a puling, trafficking, "independent," who would change sides at Ottawa as easily as he could put on and take off his goloshes.

AN EASTERN LIBERAL.

THE SNAKE SCOTCHED.

TO THE EDITOR:—You have scotched the snake. Your exposure of the *Times* on Sunday was overwhelming. What the "puir fule" will have to say now in explanation of his articles relative to Sir John now and six months' ago need not concern any one but himself. Surely the wisest course for the unfortunate wight to pursue would be to say nothing. I consider your *expose* the neatest thing of the kind ever done in this country.

But not alone have you shown the fellow up with regard to Sir John, you have wrung from him the humiliating confession that his hostility to Mr. Dunsmuir is due to the fact that Mr. Dunsmuir stopped his paper! Just think of it. A citizen in the exercise of his right to pick and choose decides to deplete the *Times'* purse to the extent of 25 cents a week and he is immediately attacked in set terms of insult. Every little personal peculiarity is seized on as a pretext for a fresh assault upon the character of the most enterprising man in British Columbia.

I much mistake Mr. Dunsmuir if he is the man to yield to this species of blackmail to induce him to again subscribe to a newspaper that ought not to be admitted into any decent household.

Finally, Mr. Editor, I think, and many to whom I have spoken think, that having thoroughly annihilated your contemporary you should give your readers a rest concerning him. Let him severely alone; for I do assure you that he is unworthy of further serious attention at your hands.

BEAVER.

EASTERN POLITICS.

A Great Uproar in Halifax—The Police Separate Winnipeg Combatants.

HALIFAX, Feb. 5.—The most remarkable political gathering ever held in this country took place to-night. The Drill Shed was completely packed, and thousands outside could not get in. Tupper attempted to speak, but rowdies would not let him. Jones then tried to speak, but an uproar ensued. A fight then took place, when hundreds of dollars worth of furniture was destroyed and every window smashed. There was no person badly hurt.

WINNIPEG, Feb. 5.—The largest political meeting ever held in the province was the joint meeting of liberals and conservatives held here last night. Hundreds turned away unable to gain admission. A fight took place on the platform, which was joined in by many. The police separated the combatants. Scarth stated that he had received a telegram from Sir John denying that he would resign the premiership in favor of Tupper after the elections.

HAMILTON, Ont., Feb. 5.—Mr. Klivert, ex-M. P. for Hamilton, has been appointed collector of customs here.

EMMA ABBOTT.

Romantic Story of Her Childhood and Early Struggles.

Years Hard Work and Bitter Disappointment—Her Indomitable Courage—Success in England.

The coming appearance of the Emma Abbott grand English opera at The Victoria will give the following sketch by Grace Greenwood additional interest:

The history of the early life of Emma Abbott is marked by a pathetic and somber sort of romance. She was unconsciously and involuntarily an American type of the singing Bohemian—an accidental Zingari, long driven about by the idle winds of chance and the rude gusts of misfortune, like a poor little leaf—a leaf autumn-tinted even in springtime. It was for the elements of heroism and hope in the child's hand-to-hand struggle with grim poverty, ill luck, ill conditions and manifold discouragements that this period of the sweet singer's life is, to me, the most interesting. It is out of such depressing, uncongenial and unpoetic conditions that the world's noblest dramatic and lyric geniuses—queens of tragedy and song—have come to their own. Siddons and Rachel, Lind and Nilsson were stars that burned their way to fame through the cold mists of misfortune.

The goldfinch, secure in its gilded cage, with all its little wants anticipated, sings passing well for my lord and lady, but out on the thornbush the nightingale, which forages for its daily food, and knows hunger and cold and storms, sings best for poets and artists—for hearts that love and mourn.

When Emma Abbott was but a wee thing, her father, a music teacher of small means, removed to Peoria, Ill., hoping to better his fortunes. It was about this time the child, who knew almost nothing of the world beyond her humble home and had never been in a theatre or concert room, was, while sleeping one night in her little trundle bed, visited by a vision of success which has since had a singular confirmation.

VISION OF SUCCESS.

She beheld in a vast and brilliant place, seats rising tier above tier, a grand audience, gaily dressed and smiling, and she saw herself standing before them and singing—singing her little heart out in such a soaring, exultant way, that she seemed lifted off her feet.

Even at that callow age she was an ambitious little songstress, and when she was scarcely eight years old her father allowed her to assist him in a concert given in the schoolhouse in a country place. The two artists walked nearly ten miles, carrying violin and guitar, to acquit themselves of this duty. She was even then received by her audiences with smiles of curious interest, and her ambitious efforts received with kindly applause. There was always a certain purity about the childish soprano—a searching, appealing, pathetic quality, which never failed to touch the heart. After this tour she returned home and continued her desultory education in the public school.

During a vacation she once visited a young friend in a neighboring town, where the idea occurred to her busy little brain and brave little heart, which would neither rest nor remove for thinking of the dear ones left behind in the shadow of poverty and ever-impending difficulties—the idea of giving a concert, a grand Abbott concert, all alone, by herself and her guitar. She was at that time a quaint little creature, small for her age, thin and pale, and dressed always like the child she really was. The description of her toilet she made when going to this, her first concert, is a touching incident in her career.

A SHABBY TOILET.

Such a toilet! For it meant the shabby calico dress to be taken off, shaken and hung up on a tree; then the child waded into the stream and fastening her little skirts tight about her, bathed her neck, face and aching feet, those faithful little servants from which neither use nor exposure had taken the shapeliness, and bronzed though they were the straight toes and arched instep had lost none of their beauty. Then hastily smoothing the loosened locks with a comb and donning her dress she added a pair of coarse shoes and stockings. Her extreme poverty had kept her from wearing on the road, and seating herself in a nest of ferns, ate the thick slice of molasses-spread bread provided for her supper, and then she began gravely talking to herself, unconsciously thumming a soft accompaniment on her guitar.

"I shall be a great artiste, and people when they hear me sing will throw money and flowers at me, like papa says they did Jenny Lind, tum-tum-tum; and I shall earn bags of money, and we shall have carpets on the floor and a piano, and the poor little mother a silk dress, and she shall sit with her hands folded all the day long, or crochet tidies like Mrs. Colonel Twiller, tum-tum-te-tum; and papa shall wear fine clothes like a prince and have a fiddle like Ole Bull's; and George shall be a great artist and paint big pictures; and I will make everyone happy, and wear for every day a long black velvet dress with lots of lace on it, and shining stones around my neck, tum-te-tum-tum; I have only to be good and work hard and they will call me the 'Queen of Song.'" concluded the child with a big thrum on her guitar and an air of satisfied conviction. Then she looked at the sun and saw that, like a big schoolboy, he was turning red with anger at having to go to bed so early, so jumping up briskly she set out on the same little jog trot toward the village.

HER INDOMITABLE COURAGE.

The result of that concert was $10, which the singer took home to her mother, like the good little girl she was. Then for a season she taught a country school, which she walked 18 miles through mud and slush to obtain, and then on returning home and finding the family in dire straits, took to the highway again and went singing from town to town. In one place she sung in the church, standing in the pulpit—a little preacher of harmony—and resting her guitar on the bible, whereon her heart even then had often rested. For the two years succeeding she sung for her bread and that of dear ones depending upon her, for a season or two attached to a troupe of vocalists as their *prima donna assoluta*, but mostly singing and travelling by herself and often suffering from cold and exposure to wild winter storms on the prairies. One terribly severe night, on going to her little concert, she actually froze her feet, but nothing chilled the warm currents of faith and love that visited her sad heart. She was often homesick, but that made her all the more anxious to save every penny not necessary for her bare subsistence back to that home that was always in her thoughts. To that humble household in Peoria the little "wandering voice" singing up and down the land, sometimes in heavy sadness, was as the providence of God. Many times poor Emma had failures, utter and disheartening failures, and more than once was obliged to pawn her few trinkets, her concert dress and even her precious guitar—insentient, inanimate companion of her wanderings, which she yet loved and fondled and talked to and lavished tender care upon. One sad time, when she had nothing to pledge, she cut off her long, fair hair and sold it for food. Here and there she was helped up the "Hill Difficulty" and out of the "Slough Despond" by generous strangers—her earnest, frank face always inspiring confidence in some unspoiled nature and her rare sympathetic voice always reaching some good heart.

MELANCHOLY THOUGHTS.

Days, weeks, months rolled by, without a change. One dreary night, seated at the window of her little room, in describable feeling of melancholy overcame the young girl. A year ago that very night, she remembered being present at the last birthday celebration of her noble friend, Horace Greeley. Emma's thoughts dwelt on the grand old man who had passed away during her absence, and as she contrasted the brilliant prophecies made for that night with the bitter present, great tears coursed down her cheeks, and throwing herself on her knees, she prayed with all the fervor of a believing soul that her voice might be given back to her. Rising more calm, she pressed her hand against her throbbing heart, parted her lips for one more effort, and was shaken to the soul when she heard her voice, pure, beautiful and powerful as ever, ring out in the notes of "Auld Lang Syne." That night a hopeful and happy girl slept on the shores of the Mediterranean. Without losing any time, and under the advice of Christine Nillson, Emma at once proceeded to Paris and commenced a vigorous course of study under the renowned Wartel for vocalization, at the same time having six other masters in the study of opera, fencing, drumming, French and Italian, and in acting at the Conservatoire and Opera Comique, where she obtained the unusual advantages which developed her extraordinary dramatic talent. So a year went by, and in all these lessons from expensive masters much money went also, and just as the enthusiastic young student was sadly feeling that art was long and fraucs were fleeting, and that she would be obliged to stop far short of the last finishing lessons of her exacting master, she made the acquaintance of a noble and generous woman, the Baroness Salombe de Rothschild.

A GENEROUS WOMAN.

Her introduction to this celebrated lady is worth reading, if only to show how Emma Abbott's genuine kindness of heart and simplicity won the great as well as the lowly. She was invited to a dinner to meet a party of distinguished Americans. They were pining for a breath from their native land, and she was urged to sing "Home, Sweet Home," which she did with that pathos and feeling that has touched the hearts of thousands of delighted listeners since. Among the guests was an intimate friend of the baroness, who was so charmed that she hastened to tell her of this wonderfully gifted young girl. The baroness at once invited Emma to visit her at her princely villa. Being herself a connoisseur in music, she asked the young girl to sing, and then, delighted with her offer to aid deeply interested in the story of her heroic struggles, entered into an agreement that the little stranger should visit her once a month and sing, for which she would be only too happy to pay her 1000 francs each time. This munificent arrangement was continued for eighteen months and until Emma had completed her arduous studies.

APPRECIATION.

Gounod, after hearing her sing the last act in "Faust" wrote in her score: "*Voix, juste, claire, egale, lumineuse, bein timbre*"—criticism succinct, yet most generous. Patti at once on hearing her sing, predicted for her the most brilliant future and offered to take the untried *cantratrice* to St. Petersburg to sing with her. This offer Miss Abbott declined, and continued to study for some time longer. The generous Patti, however, insisted on giving her letters to London managers and a superb set of antique jewelry, with the request that she would wear them at her debut, and as she bade her farewell, Patti said: "Courage *ma chere amie*, your *mezza voce* and *sustenuto* are simply perfect. You will succeed."

Before singing in England, Miss Abbott visited Italy, and at Florence, according to R. Corriere Italiano, created a veritable furor, being recalled fifteen times by the enthusiastic multitude. On her arrival in London she made her debut in the Royal Italian Opera Convent garden. Her emotions on that memorable night it would be difficult to describe. As the curtain drew up she saw before her a multitude of people—the wealth and nobility of England—glittering with diamonds and decorations, waiting to hear her sing. There was something paralizing in the sight, and the girl who had not shrunk from the hardships and cruelties of life turned cold and trembled. But when she stepped forward upon the stage the sudden resolve came to her to sing to the hearts as well as to the ears of these people, and out of the fulness of her soul she appealed to theirs with that intensity of feeling that only one who had sorrowed and loved, suffered and struggled, could, she depited the fate of the beautiful heroine. The enthusiasm she aroused in their breasts that night settled her fate and sealed her success.

THE VISION VERIFIED.

The dreams of her childhood have come to pass. Her wishes for those dear to her have been realized; many velvet dresses and "shining stones" have been added to her wardrobe; the kind strangers who cast their bread upon the waters have had it returned to them again; sore souls and weary hearts have been made happy by her thought. In the very springtime of her youth, in all the freshness and strength, she has become the representative singer of her country, the shining illustration of what can be done by hard work and honesty in the face of poverty, lonnliness and misfortune.

When we see the slight, yet rounded form, the earnest eyes and fair hair of the prima donna as she portrays the pure, childlike character of Virginia, the wealth of Juliet's passionate love, or the sorrow of Mignon, we cannot wonder that we weep and thrill, because we feel the soul of "one who lived" plead through the voice and mien of the singer; the magnetism of the women and the gifts of the artiste become inseparable, we know only that we listen to—Emma Abbott.

McINTYRE'S MURDERER.

On the evening of November 1, says the *Alaskan*, while at B. C. McIntyre, the Alaska Commercial company's agent, was seated at dinner in company with Eaton Karr, an Englishman, who accompanied Lieut. Schwatka to Mount St. Elias, the former was shot in the back of the head and instantly killed. The deed is claimed to have been done by one Peter Andersen, a foreigner who came to this country about fifteen months ago. It is said that Andersen is corralled on an island near Kodiak, and the company has sent up a vessel to capture him, and they will probably bring him to Sitka. The accused man came up here on a sloop from Puget Sound with Jimmie McKeene, but shortly after his arrival here he went to the westward on the sloop alone. He is a very ignorant man and can neither read nor write.

MAINLAND NEWS.

(Vancouver News.)

The recent cold snap in the mountains has greatly damaged some of the snow-sheds on the C. P. R.

The railroad between here and Kamloops is clear. Specials report the snow as being very deep and the temperature very low around Kamloops.

The cold snap still continues. This morning the thermometer registered seven degrees above zero and quite a layer of ice was formed on the river. Steamboat traffic has been stopped for the present.

Report has it that ourworthy mayor has been asked to stand as a candidate to represent this district in the house of commons. His Worship was a little surprised when the deputation waited upon him and made the request. He has not definitely made up his mind yet whether to accept the honor or not.

The anti-Chinese committee met last evening in the Granville hotel, Mr. McDowell in the chair, and the attendance being good. It was decided by resolution that every citizen who had affixed his signature to the pledge should be asked to exhibit in the window of his place of business a card on which will be printed a notice stating that the occupier has no sympathy with, will not deal with, or in any way countenance the residence of Mongolians in the city. Employees in every capacity will be supplied with cards with a pledge printed thereon to the same effect; such card to be produced by the holder when required. The committee resolved to have 300—150 of each kind—for use generally among the citizens.

There is a scarcity of hay in Kamloops. The continued deep snow has rendered the obtaining of fodder for cattle difficult for the ranchers. They have been sending both east and west along the railway for hay.

A GANG of men are employed at Swan lake and are cutting a large quantity of ice for summer use. The ice, in places, is said to be over six inches in thickness.

"OLD FAITHFUL."

One of the Remarkable Geysers of Yellowstone Park.

Letter in San Francisco *Chronicle*: Old Faithful, the pet geyser of the upper basin, is situated only a few rods from the hotel. You hear it splashing in the night and, if you have kept your reckoning, can actually tell the hour—he is so regular in his action. Never was a geyser better named. Once every six minutes, without fail, he asserts himself. The mouth of Old Faithful protrudes somewhat, as if he was always ready to spout. His is a generous mouth, six feet by two, and twelve feet above the level of the plateau; but the face of him is also distended, as if fixed in the act of blowing, and the slope to the lips covers an area of 145 by 215 feet. You may walk up to the mouth of Old Faithful and look down his throat if you like. There is nothing visible but a passage full of water. You may drop in a handkerchief or any bit of cloth and watch it become saturated and sink from view; then you can walk a few rods away and sit down under the bushes, and, if it is near the hour of eruption, your wisest way is to do this immediately. Not that there is any particular danger in delay, for even had Old Faithful begun operations there would be time to run out of reach; but it is so pretty to watch him at a safe distance; and then it is only from a distance that one gets any idea of the height of the geyser column. Now, by looking at your watch you will note that it is time for the old fellow to begin; he does not vary ten minutes one way or the other during the four and twenty hours. With watch in hand you listen for the preliminary rumble. There it is! A kind of choking sound in his throat and a moaning as of intestinal disturbance; this is followed by a splutter and a slopping over that is like a futile attempt.

For a moment you lose confidence; you begin to fear that his day is over—for every geyser has his day, and sooner or later that day comes to an end—and this eruption is bound to be a failure. His reputation is at stake, and he knows it, for after half-a-dozen abortive discharges—abortive when compared to what he has done and can do when he is in good form, but such as would make fame and fortune for a spring outside the Yellowstone region—after fuming and fretting, and catching his breath, and retching for three or four minutes gets mad, and bang! he is off, with a column of water that curls outward on every side in a magnificent capital and and veils itself in clouds of flying vapor. Higher and higher it climbs, as if endeavoring to outdo himself. You see he is redeeming his reputation, until at last its topmost wave seems actually to catch an azure beauty from the sky and to leave part of its diamond dust aloft, there to be absorbed by the sunshine. In five minutes he is satisfied; he has exhausted his enthusiasm and his resources at the same moment, and he quietly, but majestically, and with great dignity, subsides with an audible sigh. He steams vigorously for a little while and pants as if from fatigue, but shortly he is as quiet as if he had never done anything out of the common, and he does it so easily and naturally that it is hard to believe he has.

Just before the eruption the water in Old Faithful's throat stood at a temperature of 200° Fahrenheit. Now it is down to 170° Fahrenheit. That little freshet yonder is the surplus, the overflow from a small reservoir, now hastening to the river in the head of the valley. Here is the handkerchief you dropped into the geyser before the eruption. It has been thrown thirty feet from the lips of the crater; had the wind been blowing it might have lodged fifty or a hundred feet farther yet away; it looks a tangled skein; but for the knot you thoughtfully tied in it perhaps there would not have been threads enough of it left together to warrant identification. Notwithstanding the regularity with which Old Faithful attends to his duties he is seldom twice the same in appearance. The slightest wind sweeps the descending water to a considerable distance and spreads it in many a graceful and beautiful form, sometimes he resembles a colossal ostrich plume of the most dazzling whiteness. The real feather is not lighter nor more susceptible to the influence of the winds. There are many geysers within range of Old Faithful. Sometimes it seems almost as if a rivalry must exist among them, for one will start off with a grand flourish, and no sooner has it got under good headway than another, which perhaps has been anxiously watching for some hours and seems to be obstinately refusing to do its duty—no sooner does the one call for admiration than the other bursts magnificently upon the sight and fairly outdoes itself in the brilliancy of its action.

MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY.

The provisions of the bill introduced into the legislature by Mr. T. Davie entitled "an act respecting the property of married women," are not a little interesting as well as important to the general public. Clause 5 provides: "Every woman who marries after the commencement of this act shall be entitled to have and to hold as her separate property, and to dispose of in manner aforesaid, all real and personal property which shall belong to her at the time of marriage, or shall be acquired by or devolve upon her after marriage, including any wages, earnings, money, and property gained or acquired by her in any employment, trade, or occupation in which she is engaged, or which she carries on separately from her husband, or by the exercise of any literary, artistic or scientific skill." The general scope of the bill gives to a married woman the same rights, privileges and liabilities that the husband may have. She is rendered liable under all contracts respecting her property in the same manner as the husband would be if the property were his, and entitled her to sue or be sued by her husband. Any property standing in the name of the wife is deemed to be hers, but the act does not apply to dispositions of property made by husbands to their wives for the purpose of defrauding creditors.

THE TRUNCATED GARMENT.

The Washington correspondent of a Chicago paper thus writes of Cardinal Gibbons' recent visit to Washington:—"This week it is Mr. Geo. Bancroft's pretty granddaughter who dines the Cardinal on her birthday, and Wednesday night the venerable historian had a large dinner party, followed by an evening company. Miss Bancroft was the only lady at the dinner-table, but the drawing-room was full of them later in the evening, every one in decorous high-necked gowns. All the ladies were warned not to wear low-necked dresses, as the presence of a cardinal forbids such dress. For that reason, many young girls did not go, as they had only low-cut gowns at all suitable to an evening company. This bit of etiquette was quite new to Washington, and in view of the way the decollete fashion has progressed, it has been suggested that the cardinal should be asked to Washington often, and his presence announced beforehand. The decollette fashion is now universal and women have adopted it this winter who never wore it before, and have gone in Washington society for ten years and more, with their dresses covering their shoulders and arms."

WANT of space prevents the publication of tables of British iron and steel exports for the year 1886. Briefly stated the total exports were 3,389,197 tons in 1886, against 3,130,682 tons in 1885, and 3,496,991 tons in 1884. The total shipments to the United States in 1886 were 303,632 tons, against 397,668 tons in 1885 and 454,755 tons in 1884. To the increased shipments to the United States alone can be credited the increase in the totals over 1885. Pig iron showed the greatest increase, and steel blooms also were heavily in excess of 1885. Indeed, every line of exports showed an increase, with the exception of hoops and sheet iron.

VALENTINES at Robt. Jamieson's, Government street.

THE LOCAL LEGISLATURE.

Proceedings of the First Session of the Fifth Parliament.

MONDAY, Feb. 7th.

Mr. Speaker took the chair at 2:15 p.m. Prayers were read by the Rev. W. W. Percival.

PETITIONS, RETURNS, ETC.

Mr. Orr presented the petition of Ladner, McNeeley and others, to construct a railway from Popeum to Ladners.

Mr. Baker asked leave to withdraw the petition of A. T. Galt and others for the privilege of constructing a railway in Kootenay as the promoters desired to make further surveys.

Mr. Beaven desired to see the petitions which had been presented to the house printed.

Hon. minister of finance brought down an abstract statement of the revenue and expenditure for the six months ended December 31st, 1886.

TIMBER LANDS.

Mr. Higgins moved, seconded by Mr. Croft, that a respectful address be presented to his honor the lieutenant-governor, praying that a return be sent down to this house of all timber lands alienated by the provincial government from the date of the various acts relating thereto coming into force to the present date; giving the location and acreage so alienated; the names of the parties by whom the said lands were acquired; and the names of the parties by whom they are now held.

The honorable mover said he was aware that much of the