...ctou's Welcome

Hibbert Tupper Receives ...nest Political Welcome Ever Seen There.

...lain Is Likely to Run ...gainst Ralph Smith in Nanaimo.

Sloan Presents a Picture With Each Copy of His Address.

...ou, N.S., Oct. 19.—There was no ...ain sound in Pictou last night. ...harles Hibbert Tupper arrived in ...ening and was met at the station ... immense throng. The Conserva- ...Workingmen's Club had prepared a ...ion, turning out with torches and ...parencies. It led a monster pro- ...n of citizens, numbering 3,000, while ...reets were lined with cheering peo- ...It was the grandest political recep- ...n the history of the country. ...Market Square Sir Charles Hibbert ...er spoke briefly, thanking the peo- ...or the magnificent ovation, and ...ially the workingmen, who had or- ...ed the affair, carrying it to such a ...ss. He spoke on the prospects of ...arty in the West as pointing to the ...ph of the Conservatives. He re- ...d to the debate with Mr. Sifton in ...don, and said that whatever the ...press might say, it was a grand suc- ...for the Conservatives. He left the ...in Brandon perfectly satisfied with ... results. Conservatives here are ...ant.

...naimo, Oct. 19.—Messrs. Sloan and ...h Smith spoke at Parksesville to- ... Thence they tour the northern ...ons. Sloan is issuing 5,000 copies of ...address with a portrait of himself. ...ry elector gets one.

...ncouver, Oct. 19.—MacClain's social- ...supporters have asked him to oppose ...h Smith in Nanaimo. It is likely he ... consent.

...innipeg, Oct. 19.—The Centre Win- ...g Liberals to-night nominated Robert ...r, president of the Winnipeg Liberal ...b, as candidate for the legislature, ...inst Thomas W. Taylor, Conserva- ...

...oronto, Oct. 19.—Major Henry M. ...latt was interviewed to-day on his re- ...n from British Columbia, and stated ... he had refused the nomination for ...atre Toronto tendered him by the Con- ...tive party. He said his business ...rests engrossed him completely at the ...sent time. W. R. Brock may run.

ANDREW HASLAM SAFE.

...iting at Lasqueti For Good Weather—Proposed Tramway to Extension.

Nanaimo, Oct. 19.—Anxiety respecting ...ndrew Haslam, the prominent lumber- ...ert ten days ago and had not re- ...rned, was relieved this evening by the ...port that he is at Lasqueti Island ...th a large boom, waiting for smooth ...ater to cross.

A deputation from the board of trade ...nsisting of Messrs. Stevenson and ...umerfelt, waited on the city council ...day regarding the proposed electric ...amway to Extension mines, a distance ... five miles. The board wish to find ... if the council is willing to grant a ...nus in aid. The council have the ...atter under consideration. The propo- ...ion involves something like $150,000.

W. W. Stumbles, fisheries agent, replying to a deputation from the board of ...de regarding stocking Island streams ...d lakes with fresh fish, said there is a ...ong likelihood of the Dominion erect- ...g a hatchery at or near Alert Bay for ... propagation of fresh water fish, ...erch, black bass, etc. From this the ...aters of the Island would be stocked.

Over $100 was realized at the concert ... under the auspices of Miriam Re- ...kah Lodge last night, for the Protest- ...nt Orphanage.

TO KILL THE CZAR.

... Plot to Wreck Imperial Train in a Tunnel.

London, Oct. 19.—The Sebastopol cor- ...espondent of the Daily Telegraph sends ...etails of an alleged plot about a month ...go against the life of the Emperor ...Nicholas. It appears that about a fort- ...night before the Czar and Czarina be- ...an their journey to the Crimea, a stu- ...ent at Moscow university, son of a post ...aptain of the Black sea fleet, was arrest- ...d for digging in a suspicious manner in ...he vicinity of a railway tunnel near ...Sebastopol. The police, after the arrest, ...found a large quantity of explosives de- ...posited where they would have inevitably ...wrecked the tunnel when the imperial ...train was passing. The correspondent ...says there are certain indications that ...the plot was one of those concerted by ...the Bresci group of anarchists.

SAILED FOR HOME.

Invalided Canadians Start From Liverpool For Quebec.

Ottawa, Oct. 19—A cablegram received from the high commissioner's office in London states that 50 invalided Canadians sailed yesterday for Quebec from Liverpool.

The militia department has been advised that Private E. Merchant, 1st Batt. C. M. R., died of enteric fever at Johannesburg. Private Merchant belonged to Kent, Eng.

HITCH IN SETTLEMENT.

Strikers Insist on All Demands Being Granted and Situation Is Less Favorable.

Hazelton, Oct. 19.—As far as the United Mine Workers officials are concerned, matters are at a standstill in the anthracite miners' contest with the operators. There was nothing new in the situation to-day and President Mitchell still refuses to talk. A prominent official of the United Mine Workers said tonight that the men throughout the anthracite coal fields are insisting on a flat 10 per cent. increase without the powder reduction being considered in figuring out the percentage of advance. Notwithstanding the confidence of the labor leader in their ability to hold the men together there, a belief is prevalent that a break will come sooner or later. The strikers seeking relief from the United Mine Workers are becoming more restless with each succeeding day.

Tells About Brave Blanchard

How He Met His Death Gallantly Under a Heavy Fire.

Captain Macdonell Describes the Details of the Battle at Roodival.

Mr. W. Richmond Smith, special correspondent of the Montreal Witness writes the following description of the fight at Roodival as told to him by Capt. Macdonell of the Royal Canadian Regiment who was taken prisoner by the Boers and was only released at the time of General Prinsloo's capture.

Capt. Macdonald in his story of the Roodival fight tells of the bravery of Capt. Blanchard, who met his death gallantly at the head of a little working party who were constructing earthworks in the face of a deadly fire. Mr. Smith writes:

It will be remembered that when the Free State General made his attack on the station at Roodival, Lieut. Blanchard, of the Royal Canadian Regiment, was killed and Captain Macdonell taken prisoner. When the Boer commandos under command of General Prinsloo surrendered at Fauriesburg, Captain Macdonell was recaptured by the British troops under General Hunter. Happening to be in Bloemfontein when the last train load of prisoners with General Prinsloo and his staff arrived at that place from Winberg on their way to Capetown, I was amazed to find Captain Macdonell in command of the escort of the very men who a few days before had called him their prisoner. Bronzed almost beyond recognition by his long sojourn with the enemy, during which time he lived constantly in the open air, trekking with the hunted Boers over the vast plains of the Free State, he looked hale and hearty, and seemingly none the worse for his interesting experience. Greetings over, he learned with amazement of the sad death of his brother officer, Lieut Blanchard. He knew, of course, that he had been wounded, but said that when he was taken away by the Boers after the capture of Roodival, poor Blanchard was quite cheerful and expected to be quite recovered in a few weeks. He was also astonished to learn that his own fate had caused no end of anxiety among his friends, when it was learned that he was not among the prisoners taken at Roodival, when Dewet had put over the Natal border some weeks after.

Asked for details of the circumstances under which he was captured. Captain Macdonell cheerfully told me his whole story. "While the Canadian regiment was in Bloemfontein," he said, "as you know, I was sent to hospital with enteric about April 13. As soon as I had sufficiently recovered I was invalided to Capetown, where I remained until May 21, when I was delcared to be fit for duty and proceeded up country to Bloemfontein. At that place I found a large quantity of mess stores, which I took charge of, and on the 26th of May started north to join the regiment. At Kroonstad I was joined by Lieut. Blanchard, and Captain Grant, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. At that time Roodival station was rail head, as the engineers and railway pioneers were still engaged in constructing the new bridge over the Rhenoster river. Here we were compelled to remain waiting the completion of the bridge, and the repairing of the railway line further north to continue our journey. For nine days we remained at Roodival, during which time stores of all kinds for the army at the front accumulated at the little station until the place looked like a considerable goods depot rather than a small way station. Being the senior officer, in conjunction with Captain Grant I took command of the small garrison which consisted of a few details of various regiments. We had only been at the place a few days when reports came in that there were several large bodies of the enemy about and that we were liable to be attacked at any time. It was on the 4th of June that a farmer living near the station who was in sympathy with us rode in and informed us that a large patrol of Boers belonging to Dewet's force had visited his farm the day before and from them he had learned that it was the intention of the Free State General to attack us in a few days. Previous to this time we had repeatedly represented to the authorities at Kronstad the danger of our position and asked for more troops. Repeated appeals resulted in the Derbyshire Militia regiment being sent up from Kroonstad. One company was left to reinforce our little garrison at Roodival station, while the rest of the regiment consisting of seven companies marched a few miles further north and camped on the banks of the Rhenoster river to protect the new bridge which was under construction. When we received warning that we were to be attacked, our garrison consisted of about one hundred and fifty men made up of one company of the Derbyshires, a company of railway pioneers and a few odd details, some of whom were not even armed. Then, of course, there was the Derbyshire regiment four miles further north on the north bank of the river. Repeated requests for reinforcements resulted in our being informed by the military authorities at Kroonstad that we must do the best we could, as no further troops could be spared at the time. Even our report that the station was to be attacked by a large body of the enemy within a few days failed to bring us any help from Kroonstad. There was nothing for it but to entrench and strengthen our position. With loaded railway trucks we made an oblong enclosure about the station which we made secure by piling up boxes of stores and bags of mail matter and clothing.

"Our reconnoitering patrol was fired on by a single horseman about daybreak on the morning of June 7, quite close to the station. The alarm was at once given and the little garrison took up the positions previously assigned to them inside our barricade. It was about half-past five o'clock on the morning after our patrol had been fired on when we saw a single horseman carrying a white flag approaching the station. Captain Grant and myself went out about a mile from the station and met the man, who proved to be a Boer messenger. He gave us a written summons from General Christian Dewet, which read as follows: 'I am around you with about one thousand men and four guns and demand your immediate unconditional surrender in order to avoid bloodshed.' After reading this peremptory demand we asked for half an hour's time for consideration so that we might establish communications with the Derbyshires, whom we knew were already engaged with the enemy from the reports which came from the river banks further north. We sent a horseman out with a message for the Colonel of the Derbyshires, but in a very short time he returned and reported that we were cut off from the other British force. In the meantime we had discovered that the enemy had cut the telegraph line to Kroonstad. By this time Dewet's messenger had returned and said that his General would give us ten minutes longer to comply with his request, after which his burghers would open fire. Knowing that further parley was useless we told the messenger to inform General Dewet that we had decided not to surrender. Immediately upon receiving this answer the horseman rode quickly to one side, made a signal, and a big gun, which had been advanced to within eight hundred yards of our barricade during the conference, opened fire upon us. This, of course, was a most unfair thing to do, as advantage was taken of the white flag to advance troops closer to our position than they would dared to have approached had not a conference been going on. The first shell landed right in our midst, killed four and wounded three of our men. Simultaneously, the enemy poured in a hot rifle fire which fortunately was not effective. Gradually we forced back their firing line to a range of seventeen hundred yards. Later they had to again move their gun back to a 2,000 yard range and behind a kar-fir kraal, so hot was our fire. At half past seven o'clock another gun was brought against us and opened fire at about 2,000 yard range. An hour and a half later we prevented a large body of the enemy approaching from the direction of the river with two more big guns. Then we knew that the Derbyshires had surrendered, and that the whole force of about fifteen hundred burghers with five guns were coming to engage us. When we saw the five Boer guns taking up positions all about us Lieut. Blanchard, with half a dozen men volunteered to go out from the barricade under a perfect storm of rifle and shell fire to dig a small trench to protect our rear. By half past eleven we had five fifteen pounders and about fifteen hundred rifles pounding shells and bullets into us. All their big guns were well out of range of our rifle fire. About this time a shell landed right in the midst of the little working party under command of Lieut. Blanchard. Two men were killed outright and three wounded, including Lieut. Blanchard, who throughout the entire day had shown the greatest pluck and bravery. Shortly before noon we saw a large body of the enemy working around our rear and occupying the small pan about five hundred yards from the barricade from where they could fire upon us at close range under perfect cover. As we had absolutely no hope of receiving assistance from Kroonstad, and knowing that the Derbyshires had given up some two hours before, there was nothing left for us to but surrender. It was a hopeless struggle against tremendous odds with no prospect of relief and we had already two officers and ten men killed besides seventeen wounded. It was just twelve o'clock when after a consultation we ran up the white flag after having fought for six hours a force nearly twenty times as large as our own, armed with five big guns which landed something over one hundred shells in and about our little enclosure.

I cannot tell you how grieved and shocked I am to hear of the sad death of Lieut. Blanchard. He was so cheerful and seemed so well when we left him with the wounded whom the Boers sent back to Kroonstad. It is only due to his memory to say that he received his death doing his duty nobly. During the six hours when we were being stormed by shot and shell none of our officers behaved with more courage and coolness than he.

"When the enemy came in and made us prisoners General Christian Dewet expressed surprise at the resistance the garrison had made, calling us plucky fellows.

A MURDER AT GREENWOOD

Italian Section Hand Shot Through the Head and Robbed.

Greenwood, Oct. 18.—The coroner's jury returned a verdict of murder by persons unknown in the case of Samuel Feora, an Italian section hand, found dead yesterday in the cabin of Manual Pierson, another Italian section hand, with whom Feora lived. Feora had two bullet holes from a 38 calibre revolver in his head, one penetrating the brain. Feora carried between $1,100 and $1,200 on his person and this is the supposed motive for the crime. The money is missing. The police have no clue to the murderers.

GRAND FORKS-REPUBLIC.

McCuaig-Miller Syndicate Are Busy Surveying a Route.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Grand Forks, Oct. 18.—All indications point to the construction of a railway between Republic and Grand Forks this fall. The promoters are Clarence J. McCuaig, of Montreal, and ex-Senator Warner Miller, of New York. Twenty men yesterday started clearing the right of way through the heavy timber south of Nelson, Wash., and a contract for ties has been awarded. The proposed railway will connect at the international boundary line with a C. P. R. spur from Grand Forks. A rival company obtained a charter from the provincial legislature last session to build from Grand Forks to the boundary line. Its application to cross Indian allottments on the Colville reservation has been refused by the Minister of the Interior at Washington. The privilege sought for, however, was granted exclusively to the McCuaig-Miller syndicate.

COMMERCIAL INTERESTS.

Manchester Business Men Want Expert Sent to China to Look After Them.

London, Oct. 18.—The Manchester chamber of commerce has sent a letter to Lord Salisbury urging that a special mission with a diplomat of the first rank be sent to China to deal with British interests there.

Bunch of Drunks.—Four drunks and two Indians charged with being in possession of intoxicants are booked to appear in the police court this morning. One of the drunks has a second charge of damaging property to answer.

Openly Buy Their Support

Grave Charges Made Against Liberal Leaders by a Former upp orte .

Members Voted For the Government Under Promise of Reward.

One of the most serious charges made against the Liberal leaders by Mr. H. H. Cook, who has left the party in disgust, owing to the manner in which the government has dirregarded solemn promises made before the last election, is the brazen traffic in office. Mr. Cook says:

"One of the political principles which has been most dear to Liberals is that the independence of parliament should be scrupulously guarded. As a party, we have maintained that it is inimical to honest legislation and fatal to all individual independence among members of parliament that the government of the day should be allowed to give or promise offices of emolument to members, either as a reward for support already given or as an inducement to give support in the future. Mr. Blake voiced the views of the party on this, and in the very last session of the last parliament the present Postmaster-General, with the support of the representatives of the party in the house, embodied the principle in a measure which he offered for the acceptance of parliament. This bill provided that no member should be eligible for any office or position of emolument in the gift of the crown during the existence of the parliament of which he was a member, or until one year after the dissolution of the house. Speaking in support of his measure, Mr. Mulock indulged in strong condemnation of the Conservative government for having taken members from their places in parliament and put them in positions of emolument. Speaking generally of the viciousness of the practice, he condemned, and to put an end to which his measure was designed, Mr. Mulock said—See Hansard, 1896, page 3,375:—'If the government can dangle public offices before their followers and induce a few, perhaps an increasing number, to aspire of these positions instead of representing their constituents there, and exercising an unbiased judgment and a wholesome influence upon the administration, and cease to voice the opinion of their constituents; not only that, but moving among their colleagues, they become corrupting agencies within their own ranks.' He declared the practice to be disgraceful, and calculated to lower the tone of public life, and to fill it with office-seekers and placehunters. All the Liberal leaders and members supported Mr. Mulock, and strong speeches were made in advocacy of his measure. This was as it should have been, for the measure was an embodiment of one of the most cherished principles of Liberalism. It was one of the principles to which the party was pledged, which the people had a right to expect us to stand by, and to carry out which they entrusted us with the reigns of government. How have our leaders fulfiled this promise to the electorate?

"During the many years that the Conservative party was in power, and up to the time when Mr. Mulock introduced his measure, up to the time when he and others made their strongly-condemnatory speeches, 17 members of parliament had been appointed to office.

"During the four years the present government has been in power, thirteen members have been so appointed to offices, with salaries aggregating $39,000 per year.

"So great was the indecent haste of the present Premier to give the lie to his previous professions and to stultify his party on this principle of the independence of parliament, that, on the 8th July, 1896, he wrote to Mr. Francois Langelier, the member for Quebec, these shameless words: 'This is what I propose: The position of lieutenant-governor will be our disposition until the end of 1897, and if from now till that time you are not appointed judge, I propose to place the lieutenant-governorship at your disposal. Later, he wrote to Mr. Langelier's brother, asking him to 'tell Francois that I do not wish there should be any misunderstanding; I wish that my promise may be considered sacred.' Mr. Langelier sat and voted in parliament for two sessions with this promise in his pocket, 'a mere parasite upon the administration,' 'moving about among his colleagues, a corrupting agency within their own ranks,' to use the forcefully descriptive language of Mr. Mulock. At the end of that time Sir Wilfrid's 'sacred promise' was fulfilled and Mr. Langelier became a judge with a salary of $5,000 per year. So debasing has been the government's attitude and example in this matter that recently one of their supporters, in a letter addressed to the Liberal Association of his constituency, brazenly told them in effect that, should they re-nominate him, he would, if re-elected, look upon his seat in parliament as a stepping-stone to an office of emolument, only stipulating that the office should carry with it 'an adequate salary.' Surely Mr. Mulock was prophetic when he said that 'the electorate, noticing these things, are coming to the conclusion that the highest aim a man can have in seeking public life is that he may, through parliament, find his way into a comfortable position for life.'

"And surely honest Liberals ought not to forgive or refrain from punishing the false leaders who have on this question of the absolute independence of parliament, lowered the banner of Liberalism and dragged it in the dirt.

"Mr. Langlier's case is not an isolated one; others equally discreditable might be named. It is even charged now that there are in the present parliament a number of members who have been sitting and voting with promises of judgeships and other offices in their pockets. This charge may not be well founded. It is to be hoped that it is not. But is it not humiliating to reflect that the conduct of our leaders has been such that a charge like this, involving ineffable disgrace to our party, can be made with an evidently confident expectation that it will be believed?"

The Nelson Miner states that the date of polling in the Yale-Kootenay-Cariboo district will be Wednesday, November 21.

The Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees of Vancouver object to the stand Wm. MacClain has taken against Ralph Smith, and ask him to resign, otherwise, the union will consider withdrawal from the Trades and Labor Council.

COCKNEYS DIE OUT QUICKLY.

Expert Declares That They Do Not Go Further Than a Third Generation.

There was a startling three-line statement in some recent London papers. It declared that the slum-born Londoner died out in the third generation.

Dr. Harry Campbell, the eminent Wimpole street physician, was the author of the statement, and a representative called on him to learn whether there were not exaggeration in an affirmation so tersely put. But apparently it had not suffered by being torn from a context.

"In the lower classes," says Dr. Campbell, "there can be no doubt that the family line never passes beyond the third generation of the slum-born and bred.

"If you get a third generation at all you will find that the individual is puny and wizen and that he is on the high road to radical extinction. He really cannot propogate the species. It is difficult, however, to find children whose parents and grandparents were slum-born and bred.

"People are continually coming in from the country, drafting to the slums, and carrying a fresh lease of life to this part of the population of great cities."

Dr. Campbell holds that the environment obtaining in the central parts of all large towns is necessarily fatal owing to the lack of sunlight and fresh air. He concurs in Mr. Cantlie's statement that fresh country air has not blown over the central parts of London for fifty, or it may be even a hundred years, but disagrees with him in regarding the deficiency of ozone as a potent cause of degeneration.

"I attribute the physical degeneracy of Londoners to the bringing up of the children, close, ill-lighted rooms, and to their subsequently following employments which entail prolonged confinment indoors.

"The individual who is London-born and strictly London-bred, is placed in an environment totally different from that in which the human race was evolved; and it therefore follows that the vast majority of true Londoners have the seal of fate stamped upon them.

"The typical full-grown cockney," writes the doctor in a work, entitled "The Causation of Disease," which develons the extinction theory, "is in truth a painfully deterlorated type of humanity.

"Who that has observed a London mob can have failed to be struck by this? I once saw such a mob, some 400 or 500 strong, marching with banner and trumpet to a 'demonstration.' They were indeed a blighted band—pale, wizen, stunted; and as they marched along, thinking, no doubt, that their many troubles arose from unfair legislation, and vaguely dreaming, it may be, that a happier lot would fall to their descendants, I could not but be struck with the irony of fate, for it was painfully evident that not one of the sad-faced crowd would live in remote posterity."

Dr. Campbell told our representative that there was just one possible exception, and that was in the case of the Jews.

They had been a town-bred race for over 2,000 years, and probably they had become acclimatised or more adapted to town life than others, but he doubted very much whether amongst the purely Whitechapelbred Jews one could find many of the third generation. Jews who were able to trace their London ancestry through several generations were of the comparatively wealthy class, possessors of out-of-town houses and the means of sending their children into the country for education.

The Jewish population in the slums was kept up by the constant immigration which brought new blood into the community.

There is matter for a good deal of thought in the above, and the moral seems to point to the desirability of carefully cultivating the country cousin.

ILLINOIS' VANISHED CAPITAL.

The Historic Town of Kaskaskia Entirely Swept Away by the Mississippi.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

One hundred years before Illinois became a territory and 111 years before it became a state there was a town at Kaskaskia. Fifty years before there was a white settlement at St. Louis or any military post at Pittsburg, and ninety-six years before the foundations were laid for Fort Dearborn on the site of Chicago, Kaskaskia was a thriving village.

As early as 1710 there was in the town three mills for grinding corn. As early as 1765 the town contained 65 families of whites. In 1771, five years before the Revolutionary war, it contained eighty houses and had a population of 500 whites and 500 negroes. In 1809 it was made the capital of Illinois Territory. It was the capital of the State from 1818 until 1821, and was the seat of Randolph county until 1847.

The first brick house west of Pittsburg was constructed in Kaskaskia. For over half a century Kaskaskia was the metropolis of the upper Mississippi valley and was the focus of the commerce in the Northwest territory.

On Thursday the last vestige of this historic settlement was swept away by the Mississippi river. The work of destruction that began with the great flood of 1844 was completed, and the home of the early Illinois governors—the first state capital—ceased to exist. Its destruction was complete. Not a stone was left to mark the place.

Chicago, that was built in a swamp, is the second city in America. New Orleans, located in what was believed an unsafe and unhealthy district is the commercial metropolis of the Southwest. But Kaskaskia, which was set on a spot chosen from the boundless variety of the virgin West, is merely a memory.

AN INCREDIBLE STORY.

Man From Skeena Tells Tales of Bloodshed and Lawlessness.

Vancouver, Oct. 18.—J. Gill, accountant for canneries on the Skeena river, brings a startling story from northern British Columbia. He says during the fishing season just closed there were mutterings by the fishermen and threats of labor troubles, caused by the strike on the Fraser, and although these threats were not followed by a strike, many bloody tragedies were committed that were not even investigated. He could not say whether these troubles were between whites and Japs, but a large number of nets were cut and boats destroyed, and dead men floated down the river on several occasions with bullet wounds in their heads. There was no doubt of the fact that these men were murdered, said Mr. Gill, but the motive appeared to be robbery rather than revenge. No arrests were made, but that appalling lawlessness prevailed was the common knowledge of all those up North during the season just closed.

A Scottish Grouse Moor

The Wonderful Heather-Clad Hills of a cottish hooting Range.

Life in the Country as it Appeared to an American.

From the Argonaut.

When you have been reading all your life about grouse moors and shooting lodges, you actually see these things for the first time with sensations of an odd, puzzled familiarity, as you see places of which you have dreamed. As the carriage slowly ascended from the little station—dumped down in a wild gorge beside a silently flowing, brown river—and hill rose beyond hill, their slopes clothed with purple heather, I felt as if I were taking part in some novel that I had read years ago and knew almost by heart, subsequently following employments which entail prolonged confinment indoors.

There was an immensity about the landscape that made me think of mountainous districts in my native land. But outside this it was foreign and yet familiar. The undulating lines of the hills with their empurpled slopes, here and there burned into dark patches, the bluish peaks that shouldered each other to peer down the valley, the abrupt, darkly wooded ravine at the bottom of which the brown river slid silently along, and the infrequent wayfares that touched their caps as they trruged by, all were part and parcel of something that was both strange and well known. Presently a lodge flashed by, and an even abrupter ascent began through wild oak and fir woods, where there was either a pale-green, delicate underbrush, or a mossy carpet where great fibrous fern grew in tufts. These gave way to open spaces, long peaceful stretches of meadow land, dotted with the humped-up forms of sheep. At long intervals low stone houses appeared, but there were no passers-by of any kind here, for we were in private property, and the infrequent houses were the homes of the keepers or the shepherds.

Finally the surroundings took on a park-like aspect. Velvety lawns clothed the slopes, and vast old trees shadowed them singly or in groups. There was a gleam of jewel-bright, solid-looking house—long, low wings running out in the rear to where the hills rose again. This was the shooting lodge of one of the finest grouse moors in the Highlands, an estate of several thousand acres, rented by my hosts from one of the Scotch peers.

The moors, which stretch away on every side, are unlike anything I have ever seen in my own country. The absence that broods over them, give them a strange, wild individuality all their own. It takes a walk of some distance to make your way fairly into them. Then you are in a solitary place in the vast, bluish-colored expanse you stand, nearly knee-high in the heather, and look out over undulating seas of it.

On sunny days their color is that of a clear, pinkish heliotrope, but when the clouds hang low above them, swollen with rain and livid, with the light of storm, then they take on a curious sort of indeed purple, that against the pale sky-line has a weird effect, as of something flushed and hectic. It is under this sullen storm-sky that they look most wonderful, seeming to reflect its anger in their tints of lowering, purplish wrath. No human figure breaks the harmony of their brooding emptiness. Here and there a few sheep dot the heather, through which they tread narrow trails. In a distant hollow there is the silver gleam of a loch, sheltered from any wind and showing a surface as smooth as a mirror.

As you walk forward through the sheep-trails, the grouse rise at intervals and go whirring away, a startled company that flee before your advance with a quick beating of frightened wings. There are been here, too, but they seem to be of a quiet, sleepy sort that it takes a good deal to disturb. Sometimes a few curlews pass in Indian file over your head, uttering the most dismal cries, for though their hearts were broken. But they, too, are in keeping with the rich, still splendor of the landscape, with its trails of rain-cloud low on the hills, and the gray gleam of the motionless, lonely loch.

August is the grouse-shooting month, and from morn till eve the men are on the moors with the dogs and the keepers. The plan of their day is very simple. Breakfast is from eight to nine, and is served with little aid from the servants. They simply set the things out on the tables, and you help yourself. Any man who happens to be there helps you. On one table are the hot things, and on another the cold things—an embarras de richesses quite unknown to the American, who lean to a light breakfast; but then, he is not going to tramp through miles of wet heather till dinner time. To this meal the women come down or not, as they please, but the men always appear in their oldest and most faded garments, and their heaviest boots. Shortly after breakfast they go forth to the slaughter, armed with guns, and surrounded by a small army of keepers and dogs.

During the rest of the day they are not visible to the other inmates of the house. Sometimes from a distance one hears the muffled reports of their guns, but for the most part they are too far afield for even these to be audible. They, the keepers, and the dogs spend an energetic day, only stopping at mid-day to take a light lunch, and then continuing their tramp through the heather and their shots at the suddenly rising birds. A pony accompanies them to carry home the bodies of the slain, which include, besides grouse, hare and rabbits, and later in the season pheasant and a mysterious bird, as large as a turkey, called a "capper-cayley." I have not the slightest idea how you spell this fowl's name, but that is the way you pronounce it.

The women spend the day in any way that appeals to their nature and habits. If you are lazy, and the rain falls heavily, as it does nine-tenths of the time in the British Isles, you may sit beside the fire and sew or read novels. The house in which I was, was full of fascinating books. Every room had shelves of them, and they were strewed afar on tables and desks. To browse about among them was a joy, and if you were discovered serenely reading nobody forced you from your pleasure to be reluctantly entertained in some manner alien to your taste. That is one of the nicest things about the English in their own homes. They never seek violently and strenuously to entertain you.

At tea-time the female guests gather, and there is an hour spent in drinking tea and indolently gossiping round a little fire of tremulous flames. Those who have been out walking—and women here walk in all weathers—come in fresh and clear-skinned, but trim and daintily clad, for the English woman who is inclined to be what they would call "smart," changes her dress for tea. This was when tea-gowns and tea-jackets used to be worn, a garment which we, having no especial use, wore at all times and seasons. The tea-gown is out now, and in its place they wear light and rather elaborate blouses; those who can not afford handsome ones wearing muslin and lace.

At half-past seven the first gong sounds for dressing, and the maids begin to make their pilgrimages with hot water. The toilet for dinner is an important one, for dimer is the brilliant climax of the day's eport with a rich and varied menu, and here the women, bored with one another's society, once more meet and perseflate with their fellow-men. At the smallest house-party evening-dress is en regle, the women being for the most part bare as to neck and wearing at times exceedingly handsome costumes. The Englishwoman is particularly magnificent in the matter of evening-dress, and girls, who in the daytime look very modest, almost shabby, will come out for the eight-o'clock dinner in brilliant array, with an expanse of white shoulders that is sometimes very beautiful and often very thin.

Dinner is always gay and rather splendid affair. The rich gowning of the women, with their bare necks and jewels, gives a festive appearance to the table upon which the lights are always low and subdued by silk shades. The men, sunburned as if they had been at sea by their long days in the open, forget their fatigues under the warming influences of attractive companionship and an appetizing menu. This is always varied and elaborate, and is in some odd way quite different from ours. After what is called "the sweets"—that is, dessert—comes "the savoury," which concludes the dinner. This is a relish—caviare, Weleh rarebit, herrings-roe on toast, etc. Black coffee after dinner is most unusual. I have never had it at one house, and at any restaurant, even the French ones, one has to order it as an extra.

The number of servants employed in these country houses, and the preparations to be made for those that are brought, are large and must never-ending. They almost always occupy their own wing, in which they are as thick as bees in a hive. The house-servants are numerous, three or four often waiting at dinner on half a dozen people. A housekeeper is a necessity, for the regiments of maids, docile as they are, require a firm and accustomed hand to keep them up to their endless duties. Add to this that every man who comes brings his own valet and almost every woman her own maid, and one gets a vague idea of the accommodations that have to be provided. Imagine an American woman running such an establishment as this, with Irish maid-servants, French valets, and English footmen! It would be like the lowest circle of Dante's Inferno. But the English servant is a thing for the American to worship and wonder at from afar. And they say there is no use importing them. They get as bad as the Irish after they have been in the United States two months.

A friend of mine told me that he had once or twice seriously contemplated employing a valet, but had been deterred by the fact that he knew he would never find anything for him to do, and that wherever he went he would be haunted by the forlorn visage of the valet bored to death with ennui. The Englishman does not seem to find any difficulty in keeping his man employed. He makes him useful in the scheme of creation, and does not allow him to tempt Satan by having idle hands. The Englishman is a natural-born autocrat, and knows how to make his inferiors work, and at the same time how to keep them good-tempered.

On one of the few sunny afternoons we have had for the last month, we made a little excursion, over some four or five miles of wild and broken country, to a sort of cabin built on the edge of the estate, in which the huntsmen occasionally spent the night. The trip to reach this place was over rugged hills, clothed to their tops with heather. As we ascended, we occasionally stopped to look back over the far-flung valley and the hills crowding on each other in distances of ever-deepening blue. The sun had dried the ground, and to sink down upon the heather, and so rest, viewing the superb panorama of hills and moor, feeling the warm air, and hearing the sleepy murmuring of bees, was to know a moment of perfect content.

At long intervals we passed the keepers' cottages, little stone houses, whence issued an irruption of excited collies who filled the welkin with their barking. Then we faned on again, alternately riding and walking, through pale-green, feathery larch woods and solemn darkling plantations of spruce and fir, over stretches of rosily flushed moorland, and bits of bog in which the pony sank deep, and across the brown burns that threaded the country from end to end. Finally, in the distance, the little house loomed up on a wild hillside, with the gleam of a quiet loch below it, and a back-ground of pointed dark-green fire behind.

Here all was in readiness and waiting. The windows were flung wide to the sun; the door stood hospitably open. When we entered we found a table spread for tea, with all the daintiness that would attend the same function in a lady's sitting-room. The sandwiches were cut as thin as wafers, the bread rolled in that mysterious way that only the English understand, and the two brown tea-pots were steaming side by side. We were waited upon by two young men in knickerbockers and golf stockings, who were not of the household staff of servants I knew, as I had never seen either of them before. I finally asked a man near me what servants they were, and he said they were his own and another man's valets who had been sent up by another way to prepare tea for us. So the valets are not allowed to remain idle, as my friend feared would be the case with his pampered menial.

GERALDINE BONNER.

Scotland, August 29, 1900.

Dyspepsia in its worst forms will yield to the use of Carter's Little Nerve Pills, aided by Carter's Little Liver Pills. They not only relieve present distress, but strengthen the stomach and digestive apparatus.

Dress Your Dressing Table

From our superb stock of Toilet Articles. We have a fine assortment.

Brushes, Soaps, Toilet Waters, Perfumes, Powders, Dentifrices.

There are many pretty things for gifts among them.

CYRUS H. BOWES, CHEMIST, VICTORIA, B. C.

98 Government St. Near Yates St.

The Matsqui Dyking Plant

Works That Reclaim Vast Tracts of Fertile Fraser Valley Land.

Short Account of the Method Employed to Drain the District.

Vancouver, Oct. 18.—With the installation of the big pumps—one of them finished and working, and the other one to be set in operation in a few days—the big Matsqui dyking system is completed.

On the invitation of the contractors, Messrs. McLean Bros., the Colonist correspondent walked over the dyke from Mission station to No. 1 slough, and was present at the initial test of the big pump. The Matsqui dyke from end to end is seven miles long, and reclaims 10,000 acres of as productive and easily for dairy purposes is almost perfect. The cleared land as there is in America, and soil is chiefly clay and gravel and the clay is sufficiently porous to allow the moisture to drain readily. Much of this land is ready for the plough in its virgin state, while the area close to the river is encumbered with little more than underbrush. Now that the dyke is pronounced a success the great tract of redeemed land is being resold very rapidly to farmers settling in the country.

Through the Matsqui dyke run two sloughs or creeks, draining the waters of the highlands into the Fraser river. This slough water passes through automatic gates which are not much to look at outside, but which actually contain 150,000 feet of lumber. When the Fraser river water is lower than the slough water, the slough empties through the dyke by means of these gates and thus the water in the slough is kept at low level. When the Fraser is in flood or its water is higher than the slough water, it backs up against the gates and cannot get into the slough, as the backing up of the water automatically closes the slough gates.

The working of the automatic slough gate is very simple.

When this happens the water will rise higher and higher and if there is much rain they would overflow the country if there was no system of emptying the sloughs.

When the Fraser is higher than the reclaimed land, and the sloughs are full, powerful pumps are used to pump the water in the slough back over the dykes and into the Fraser.

It was the first performance of one of these pumps installed by the provincial government which on Tuesday last was responsible for the presence at the Matsqui dyke of Messrs. E. A. Wilmot, R. C. Gamble Hugh McLean and Andrew McLean and a large number of passengers who landed from the steamer Beagver to be present on the occasion. Thos. Ryan, who represents Messrs. Moore & Co., of San Francisco, in the installation of the pumping machinery, had steam up when the party arrived, and at twenty minutes to two in the afternoon the enormous lid of the outlet pipe of the pump was lifted by T. E. Barnett, who is foreman of the works, and with a great roar the waters of the slough poured into the creek emptying into the Fraser. With the noise of the steam and the thunder of the water those looking on were compelled to shout to each other to be heard.

A Corliss engine of 200 horse power turns the pumping wheel, which is enclosed in a great metal case connected with the pipes, or really part of the pipes. When the pipes are full of water, the pumping wheel whirls around at a tremendous rate and causes a vacuum. The water in the slough below rushes up the suction pipe to fill this vacuum, and finding only one exit, namely, into the Fraser river, it rushes madly on through the big pipes at the rate of 25,000 imperial gallons an hour.

The delay in completing the dyke was caused by McLean Bros. unexpectedly striking bad ground that took a long time to work.

At present over 100,000 acres of rich land have been reclaimed by three dykes, as follows: Lulu island, 30,000 acres; the Delta, 20,000; Matsqui, 10,000; Coquitlam, 9,500, Maple Ridge, 10,000; Chilliwack, 18,000.

The importance of this reclaimed land to British Columbia is enormous, for besides the water of the Fraser being shut out, the great flood of imported dairy produce will be checked, and at the rate the setters are taking up the reclaimed land will perhaps eventually be closed out of the British Columbia markets altogether, and this is not an unreasonable expectation when it is considered that between $75,000 and $80,000 in produce from the reclaimed Delta is shipped from Ladner's Landing to Victoria and Nanaimo every year.

HE NEEDED TRAINING.

The carefully reared young man had left his native village and gone to the city to find a situation and a career. His acquaintance was small, and because of that he simply went about from place to place seeking whatever fate might throw in his way. He wanted to get into a wholesale grocery house, and of course he only visited houses of that line. He was almost rudely turned away from the first three or four places, but he finally found one where the proprietor himself received him with courtesy. He