

# The Colonist.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1894.

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### INTERESTING TO ANTIQUARIANS.

A lady whose home is in the south of France writes to Goldsmiths Magazine of a visit she made recently to an island on the coast of Brittany. Those who have read the story of King Arthur and his knights will remember that they started out over the sea in pursuit of the dragon. In this, the Mar. du Nord, is a little island which can be reached from the mainland only when the water is smooth. The sole inhabitant is a Breton shepherd, who lives in a little hut and spends his time in caring for his sheep. The party landed and were met by the kind-faced old man, who led them over the grassy slope where his flock was feeding, and showed them the way around a hill, on the east side of which they found the entrance to a tunnel. This extended some distance, and its floor, sides and roof were made of immense flat pieces of stone, covered with hieroglyphs and figures, "looking somewhat like wreaths, and again like coiled serpents."

At the end of this tunnel was a hall, also floored, roofed and walled with the same curious stones, and in the center was an altar and a stone upon which it is thought that human sacrifices have been offered. The strangest part of all is that no stones or rocks like those used in this tunnel can be found on the island, and no hall or altar of the kind in any other part of the coast.

There is no record left—at least none has been found—to tell who these people were, or anything about them. They must have lived many centuries ago, but have vanished entirely, yet their work is as perfect apparently as when first built. It is thought that they might have been Druids, who came here when they left Great Britain; others again, think that they were worshippers of the serpent god called Eoa. But it is conjecture. All we know is that the stones are there, strangely carved, skillfully put together, but of their builders there is no trace.

### IN THE ORGAN LOFT.

(From the Chicago Daily Tribune.)  
The choir was singing a new arrangement of the beautiful anthem, "Consider the Lilies." The pure, sweet voice of the soprano sang clearly and distinctly in the solo:  
"They toil-of-old not,  
They toil not,  
They are weary of their spin."

She paused, and the tenor took up the strain:  
"Nee-oo-ee-thor do they spin,  
They toil-of-old not,  
They toil not,  
Nee-oo-ee-thor do they spin."

The tenor ceased, and the base, a solemn, re-haired young man with a somewhat worldly-looking eye and a voice like a fog-horn, broke in:  
"Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin,  
They toil-of-old not,  
They toil not,  
Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin."

Then the voices of the three were lifted up in semi chorus:  
"Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin,  
They toil-of-old not,  
They toil not,  
Nay-ay-ay-ther do they spin."

"Brethren," said the gray-haired, old-fashioned pastor, when the choir had finished, "we will now begin the service of the morning by singing the familiar hymn:  
"And am I yet alive?"

### NO FREEDOM CABINET.

PARIS, May 28.—M. Dupuy, who is trying to form a cabinet, continues his conferences with men whom he desires to accept office. The chief difficulty relates to the portfolios of foreign affairs and finance. M. Bourgeois and M. Boulanger have both refused office. President Carnot this evening had a long interview with M. Bourgeois, but the latter persisted in his refusal to accept the portfolio. President Carnot is to have a conference with M. Boulanger, and if he refuses to take the office the president has offered him, M. Dupuy will abandon the task of forming a ministry.

### Don't Delay.

It is your duty to yourself to get rid of the food accumulation in your blood this spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify, vitalize and enrich your blood. That tired feeling which assails every one in the spring is driven out by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great spring medicine and blood purifier.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with everyone who tries them.

### TINY LITTLE THINGS.

#### EVENING BONNETS ARE SMALLER THAN EVER BEFORE.

Henriette Rousseau Discusses the Latest Styles as Seen in the Shops of New York. Dresses, Waists, Hats and Bonnets For the Coming Season.

(Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.)

We see many colors of the most brilliant hue in the shop windows and on the counters, but we rarely see them in the street. And yet they are produced in goods intended only for the street. Where the bright colors are worn I know not, but they certainly do look cheerful and pleasant in the stores. The prettiest and most elegant of them all are the new crepons, which show novelties almost daily. It would seem that as there are some persons always clamoring after novelties, a few are reserved for presentation from time to time.

This past week has brought out several new fancies in crepons, notably the savory, the rock and seaweed crepons and the dimpled. All the crepons are heavily crinkled and entirely without stiffening of any kind, which makes them an elegant fabric to use, especially in everything needing drapery. Draped skirts are not universally adopted yet, but there are very many. Crepon, being light and draping so richly, is just the right material for overskirts, and it has an indescribably rich effect over any other goods.

There are several beautiful new green-ades, some of them all black and some of them having a colored-satin back, and there are numbers of patterns and designs in the lovely new barges. Some of these have perpendicular satin stripes, which add greatly to their durability as well as their beauty. The stripes are generally in the same shade. There are bayaderes algerines, and these are for the first time refined and truly artistic, and there are silk tweeds, which are exquisitely beautiful in every respect.

Among the newest suitings I noticed Irish cloths called bumbe and hand woven. These are naturally expensive, but have excellent wearing qualities. There are some faced cloths of all the colors, and some of them have silken stripes. The covert suitings and whipcords are shown now in all colors, but these most wear in neutral tones. The checks, mixtures and suitings often have flecks of white over the surface in irregular pattern. The granite chevrons have become prime favorites. There is an Italian chevrot which is certainly a novelty, and one likely to find much favor. The weave is closer than the Scotch and is soft and delicate to the touch, and over the entire surface there is a kind of mesh of glossy fibers that give it a frothy bloom. These come in almost invisible checks and light stripes, all neutral tints. No harsh colors are seen. Italian fancies in cotton and silk have long been seen, but it has remained until this season for the Italian producers to send woolen goods.

The princess gown for home wear grows in favor, and in cotton goods, such as gingham, percales, etc., it is made rather loose. In more firm and strong material it may be made to fit tight, but in this case it must be lined and would not be as cool. A very pretty way to make them is to have flat rows of lace or patterned stripe down the front. Flat trimming is better to iron than anything else, but ruffles or lace can be substituted. Ribbon can also be tied around the waist or added anywhere if a more dressy effect is desired. A ruffle can be added. Some of the prettiest and most attractive as well as becoming dresses in a woman's wardrobe are made of cotton goods, and aside from the making cost not over \$4 all told.

The new hats and bonnets are more eccentric than ever and, it seems, more becoming. The plateau forms in straw, turned, twisted and tortured into remarkable shapes, seem to be the most popular as they surely are the most becoming, the broken lines and irregular shapes giving a softness to the face that straight brimmed hats could not do. The handiwork hats for young ladies have wide ribbon strings that lie under the chin in wide bows. One hat was made of ash straw, pale silver gray, edged with silver cord and with another cord sewed on the brim about two inches above the edge. There were two gold colored chrysanthemum set on the front, with an enormous bow of mordere velvet and a jeweled pin. In the back there hung a bunch of shaded yellow and brown primroses, and two long black moire strings, which tied under the chin in a large bow. Another stylish hat was white lace made over a black net foundation. There was a black pagemister border all around the edge and around the low crown. Five rosettes of red crepe were set on the brim, and a triple upright bow of pale blue ribbon stood at one side. There were strings of the ribbon to tie in a large bow with ends. These hats were for young ladies. A smaller hat that was really more of a bonnet was of black straw bent down on both sides and trimmed with a double albatron bow of tan colored ribbon and having an upright branch of foliage without flowers.

I had a severe cold, for which I took New Day Pine Syrup. I find it an excellent remedy, giving prompt relief and preventing a cold from spreading. J. PATTER, BURLINGTON, ONT.



SPRING HATS.

Nearly all these bonnets and hats could be made at home by studying the illustrations and remembering to put wires in the ribbons and bows. Lace hats will be favorites for both young and old. Nothing is prettier or more becoming. Many evening bonnets consist of nothing but a velvet coronet of jet or tinsel. Some have a butterfly bow of fine lace added, and a few have a flower or so. The smaller an evening bonnet is the more stylish it is considered.

For everyday hats the black flexible straws are seen with plain ribbon trimming. Neapolitan is very popular, but it will not stand rain nor a damp atmosphere at all, and therefore is not as useful as it ought to be, considering that it is made of horsehair. It will in 10 minutes of rain stretch and twist all out of shape. Sailor hats of black porcupine are to be the "knockabout" for all to whom they are becoming, and that is nearly everybody. There are many varieties of "rough and ready" in porcupine braiding, and these are often of two colors of rough grassy straws braided together. These are cheap, pretty and require little trimming.

### UP TO DATE WOMAN.

#### MRS. FRANK LESLIE ON THE CASE OF HER VERSUS HIM.

Fair Feminine Literary Anarchist—Handing Edged Tools—New Anecdote of Dodo—The Revolted Daughters of Society. An Opinion of the Decollete Question.

(Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.)



ONE day, when she was in the full swing of her many engrossing occupations—teaching, writing articles for newspapers, attending socialistic meetings and taking part in political discussions—she was essentially a modern product, this Bernardine—one day she fell ill.

This, among other things, is told us of the heroine of one of the most sympathetic of the interesting group of current feminine novels. In reading it the thought suggests itself: "Was it these occupations that brought on the illness, or was not rather the reverse the case? May not Bernardine have been ill in the first place, suffering from some kind of moral curvature or nervous derangement, and her newspaper, socialistic and political agitation the symptoms—perhaps the solace—of the malady which we are supposed to infer they brought on?"

But if this kind of modernity in woman be a malady then it is epidemic. It is in the air. We encounter it in novels, in newspapers, in essays, in plays, on the lecture platform—everywhere. I was about to say, except in our individual walks of real life. In actual, everyday life, it must be admitted, the woman emancipator and the emancipated woman are still not so numerous but that their appearance attracts decided attention, and the race, as a whole, goes on as if nothing special had happened. But when it is as good as an axiom that the "types" who entertain us in fiction would be in reality very uncomfortable persons to live with.

Happily the most startling of these revolutions appear in novels with a purpose and message. These novels may be regarded as the modern substitutes for fairy tales, and the fair feminine literary anarchists who write them furnish in their own personalities behind the pages of their books some of the most interesting "human documents" in the celebrated case of Her versus Him.

First came the intense author of "The Story of an African Farm," whose genius represented for us woman choosing between life's gifts—love and freedom. The woman hesitates long and finally chooses freedom, whereupon Life says, "Thou hast well chosen," and promises to come back to her anon with both gifts in one hand. Alas, the allegory ends at the promise!

Then Mona Caird in propounding her famous query, "Is Marriage a Failure?" together with some very bold speculations on the subject, broke the ground for these really extraordinary books, "Ideals," "The Heavenly Twins" and "Our Manifold Nature," in which Sarah Grand strikes for what is called an equal standard of morality for both sexes on grounds far more advanced than George Sand or George Eliot ever dreamed of occupying theoretically.

The same note is taken up in "A Superfluous Woman," the author of which finds the social whirl simply "a circle of the damned." So far as she can observe, not one, even of the young girls, "carries her features unconsciously." The iron has entered into their souls. Of course our strenuous author has her exceptions to allow, and, equally of course, these exceptions are in favor of the rare emancipated. "I have nothing to say, for instance, of the emancipated woman of the well to do middle class beyond a friendly grip of the hands, such as one bestows on an equal. Neither have I to do just now with the multitude of woman tollers of the masses. I am occupied simply with the unemancipated daughter of the aristocracy." When the actual unemancipated daughter of the aristocracy speaks for herself, as we shall see presently, her demands are far more reasonable and modest than those of her literary advocates, and there is no trace of hysteria in her well bred, gently modulated voice.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new heroine, Marcella, is not a bit behind the times, but being young and pretty as well as clever her revolt takes a generous altruistic form. She goes in for socialism and is nobly impartial in her ardor for emancipation and amelioration, irrespective of sex. Sooner or later, of course, her mad must cross the pathway of her love, and when it does there is trouble—in fact, a portentous row. Love, however, triumphs in the end, for, after all, Marcella is "but yet a woman," impulsive, unemancipated and unhappy.

Who placed these terrible edged tools in the gentle but bungling hands of woman? Who taught her to make the hereditary transmission of disease, for instance—as in Sarah Grand's case—a motive of fiction and to fill in with frank discussion of certain details of modern social adjustment which, although possibly matters of common talk in club cafes and smoking rooms, are certainly by common consent tabooed in drawing rooms and the home circle? Who? Why, Tolstoy, of course, in "Anna Karenina" and the "Kreutzer Sonata," and Ibsen, especially Ibsen. But at worst these men are masters of their art as well as deadly earnest in their teaching. Ibsen's dramatic instinct dominates his didactic purpose. But the feminine followers of these masters—what a sinister spectacle! Their literary art is unconfessed, they are away off their native ground of tenderness and sentiment, their logic is unstable, and they are swayed by every partiality and prejudice. It is quite blood-curdling to see the innocuous way in which they juggle the awful mysteries of life and death.

### THE PLANET MARS.

Can we open up electrical communications with the planet of Mars? That is a question recently considered at a meeting of the Society of Arts in London, where W. H. Preece, Engineer to the Telegraph Department of the British Postoffice, read a paper on "Electrical Signaling Without Wires." Mr. Preece explained how he had recently demonstrated that wires were not at all necessary to establish telephonic communication.

Under the supervision of a Royal Commission appointed to inquire into electric communication between the shore and light houses, he had conducted a series of experiments which amply demonstrated this fact. There was no difficulty in speaking between the shore and Flat Holm, three miles distant from the place of experiment. Mr. Preece then went on to say that "strange, mysterious sounds are heard on long telephone lines when the earth is used as a return, especially in the calm stillness of the night. Earth currents," said he, "are found in telegraph circuits, and the aurora borealis lights up our country when the sun's photosphere is disturbed by spots." The speaker made it plain at such times he violently disturbed by electrical storms, and if oscillations are set up and radiated through space in sympathy with those required to affect telephones, it is not a wild dream to say that we may hear on this earth a thunderstorm in the sun."

After further describing the mysterious sounds which had attracted his attention in the still watches of the night, Mr. Preece said: "If any of these planets be populated with beings like ourselves, having the gift of language and the knowledge to adapt the great forces of nature to their wants, then if they could oscillate immense stores of electrical energy to the earth, and thus telegraphically order, it would be possible for us to commune by telephone with the people of Mars."

These mysterious sounds which so puzzle Mr. Preece, says the New York World, seem to correspond with those noticed by Thomas A. Edison, who has traced Ogdun Mountain, in New Jersey, into a great magnet and coiled pile of wire about it. At the time of the last opposition of Mars, he noticed an increase of the seismic mutterings which have recently been so violent. Mr. Edison and Mr. Preece are evidently of the opinion that the sounds are now repeating along these lines, and the whole scientific world is watching the progress being made. Neither Mr. Edison nor Mr. Preece has been so bold as to say that the strange sounds referred to are messages sent by the inhabitants of Mars to those of earth, but they have not otherwise explained them.

On the other hand, there are many scientists firm in the belief that the next few years will witness the opening up of communication between the people of the two planets. This conviction has been enormously strengthened by the strange lights seen at the Lick Observatory when Mars was under observation. It was the opinion of a little over a year ago. The three lights were arranged in a triangle. Nightly as the great red orb rose from her ocean bed to the vault of heaven the lights flashed on as soon as darkness had set in, and in the immense lens of the Lick telescope they were seen as steadily as the stars of heaven. Was this an effort of the inhabitants of Mars to attract the attention of those on earth?

Such had been the opinion of Flammarion, who had argued in favor of Earth signaling back with a triangle of lights thirty miles across. It was shown that the conditions of Mars were more favorable for some kind of other planet. Both of the snow caps could be plainly seen, and may be seen now, in any first-class telescope, for Mars is now to be observed in the morning about 30 degrees west and 14 degrees south from Venus in the constellation Capricorn. The well-defined belts of Mars are also clearly visible, and astronomers can tell by the increase or decrease of its snow caps and its position in regard to the sun the progress of its seasons and whether or not the Marsians are having a cold winter. The canal theory of Schiaparelli has likewise many believers, who assert that the strange straight lines on Mars are canals built by its highly civilized inhabitants.

Mr. Preece says he has kept a record of the strange, mysterious sounds which have attracted his attention, while Edison has done likewise. These will require much study to decipher, if they are messages from Mars. The other hand puts it in the power of the people of the earth to send direct electrical currents to Mars, whose inhabitants are so much in advance of ourselves that they may be able to help us out in the work of opening up converse. A pantomimic electrical interchange will be necessary for some time, but what will be the emotions of the scientific world when the message is sent out that communication has been established?

There are those who firmly assert that this is an experience of the immediate future; that electricity is the universal force and the one whereby the planets will come into communication with each other, if they ever do. The mystery of electricity is the strange fluctuations it undergoes. If it were an earth property solely it would be steady, as it would be were it common to all the universe and not interfered with. But its strange going and coming, its apparently parent relations to the sun and yet its known sympathy with other heavenly bodies seem to show that somebody somewhere is fooling with the dynamo and cutting off and turning on the current.

MONTREAL, May 28.—The Dominion line steamer Labrador, Captain McAuley, which has broken all previous records by Cape Race, arrived at Quebec at 8 o'clock last evening, having broken her own record by eight hours.

PORT COLBORNE, May 28.—Another gas gusher was struck at Reeb's new well, two miles west of this place, at a depth of 675 feet, throwing a powerful stream.

**Blood**  
should be rich to insure health. Poor blood means Anemia; diseased blood means Scrofula.

**Scott's Emulsion**  
the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, enriches the blood; cures Anemia, Scrofula, Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, and Wasting Diseases. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!  
Scott & Bowne, Belleville, All Druggists, etc. &c.

### THIRTY

Fire at the Bon Foreign Co.

Kootenay Mining Concentrator Min.

(Special to the) VANCOUVER, May 31.—

ment candidates held a Pleasant-to-night. Matron were present and treated. Messrs. Tam made convincing speech.

Vancouver, June 1.—presented to the Vancouver signed by 100 settlers up-ward to use their influence.

These mysterious sounds which so puzzle Mr. Preece, says the New York World, seem to correspond with those noticed by Thomas A. Edison, who has traced Ogdun Mountain, in New Jersey, into a great magnet and coiled pile of wire about it.

WESTMINSTER, May 31.—Co.'s mess house at the B.C. was completely destroyed, lost \$3,500, insurance \$1,000, caused by a spark from the roof.

The Methodist camp meeting commenced at Chill is postponed indefinitely, to be held in the summer.

Nine Japs came up this morning to be naturalized, in order that they might vote at the election.

At a meeting to organize the Art and Scientific Association, the following elected: Rev. H. H. G. Miss Power, treasurer.

At the 19th annual meeting of the B.C. Ex-Ald. Johnson was elected, one of the scientific members of the society, one other, to be elected.

NANAIMO, May 31.—A supporter of Mr. James M. held in the Government over Johnston & Co.'s provisions.

Robert Scott. The electric railway proposed in order to connect a majority of the city company now proposes to electric light works and to acquire the ratepayers' securities.

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