Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12TH, 1887.

THE TOOLEY STREET TAILORS.

The meeting held in the city hall yesterday morning "to take into consideration what course has to be taken on the water question," was perhaps the most extraordinary ever held in this city. To begin with, written notice of the meeting was only sent to those *who were known to be favorable to the* so-called Hendry scheme. This notice was unsigned and was issued upon the official note-paper of the corporation of Victoria. The first fact strikes one as being very suspicious, not to say cowardly, while the second suggests the idea that the officials who sent out the notice, purporting to have been written with the consent of the city council, ought to be reprimanded at the first meeting of that body. The matter should be looked into. The meeting was extraordinary, too, from the fact that a mere handful of ratepayers attempted to override the representatives of the people, who, by a large majority, declared against the Hendry scheme. Had the supporters of that scheme had the courtesy, not to say courage, of inviting the majority of the council and the ratepayers generally, and not their own little *clique*, the probabilities are that the resolution offered would have met with a different fate. By actual count there were nineteen ratepayers present, and three of these opposed the arbitrary conduct of the hole-in-the-corner meeting. We do not profess to deal in this article with the merits of the water question itself, *that* has been fought out over and over again in these columns, but we do mean to stigmatize as scandalous in the extreme the action of a few men who invite only their own sympathizers to a meeting in which the public are interested and with a degree of unanimity truly wonderful under the circumstances decide the affairs of the city after their own peculiar fashion. We shall see if they are successful in carrying out their little scheme!

A GROSS OUTRAGE.

The seizure of the Canadian schooners in Behring's sea, particulars of which are reported in our news columns, seems to us inexplicable. When the seizures were made last year immediate action was taken to have the sealers released, with the result that Secretary Bayard ordered that they be given up, because the right of the United States to hold them was "deemed too doubtful to be enforced." He is reported to have said "the claim that Behring's sea is a *mare clausum*, upon which the seizure of foreign vessels for violating our revenue laws proceeds, seems to be untenable. We contended that it was not when Russia owned all the territory on both sides of it. Now that we own half and Russia half, it seems impossible to maintain the *mare clausum* theory." This was a complete backdown on the part of the American government, containing as it does the candid confession that they have no jurisdiction over Behring's sea, that the vessels were illegally seized and the masters and owners illegally punished. In the face of such a declaration as this, the seizure of the Dolphin, Anna Beck, Grace and W. P. Sayward, can be regarded in no other light than as a gross outrage. When our sealers sailed to Behring's Sea they went under the impression that they would not be interfered with as long as they kept within the legal rights. So palpable and wholly unjustifiable a breach of faith on the part of the United States government has been received in this city, to which the seized sealers belong, with indignation and disgust. It behooves the Federal government to stop temporizing and to bring the United States administration to a sense of the wrongs they are inflicting without any just cause or provocation. A pretty state of things, indeed, if vessels pursuing their lawful occupation in, according to Secretary Bayard himself, waters where they have a perfect right to be, are to be summarily seized at the whim and caprice of the American authorities. The fact is our government, as we said yesterday, are not doing their duty by this coast. The Atlantic fisheries are guarded by armed cruisers and every precaution taken to prevent poaching, while the minister of marine and fisheries sails away over the summer seas, visiting the different fishing stations, to assure himself that the majesty of the law, as it is interpreted by the Dominion authorities, is being upheld. Consultations are hastily held, the ministers are closeted at some luxurious watering place to discuss the latest news from the Bay Chaleur, while British Columbia's interests are being trampled under foot by an infamous tyranny which should have had the life crushed out of it long ago. The sealing interest is now one of the leading industries of this province, and it promised to develop rapidly, but we fear that our business men, who are interested financially in the enterprise, cannot long be expected to place their money where they are absolutely without protection. British subjects can, it seems, be arrested without cause and without remedy. We call upon the Federal government to act speedily in this matter. The do-nothing policy of the United States is simply indulged in with a view to harrassing our sealers and ruining them financially. No damages have yet been accorded for the illegal seizures last year and it looks very much as if Secretary Bayard would like to get out of it by feigning to believe that no claim for damages had been made upon the American government. As early as Oct. 21st, 1886, Sir L. West, the resident British minister at Washington, wrote to Mr. Bayard:—"I am instructed by the Earl of Iddesleigh, Her Majesty's principal secretary of state for foreign affairs, to protest in the name of Her Majesty's government against such seizure, and to reserve all rights to compensation." Mr. Bayard replied:—"I take leave also to acknowledge your communication of the 21st of October, informing me that you have been instructed . . . . to protest against the seizure of the vessels above referred to and to reserve all rights of compensation, all of which will receive respectful attention." A report of the committee of the privy council of Canada of January 3rd advised the Governor-General to transmit to the foreign office copies of "papers containing full statements of claims for damage sustained and compensation demanded by the owners, masters and mates of the sealing schooners;" and further recommending that these copies be transmitted to the secretary of state, "in order that reparation may be sought from the United States government for all damages and loss to British subjects consequent upon the illegal action of the United States officers in the case referred to." On January 9th Sir L. West again addressed Mr. Bayard, calling attention to the fact that all rights of compensation were reserved on Oct. 21st and further stating that "Her Majesty's government do not doubt that if on enquiry if (the information received) shall prove correct, the government of the United States will, with their well-known sense of justice, admit the illegality of the proceedings resorted to against British vessels, and the British subjects above mentioned, and will cause reasonable reparation to be made for the wrongs to which they have been subjected and for the losses which they have sustained." Mr. Bayard replied three days later, stating to Sir L. West that "you need no assurance that no avoidance of our international obligations need be apprehended." In view of these facts, is seems almost incomprehensible that Secretary Bayard could at this late date admit the illegality of the proceedings of the American authorities and yet not only resist the claims for compensation, but even deny that such claims have been made by the British government. This whole matter needs instant attention. We dare say it will, however, get that—a feeble remonstrance at Washington, a diplomatic reply, and such exhaustive correspondence and red-tapeism as to tide the matter over for another year, when the same old story will be repeated, Four sealers, sick and tired of waiting for some measure of justice, leave to the Americans, by force of necessity, the unrestricted and unchallenged privilege of hunting for seal in waters in which they have equal rights. There are several war-ships at Esquimalt doing nothing. It is probable they could easily easily prevent the revenue cutter Richard Rush from interfering with the rights and liberties of British subjects. By the way, what object had the *Caroline* in going north? We thought she went there to protect British interests. While she was cruising the waters of the northern seas our four British Columbia vessels were being unlawfully seized, their crews being illegally detained, and an outrage being inflicted upon the English flag. If our government desires to get credit for doing its duty by all parts of the Dominion, it must act quickly, firmly and decisively in this, to us, highly important matter.

THE Lebel rifle, the new gun with which the French infantry will be supplied before next spring, is, according to all accounts, a wonder. The new rifle is known by the name of its inventor, Lebel, and is smaller and lighter than the rifles now in use; the French soldiers call it "the little gun." The most authentic descriptions given of the gun agree in attributing to it a carrying power beyond that of any rifle heretofore in use. The models received in New York are not known to be accurate copies of the Lebel gun, and experiments with them is impossible, owing to the fact that the powder used is a secret compound of which the French government has the monopoly. According to all accounts the Lebel gun will carry its bullet more than a mile and a half, and with a more certain aim than has been possible with ordinary rifles. The bore of the gun is very small, and the ball, which is of steel and sharply pointed at one end, is said to revolve at a speed of a thousand revolutions a second. In the tests made by the French government this bullet has penetrated a brick wall eight inches thick at a distance of 500 yards. It will go through any kind of armor which can be worn by soldiers, and at a distance of more than a mile will pass through a man as easily as at ten paces. The gun has no recoil under fire, and the powder gives out no smoke whatever. It has been said that the powder used must be a smokeless hunting powder already in the market; but this is denied by the inventor, who says that he uses an entirely new compound. The Lebel gun is, of course, a repeater, and the cartridges are so small that each soldier carries 220 rounds of ammunition, as against 116 rounds formerly considered the maximum. The French government is now making these guns at the rate of 500 a day at Saint Etienne, and is preparing to turn out double that number. Four factories, those at Chatellerault, Tulle and Saint-Etienne, will soon be at work upon them.

DILKE ON THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Sir Charles Dilke, though retired from active public life on account of the grave social scandal in which he was implicated, is still giving attention to public affairs. He has travelled extensively on the continent and furnished a series of five most interesting articles to the *Fortnightly Review* dealing with the relative position of the great powers of Europe. The last article of the series treats of the United Kingdom. It deals largely with the capacity of the empire for making its defence against a possible combination of other powers. Sir Charles premises that England's fighting days are past unless moved by a powerfully irritating cause, first on account of her unreadiness for war, and secondly on account of the desire for peace. Generally he thinks the great colonies are able to help themselves, and the navy fairly sufficient to defend our commerce. But he does not think the kingdom safe against invasion, and being "one of the most unpopular of the powers" the danger of attack is very great. England spends more upon her army and navy together than any other power, but with far less effective results. Her great commercial ports and her coaling stations are not in a position to be defended, Mr. Dilke thinks. Then there is England's engagement to defend Belgium and Turkey, which she is not prepared to do. "It would be as idle," says Sir Charles, "for England, with her present naval force, to hope to thoroughly command the Mediterranean and the Red Sea against the French without an Italian alliance, as to try to hold her own in Turkey or Belgium with her present army. As against a French and Russian combination, she is weaker still." There is a grave warning in these words. What follows is not very assuring. He believes that a conflict with Russia in Asia is imminent and inevitable, and that while England has a small efficient white army in India, the greater portion of her Indian troops are non-efficient. He adds:—

> When, however, we find that, after years upon years of reorganization and years upon years of fabulous expenditure, she is virtually without an army, and that England and India together, with an expenditure greater than Russia, can put into the field a force capable of fighting against European troops only equal to the force of Roumania, surely the time has come when revolutionary measures should be tried.

That the British army is weak in several important elements as compared with continental armies is admitted. In cavalry, in horse artillery, in repeating rifles and the newer form of shells, all of which are important, her preparation for war is represented as sadly deficient. Nor does Sir Charles Dilke find much assurance for defence in the proposed imperial federation. The chief strength which the colonies can furnish for general defence, he says, must come from Australia. "As regards Canada, the predominant feeling is friendly; but it is useless to disguise the fact that there is a good deal of separatist feeling in Canada, and that there are at times dangerous ups and downs in Canadian sentiment about the empire and its advantages. Moreover, Canada has an overshadowing neighbor of enormous power in the United States, with whom she has, from time to time, causes of sharp difference." It may strike the reader that these are rather pessimistic views, but perhaps the best thing that can happen is a wholesome scare at the present moment. Europe bristles with bayonets, and the aggregate of European fleets present terrible odds against the British navy, which at the commencement of the present century equalled in effective force the combined fleets of the world. A great international struggle seems impending, and it is a timely warning which bids the United Kingdom to make ready to defend herself.

THAT EXTRAORDINARY MEETING.

Mayor Fell may always be trusted to put his foot in anything he undertakes. With an assumed autocratic authority, worthy of the Czar of all the Russias, he sends out an *unsigned* notice on corporation paper to *his chosen friends* to meet in solemn conclave and denounce the city council who, by a large majority, oppose the so-called Hendry water scheme. Mr. Fell ought to be ashamed to acknowledge that he authorized the issuance of such a notice. It was an insult to the great body of the ratepayers of this city, who were represented by the beggarly number of *nineteen* at Mr. Fell's meeting, three of whom showed their antipathy to the Fell *clique* and one of whom did not vote on Coun. Pearse's resolution. So that out of the 1,492 ratepayers in this city *fifteen* malcontents propose to take into their charge the civic business of Victoria, setting at naught the views of the people's representatives as expressed by a most decisive vote. As mayor of this city, Mr. Fell places himself in a most unenviable position, one which is calculated to wean away from him many of his friends. Imagine the situation, property holders of Victoria! By a large majority vote the city council declares against Mr. Hendry's scheme; Mr. Fell thereupon uses his brief authority to call a meeting of fifteen men who are in sympathy with him and a small minority of the council's views, ignoring the vast bulk of the ratepayers; that meeting attempts to reverse the decision of the people's representatives: passes a resolution moved, strange to say, by one of the recalcitrant councillors to that effect—and Mayor Fell has the hardihood to state in print that he was the author of this outrage on public rights. Any sensible man would be ashamed to place himself in such a position. The people of this city have no sympathy with hole-in-the-corner meetings. Mr. Fell says he is willing to go before the people for re-election. Well, he *might* be returned. Stranger things have happened. If, however, he meets with no better success than in his recent contest for school trustee he will find himself in due time relegated to the cool shades of private life, which he is so eminently fitted to adorn.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

To-morrow the schools of the Province will re-open after the summer holidays. Refreshed by a cessation from the weary grind of the school room, the teachers will re-enter upon their work with renewed energy and increased earnestness. Everywhere throughout our Province are these civilized and elevating agencies within the easy reach of the children of the people, and yearly are their influences being felt throughout the length and breadth of British Columbia. The intending emigrant naturally asks before he decides to leave the populous centres of the old world: Are there any means in the new home to which we propose going of properly educating our children? Are they to be bereft of the privileges we have at home which we regard as of the most inestimable benefit? When they are told that every facility is afforded in the Pacific Province by a wise and enlightened government for such tuition, one stumbling block in their trans Atlantic movements is rolled away, and they come to this new country with light hearts on that score, since they know that wherever they may decide to settle the schoolmaster is to be found. In town and country alike, our Province boasts a fine army of teachers, who each year are doing good, faithful work, and toiling on as only such willing workers can in advancing the spread of intelligence and refinement. After pleasure comes work, and having enjoyed a pleasant midsummer vacation, the ladies and gentlemen who comprise the teaching profession of British Columbia, having enjoyed their perhaps too brief day of good things, will now turn to their most responsible duties, and by the light of their good example and careful instruction, bring up the youth of our land in the way they should go, teaching them to become intellectual men and women, good citizens and true Christians. They will have their reward.

OUR LOCAL PROPHET.

What Wiggins is to the weather the *Times* is to politics. The former has gone out of business and the latter ought to. Neither have been successes. Wiggins has several times come near the mark but our contemporary—*never*. Prophesying is not in his line—he is neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet. He gravely informed his readers that the appointments of Messrs. J. H. Turner, M. P. P., and R. Dunsmuir, M. P. P., would appear in the *British Columbia Gazette* as additional members of the Provincial Cabinet. That official document came to hand and—no appointments. The *Times'* prophet failed to connect, the stars were not propitious. He lets himself down easy by philosophically announcing that owing to the condition of Mr. Turner's health notification has not been made, but it will be given to the world—sometime. It will be news to Mr. Turner and his friends to learn from the Opposition organ that impaired health prevents his acceptance of the portfolio of Minister of Finance and Agriculture; but then the *Times* is always treating us to something novel. Now we will be magnanimous, and tell our contemporary something in the strictest confidence. When the vacant portfolios are gazetted we will let him know and will not charge him anything for the information either.

DR. PARKER'S FAREWELL.

A London cable says: Dr. Parker, at the close of his usual Thursday afternoon service in the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, announced to a crowded congregation that that was the last occasion on which he would preach or conduct any religious service in England until his return from the United States of America on the second Sunday of April next. He said that he had been wondering ever since the announcement was first made that he intended visiting America this year why people thought he would not return, and after much cogitation he supposed it was because they fancied that when he got there he would find that there were no Dissenters there. Every one in America stood for what he was worth, while here a Dissenter was almost obliged to apologize for his convictions. He had received from all classes of people, in high and low stations, the kindest expressions of good-will and wishes for his safe return to England. The conclusion of one letter, which he dearly prized, contained these words: "We sincerely wish you a safe and happy expedition." "That wish," said Dr. Parker, "loses nothing in value and worth because the letter bears the signature of 'William Ewart Gladstone.'"

AFGHANISTAN cannot be lost sight of any more than Bulgaria, Greece, Servia and several other small countries, whose position makes their importance. As near as we can judge from a great mass of conflicting reports, the Ameer is not making much headway against the present rebellion. In the ordinary course of Afghan events, an uprising like this would speedily reach one of two issues. Either the insurrection would be crushed out of existence, or else the rebels would drive the ruler from his throne and establish a despotism of their own. These fierce mountaineers are splendid warriors, but they have neither the means nor the disposition for a long conflict. In this case, however, both parties have the moral and material support of powerful backers. Those who are fighting to destroy the Ameer are well supplied with money, which must come from Russian coffers, and the government troops receive arms and provisions almost directly from Simla which, in the hot season, is the political capital of India. Just now England has a more pressing need in this matter than Russia, and if the Ameer is unable to put down the rebellion, her Indian soldiers may take a hand in the business, and so effectually sustain him that for a short time at least he will be able to retain his present semblance of kingly authority. But at best the poor man's position is unpleasant, uncertain and unmanageable.

THE Cass inquiry ends in a muddle. One leading journal declares it has vindicated Miss Cass' character. Another insists that Miss Cass' character stands just where it did before it began. Endicott, the policeman, comes out in a tattered condition, and public confidence in the police force has been, perhaps, slightly shaken. Sir Charles Warren, admirable as chief of police, does not shine as president of a court of inquiry. Nor does Mr. Horace Smith as legal assessor. Nor does Mr. Grain, who conducts the milliner's case, win the applause of the bar or public. Nor does anybody. The whole proceeding is voted a mistake. No oath was administered, yet cross-examination was allowed. Endicott's prosecution for perjury in a police court seems probable. The matter at any rate cannot stop where it is. The public will insist, and so will parliament, on probing it to the bottom; unless, indeed, sensational handling of the subject by the "new journalism" provokes a reaction in favor of science and decency. The ministry are nervous at the prospect of having to face another parliamentary debate on a question which thus far has brought them nothing but ill-luck.

It is stated the German crown prince has been advised by medical men to try the waters of Canteres, in France, but that Bismarck and Prince William oppose the suggestion.

Italy has consented to join the sugar bounty conference.

SQUATTERS' MEETING.

[*Correspondence of* THE COLONIST.]

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the squatters and other settlers of Chilliwhack was held on Saturday afternoon, July 30th, at Henderson's hall. Mr. S. Cawley, municipal reeve, was voted to the chair, and James Patterson acted as secretary. Mr. D. Chisholm, M. P., being present by invitation, was called upon to address the meeting. He said, with regard to squatters' rights, everything was being done by the Dominion government that could be done to settle the question; that it was now left for the chief justice of the supreme court of Canada to decide whether the Dominion or provincial government should administer the lands in this district reserved by the Sumas Dyking Act of 1878; and that the Hon. Thos. White, minister of the interior, would be here in a few days, and advised that a deputation of squatters be appointed by the meeting to meet him at New Westminster upon his arrival, and that he (Mr. Chisholm) would assist the deputation in urging the immediate administration of these lands. He felt sure that the Hon. Mr. White was as anxious to settle this matter as any one in the hall. It was indeed a great hardship that so large a number of settlers, many of whom had resided on their places from six to nine years, had not even a scratch of a pen given them to assure them of their holdings, though untiring applications had been made from time to time to both governments. He also understood that the management of municipal affairs was seriously interfered with as the council had no power to pay taxes on these lands, which constitute so large a portion of the total area of this municipality. Mr. Chisholm also stated that the Dominion government intended to discontinue the telegraph service to Chilliwhack, and while at Ottawa he had asked that the line be continued in operation till the 1st of September next until he could see the people and know what arrangement they wished to make, that the government were willing to give the people the line if they would operate it, but if this arrangement did not suit them he would insist that the service should be continued by the government, according to the terms of union. With regard to postal matters he would advise the head of the department that the postoffice be removed from Chilliwhack Landing to the village of Centerville, as this was according to the wishes of a large majority of the people. On motion, it was resolved that Mr. Ramsay, Mr. Fussil and Mr. Vickerson be appointed delegates to wait on the Hon. Mr. White at New Westminster in the interests of the squatters; that we petition the Dominion government and remind them that it is according to the terms of union that the government shall maintain the telegraph service, and that influence be brought to bear on the authorities at Ottawa, through our representative, Mr. D. Chisholm, M. P., to have the postoffice removed to Centerville, and that the telegraph office be in the same building. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Chisholm for his kindness in being present at this meeting and for the able manner in which he represented us at Ottawa, when the meeting adjourned.

THE FIRE AND THE POLICE.

TO THE EDITOR:—I notice that one of the papers gives Special Officer Hoosen credit for first discovering the fire this morning. This is not correct: Mr. Hoosen did not give the first alarm. I was wide awake and heard the first tap of the bell, I sprang to the window of my room and the heavens were illuminated by the glow from the fire, while the smoke in dense volumes curled away to the south. The fire must have been burning for some time before it was observed by either the regular or special force, for it could not have obtained such headway as it had when the bell was tapped. Where, permit me to ask, were the police?

MUNICIPALIST.

CONSISTENCY.

TO THE EDITOR:—At the meeting yesterday I heard Mr. A. Wilson denouncing in grand style the council for not spending the $75,000 on the Hendry scheme. I have a distinct recollection of asking Mr. W. to vote for the loan bylaw last year and his reply was that he would not vote for it on any consideration. He was also as much opposed to the Hendry scheme then as he is in favor of it now. I should like to get a peep at the petition that was sent to the council. I feel sure that I would find there at least 20 names of ratepayers who were as violent opponents of the loan bylaw as Mr. Wilson.

A CHIEL.

PERSONAL.

John Gilmore, of Nicola Valley, is in the city.

Dr. Dearden returned from Nicola on the Yosemite.

E. H. Fisher was a passenger from the Sound yesterday.

Mrs. Bushby and daughter leave for San Francisco to-day.

Mrs. Sohns and Miss Macabe of Seattle are staying in the city.

Mrs. J. B. McKilligan, of Winnipeg, arrived in the city last evening.

Mrs. H. B. W. Aikman and child leave to-day on an extended visit to San Francisco.

Mrs. E. G. Prior and Miss Hopkins returned from their trip to Alaska yesterday morning.

Senator Sherman left Cleveland on Thursday for Montreal and then comes west on the C. P. R.

Miss Armstrong, principal of the girls' school, who has been visiting in Port Hope, Ont., returned last evening.

Rev. Mr. Robertson, superintendent of Presbyterian missions for Manitoba and the Northwest arrived last evening.

Prof. Thos. Hart, B. D., one of the professors of Manitoba college, Winnipeg, accompanied by his wife, arrived on the Yosemite.

A. R. Milne and W. G. Parmelee, inspector of customs, left for Nanaimo yesterday on business, and will return to the city to-day.

C. R. Hosmer, a director in the Pacific Cable Co., and manager of the C. P. R. telegraph line, will arrive from Montreal this afternoon.

H. S. Flood, representing E. & S. Heller, dry goods merchants at San Francisco, will be a passenger on the Mexico to-day for that city.

Andrew Welch, senior partner of the firm of Welch, Rithet & Co., arrived from San Francisco *via* Portland and the Sound yesterday afternoon.

John R. Scott, late principal of the Cowichan school, left for Lytton this morning where he will assume the principalship of the public school at that place. His resignation was only accepted by the Cowichan school trustees with the greatest regret.

Rev. E. A. McLaren, B. D., of Brampton, Ont., who has been invited to take charge of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church for a few weeks, arrived last evening. He was met by a deputation. During his stay here he will be the guest of Hon. John Robson.

A New Theatre.

New Westminster is to have a theatre. Mr. A. M. Herring has announced his intention of building a theatre and public hall on the lots he has just purchased from the Odd Fellows the location of which is one of the best in the city for this purpose being central and on a good street. The theatre will be about three times the size of the drill shed and provided with a fine stage, private boxes and everything that is necessary to make it first class in every respect. Such enterprise as this displayed by Mr. Herring is to be commended.

That of Mrs. Sarah Jaques Small, who died recently at Bowdoinham, Maine, aged 104 years and eight months, the Portland *Press* says: "When well into the nineties she spun over three hundred skeins of yarn and wove twenty yards of cloth—all wool. In the last years of her life she knit double mittens and stockings enough for a regiment of men. She was a great worker till her eyesight failed, at about 100."

LATE CANADIAN NEWS.

ONTARIO.

Two Stratford men named Hartly and Becker, while bathing had their clothes plundered of $270 and $25 respectively.

George Stevens, a hard character, who recently escaped from the central prison, Toronto, was shot near the International bridge, Fort Erie, on the Canada side. The murderer was Peter Fettle, a farmer.

Alfred Burbanks, of Woodstock, was suffocated while cleaning out a hall at the gas works.

Mayor Howland, of Toronto, will hold an enquiry into the shooting of young Macdonald at Garrison Common, but will leave the matter to the military authorities.

It is announced that the strike in the locomotive works at Kingston will cause the contract for the plant of the Red River Valley road to be lost.

Fenner, the alleged embezzler, was arraigned at the Toronto police court and remanded.

Joseph St. Pierre was drowned at Rat Portage while crossing the river in a canoe.

The great liberal picnic held at Somerset in honor of M. Laurier, on his appointment to the leadership of the liberal party, was attended by thousands of excursionists from all parts of the province, and many prominent members of the party from Ontario and other provinces. M. Laurier paid a graceful tribute to Mr. Blake, whom he said he would try and imitate.

H. A. Jameson, who has been in the grain business at Stratford for about five years, has left the city. The Bank of Montreal held about $13,000 worth of warehouse receipts and has deemed it advisable to hold an investigation. Jameson came from St. Mary's about five years ago and has always taken an active interest in church and municipal matters. He is a member of the collegiate institute board and board of aldermen, being chairman of the finance committee. A short time ago he was a partner in the Stratford *Herald* and had some aspirations to be member of parliament. He has been a frequenter of bucket shops, but whether ruined by wild cat speculations or not is merely conjecture.

There is a new phase in Father Paradis' case. John Gilmour and Allan Gilmour, jr., Ottawa's millionaire lumbermen, have been arrested upon a warrant issued at the instance of a man named Anisi Broulard, an employé of the Rev. Father Paradis. Broulard, it turns out, was arrested along with the priest upon a warrant issued at the instance of Gilmour & Co., charging Paradis with cutting the Gilmour mark off the saw logs and replacing it by that of another man. Broulard was arrested and brought to Hull, where he was bailed out. The charge is stealing logs, which the Gilmours claim belong to themselves. They have been bailed out on their own recognizances.

James McManus, financial manager of the Weber Manufacturing Company, lef Kingston a couple of days ago, and his whereabouts are unknown. It is thought some mishap has befallen him.

QUEBEC.

The Boston *Herald* published a sensational despatch from Ottawa, stating that the rumor was prevalent that the real murderer of D'Arcy McGee has been discovered to be a well known criminal lawyer of Quebec, and that Whalen, who was executed, was totally innocent. The story is believed in some Irish circles and is likely to lead to startling developments.

After the Laprairie election Mercier announced that he had secured a majority of the Legislative Council; by what corrupt means he didn't mention. The corruption used to carry the election is already appearing. One Bourassa has been arrested for bribing voters.

The prisoners declare that they can prove that Mercier and Duhamel were drunk at the races and will call 500 witnesses to establish the fact. The trial will be a sensational one.

A fire broke out in a grocery store on Hypolite street, Montreal, and before it could be got under control the buildings on both sides of Domique street from Napoleon to St. Jean Baptiste streets, were destroyed and about fifty families rendered homeless. The loss is heavy with very little insurance.

Ald. Brunet, of Montreal, whose son was drowned at Rat Portage a few days ago, is prostrated by the shock and is expected to die.

The rumored engagement of Russell Stephenson and Miss Smith, daughter of Sir Donald, is talked about in Montreal society circles.

Young Taylor, of Worcester, Mass., who was arrested at Montreal for forging the name of J. G. Blaine to a cheque, has been committed to the lunatic asylum of that city.

Prefontaine, M. P. P., has got into trouble for tearing a warrant in two when served upon him. He will be arrested for contempt of court and felony.

A cablegram from Paris announces the arrival of Hon. Mr. Chapleau there in improved health.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

George Fleming, head of the foundry firm of George Fleming & Sons, St. John, has died of congestion of the lungs. The deceased has been in business in St. John for over half a century. The first steam engine built in New Brunswick was by deceased. He also constructed the first marine engine. He was born in 1800, and leaves a wife and two sons.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Lovitt, Liberal M.P. for Yarmouth, was unseated for bribery by his agent.

UNCLE NAHUM'S WEDDING.

Uncle Nahum Nixon was reading the paper in his back parlor. Nobody would think, to look at the simple surroundings of the unpretentous apartment, that Mr. Nahum Nixon was one of the wealthiest men in town. The carpet, it is true, was Axminster, but it had seen twenty-two good years of service, and was down to the very warp; the faded red curtains were of moreen, instead of silk damask; the old clock on the mantel was no Parisian affair of alabaster and gilt, but a substantial Connecticut timepiece that struck with a whirr, like a partridge springing out of her nest; the chairs of oldfashioned mahogany and haircloth stood upright against the wall; the portraits of Gen. Washington on horseback and the surrender of Cornwallis, ornamented the gay-papered walls in frames of sombre gilt, and the one elegance of the apartment was a preposterous bouquet of wax flowers under a cracked-glass shade.

But Uncle Nixon had remembered that furniture ever since he was a child, and he wouldn't have exchanged it for the fittings of a Parisian boudoir, or the choicest specimens of the modern Eastlake pattern. He was a rich man, that was quite enough for him.

"If you please, Mr. Nixon," said the trim maid-servant, "Mr. Marmaduke Bourne wants to see you if you please, sir, if you are quite at leisure."

"Mr. Marmaduke Bourne, eh?" The old gentleman took off his spectacles and laid them upon the folded newspaper. "Ask him to come in, Polly."

And Mr. Marmaduke Bourne came in, a tall, fresh colored young fellow, with sparkling gray eyes and a straight Greek nose, that seemed as if it had been borrowed from some ancient statue of Apollo.

"Well, sir?" said Mr. Nixon.

"Well, sir?" counter-interrogated Mr. Bourne, "Did you get my letter?"

"I got your letter," said Uncle Nahum. So you want to marry my niece, Faith?"

"Yes, sir," valiantly acknowledged Mr. Marmaduke Bourne.

"Ah!" nodded Uncle Nahum. "But perhaps you don't understand the facts of th ecase."

"The facts, sir?"

"I want my niece to marry Col. Ashland's son," slowly enunciated Uncle Nahum.

"But, sir, she don't love him."

"Pshaw!" snarled Uncle Nahum. "And if she don't marry him she will be a beggar; I will give her no money of mine. Now you understand matters. Marry or not, as you please." He took up the newspaper once more—a tacit intimation that the interview was at an end.

"Sir—" began Marmaduke.

"That will do," said Mr. Nixon.

"I only wish to—"

"That will do," thundered Mr. Nixon, and so Marmaduke went away.

Little Faith came down stairs presently, a blue-eyed blossom of a girl, with yellow hair growing low down on her forehead, and a very little mouth, exactly the shape to suggest the idea of kissing.

Uncle Nahum looked keenly up at her as she fluttered about the room, straightening a table cover there or putting down a fold here.

"Yes," said he, with a curious twitch of the muscles around his eye, "he has been here."

"I—I did not ask any questions, Uncle Nahum."

"No, but your eyes did," chuckled the old man.

"He wants to marry you—the improvident young donkey."

Faith came to her uncle's chair and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"That is not the worst of it, Uncle Nahum—I want to marry him."

"Humph!" snarled Mr. Nixon, in high contempt. "And what do you expect to live on, I should like to know?"

"We can both work," said Faith bravely.

"You're more likely to starve," said Mr. Nixon. "Mind you don't count on help from me. If you will get married, you do it at your own risk."

"Then you consent, Uncle Nahum?"

"No;" roared the old bachelor. "Nothing of the sort."

"But, Uncle Nahum, I should be wretched without Duke," softly pleaded Faith.

"Fiddlesticks," said the old man.

"And I'm sure he couldn't live without me."

"Trash!" grunted Mr. Nixon.

"And if you please, Uncle," added Faith, "perhaps I'd better go to my friend Violet Smith's to make up my wedding things, since you disapprove so decidedly of my plans. She lives in New York, you know, and it will be convenient for shopping, and—"

"And for all other tomfooleries in general," rudely interrupted the old gentleman. "Yes, go to your Violet Smith's but don't expect to come back here."

"No, Uncle," said Faith, meekly: "But you'll let me thank you for all your kindness, and—"

"No, I won't," said Uncle Nahum, so shortly that poor Faith fled up stairs in dismay, and had a quiet little cry, notwithstanding that she was so very happy.

For Uncle Nahum, brusque and crabbed though he was, was all the father she had ever known. But she packed up her trunk and went to Violet Smith's in New York, which was all the pleasanter, in that Marmaduke Bourne had also betaken himself to this modern Gotham and gone to work studying law as if he meant to take Coke and Blackstone by storm. And Miss Violet Smith, who was a sentimental young lady, sympathized intensely, and the young couple were as unreasonably happy as many another couple has been before, and will again.

But one day Duke Bourne came in with a face full of tidings.

"Faith," said he, "have you heard the news?"

"What news?" asked Faith.

"Your uncle will get the start of us, after all."

"What do you mean, Duke?"

"Why, he's going to get married."

"Uncle Nahum?" cried Faith incredulously.

"Yes, Uncle. That accounts for his being so willing to get rid of us, eh, little one?"

"And who is the bride?" questioned Faith.

"Why, that's the mooted point yet. Nobody seems to know. Some say one, and some another; but the general impression seems to be that it is the rich widow who owns the brown stone block on the corner."

"I'm sure I hope he will be happy," said Faith, with tremulous lips and eyes suffused with tears. "But—but I think he might have said something to us about it."

"People are not generally in a hurry to proclaim the fact that they are about to make fools of themselves," said Duke Bourne, bitterly.

"Why," cried Faith, laughing through her tears, "that is precisely what he said of us."

But the next day a letter from Uncle Nahum himself settled the matter. He wrote.

"There is to be a wedding at my house on the 17th, and I want you and Marmaduke to be there without fail."

"A wedding! At his house!" cried Faith. "I supposed weddings were celebrated at the bride's residence."

"So they are, dear," said Miss Smith; "but your uncle was always so eccentric."

"What shall we do?" asked Faith.

"Why, go, of course," said Marmaduke Bourne, "to show that we bear no ill-will, if for no other reason."

The 17th of March arrived, a cold, blustering night, and the old red brick house was all in a glimmer of light as the young betrothed pair drew up to the door. Uncle Nahum met them on the threshold, in his old-fashioned, swallow-tailed coat, with a huge white camellia in his buttonhole and a pair of surprising white kid gloves.

"Have you brought your white frock?" was the first question to his niece.

"No, uncle, I—"

"That won't do," said Uncle Nahum. "No one must come to my wedding without a marriage garment. It's lucky I provided one for you. Come up stairs now and change your dress."

"But uncle, a white silk!" cried Faith, looking in dismay at the glistening dress laid out for her use.

"What then? Isn't white silk the thing for a wedding? Put it on quick, and I'll send some one to bring you down in five minutes."

And so, with doubting heart, Faith Nixon robed herself in the white dress, with its trimmings of vapory blonde and long trail.

"Where's your veil?" said Uncle Nahum, when he came himself, a few minutes later to the door.

"Uncle, I can't wear a veil," pleaded Faith.

"But you must?" said Uncle Nahum; "nobody comes to my wedding, without a veil." And he placed the wreath lightly on her head.

"But Uncle Nahum, they will take me for the bride."

"Let 'em," said the old gentleman. "Take my arm. Now come down stairs, and I'll show you the bride. Here she is."

Lifting her bewildered eyes, Faith Nixon beheld her own figure reflected in a full-length mirror at the stairway.

"Here's the bride," chuckled Uncle Nahum, leading her up to Bourne," and here's the groom," touching Bourne's shoulder. "And here's the parson, all ready and waiting. Now, reverend sir," to the clergyman, "marry 'em as fast as you can." And before either of the astonished young couple could remonstrate they were made man and wife.

"Duke," said the bride as soon as the ceremony was over, "did you know of this?"

"No; I didn't," said Mr. Bourne, with his arm very tight around his little wife's waist. "But I must say I approve very highly of the whole proceeding."

Uncle Nahum stood by, rubbing his hands, with his face wreathed in one prodigious smile.

"So you supposed it was I who was to be married, eh?" said he, "Not a bit of it, not a bit of it. I am too old a bird to be caught with such chaff as that. No, no, little Faith. Did you think I was going to turn my wee birdie out of her nest, after all the years she has been cherished there? No, no, I only wanted to assure myself that your fancy was a real fancy, and this young rascal here," smiting Bourne on the shoulder once more, "loved you for yourself alone, and not for the money he thought the old man was going to leave you. And you're to live here, both of you, and we will be happy ever after. Strike your harps and fiddles. Let's have a dance, let's all be merry together."

Uncle Nahum Nixon himself led off the bridal quadrille, dancing in the old style of twenty years ago.

"I can't have a wedding every day," said Uncle Nahum, breathlessly, as he cut the last pigeon wing "and I mean to make the best of it."

HOW THE BONFIRES SAID "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" IN 1887.

It shall be told in light
Flashing from height to height,
Leaping in flames that night,
"God save the Queen!"
Making the moonlight pale,
Making the starlight fail,
Whilst the red flames cry "Hail!
God save the Queen!"

Sending the message wide
Over the mountain side,
O'er ocean's glowing tide
"God save the Queen!"
Whilst waving branches flare
Like crimson banners rare,
Floating in amber air,
"God save the Queen!"

Up go the rockets then,
Up goes the shout of men
From every hill and glen,
"God save the Queen!"
Torch-light and fiery ray
Turning the night to day,
Tracing in flame-wreathed way
"God save the Queen!"

Ships see the burning pyre,
Cry, "England's all a-fire,
Flaming up high and higher,
"God save the Queen!"
Homeward-bound British tar
Signals the light from far,
Shouting with loud hurrah
"God save the Queen!"

Up go the rockets high
Into the midnight sky,
And answering landsmen cry
"God save the Queen!"
Brighter the watch-fires' sheen
Flashes "God save the Queen!
Glorious her reign hath been!
God save the Queen!"

JULIA GODDARD.

DEATH STEPS BETWEEN.

A Life-long Romance Cut off in Its Brightest Bloom—Sad Denouement in a New York Hotel Parlor.

'Tis strange—but true, for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction. If it could be told,
How much would novels gain by the exchange.

One of the strangest romances of real life in the social world of America and Europe of the present generation came to a dramatic end in one of the parlors of the Astor House, New York. All concerned in the sad story belong to well-known families on both sides of the Atlantic, and no coloring is necessary to portray a series of events that, as told below, must startle even the finest artists in the present school of literary realism.

Two of the best known and highly respected families of Boston are the Crowninshields and Stones, and their children, now grown to manhood and womanhood, were playmates together, in close fellowship at the kindergraten, and their elders were fond of fostering the intimacy as the period of youth was passed.

Among the young ladies of this harmonious circle was Florence Stone, who was at 20 beautiful in face and graceful in figure. Carefully reared, thoroughly educated, strong in her musical culture, witty in talk and of course sought after by all of the swells of the Boston swelldom; but flattery did not turn her head nor social adoration upset her reason, and sh unreservedly gave her heart and hand to the hero of her childhood, the handsomest of the Crowninshields—a tall, manly sixfooter and a veritable athlete. After a brief engagement there was a tiff; of its character nothing is known save to the contracting parties, but there was a separation and Mr. Crowninshield took up his residence in Europe.

ACT NUMBER TWO.

Finally Mr. Crowninshield, with his accomplished sister, settled down in London, and at once entered the highest social circles of the capital, the latter marrying into the British peerage, where she now holds broad sway as one of the queens of the aristocracy. Her brother not long after married an estimable lady by whom he had three children. Happiness reigned in his household, and his material prosperity kept pace with his household joy, and he soon counted himself many times a millionaire. But his wife did not long survive the birth of her third child, and the widower was left to care for his young children and his widely scattered possessions. Among them was a piece of property in the Northwest Territory valued at several hundred thousand dollars. So he came to the United States to look after his interest here. By the merest chance he met his former sweetheart, Florence Stone, and finding that, unlike himself, she had remained true to her attachment and physically and mentally she had matured into a noble specimen of a woman, he again laid his station and fortune at her feet and was again accepted.

Following the announcemet of the engagemett Mr. Crowninshield went west to perfect the title to his great purchase of land, but he found that in order to complete it a journey to Calcutta would be necessary, particularly his order to obtain the sworn testimony of the only living living witness who could substantiate the record.

THE FATAL JOURNEY.

Before sailing from New York elaborate preparations were made for the wedding, which was to be one of the most imposing ceremonials ever celebrated at that aristocratic marital shrine, St. George's Chapel, London, and the trousseau was ordered from the celebrated establishments of Paris. Mr. Crowninshield finally left America with a light heart, full of his coming marriage. On his arrival in London he wrote to Miss Stone, directing her to invite not only all her family to the wedding, but as many of her friends as she might choose in America, and to select staterooms for them on the Cunard steamer then to sail, and to permit no one to expend a nickel from the time of their departure from New York until they should again set foot on American soil. He then took a Peninsular and Oriental steamship from Liverpool, arrived at Calcutta, perfected the title to his American property and started on his homeward journey to England.

So determined was the bridegroom that everything should run smoothly that he sent his confidential friend and agent, Mr. Hull, to New York to superintend all details, look after the affairs of Miss Stone and finally act in a business way as her escort to London. She was given a *carte blanche*, and orders for unstinted liberality were particularly commanded by Mr. Crowninshield.

A THREATENING OMEN.

On Saturday morning last Miss Stone, accompanied by Mr. Hull, visited their banker's whose name could not be ascertained. Her purpose was to have drafts cashed. While she was transacting her business she noticed that Mr. Hull had received several cablegrams, that his face had assumed an ashen pallor and that he had a close and confidential conference with the head of the house. She began to feel very uneasy and knew that something important had happened. Mr. Hull conducted her in silence to the Astor House and secured a private parlor, and this is what happened.

THE DENOUEMENT.

Mr. Hull drew out the first cablegram and said he had some very disagreeable news to communicate. It read:—

"Mr. Crowninshield very ill."

Without any tact or deliberation whatever he read the second, thus:—

"Mr. Crowninshield is dead and was buried—."

Miss Stone went into a dead faint and never heard the conclusion of the message, which, it is assumed, was "buried at sea." When she recovered from her swoon she knew that the final blight had fallen on her life. But there was another cablegram to Mr. Hall. It read:—

"Return at once to London."

Thoroughly demoralized, Mr. Hull sought his watch and found that he had just 29 minutes in which to catch the outgoing steamer to Liverpool, and he at once strongly urged Miss Stone to accompany him to London. But this she refused to do, resisting the excited arguments of the agent, who finally rushed off in mad haste and is now presumably nearing midocean, as nothing further has been heard from him. Thus he left this unfortunate lady in a strange hotel, in a dazed condition. However, she managed to reach her residence in Madison avenue and then she fell into a state of utter despair of life weariness, and, as a friend put it, "If you only saw this beautiful woman, and she would close her eyes, you would think her dead." All animation seemed to leave her and she was the impression of woe, of a ruined life, of a soul gone to wreck. The shock was as great as sudden, and all Saturday night the doctor did not leave her bedside. Monday cablegrams from the Crowninshields, in London, inviting her to go to England at once and of a very consolatary nature, were received as well as other transatlantic messages.

From all quarters of the United States came messages of sympathy to Miss Stone. To a friend yesterday she remarked: "I know it could never be; it was too much happiness for mortal like me—too much, too much happiness."

Said a friend of the lady last evening: "Just think of what has happened. Here was a girl about to be launched upon a life of affluence, of ease, of great social prominence in the proudest circle of European notables by the man to whom she had in childhood given her heart, who was to be the hereine of a magnificent wedding fete in the most aristocratic chapel in England, attended by her countrymen and countrywomen, who were almost literally to make the transit of the sea in what approached a special steamer, and you can imagine her distraction and wretchedness."

REMARKABLE HALLUCINATION

A Boston dispatch says: Investigations made yesterday and to-day make plain the fact that the ultimate phase of the Crowninshield-Stone affair is a very sad one, sadder in every way than if there nad been a lover of Miss Florence Stone and he had really died just as she was about to go to England to be married, for now the most charitable construction that can be put upon the lady's conduct is that she was the victim of a strange hallucination and did not consciously deceive her friends, who placed every confidence in her till the *denouement* proved that the whole story of her courtship and marriage to the wealthy English Crowninshield was the creation of her own brain.

The *Advertiser* says: "The wealthy lover does not exist, nor ever did; the letters which the unfortunate woman would read so readily to those who were in her confidence came through no mail, and were received only at the delivery of her own diseased imagination; the royal gift that her future husband was to present to her on her wedding day was as mythical as the golden treasures of El Dorado. The pitiful part of the matter is that those who knew her best and trusted and loved her most now realize that her whole life for the past two years has been one continued deceit, and they are fain to conclude that she was not herself in all this, which conclusion must be the correct one, for it is impossible that a woman of her character could have systematically and consistently carried on such a farce for so long a time had she been in her right mind. As it is, it is wonderful that she could bring her friends into such complete participation in all her plans, with never a flaw appearing to cause suspicion. They believed in the far-off Mr. Crowninshield, believed in his immense wealth, believed in the ocean voyage to meet him, and for a long time believed in his death."

Said a gentleman who knew Miss Stone intimately: "If she has put others to expense, she has certainly spent a great deal of money herself in her hallucination. She had me make her two big oak chests to carry her things over to England in. I turned out two splendid ones for her, but in a short time they came back because I had put pine bottoms in them. She wanted them solid oak throughout, she said, to show Mr. Crowninshield how we do things over here. She also told me of the memorial chapel that the lover was to erect in Brooklyn. She said he wanted to build one in honor of his father, either in Brooklyn or New York, but that she persuaded him to locate in Brooklyn, since he was an Englishman and it would make no special difference to him. How it could have happened I certainly am at a loss to know. She was sane enough on every other topic."

Miss Stone has gone to Chicago with her sister, who immediately came east for her when the result of the affair became known. It is a strange case, and there may yet be parts in it to clear up.

THE DIRTY-FACED BRAT.

"Please let me scrape off the snow from your walk?"
"No! Get out! You dirty-faced brat!"
And he went, with a curl sticking out through a hole
In the top of his little torn hat;
But he turned once and said, with a tear in his eye,
"Please, mister, my mother is poor."
"I told you once, no! take your shovel and go,
And don't you come back any more."

His jacket was threadbare, his thin breeches patched,
And his boots were too large for his feet,
As he shivered and stood in the falling snow
And the cold, bitter winds in the street.
His face was a picture of hunger and want,
And his face was a stranger to joy;
He looked, as he wiped his brown eyes with his sleeve,
Like the wreck of a beautiful boy.

Sweet charity coaxed him to try it again,
And urged by the voice of distress,
He picked up his shovel and wandered along
Through the snow with a hope of success.
He felt in his brave little heart that some friend
Would aid him because he was poor.
That night he went home, made his mother's heart glad
By driving the wolf from the door.

He told his poor mother how he had gone in
And asked to scrape snow from the door,
But the gentleman called him a "dirty-faced brat,"
And ordered him out of his store.
How he walked down the street and was hailed by the voice
Of a little girl, who wanted to know
If he'd wait there a minute. "Little boy, mamma says,
'Won't you come in and shovel the snow?'"

"God bless the lady!" that poor mother said;
"She's an angel on earth in disguise."
As the little boy knelt by his bedside in prayer
She watched him with tears in her eyes.
They were tears of affection and love for her child—
Tears from her bosom of joy—
Tears proof to God that a mother had raised
A Christian and dutiful boy.

* * * * *

That boy is no longer a boy, but a man,
And his poor mother died years ago,
But his beautiful wife is the sweet little girl
Who asked him to shovel the snow.
And he's now taking care of the wreck of a man
In his home, who's as blind as a bat,
And who never will know that his friend shoveled snow,
Or was ever a "dirty-faced brat."

—[Courier Journal.

FOR THE LADIES.

A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw a stone at a hen, but she can pack more articles in a trunk than a man can in a hay wagon.

One would suppose that the wearing of an immense broad-brimmed hat would obviate the necessity of carrying a sunshade. But it doesn't, if the shade is an elegant and costly one.

A Harlem lady has become so accustomed to watering her flowers that she was out with her watering pot in the rain recently, sheltered by an umbrella.

"Will the coming man be happier?" asks a dealer in future events. It depends a good deal on whether his wife has got tired and gone to bed or is sitting up for him.

Mis Lulah Ragsdale, of Brookhaven, Miss., is the Ella Wheeler-Wilcox of the south. Her poetic contributions to the press are intensely passionate in their rhythm.