England's Interests in Pacific

Special correspondence, London Times.)

Anything that concerns the South Seas will always be of interest to the Englishman because of the eternal youth that never quite dies out in the English heart, and because of the natural inheritance of the English race—sea kingship, and the power of taming remote and savage lands. To say that England has a special claim upon the Pacific—an ocean extending over a fourth part of the globe—may sound arrogant and impossible until one has been there to see. Then it becomes difficult for an Englishman to admit that any other country has claims that can be named in the same breath with those of his own. If we were not the first discoverers, we followed close on their heels, and Spain and Portugal at their best never had half the prestige in the South Seas that we own to-day. Our captains have chartered and surveyed the ocean from America to Asia, and are doing so still. Credit in this matter is not to be refused to other nations; but the very nomenclature of the Pacific betrays the share taken by England in charting and discovery. Our early sailors and settlers laid the first stones of civilization, and our missionaries raised the walls. The trade of the islands, now being shared out among several nations, was almost purely English for a long time, and the general feeling of respect and liking for white men, that is traditional in most of the islands, is due in a very notable degree to our greatest sea explorer, Captain Cook.

One must go to the South Seas to realize what this single Englishman did for a fourth part of the world. Spoken tradition and reverence for chiefs are strong in the islands, and time is always an indefinite matter. They talk, in Samoa and Tahiti, and the Cook Group, and the Friendly Islands of "Tuti" and his times, as though the great sailor had visited those seas but 20 years ago. Relics of his visits are preserved in chiefly houses, like bones of saints in a Catholic church; tales of him are told by old men in the long, hot, moonlit nights, as one sits listening to the song of the coral reef, under the dark eaves of pandanus thatch. It may be because of Cook, and it may be because the islanders admire the British type in general, but it is certain that the islands of the Pacific, if left to carry out their own wishes regardless of political consequences, would vote solid for British rule. English in the east, pigeon-English in the west, is still the lingua franca of the Pacific Ocean. Natives who speak French or German always seem to speak English too, and in some islands the owners find themselves obliged to learn the "yam-talk," bastard English, which seems to be the only foreign tongue that the lower class of natives laborer can master. There is a certain amount of ill-feeling about this here and there but it is hard to see now the Englishman is to blame.

Although it is impossible to deny that Britain owns both a hereditary interest and a strong present influence in the Pacific, yet it must be confessed that the latter rests on the past almost as much as does the former. Little is done to preserve or extend it in the present day, although other nations have long ago waked up to the fact that Pacific possessions are worth having now, and will be much better worth having later on. Modern English history in the South Seas would be melancholy reading but for the undeserved luck that has now and then attended a careless government. New Zealand itself, as every one knows, was saved by a fluke, Fiji went a-begging so long that it is a marvel we did not find ourselves anticipated; the Cook Group and a number of outlying islands, were secured by Mr. Seddon and he was laughed at for his pains. But our angel of good luck has sometimes slept. Otherwise we should not have lost our chance of New Caledonia, a country 300 miles long, as full of precious minerals as a cake is full of currants, and only three or four days' steam from Sydney. Nor should we (omitting a number of smaller losses) have seen great tracts of valuable territory in New Guinea and the Solomons pass away from us the very year after the Premier of Queensland had annexed the whole country, and found to his dismay that Lord Derby refused to endorse the annexation, on the ground that nobody else wanted the place, and that foreign occupation was most unlikely. Since then the consequence predicted by Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith has actually come about, and a German naval base has been established, in unpleasantly close quarters to the Australian continent, at Simpsonshafen. The lesson should have been useful, but recent events connected with the New Hebrides would seem to show that it has not. The Friendly Islands (Tonga), an important group only a few hundred miles north of New Zealand, came very near falling into the possession of Germany a few years ago. At the time of the Samoan agreement, however, eGrman claims on the group were renounced, and it is now a British protectorate. The late Premier of New Zealand, Mr. Seddon was anxious to see this condition of affairs changed for definite annexation, as he considered that the position of Tonga made it exceptionally valuable to our colonies, in view of the future Panama Canal. These islands, it may be noted, possess in Vavau one of the largest and safest harbors of the whole Pacific, in a part where harbors of any kind are rare; and a line drawn straight from Sydney to Colon passes through the group. France and Germany are openly eager to secure islands that may be useful for coaling depots and naval bases along the line of the future canal traffic. England, which more than any other nation has made the Pacific, and whose southern possessions are by far the largest, declines to trouble herself about the matter. It will all come straight, she thinks, and, meanwhile, the cricket average wants attending to.

One might imagine, from such an attitude, that the British island colonies in the Pacific were a useless drag upon the Mother Country. This is, however, very far from the truth. Fiji has a large and flourishing trade, exporting annually many thousands of tons of sugar, copra, and other tropical products to the Colonies and England. Her total exports usually run well over the half million sterling in value, and the imports are not far behind. She has furnished a career and a future for numbers of British who could have done little at home, and her future is likely to excel her past, under the excellent government that the colony at present enjoys. The smaller groups furnish opportunities by no means beneath the attention of the man with moderate ambitions and a small capital, and it must not be forgotten that the climate of almost all the British islands is excellent, and the natives, with the single exception of the Solomon Islanders, are Christianized, friendly, and pleasant to live with. With a thousand pounds and a fair head for business, a man may start copra (cocoanut) planting in almost any one of the British groups, or, if he fancies being king of his own domain, take up one of the small outlying islands, not too far from steamer tracks, and make his home after the fashion of the storybook hero familiar to his early days. The growth and bearing of the cocoanut vary much according to climate and soil, but ten years, in the worst circumstances, eight in the best, will see the trees in full bearing, providing an income of several hundred pounds a year and prepared to go on, bar accidents, for 60 or 70 years more. In the meantime, banana growing, vanilla, the production of millet, peanuts, or various drugs help the planter to tide over the time of writing. Cocoanuts, in spite of the slow growth of the tree, are considered one of the best and most productive investments for a man's money, if he can afford to wait, since the demand for the dried fruit of the nut (known all over the Pacific as copra) is steadily on the increase, and has of late years decidedly exceeded production. More than one great trading firm, in consequence, has been buying up islands, and making independent plantations, to ensure a regular supply. The oil obtained from the nut-meat has many commercial uses, but the most important is done with soap-making firms, British and colonial. The intending settler in the Pacific Islands must not expect to make money by native trading, which is almost off in the hands of a few big exporting firms. Nor must he, as a rule, expect to acquire a large fortune by any means whatever. The islands outside of the Fijis, which offer almost unlimited opportunities to energetic new blood at present, can furnish only a restricted outlook, in most cases. For a man may live on little, and enjoy good health, happiness, and satisfactory prospects for his children, or his old age. Information as to the prospects of the various groups is best sought, in every case, from the Governor or Resident Commissioner, as suitable settlers are usually desired by the governmental authorities, though disliked by many of the older inhabitants, whose points of views, in a limited field, is naturally different.

All this is the colonizing point of view leaving the stragetic point aside for the moment. But it must never be forgotten that the latter is of the highest importance. This needs saying just now, and saying again. The lesson that Germany taught us in connexion with the Solomons and New Guinea is at present in process of being read a second time by France, over the New Hebrides. This group, about which so much has been heard of late, is only of moderate importance as a possible colony. It extends over 800 miles of sea, and some of its islands are more than a thousand square miles in extent. It will be a long time, however, before the whole group is explored and tamed down, and its waste lands thrown open to white occupation, as the islands are for the most part densely forested, very irregular, and inhabited by savage cannibal tribes. Nevertheless the group is of such importance both to France and to Great Britain that neither country ventures to arouse the hostility of the other by annexing it. In Port Sandwich, Port Stanley, Havana Harbor, and others, the islands own a series of harbors unmatched in the Western Pacific, and of the greatest value as possible naval stations. France desires the group as a pendant to New Caledonia. England needs it badly as a safeguard to Australia (from which it is distant but three or four days' steam), but is lukewarm in the matter, and quite ready to leave things as they are for the present—an agreeable dream, but a dream only, since "things" are not ready to co-operate. It is among the commonest of sayings in Vila, the capital of the New Hebrides, and among French settlers all over the Pacific, that the continuance of the present indefinite state of affairs spells certain ultimate triumph for France. Since the recent decision of the Anglo-French convention, which left all matters of ownership in abeyance, the French colonial press has been confidently and joyously predicting the ultimate acquisition of the whole group by France, and adding comments on British diplomacy that are the reverse of flattering. Certainly our friends cannot be accused of neglecting their interests in those regions. Where we hesitatingly spend a shilling in steamship subsidies, they cheerfully hand out a pound. Where we struggle the British settler with Australian duties, they nurse the French colonist with magnificent bounties and take his goods into New Caledonia and into France almost duty free. Where we leave our people to work out their own salvation unaided, they not only take excellent care of their own, but make things so tempting to all who care to naturalize themselves as French subjects, that there is not a little leakage to the French flag from the British. We had the greatest share in naming and charting the islands; we discovered many of them, policed them with our men-of-war, and sent missionaries out from the very earliest times—to whose efforts the small share of civilization actually enjoyed by the islands is very largely due. We laid the foundations of the trade, and before 1880 there was not a French subject in the group. Now, through the happy policy of letting alone, the French settlers far exceed the British, own most of the land, and claim most of the rest; trade is three-fourths French, and in the future, so far as can be seen, will probably be French altogether. To comment on such a state of affairs would be a hopeless and a thankless task.

A mere romantic interest in the Pacific will not go far in deciding the future control of the greatest ocean in the world, nor in the guarding of a reputation surely too valuable to be left to sentiment or chance. No nation, in the past, has owned so great an influence in the Pacific as ourselves—no nation in the future should; but there may be two, or three, words to that question by-and-by, and it will be well that in the speaking of them we should have our say.

EMPRESS JOSEPHINE

Chateau of Malmaison Again Receives Her Treasures

Raoul Aubry in Le Temps.

When M. Osiris offered the chateau of Malmaison to the French government, he had Josephine's abode restored with taste and exactness, and began a hunt for the furniture that would complete the rehabilitation and give visitors a precise notion of its former appearance. Accordingly, he addressed himself to the widow of Napoleon III., and received a promise that certain objects that had once figured in these apartments should be given to the republican government by the ex-Empress of the French.

M. Osiris opened the negotiations. The new conservateur of Malmaison, M. Pallu de la Barriere, continued them. Two years have passed, and here is the result: Yesterday arrived the furniture which the Empress had found in the chateau of Arenenberg, and which she was willing to part with out of deference to the memory of Josephine and Napoleon, thus dealing an unexpected blow to those who had proclaimed her invincible horror of gifts.

So, after her search and her discoveries, the former Empress announces—I quote from the bill of lading—the following articles:—

"Six portraits representing Egyptian pashas. These portraits, genuine works of Isabey, were brought to Malmaison by Bonaparte and placed in the galerie-vestibule.

"A marble bust of the Empress Josephine, by Girard of Lyons.

"A marble column, weighing at least 200 kilogrammes.

"Two vases for flowers, white and gold, with the initial B. and a J. surmounted by a crown.

"A mahogany bed with bronze ornaments; this bed is one of two that stood in the sleeping apartment of the Emperor and Empress; it is without doubt the one in which Josephine died.

"A toilet table; a night table; a toilet mirror; a commode; a small piece of furniture also belonging to Malmaison; and several champagne glasses with the crowned J."

So the Empress's bed chamber is going to be thrown open to visitors just as it appeared a century ago. Think of it—a museum containing only genuine treasures. This is rare enough to warrant a lot of talk.

I pass over in silence the various articles of furniture, hangings and curtains contributed by the national Garde-Meuble. Suffice it to say that at the present moment we behold the complete reconstruction of the chamber where Josephine de Beauharnois died; the gilded salon where Bonaparte's receptions were given; the salon-galerie where recitations, readings and musicales were held, and where stands the gilded harp already presented by the Empress Eugene. Soon we shall behold first the completion of Bonaparte's library, where will be placed four authentic relics—the Emperor's desk, his armchair, his lamp and his inkstand; and then that of the dining hall, where will be placed the famous and splendid "surtout" presented to Napoleon, then a demigod, by a foreign power.

The gilded salon of Malmaison is really one of the most remarkable rooms in the world—not so much because it contains rare objects of the purest style as because it calls up memories alternately charming and tragical. One night Napoleon remained there—silent, brooding, motionless—waiting till daybreak the successive reports that plunged him deep in anxiety. For this was the night that the Duc d'Enghein was condemned to be shot, and in this very room the order for that historic crime was given.

The exact furnishings of the room have been found. Here stands a rectangular monument of green porphyry upon a jasper plinth adorned with silver or lapis-luzuli panels representing the embellishments of Rome, with this inscription: "Ex municencia Pii sexti P. M.—Optimus Principe." A Minerva surmounts the work, the Minerva who never vouchsafed her inspiration to that great monarch. Also there are several magnificent tables, with the initials J. B., and a table of inlaid wood—mahogany and yew—laden with the forty-seven indispensable toilet articles, of silver and mother-of-pearl, that the Empress once used, together with a miniature of Napoleon by Vigonceux.

Whence came they these relics of a bygone century? Whence have they been resurrected after the lapse of a hundred years? They were scattered far and wide by that tempest, the auction, and were rediscovered, one by one, in the dust of old museums.

Besides being the home of Napoleon, Malmaison was the dwelling place of two women, fascinating women who truly represented their frivolous and passionate epoch. There lived the Empress Josephine and her daughter, Hortense de Beauharnois, to whom Bonaparte married his brother and gave a heavy crown. In 1814, and on the day after Josephine's death, the allied sovereigns made Malmaison and the broad lands surrounding it a duchy, and gave it to Queen Hortense, who entertained Napoleno there after Waterloo until his departure for St. Helena. But soon the queen was ordered to leave France and retire to Arenenberg, on the shore of Lake Constance; the domain was put up for sale. The Emperor Alexander paid more than a million francs for a quantity of art objects that now figure in the Russian museums, while the Paul Potters, the Berghems, the Claudes, Canova's "Dancer" and the rest were acquired by the French government. The collection of pictures was really splendid; 320 paintings, if we are to believe the catalogue prepared in 1811. Several of these works are in the Louvre, which may perhaps loan them. Their true place is the Malmaison among the mementos of the charming years that marked the dawn of the Empire.

We come now to the story of the volumes from the library which have lately been recovered. Some of these books were in durance vile at the Marsailles library. The conservateur of Malmaison set out for that city, and this is how he recounts his disocvery in a recent and highly picturesque report:

"After his return from the Egyptian expedition, several quartos and 113 volumes belonging to General Bonaparte's library were deposited in the library of Marseilles. This was the collection of small books known as Cazin editions. These modest volumes, poorly bound, came evidently from the hotel in the Rue Chantelleine, for upon their covers (as I found by examining those that were left) were the initials P. B. (Pagerie Bonaparte); they had, therefore, a unique importance, for they had been used by General Bonaparte and Mme. Bonaparte and dated from the time of their honeymoon. We know that all the books in the Malmaison library were similarly marked.

"Only nineteen of these volumes, in broken sets, exist to-day in the library of Marseilles, where they lie all covered with dust in a little case; and the other 112 have disappeared. I have been able in part at least, to trace their history.

"It appears from a correspondence carried on in July, 1814, by MM. Croz-Maguan, librarian; Raymond, an attache of the maire, and the Marquis d'Albertas, prefect of the Bouches-du-Rhono, that in the year XII. the administrator of the department, M. Thibeaudeau (of Vienna), ordered the librarian of the time, M. Archard, to bring to the prefecture 97 of the 131 small books that had composed General Bonaparte's library. These 97 volumes M. Thibeaudeau kept in his country house till the Restoration. When in 1814, his agent, M. Gougon, was called upon to produce them, they were not forthcoming. The thirty-four that had not been sent to the imperial prefect were found accidentally in 1818 by the librarian, M. Jauffret, on a top shelf behind a row of articles printed in the Conservateur Marseillais in 1828. M. Jouffret, informed by the oldest of his employees that these books were all that remained of General Bonaparte's library (with a few quartos still undiscovered) and convinced that they had not been opened since they had been catalogued since the Egyptian expedition, wanted to know which pages were marked, and which, by this proof, were the ones Napoleon had read. So he opened two volumes of Bacon's Essays, 'Moral and Political,' the two volumes of Mme. de Stael's 'Influence des Passions,' and finally Mercier's 'Visions Philosophiques;' he was thus enabled to make the curious observations recorded in his article. On page 32 of the second volume of Mme. de Stael's book was a big coffee stain in the margin; he remembered that in Egypt Bonaparte consumed vast quantities of coffee, and concluded that this stain had been made by the general himself, for it was his habit to read while eating and drinking. As this Volume II. still exists, I hastened to open it at page 32, and there, sure enough, was the coffee stain, though somewhat paled by the lapse of a century and more.

"These nineteen little stray volumes, which are of no use whatever to the Marseilles library, should be removed to Malmaison. They are actually the last vestige of Bonaparte's and Josephine's first library, which was the foundation of the one at Malmaison, and from which they were savagely, when the General set forth for Egypt."

Thus writes M. Pallu de la Barriere. He is now negotiating with the city of Marseilles for their purchase, while continuing his search. In the Charentes he has found six little volumes marked P. B., and plainly got from Malmaison, since they bear its stamp. A professor at the girls' lycee at Niort called his attention to them; they came into his possession as a bequest from the Marquis de la Valette, a close friend of the Emperor. The discovery of these books shows that Napoleon loved to read the philosophers and historians, but he learned from them neither philosophy nor history.

Napoleon then read Mercier's "Visions Philosophiques," and on one of the pages marked by the conqueror of Egypt you read:

"Misnas was honored as the most valiant captain of India; the admiration and respect his name inspired in the common people permitted his free access to the god. He was among the first to receive that perilous gift. He received it with a sarcastic smile as if indifferent or superior to his own destiny.

"Misnas looked first upon the bright side of it. He saw victory harnessed to his chariot, cities surrendering, nations vanquished, poets eager to belaud his high deeds and transmit them to posterity. Misnas might have lived happy and satisfied for a long time, but he wanted to know the consequences of his triumphs. What a change! A jealous king dispossesses and exiles him and those whom he has loaded with favors turn and rend him. The statues that were set up in his honor were torn down, the inscriptions effaced. Misnas is struck dumb with astonishment. For whole years he remains insensible to the palms that crown his brow. In the midst of these festivals, instituted in his honor he hears a voice murmuring in his ear: 'Thou shalt die in exile and oblivion!' How often does he curse that moment when he sought to behold the future!!"

Bonaparte was thus enabled to read his own story. The page is soiled and torn—perhaps the conqueror turned it too quickly. His destiny required that he should pass it over, without understanding!

The Superintendent And the Sea-Lawyer

Reprinted from "Fairplay," August 23rd, 1906.

A Perfect Farce.

Dramatis Personae: A Mercantile Marine Superintendent, a Shipmaster, three Seamen, a Trade Union Delegate, and a Clerk.

Scene: Mercantile Marine Office, Busiport.

M. M. Superintendent discovered seated at table. To him threre enters Clerk.

Clerk: The captain of the Simple Simon is here, sir, together with the three seamen who were logged for being ashore without leave at Rio.

Superintendent: All right. Show 'em in.

Clerk: There's a feller from the Sailors' Union with them, sir.

Superintendent: Conf—— I mean, show him in.

Clerk: Very good, sir.

(He goes out.)

Enter Shipmaster, Seamen, and Trade Union Delegate. Enter also a strong smell of beer.

Superintendent: Mornin', cap'n; mornin', men. (To T. U. D., with an evident effort): Mornin', you.

The Quintette: Mornin', sir.

Superintendent (with a gallant attempt at geniality): Now, let's get this little business over as soon as possible. You say, cap'n, that these men went ashore without leave at Rio, came back intoxicated, and cursed the chief officer; and that you want them to forfeit two days' pay?

Shipmaster: That's so, sir. The ship was ready to sail, and as a result of having to wait for them, I lost——

T. D. U. (pushing himself to the front): 'Ere, 'scuse me, guv'nor; this ain't th' w'y to do b'isness. Just you listen t' what I've gotter s'y, fust, afore you let this 'ere skipper blow off steam. I'm a haccredited offishul, Hi am; an' I ain't goin' to play second fiddle to no bloomin' shipmaster. These 'ere pore, 'ard-workin' sailormen as you see afore you, they—

Superintendent: Steady, steady, my man; your turn will come in time. I must hear the captain's charge against the men first.

T. U. D.: Yuss, that's just like you bloomin' sooperintendunts, that is. All for the skipper, you are. W'y cahn't you be fair to the pore, down-trodden seaman, an' give 'im a chanst to live? Hi knows yer! Some o' yer orter to be pole-axed. Now look 'ere, guv-nor, if you dahn't want trubble, you'll'ear wot I've gotter s'y. These three rispectable, 'ard-workin' sailormen, they finds theirselves at Rio, an' they wants to go ashore to buy a postage stamp to write 'ome to their wives an' famblys with, so they hup an' arsks——

Superintendent: Will you be quiet!

T. U. D.: Quiet! Not me; not till I've 'ad my s'y. They hup an' arsks th' bosun's permishun, an' 'ee sez, sez 'ee, "Well, men," 'ee sez——

Superintendent: If you don't be quiet, I'll have you turned out!

T. U. D. (spitting on the floor as a mark of contempt): Wot! 'Ave me turned art! Not much, you won't. Hi'm a haccredited pusson, accordin' to the noo regulation, an' dahn't you forgit it. I ain't goin' ter be bullied by no sooperintendent, nor no skipper neither. Just you keep yer 'ed shut, an' giv' yer fyce a rest till I've finished. The bosun, 'ee sez, "Well, men," 'ee sez, "seein' as 'ow you've be'aved yerselves all the v'yage, like hangels without wings, you may——"

Superintendent (trying to ignore him and addressing the captain): Did the bosun tell these men they could go ashore, cap'n?

Shipmaster: Certainly not. No one told them anything of the sort. They were unruly, unreliable men, not fit to be trusted away from the ship, and they were distinctly told that on no account must they——

T. U. D. (brandishing his fist, and shouting): Ho, yuss! It's the likes o' you as drives the likes o' them ter drink! 'Ow would you like ter be cooped hup 'board ship for two months on hend! You ain't fit to 'ave command o' no steamer, you ain't! Yah! 'Oo piled 'is ship up, five years ago come next Janooary? 'Oo fell dahn the bridge ladden an' split 'is nose open ten years ago larst Hapril! 'Oo got into trubble with the perlice at Hong Kong when 'ee was a happrentice aboard the Sea-slug! Skipper, hindeed! Bloomin' fine skipper, you are. You'd skip lively enough if Hi 'ad yer by yerself! Garn! Boo!

Superintendent (driven almost desperate): Look here, my man, if you go on like this, I'll have you locked up for creating a disturbance on government premises.

T. U. D.: 'Ave me locked up, wil-yer? Yus, an' a nice job that 'ud be for you. The Board o' Trade, they gives me permishun to come 'ere an' look arter the hinterests of these poor, higgerent men as ain't able to speak fer theirselves, an' w'n I comes I cawn't git a 'earin' from the Board's servant. Locked up, eh! Orl rite, call in yer pleecemen and set abort it, an' w'en I comes afore the magistrates, I'll explain to 'em wot goes hon dahn 'ere. You an' the skippers is orl in league. This 'ere bloke as coris 'isself a seacapting, I s'pose 'ee's guv yer a box o' cigars, ain't 'ee, or a——

Superintendent: How dare you talk to me like this, you scoundrel! I'll——

T. U. D.: Ho, yus, you'll do a fat lot, you will! W'y dahn't you do justice to the pore, 'ard-workin' seaman, wot ain't got no frens? Dahn't you try ter hintimidate me, me ole buffer; I've got a locust stand-high 'ere, an' I ain't a-goin' ter be robbed of it. I puts the case o' these 'ere seamen afore you, quiet and rispectful-like, an' you won't 'ear a word of it. You're orl fer the skipper, you are, an' there ain't no chawnst fer the men. You wait till I git back to 'ed-quarters. I'll send somethin' to the Board o' Trade as'll make you 'op, me beauty. You ain't no more fit ter be sooperintendunt than 'ee is (indicating the captain with his thumb). A pritty pair you make. 'Ee's yer long-lorst bruther, ain't 'ee! Yah! Just you wait an' see wot sort o' a reprimand you'll git w'en I've made my communication to the Board of Trade! Then you'll sit up, me fine feller!

Shipmaster (whispering to the Superintendent): I say, Mr. Beetee, I've had enough of this. It's only a matter of two day's pay. Let 'em have it and go to the devil. I'll take care they never come aboard my ship again.

Superintendent: Best thing you can do. (To seamen): The captain withdraws his charge, men. You can go and get your money in full.

T. U. D.: Ho, does 'ee! An' wot abart damages fer tykin' aw'y these pore men's characters, and keepin' 'em wytin' abaht 'ere arf the mornin' w'en they orter be spendin' their 'ard-earned wages in the bosoms of their wives and famblys? Wot abart me, 'as ter stand 'ere ter be bullied an'——

(At this moment the clerk appears at the door, in response to the Superintendent's bell.)

Clerk: Did you ring, sir?

Superintendent: Yes. Send the constable here.

(The T. U. D. makes a hasty dive for the door. The others file out more slowly, while the Superintendent sinks back in his chair, and wipes the perspiration from his forehead. Curtain falls.)

The chemical synthesis of our foods must remain a dream for the present, we are told by Prof. T. Bokorny, a German chemist. With the aid of sunlight, plants form carbohydrates from carbonic acid or formaldehyde or methyl alcohol, and in like manner sugars or carbohydrates have been produced in the laboratory by agitating formaldehyde with excess of hydrate of lime. The artificial process, however, cannot yield cane sugar to retail at five or six cents a pound, while Emil Fischer's albumenoids cost many times as much as the natural product.

AN INTERVIEW WITH GOVERNOR BULYEA

Alberta's Chief Executive Is Now Paying a Visit to City of Victoria

PLEASED WITH PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

New Province May Duplicate Them---Question of Shortage of Labor

The Hon. George, Redley Vickers Bulyea, lieut. governor of the province of Alberta arrived Friday accompanied by Mrs. Bulyea and attended by Mr. G. H. B. Abbott private secretary, and is staying at the Hotel Driard.

In the course of an interview courteously accorded to a Colonist reporter, His Honor explained that the cause of his visit to the coast was a desire to be present at the Forestry convention which has now just concluded its session at Vancouver. Beyond that his visit has no special significance and as regards his presence in Victoria, his mission is merely one of pleasure.

"I had never seen your beautiful city," said His Honor, "and I wished to see it before returning across the mountains. This is my first visit to Victoria but not the first to British Columbia. I have visited Vancouver once or twice before, notably in 1898, on my way to the Yukon. I notice a vast change in the coast cities and all the signs of growing development and prosperity."

Speaking of the splendid pile of parliament buildings Victoria possesses, he continued, in reply to a suggestion of their duplication in Alberta, "Yes, I think both the new provinces will put up creditable government buildings. Premier Scott of Regina was down here a short while since on a mission of observation in this connection with regard to the Saskatchewan province. The conditions, however, have changed somewhat since these buildings of yours were put up. At that time material was much cheaper than at present. However, there is no question but that in both provinces we shall have good substantial buildings but equally in either case their style and dimensions must depend upon the financial position. We must cut our clothes according to our cloth in fact—probably plans will be devised which could be added to from time to time."

With regard to his impressions of things local, His Honor replied that having just visited the Victoria Agricultural Exhibition he was greatly pleased with the evidences he had seen there of the country's industries and especially so as regards the fruit exhibit.

"The new provinces," said he, "will have to look, I imagine, to British Columbia for their fruit supply and if the growth of these provinces continues to be all that is hopeed for them you will have, for years to come, at your door, a ready market for all your produce."

On the burning question of labor shortage His Honor was somewhat reserved. Regarding our position in the Northwest," said he, "we are always able to get sufficient harvest help from the new settlers who come into the country continually in such numbers and have no crops of their own to attend to, added to those who come in the harvest excursions from the eastern provinces. However, in view of the immense amount of railway building which is destined to take place within the next five years, it is quite a question whether the available supply from these sources will be adequate and if not we shall have to look to some supply from the West. Twenty to twenty-five thousand is all that the eastern Canadian provinces can supply and when that supply is exhausted it must be supplemented from elsewhere."

THE CHINESE HEAD TAX.

Nelson, Sept. 28.—At a meeting of the Kootenay Fruit Growers' Association here today, a resolution was passed by a vote of 22 to 15, rescinding the motion of August last calling for an abatement of the Chinese head tax.

Public Warning

The public of Victoria and vicinity are hereby warned that owing to its popularity and purity there are many MENDACIOUS IMITATIONS of the celebrated White Rock Water. In order to deceive the public, the word ROCK is introduced into the name of these SPURIOUS IMITATIONS. They should be avoided by all persons who do not wish to be gulled by WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

P.L.1698

NOTICE

RAYMOND & SONS

7 PANDORA STREET

Wish to inform their numerous patrons that they have in stock a full line of

Satin Finish English Enamel and American Onyx Tiles

The Latest Old and New Styles in

Mantels. Full Sets of Antique Fire Irons and Fenders

Copied from designs that were in use during the 17th century.

We also carry Lime Cement Plaster of Paris Building and Fire Brick, Fire Clay. Please call and inspect our stock before deciding.

Notice to Hunters

We, the undersigned residents of Esquimalt and Metchosin Districts, extending from Parson's Bridge to Rocky Point, hereby give notice that shooting over our lands is prohibited, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted:

S. Acton, A. E. Banister, M. Blatchford, S. A. Clark, L. O. Demers, A. Dreyfus, A. T. Duke, J. Emery, The Esquimalt Water Works Co. (per T. Lubbe, Mgr.), William Fisher Estate (per Chas. E. Voolen), J. Foster, W. Fisher, J. V. Grant, E. Grau, George Heatherbell, Henry C. Helgeson, H. D. Helmcken, Fleming Hewett, A. J. M. Inverarity, C. L. Letoria, T. H. McIlwaine, Ian Mair, H. Parker, Thomas Parker, Arthur H. Veatt, Alfred T. Veatt, James Phair, A. Ramsden, J. D. Reid, W. Robbins, Samuel Roye, Joseph Shaw, T. G. Stothard, Roland Stuart, R. Swainwick, W. O. Tweatman, G. W. Trenchard, John Weir, G. F. Weir, John Witty, Robert Witty, William Witty, A. E. Wale.

RIFLE CONTEST.

New York, Sept. 28.—It was announced last night the match between the rifle teams of the Seventh regiment, National Guards of the State of New York, and the Queen's Westminster volunteers of London will be shot at Creedmoor, Long Island, October 2nd and 3rd. Five hundred and 600 yards on the first day and 800 and 1,000 yards on the second day. The international match is for the Vincent trophy, presented by Sir Howard Vincent, M. P., who is here with the English team and is the promoter of the contest.

CRAMPS CURED.

I was troubled with Cramps for a long time, and had several doctors attend me, but their medicine did not seem to do me any good. I got three bottles of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and it cured me. It is the only medicine I can recommend. I would not be without it in my house.

A. DEMERCHANT, Bath, Ont.

WEAK BOWELS CURED.

After a severe attack of Typhoid Fever my bowels were left in a very weak condition, and I could get nothing to do me any good until I commenced taking Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I take a great deal of pleasure in recommending it to all sufferers from bowel complaint.

MRS. JNO. M. STEWART, Little Current, Ont.

SUMMER COMPLAINT CURED.

I take pleasure in recommending Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Last summer I had a severe attack of Summer Complaint, and one bottle cured me.

MISS G. LE BROSSE, North Bay, Ont.

DYSENTERY CURED.

I was very bad with Dysentery and used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and it completely cured me. We keep it constantly on hand, and could not get along without it. It has saved us lots of doctor bills.

E. M. ADAMS, Stanbridge East, Ont.

Refuse Substitutes.—Price 35c.—They're Dangerous.

DIARRHŒA AND CRAMPS.

I take pleasure in telling you what Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has done for me. I was taken with Diarrhœa and severe Cramps in the Stomach. I secured a bottle of your medicine and had only taken a few doses when my trouble disappeared. In the future I will always keep it in the house ready for use.

MRS. M. JACKSON, Normandale, Ont.

BABIES TEETHING.

Ever since my mother first knew of the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, it has always been kept in the house. She says that it always acts like magic, and especially when given to teething babies.

ESTELLA IRWIN, Delta, Ont.

Published by The Colonist by special arrangement

(Continued from Last Sund

THEY made no demur at ad us. Monsieur went in house, while I led the ho the stables, where three or four at once volunteered to rub them in eagerness to pump their gu But before the fellows had had t get much out of me came Jean and, all unrecognizing to summ indoors. I followed him in delight ly for curiosity, partly because seemed to me when the doorway lowed Monsieur that I might ne him more. Jean ushered me in well-remembered council-room, Monsieur stood alone, surprised sight of me.

"A lackey came for me," I "Look, Monsieur, that 's where w up Lucas."

I ceased hastily, for I knew th in the corridor.

It was difficult to credit ma selle's tale, to believe that M could ever be in a rage. In he big and calm and smiling, wh emotion he may have felt at Mon arrival not only buried, but w flower-bed blooming over it. greeted his guest with all the ous ease of an unruffled conscienc a kindly heart. Not till his glan on me did he show any sign of d posure.

"What, you!" he exclaimed brus "Your servant brought him h Monsieur said for me.

"I understood that one of you tlemen had come with you. I se him, deeming his presence migh duce to your ease, M. de St. Quent

"I am at my ease, M. de May my lord answered, with every a ance of truth. "You may go, Fel

"No," said Mayenne. "Since here, he may stay. He serves th pose as well as another."

He did not say what the purpos nor could I see for what he had me, unless as a sign to Monsieur he meant to play fair. I began somewhat heartened.

"You have guessed, M. de May my errand?"

"Certainly. You have come to the League." Monsieur laughed o

"On the contrary, M. de Mayen have come to persuade you to jo King."

"That was a waste of horse-fles

"My friend, you know as well do that before long you will come

"I am not there yet, nor are m mies scattered, nor is the League

"Dying, my lord. It will ge coup de grace o' Sunday, when the goes to mass."

"St. Quentin," Mayenne made answer, "when I am in such case nothing remains to me but to th my sword or to kneel to Henry. I suted I shall kneel to Henry. Till I play my game."

"Play it then. We have the pa to wait for you, monsieur. Be ass in your turn, that when you do on your knees to his Majesty you do well to have a friend or two court."

"Morbleu," Mayenne cried, sudd showing his teeth, "you will neve back to him if I choose to stop yo

Monsieur raised his eyebrows at pained by the unsuavity.

"Of course not, monsieur. I quit derstood that when I entered the I shall never leave this house if yo otherwise."

"You will leave the house unharm Mayenne said curtly. "I shall not you as your late master treated brother."

"I thank your generosity, mons and commend your good sense."

Mayenne looked for a monent as repented of both. Then he broke a laugh.

"One permits the insolences of court jester."

Monsieur sprang up, his hand o sword. But at once the quick flash ed from is face, and he, too, laugh

Mayenne sat as he was, in some lowering silence. My duke made a nearer him, and spoke for the first with perfect seriousness.

"My Lord Mayenne, it was no c cuidance brought me here this mor There is the Bastile. There is the I know that my course has been of ive to you—your nephew proved me I know also that you do not car meddle with me openly. At least have not meddled. Whether you change your method—but I ventur believe not. I am popular just no Paris. I had more cheers as I cam this morning than have met your for many a month. You have a n name for prudence, M. de Mayenn believe you will not molest me."

I hardly thought my duke was ma a great name for prudence. But t as he said, he had to work in his way. Mayenne returned, with chil calm:

"You may find me, St. Quentin, timid than you suppose."

"Impossible. Mayenne's courage unquestioned. I rely not on his ti lity, but on his judgment."

"You take a great deal upon self in supposing that I wanted death on Tuesday and do not wan on Friday."

"The king is three days nearer truth faith than on Tuesday. His is three days stronger. On Tuesda would have been a blunder to kill on Friday it is three days worse a blunder."

"But not less a pleasure. I have something of the kind in mind ever your master killed my brother."

"You should profit by that mur er's experience before you take a from his book, M. de Mayenne. H of Valois gained singularly little w he slew Guise to make you head of League."

Mayenne started, and then laughe show his scorn of the flattery. B think he was, all the same, half pl ed, more the less because he knew to be flattery. He said unexpectedl

"Your son comes honestly by his bounded tongue."

"Ah, my son! Now that you men him, we shall discuss him a little. have put my son, monsieur, in the tle."

"No; Belin and my nephew B whom you know, put him there."

"But M. de Mayenne can get him if he choose."

"If he choose."

Monsieur sat down again, with the