THE TRIP TO MASSETT.

Including a Visit to Alert Bay, Port Simpson, Metlakahtla and Other Northern Ports.

Scenery of Surprising Grandeur Along the Route Taken—Incidents of the Voyage.

As the sublime scenery along the Northern coast of British Columbia becomes better known, with its panorama of snow-capped mountains, inland seas and islands, beautiful land-locked bays where Nature in all her wild beauty is to be studied, where the historic villages of Metlakahtla, Port Simpson and Massett form ports of call, the route recently taken by the steamship Islander, will prove a strong rival to the summer Alaska trips which have of late years grown so popular with Eastern tourists. Perhaps, in no part of the Pacific Coast are such magnificent and ever changing scenes to be met with—one day steaming along deep but narrow channels where the water, so still that every object on either shore is reflected as clearly as in a looking glass; another day when the noble vessel lies at anchor in sheltered bays, the shores thickly wooded down to the water's edge, and still another day passing along narrow intricate channels where a different and grander scene is unfolded to view—lofty mountains, many snow-capped, others with their summits hidden from view in fleecy clouds, with here and there waterfalls of tremendous height, all forming scenes of beauty of which the eye never wearies, and which, combined with the bracing health-giving sea air, form a holiday trip which must attract tourists from all parts who delight in scenery unequalled in other parts of the North American continent.

The following account of the Islander's trip to Massett, Queen Charlotte Island, with incidents of the voyage, has been written for THE COLONIST, but it is well to say in advance that no pen could begin to do justice to the scenery or the pleasure of the journey, which must be undertaken to be fully appreciated.

OFF FOR MASSETT.

At 6:30 o'clock on the evening of the 15th ult. the lines were cast off at Spratt's wharf; the Islander passed through the swing-bridge and out of the harbor, and the voyage was fairly begun. But, alas! Soon after nightfall a heavy blanket of fog settled down, obscuring all landmarks, and the steamer's progress was retarded. The hoarse whistle of the vessel was sounded at brief intervals during the night, and it was not until daylight that the fog lifted sufficiently to enable a start to be made. As the day brightened, the steamer's speed was increased, and, by the time the passengers had left the breakfast table, the noble steamer was cleaving the bright waters of the Straits at her best speed. Seymour Narrows was reached by 4 o'clock, and about 9 p.m. the anchor was dropped in Alert Bay, where a stoppage was made for the night. The only incident of the day was the landing of Sheriff McMillan on the shore of Quatsino Sound (Sayward dis rict). Here is a piece of timber land—160 acres—owned by ex-Supt. of Police Roycraft, and the sheriff availed himself of the Islander, passing the place, to go ashore and—in Roycraft's absence—post a writ of sale on a dead log. This duty performed—in the landed effects of the "deported" superintendent, the sheriff returned on board and the Islander proceeded on her way.

Leaving Alert Bay before daylight on Wednesday morning, a splendid run was made to the northern end of the island, and the steamer entered Smith's Inlet, and came to anchor in a beautiful land-locked bay, near Fort Rupert, where the water was as clear as crystal and the shore clad with verdure to the water's edge. Hardly had the anchor touched bottom when a fleet of fifteen canoes rounded a point from a large rancherie in the vicinity and headed for the vessel. The bay being out of the regular course of steamers, the unwonted sight of a large steamship at anchor there was a source of wonder to the Indians, and undoubtedly, thinking something was amiss, the crews of each canoe vied with each other to see which should be first to reach the vessel's side. Many of the males were clad in a manner hardly consistent with decency, and all, without exception, looked as if their acquaintance with soap and water was very, very limited. One of the first to reach the steamer was an old man of about 60, who, obtaining a Havana from a passenger, lit it, and by the time his fellow-tribesmen had come up, was enveloped in clouds of fragrant smoke, to his own delight and to the chagrin of the others when they found out that no more of the weed was forthcoming. Leaving the steamer as quickly as they had come, the bay was again deserted with the exception of the steamer and with the exception of a large rock about a mile distant, which was literally covered with

THOUSANDS OF SEA-GULLS.

This is a breeding place for the birds, and doubtless contained bushels of eggs, as the birds could be seen rising in clouds. The anchor was raised at 10 a.m., and the steamer headed for River's Inlet. Coming out into the open water, the landsmen on board had their first experience of salt water; but "life on the ocean wave" was reserved for a later period of the trip. A few of the passengers, however, paid their first tribute to Neptune as soon as the Islander felt the swell of the Mighty Pacific, and there were some vacant places at table when the luncheon bell sounded. Shelter d water, however, soon restored those who were indisposed, and all were sufficiently recovered to appear on deck by the Rivers' Inlet was reached. A brief visit was made at McDowell's cannery, and then on to the head of the Inlet, where are situated two canneries, and where the Louise was met just starting for Victoria, laden to the guards with salmon. A few letters to Victoria friends, announcing that all was well, were put on board; the steamers exchanged courtesies, and parted—the Louise going south and the Islander north. Returning down the Inlet, Captain Irving headed his vessel through Fitz Hugh Sound, where the scenery is alone sufficient inducement for the trip. The sound is narrow, very narrow in some places, but deep. Along each shore are score upon score of beautiful little islets, all perfect in shape and all covered with evergreens. As one of the passengers observed (by the way it was genial Frank Campbell) each islet was one of Nature's bouquets, and if just one could be bodily taken up and placed in the upper end of Victoria harbor it would be "a source of beauty and a joy forever." Some photographs and a few pencil sketches were obtained of this archipelago of "bouquets," the sketches being intended for some of the eastern illustrated weeklies. To pass hundred after hundred of these pretty islands, each as symmetrical as if carved by the hand of man, with golden bands of moss kissing the water, and perfect little pine trees thickly covering the tops, was, indeed, a picture worth seeing, and one not to be forgotten in a hurry. The shades of evening were falling before the last islands were passed, and before the steamer had cleared the Sound, and headed for Bella Bella, where the anchor was again dropped for the night. Left Bella Bella at daylight, and

CROSSING MILBANK SOUND,

passed up through Graham's Reach and Granville Channel to the Standard Packing Co.'s cannery, on the Skeena. In Granville Channel the mountains on both sides rise from the water's edge, and are steep and lofty. Not a level piece of land is to be seen here, but, on each side of the channel, which is only about a couple of hundred yards wide, is range after range of mountains and there being a heavy rainfall during the whole morning, hundreds of miniature waterfalls were to be noticed. Starting from the summits of the mountains, the course of these waterfalls could be traced down the steep sides of the precipitous cliffs, turning and twisting, leaping over rock and precipice until they mingled with the sea. While some seemed a mere ribbon of foam, tumbling down the mountains, others varied from one to three or more feet across, and contained quite a body of water.

But, as the rain continued to descend with an earnestness it never attains in Victoria, glad enough were all on board when the steamer tied up for the night at the Standard Cannery. On Friday morning the voyage was resumed, a short stop was made at the Balmoral Cannery, nine miles up the Skeena, and then the Islander headed for Port Essington, Mr. R. Cunningham's cannery. Close by is the British American Packing Co.'s establishment, owned by Mr. Ben. Young. Within a few miles of these canneries are Carthew's (the North Pacific) and the Inverness. Leaving the Skeena in the afternoon, Melakahtla was reached, where the anchor was dropped for about an hour. The passengers were landed in boats and lost no time in visiting every place of interest in the

NOW CELEBRATED VILLAGE.

Viewed from the water, the most noticeable thing about the place is the similarity of the houses. From the steamer's deck could be counted over sixty two-story frame dwellings, all finished in the plainest style. Many are deserted and bear evidence of neglect, the doors and windows being in all cases removed. The church is quite an imposing building, with a beautiful spire and a fine sounding bell, and is the first object which catches the eye of the visitor. That the edifice was solely built by Indians it is difficult to believe, for many places a great deal larger than Metlakahtla, and with more pretensions, cannot begin to compare with her church. The village also boasts of an industrial school and a brass band, composed of Indian musicians, who favored the excursionists with several selections played in a very creditable manner. Mr. Todd, the magistrate, and Constable Flewin were on hand to welcome Victorians, while Bishop Ridley, whose headquarters are here, extended every courtesy to the visitors and spared no trouble to explain everything of interest about the place. His Lordship took advantage of the Islander's trip to Massett to visit that portion of his diocese, and install Rev. Mr. Keene there as the resident clergyman, relieving Rev. Mr. Harrison, who, after eight years of missionary life, is now en route to England to enjoy a prolonged and well deserved leave of absence. After leaving Metlakahtla the Islander was headed for Port Simpson, which was reached at nightfall. Two hours were spent at this place, some freight was landed, and then the vessel's prow was headed for the Naas. The harbor of Naas was reached early Saturday morning and the steamer tied up at the Cascade cannery. While the vessel was loading salmon here, one of the best jokes of the trip was unintentionally perpetrated. At most of the canneries, be it understood, are little churches and rectories, some, indeed, of very modest and unpretentious appearance. To pass an idle ten minutes and create a laugh, Mr. Goffin securing a pot of white paint and a brush, proceeded ashore and, in letters of a size which could be read a mile off, painted the words

"USE PEAR'S SOAP"

on the side, facing the water, of a little board hut or shanty. But, oh! horror! that house was the rectory, and how the Bishop looked, and how the culprit felt, when the knowledge of the crime was exposed, can be better guessed than described. It was some days before the artist heard the cut of Pear's Soap, and before his lordship could be brought to understand that the whole thing was a mistake. Returning down the Naas, the same continuous mountain scenery greeted the eye—the northern shore being American territory and the southern shore part of British Columbia. Port Simpson was again reached at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon, and, as the steamer remained there about four hours, the passengers were afforded a chance of "taking in the town," visiting the H. B. Co. store and securing a few Indian curios as mementos. Port Simpson is one of the principal trading posts of the north under the British flag, and the Indians are well advanced in civilization. The place boasts of quite a large Methodist church, a parsonage, school house, fire hall (with an Indian fire brigade) with a deep-sounding bell, a drill shed where No. 1 Rifle Co. (all natives) drill regularly, and many very substantial residences. One new two-story house, of modern design, is being erected by Indian carpenters, one of whom informed THE COLONIST that the house was for an Indian tillicum, and that he "expected to make $1,500 out of the job!" The store, which contains every article likely to be demanded, and is well stocked, is owned by the H. B. Co., and is managed by Mr. Robt. Hall, the member-elect for Cassiar. Mr. Hall, with his mother and two sisters, came on board, the former going ashore at Essington, and the ladies coming on to Victoria. The lines were cast off at 5.30 o'clock and a start was made for Massett. After dinner, Bishop Ridley delivered a brief but most

INTERESTING LECTURE

on the village, the customs and traditions of the natives, etc., which enabled the excursionists to better appreciate what they afterwards saw. All retired to bed with the steamer travelling on a smooth sea, and with little thought of what was to come. In the Sound there was quite a heavy sea on, and when the vessel was well out from land, the heavy swells of the Pacific were encountered, the steamer commenced to roll, and how she did roll those who were on board can best tell. In fact few escaped the effects; to breakfast was impossible, and those who did get a few mouthfuls were unable to retain what they had eaten. Chairs, spittoons, glasses, bottles and crockery, in fact everything moveable, danced from side to side of the ship with each roll, and the greater portion of the passengers wisely clung to their berths until Massette was sighted, when one by one they emerged, some very woe-begone in appearance, and shaky with a sale of what sufferings they had undergone. In a very short time, however, all had recovered even more rapidly than they had succumbed, and there were few empty places at the lunch table. In the afternoon, the steamer having dropped anchor about a quarter of a mile from shore, all the passengers were landed by means of boats, and as many as chose attended divine service in the church, of which Rev. Charles Harrison is pastor. A fuller description of this interesting settlement is reserved for a future issue.

THE CATTLE TRADE.

Benefits of the Three Per Cent. Duty to Stock Raisers in British Columbia.

Brandon Kirby, proprietor of the V. V. ranch, Fort Stanton, New Mexico, understands the cattle trade as thoroughly, perhaps, as any other man in America. His firm control over one and a half million acres, and their herd numbers upwards of 30,000 head. He is at present visiting Victoria, but will leave this evening for the cattle country of the interior. There is a probability of his investing in British Columbia grazing land and stocking it in the spring. It is his opinion that the cattle trade of the United States has been ruined by the "trusts," whose operations he explained in conversation with a COLONIST man yesterday. Said he: "Supposing you ship your cattle to Kansas City, Chicago or Omaha—the three great markets of America—what do you find?" Where the yards had a hundred buyers before the existence of the ring, you now find only four or five. They represent the trust, composed of Armour, Nelse Morris, Hammond and Swift. They arrange the prices to suit themselves, and, if the figures offered are not agreeable to the seller, which they generally are not, and he takes his stock from the Kansas City yards and ships to Chicago, he finds that the trusted buyers have forestalled him by telegraph, and the offers are less than at the first place tried. The trust controls the cattle market of America, and consequently the cattle ranching business. It is the trust that has closed the American butcher shops and put in their places the agencies of the ring, stocked with meats shipped in ice boxes. A case in point will explain. A large ranchman named Slaughter, in Socorro county, New Mexico, opened a large and thoroughly first class store in Los Angelos, Cal., supplying it with cattle shipped from his own ranches, or bought from local farmers. For a year or more he did well, and the people of California city recognized that he would give them good value for their money. Then Armour's people invited him to take their agency. He declined, saying that his own business was all he could attend to. He was told that he would be allowed only a certain time to accept. Then the agency of the trust was opened, the price of meat was reduced to four cents per pound, and the enterprising rancher was ruined. He was retired from business and then up went the prices. The result aimed at was achieved." Mr. Kirby is full of praise of the laws governing meat import in this county. He says that they are just what the country needs to ensure its permanent prosperity. The settler is protected; he can bring in his stock duty free; but the combine is kept out. If the 3 cents per pound duty were taken off meats Chicago would furnish Victoria's supply, and Victoria's money would go to Chicago. Local butchers would be obliged to close up their places of business, and the farmers would suffer as they are in the States to-day. Armour's, working up every part of the animal themselves, sell cheaper than any other firm could. They are ruining the American farmer, and the legislators of the country are still searching for some measure that will check the evil. A committee of the Senate has been procuring evidence during the past two years, and one bill was tried, prohibiting the shipment of cattle into any state, not on the hoof. This would have broken up the centralization of the market, but the Supreme court decided that it was ultra vires as affecting inter-state commerce. What the result of the operation of the trust will be American farmers wait in dread to see.

Mr. Kirby is of the opinion that one of the best investments in sight to-day is a cattle ranch in British Columbia. Prices in 1892, he predicts, will be double what they are now.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

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Stumach, the murderer, is still uncaptured in the vicinity of Little lake. Mr. McPherson, Indian agent, is now looking after the matter, and has several Indians watching him. Mr. Moresby will go up there again that the murderer may not escape.

EUROPEAN GOSSIP.

Unfortunate Residents of the Czar's Dominions Victims of His Majesty's Suspicions.

The Grenadier Guards to be Employed in Ireland in the Task of Evicting Tenants.

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A REIGN OF TERROR.

LONDON, Oct. 4.—Advices from Russia represent the Czar as taking new precautions for the protection of his person. None of the cabinet ministers are admitted to an audience without the presence of an officer of the guard, and the eastern custom of tasting food before it is placed on the sovereign's table has been revived, after being in disuse since the days of Emperor Paul. The Russian autocrat seems suspicious of every one around him, and even his favorite advisers are said to dread an interview with him. The recent attempt to wreck a train on which he was supposed to be riding, has greatly added to the Czar's irritation and moroseness, and he is known to have given orders for the immediate deportation to Siberia of a large number of persons who were arrested on suspicion of having been connected with the act. Among these unfortunates are two sentinels, whose duty it was to guard part of the line where the obstruction was placed. Sentenced by courtmartial to be hanged, they have had their doom commuted to a lingering death in the mines. Three peasants who were arrested near the spot have been terribly knouted, one of them fatally, although there is said to be no ground whatever to suppose them guilty of any connection with the train wrecking. Two others, half dead, had their lives spared for a time in order that a confession might be extorted from them. The wife of a peasant who died under the knout went mad when she heard of his fate. A letter containing these particulars came by way of Zuredia, and is from a source of unquestionable authority. The further statement is made that the Nihilists are unusually active and that the friends of the victims of the Siberian massacre do not mean that they shall go unavenged.

THE IRISH TENANTRY.

One of Her Majesty's troop ships has just taken the first battalion of the Grenadier Guards from Portsmouth to Dublin to give aid in breaking down huts and turning the aged and, in many instances, half-starved tenants out on the roadside. The soldiers stationed in Ireland are mostly English and Scotch, and some Welsh. It is to their credit that they do not take kindly to their duties as assistant bailiffs, and that the military officers have more than once intervened to prevent acts of exceptional harshness and cruelty toward those unhappy tenants.

AMERICAN NEWS.

On Pleasure Bent.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—About 500 of the English and German visitors who participated in the session of the British Iron and Steel Institute during the past week left this morning on a special train of fourteen cars for Philadelphia.

Patent Medicine Firm Assigns.

PITTSBURG, PA., Oct. 4.—The well-known firm of Fleming Bros., wholesale manufacturers and dealers in proprietary medicines, assigned to-day. Their liabilities amount to half a million, and their assets to twice that sum.

Caused by a Lamp Explosion.

SPOKANE FALLS, WN., Oct. 4.—A special to the Review says a fire broke out at Coeur d' Alene city, Idaho, on the banks of Lake Coeur d' Alene, at 3 o'clock this morning, and before the flames were extinguished property valued at $25,000 was destroyed, on which there was insurance for only a third of that amount. The fire originated by the explosion of a lamp in McLean's new store.

Must be Up and Doing.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—Lavenir-Du-Canal-De-Panama, just received from Paris, announces that the Wyse concession has been extended in reality, giving the new company just twelve years; and that the company must be up and doing or it will lose under the concession its machinery and buildings on the Isthmus, which figure in the company's balance sheet.

Another Effect of the Tariff Bill.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—John E. Searle, treasurer of the Sugar Refineries Co., otherwise known as the sugar trust, expresses the opinion that the tariff bill would largely increase the business of that corporation with free raw sugar. He said granulated sugar ought to be sold to jobbers at 4¼ cents a pound. The fixing of free tin at 16 duty standard instead of 18 was not liable to affect the refiners as much as the consumers. The former will be able to adapt themselves to the change with little or no difficulty, but the latter had become accustomed to the use of higher grades of refined sugar than No. 16 raw, and will find it hard to return to a lower grade.

Distinguished Travelers.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The steamship Germanic, from Liverpool, with the Count of Paris, Duke of Orleans and Prince of Joinville, has arrived.

He Should Hang.

UTICA, N.Y., Oct 4.—At Herkimer, this evening, James Walsh, aged 27 years, shot his mother, it is believed fatally, because she refused to give him money. Walsh for some time resisted arrest, standing at the top of the stairway on the second floor of his home with a revolver in his hand, but was finally captured and locked up.

BUTTE, Mont., Oct. 3.—The trial of Porter Troudella, charged with setting a fire that destroyed 15,000 of wood belonging to the Colorado Smelter, in June last, was given to the jury last evening, and after twenty minutes deliberation, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Troudella is a French Canadian, 43 years of age, and has a wife and eight children living in the Dominion.

The Iron and Steel Institute.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—Members of the British iron and steel institute listened to the concluding paper of the session. It was on "aluminum steel," by R. A. Hudfield, of Sheffield. The remainder of the day was devoted to visits to various electrical works about the city, to Edison's laboratory, Llewellyn's park, New Jersey, and to excursions to various points of interest. The delegates leave for Philadelphia to-morrow.

Swindling the Stockholders.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—Oliver D. Steele, in a bill filed in the Superior Court, asks for the dissolution of the Chicago Paper Co., and the appointment of a receiver. Complainant, who owns five shares, charges President DeWitt Smith and H. W. Girlach with having fraudulently issued duplicate stock certificates, and other mismanagement, and claims that he and other stockholders are being swindled.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

The Wrestlers.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 4.—Evan Lewis has returned to the city and is patiently waiting for a settlement of the arrangements for the match between himself and Joe Ashton. A private letter received here from Australia says that a month or so will probably find Young Griffin, who defeated Billy Murphy, in this city. Jim Corbett has received a letter from James Welch, the leading sporting man of Honolulu, asking if Jim will come to meet Peter Jackson in a limited contest at Honolulu, when Jackson touches here on his return trip to San Erandisco. Welch has sent a similar letter to Jackson. Corbett is very anxious to make the trip, but it is hardly likely the board of directors of the Olympic Club will give him leave of absence, as he only returned from a vacation a month ago.

Fires in the Woods.

NAPA, Cala., Oct. 4.—A fierce fire is raging in the woods and mountains west of here. A strong north wind is blowing the fire into Sonoma valley. It is feared that many wood choppers and ranchers have lost their homes.

An Unfounded Charge.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 4.—The examination of Thomas Nolan, second mate of the ship Yorktown, charged with the crime of setting adrift Boatswain James Weston of the same vessel, on her recent voyage, took place before the U. S. commissioner to-day, and resulted in the dismissal of the charge. The testimony developed the fact that Mate Nolan was the first one to raise an alarm, and that he was the only man that ventured to man the boat to rescue Weston.

Honolulu Matters.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 4. — The steamer Australia arrived shortly after noon to-day from Honolulu. She brought the latest news from the islands and the doings of the legislature, which was still in session when she left. Bush and Wilcox attempted to have passed a vote of want of confidence in the new ministry, but it ignominiously failed. Both represent that they are obstructing legislation since their election. The present legislature have made many changes in the government, and have discharged several officials. This Wilcox violently objected to, but his fellow law makers refused to stand by him in ousting the ministry. The revolution spoken of by Admiral Brown, of the cruiser Charleston, has not yet taken place, and is not likely to. The Australian will leave shortly after the departure of the Australia for San Francisco. The bill to subsidize a new line of steamers from San Diego failed to pass. The Farollonist is the only vessel now on that line, and it is possible she may be withdrawn.

Forest Fires Near Sonoma.

SONOMA, Oct. 3.—A forest fire broke out at an early hour this morning in the mountains about three miles north of this town, and being fanned by a heavy wind is sweeping everything before it. Several miles of territory have been burned over. The heat in the town is intense, and the valley is enveloped in smoke. It is feared that unless the fire is gotten under control serious loss will result.

Shipping.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 3.—Arrived—Str. Columbia, Portland, Ogn.

Quarreled Over a Game of Cards.

FRESNO, Oct. 3.—Percy Williams, a well-known sporting man of Stockton, was shot and killed early this morning by Jack Smith, a backman. The men quarreled over a game of cards, and Williams shot Smith through the left arm. The wounded man, with his arm hanging limp by his side, drew a pistol and fired several shots at Williams, one of which pierced his heart. Smith then surrendered himself.

Caught at Last.

TULARE, Cal., Oct. 3.—At noon to-day a man named C. W. Luke came rushing into town to notify a justice of the peace to have a warrant issued for the arrest for Jos. Merritt who, he claims, is one of the men who robbed the Southern Pacific trains at Pixley two years ago of $30,000. A warrant was issued and the man arrested. Luke's story is that he and another man have been tracking Merritt and a confederate for a long time. They finally made friends with them and saw them unearth a large sum of money near Pixley. With this money in a roll of blankets the party came to town to-day, the confederate of Merritt remaining in the country, however. After leaving the blankets in the yard under guard, they went away. The guard left, and it is supposed Merritt returned and took the money and hid it, as it could not be found later. He was taken before a justice and his examination set for next Wednesday. In default of $10,000 bail, he was taken to jail.

A DARING ROBBERY

A Passenger on the Premier Relieved of $40 and a Ticket to Japan.

For cool daring and bold methods, an incident occurred at midnight on Friday just as the steamer Premier was making ready to pull out from her dock at Seattle that would have done credit to the outlaws of Texas. A man whose name could not be learned boarded the vessel, and after procuring a stateroom went into his apartment to retire. He had some $40 dollars in cash on his person and a ticket to Japan. He threw himself across the bed for a few moments rest awaiting the departure of the vessel before retiring. Presently he heard a noise at his stateroom window. In another instant it was hoisted to the top and he found himself looking down the barrel of a revolver, behind which stood a desperate looking robber leaning against the stateroom with his body half-way through the apperture.

"Give me your money! Everything you have!" the desperado demanded in a low but firm tone. The passenger hesitated a moment, but dared not attempt to escape from under the cover of the revolver. He did as requested, handed out his cash, about $40, and with it, unconsciously, the ticket to Japan. The daring desperado then quietly lowered the window, jumped over the gunwale and on to the wharf again. Half frightened to death, as the passenger was, it was some moments before he was sufficiently composed to leave his statement and make his experience with the highwayman known. In the meantime the fellow had taken flight. The affair was reported to the customs officers on the wharf some moments later and a description of the man given. A search was at once instituted in the saloons along the water front, but no clew could be obtained of the man.

SYNONYMS FOR MOTHER.

Children of Culture Taught Love-Making Instead of Veneration.

Mother, that dear, sweet, matchless name, synonym for the tenderest, truest love man ever knew, has been eliminated from the fashionable vocabulary, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In the revised edition of the gilt-edged lexicon it is bracketed obsolete.

Only a few years ago war was made on the common pronunciation of the word mamma, and in spite of usage the French method was carried, that is, with the accent on the last syllable. Now, mother, mam-ma, and old-fashioned "ma" have been set aside as commonplace and various terms of endearment substituted. One of the wealthiest ladies in New York has taught her two little sons to call her "precious." "Dear one" is the favorite address in the home of a rich and distinguished politician, and the scions of the largest estate in the country call the young mother "love of mine" and the proud father "Prince Charming." But the most common term of endearment among the children of the upper class is "sweetheart." Coming from the little folks, scarcely able to utter the sounds of the letters, it is very pretty, especially at table or in the nursery, when the small child has a grievance or a heartache. It is not, however, a convenient or callable name at the foot of the stairs, when the immediate presence or audience of a gentlewoman is needed. Since the abrogation of "dearest," which had as long a run as the Fauntleroy sash and collar, "dearie" has enjoyed considerable popularity, but of late intrenchments have been made upon the lovers' territory and all their tender appellations appropriated.

"Sweet one," "my own," "lovely," "heart's-ease," "dear heart," "queen," "darling" and "sweetness" are some of the pet names to which loving and lovable mothers respond. And after all there is something very tender and very sweet in this love-making of parents and children, albeit the dignity implied by plain "mother" may appear to be lacking. It is just possible that there is too much severity in our relations with the little ones, and that a better, truer, firmer friendship may accrue from this child worship. One thing is certain, that there can be no estrangement between the real lovers of home. It is the sweet privilege of every mother to be the idol of her daughters and the sweetheart of her sons, and she has only herself to blame if the child-lover forgets the glory that brightened his morning. "Mother" may do for the daughter and son that the marriage ties will bring to the roof tree, but if a sweeter, dearer name can be invented, by all means let us have it to use, to hear and to love."

DISCRIMINATING SHOT.

It Was so Aimed as to Hit a Deer or Miss a Calf.

The following story is told of a couple of sportsmen by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Their names were Hoffman and Cowan, and both were excellent shots, and not a little given to boasting of their skill. One day they went on a deer hunting expedition, and, after getting into the woods where they expected to find deer, they separated. Shortly after Hoffman heard Cowan's gun fired off, he immediately went over to the spot where he heard the shot, expecting to be obligated to help Cowan to hang up a deer. He found Cowan very busy loading his gun, and shouted out:

"Hallo, Cowan! What did you shoot at just now?"

"None o' your business! Go along over the hill!"

Surprised at this short and crusty answer, Hoffman looked around and discovered a calf among the bushes. Again he cried out:

"I say, Cowan, did you shoot at that calf?"

"Yes, I did; but it's none o' your business!"

"Why, what made you shoot at it?"

"I took it for a deer."

"Well, did you hit it?"

"No; I missed it!"

"How did you miss it?"

"I wasn't quite sure that it wasn't a calf."

"You are a pretty sportsman," rejoined Hoffman, "to shoot at a calf for a deer, and miss it at that!"

"Does you make a fool of yourself," rejoined Cowan. "I shot at it just so as to hit it if it was a deer and miss it if it was a calf!"

TALK OF INFANTS.

When Does the Language of Babies Become Intelligible?

The Listener, of the Boston Transcript, mentions the case of a fond mother of his acquaintance who had a remarkable baby, who, the mother insists, says "Mamma's little girl" so distinctly that anybody in the world could make it out. And this is the way, exactly, that the baby pronounces it:

"Lubble, lubble, lubble."

This is not nearly such plain English as that used by a friend of the Listener's, now a man and an honest and able one, who, when he was two years old, mystified the members of his family by calling out in the imperative mood:

"Bixit, baxit, cloxit!"

All gathered round and tried hard to make out what the youngster meant. But the most definite statement that they could get out of him was: "Bixit, baxit, cloxit." At last, by dint of a good deal of pantomime, the child got them into the pantry and indicated a particular place in it, and then his remark translated itself to them. Wha he meant to say was: "I want a biscuit, in the basket in the closet!"

THE ROYAL CITY WINS

The Lacrosse Match in Two Straight Games, and are Now the Champions of B. C.

The Game, Which Was Stubbornly Contested, Was Played During a Heavy Rain.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

NEW WESTMINSTER, Oct. 4.—The great Vancouver-Westminster lacrosse match was fought to-day in a steady down-pour of rain, and the Royal City men are now the champions of the province. In the first half of the first game Vancouver did the best work, but from that time on Westminster controlled the play, without monopolizing it. The Vancouver defence, however, played very stubbornly, and it was not till thirty minutes had gone by that Westminster scored, Ryall putting the ball through. The second game was taken by Westminster in 25 minutes, and after being allowed it was disallowed. Play was resumed, and three minutes later Westminster again scored. Two more games were taken, Westminster thus winning two straight and the championship. Very large sums of money changed hands, and the Vancouver men go home sadly out of pocket.

The 100 yards race to-day for a gold medal, value forty dollars, between Smith, of the Vancouver Lacrosse Club, and Stewart, of the Westminster club, was won easily by the latter. Much money changes hands on this event also, and the visitors were still further reduced.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE.

The Tipperary Trials.

TIPPERARY, Oct. 4.—Upon the re-assembling of court this morning, Redmond, counsel for Dillon and O'Brien, asked for an adjournment until Tuesday. He stated that he and his fellow counsel, Timothy Healy, had an important engagement on Monday. Ronan, prosecutor for the Crown, opposed the delay and charged the defendants with creating every possible excuse to prolong the case. Redmond declared that one of the defendants, O'Mahony, was ill and it was impossible for him to attend the trial at present. The presiding magistrate announced that the court would adjourn until the physician attending O'Mahony could be heard from.

A Swiss Assassin Captured.

LONDON, Oct. 4.—Castioni, the Swiss assassin, was found in a shed in a garden attached to the house. He was surrounded by a number of friends, all of whom were armed. The police seized 200 rounds of ammunition. When Castioni was taken before a magistrate this morning, his counsel stated that the question was raised as to whether the act of the prisoner was of a political nature and therefore an act for which he could be extradited. The prisoner was remanded.

INTO AN OPEN SWITCH.

A Northern Pacific Train Derailed Near Helena, and the Engineer Instantly Killed.

HELENA, Oct. 4.—News is just received of the serious wreck of Northern Pacific eastbound passenger No. 20. Engineer Frank Mace was killed, and Fireman Chislett badly injured. It is reported that the passengers fared badly. A relief train left here at 12.50 for the scene.

1 a.m.—The wreck on the Northern Pacific reported here at midnight was caused by an open switch, the result of carelessness. No. 2, east-bound, due at Helena at 10.40, ran in on a side track at Butte, twelve miles west of here, colliding with a hogback engine. Engineer Mace, on the passenger, was killed outright, and Fireman Chislett is so badly injured that it is feared his injuries will prove fatal. The mail car was demolished, but its occupants escaped with slight bruises. The passengers were shaken up, but none hurt. Physicians from Helena arrived at the scene shortly after the wreck.

SCANDALS IN CHURCH.

A New Jersey Lothario Pummels a Preacher and Steals His Pretty Wife.

CAMDEN, N. J., Oct. 3.—The highly respectable town of Lansdowne, Camden county, has been shocked. Rev. Joseph Botts, the prospective incumbent of a Protestant church there, has been pummelled within an inch of his life by Robert Trampas, a well known merchant. This was food enough for the gossips, but when, the day after, it was whispered that the wife of the incoming pastor had eloped with the pugilistic widower, the town was aghast. The scandal was closely guarded, until warrants were sworn out for the arrest of Trampas and Mrs. Botts, when the doings of the dominie's wife and Widower Trampas became the absorbing topic of conversation.

Widower Trampas, who bears the reputation of being a "talking" man, became acquainted with the Botts family, and ingratiated himself into the good graces of the pastor's pretty wife. The widower's calls became frequent, and he made himself so much at home that Mr. Botts was annoyed, but he remonstrated without avail.

Matters, however, reached a climax on Monday night last, when the minister returned home from a long day of visiting. As he entered the parlor Mrs. Botts hastily went out, leaving Trampas sitting on the sofa. The clergyman's small daughter was sitting in his lap. Pastor Botts was angry, and followed Mrs Botts to the kitchen, and excitedly raising his voice exclaimed: Mrs. Botts, I have repeatedly told you that I do not like to see my daughter sitti in that man's lap. His reputation is n good, and I will not have him around house." Trampas heard what had been raid, and went away mad. Soon after Botts went to a grocery store near by, and Trampas met him.

Rough words followed, and a rough-and-tumble fight ensued, during which Botts was badly used up.

His jaw was dislocated, three of his teeth were knocked out, and his eyes were blackened. When the combatants were separated the minister was nearly unconscious. He had to be carried home, and a physician was summoned.

The next day Mrs. Botts left the house, carrying a bundle. She did not return, and it was soon found that Trampas was also missing. The pair have not since been seen, and no one knows where they have gone.