THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME.

What though the radiant thoroughfare
Teems with a noisy throng?
What though men bandy everywhere
The ribald jest and song?
Over the din of oaths and cries
Broadoth a wonderous calm,
And 'mid that solemn stillness rise
The bells of Notre Dame.

"Heed not, dear Lord," they seem to say,
"Thy weak and erring child;
And then, O gentle mother, pray
That God be reconciled;
And on mankind, O Christ, our King,
Pour out thy precious balm."
'Tis thus they plead and thus they sing—
Those bells of Notre Dame.

And so, methinks, God, bending down
To ken the things of earth,
Heeds not the mockery of the town
Or cries of ribald mirth;
Forever soundeth in his ears
A penitent psalm—
'Tis thy angelic voice he hears,
O bells of Notre Dame!

Plead on, O bells, that thy sweet voice
May still forever be
An intercession to rejoice
Benign Divinity;
And that thy tuneful grace may fall
Like dew, a quickening balm
Upon the arid hearts of all—
O bells of Notre Dame!

—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

An Exile in Japan.

We were joined at table by a foreign gentleman with high cheek bones, yellow face and slanting eyes, and dressed in the latest European fashion with high collar, four-in-hand scarf and pointed shoes. He was very courteous, and managed what little English he used as skillfully as he dresses. And he gave me a touch of the far east in the story of his being here; for he is under a cloud, an amiable exile whose return to his native land might involve his being boiled in oil, or other ingenious form of death.

For well as he figured at luncheon with us, I hear that he has been obliged to leave because of his having poisoned too many of his guests one day at table—former enemies of his—and because of his having dispatched with the sword those whose digestion had resisted his efforts at conciliation. However this may be, his extradition is demanded; to which he objects, and invokes western ideas of civilization, and protests that his excesses have been merely political.—John La Farge in Century.

Left Handed Masticators.

It is said that Oliver Goldsmith once seriously maintained, in a dispute with Dr. Johnson, that man wags his upper jaw in the act of mastication. Oliver was away off, of course. Yet if Oliver had maintained that man generally, and women, too, in masticating prefer the left sides of the jaws, he would have been quite right. For although ninety people out of a hundred may tell you that they masticate on the right side, a test will prove that at least seventy-five out of one hundred people use the molars on the left side in preference to those on the right. If, however, the molars on the left side were very scarce, man was likely to shift to the other side. Therefore, while a man may think that he chooses the right side of his own volition, the fact generally holds good that he has poor teeth on the left.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Fires of 1889.

The loss by fire in the United States during the year 1889 reached the enormous sum of nearly $125,000,000 against $110,000,000 in 1888. The fire waste of 1889 exceeds that of any year during the fifteen years that an accurate record of the annual loss in the United States has been kept, and was only approached by the year 1887, when a total of $120,200,000 was reached. It is a notable fact that 1889 was a year of great conflagrations, 47 per cent. of the entire waste having been confined to fifty-three fires of over $200,000 in magnitude, the total amount of loss in these fifty-three fires being nearly $50,000,000, an enormous apportionment, making the average loss per fire a little less than $1,000,000.—Boston Transcript.

He Didn't Go Out.

"You remain in the house this evening," said a West Chester physician to a young man who was ill some timeago.

"Well, doctor, I will not do it," was the reply.

"What time are you going out?" asked the physician.

"About 7:30 o'clock."

At exactly 7:15 in the evening the medical man appeared again before the young man, placed a white powder in a glass of water and said: "If you will go, drink this before you start. It will prevent you from taking cold." He drank the liquid and immediately fell asleep and did not awake until bed time.—West Chester Local News.

Comstock's Yearly Report.

Anthony Comstock's yearly report shows that 52 books, 490 obscene pictures and photos, 360 microscopic pictures and 313 negative plates for making obscene photos have been seized and destroyed. Twelve and a half tons of gambling utensils have been taken and destroyed, and nearly $11,000 has been added to the public treasury in fines imposed or bail bonds forfeited. There were also 457 mail frauds discovered.

Some Hope Left.

Uncle Tom—Charles, my boy, you have tried everything and failed. What will you do next?

Tom Doolittle—I'm going to write a story and a lot of verses for the papers.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The vulture is 100 times as heavy as the swallow, but its wings are only 15 times as large. The Australian crane weighs 3,000,000 times as much as the gnat, while the latter has 150 times as much wing surface per unit of weight.

A Napoleonic relic was found lately by a butcher at Coblenz, Germany, under curious circumstances. In the entrails of an ox which he killed the butcher came upon a gold ring inscribed, "Napoleon III, emperor, 1863."

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

A Clam State Man Kills a Robber for 10 Per Cent of the Savings.

We were staging from Anton Chico to Santa Fe, and there were six passengers, all men. Every man was armed, and one might safely judge that every one would fight if driven to it. One of the passengers was a man from Rhode Island, who said his name was Hastings, and after we were fairly started he began:

"Gentlemen, I have a proposition to make. If you accept it I hope it will be to your benefit. If you do not, then no harm has been done. We are quite likely to meet with a road agent before we get through. If so, how many of you will fight?"

This was putting it pretty broad, but seeing that no disrespect was meant, one of the passengers looked over the crowd and replied:

"I think every man can be depended on."

"Yes, you think so, but when the pinch comes, the case will be different. I've been through the mill, and I've seen a man with two revolvers go right down into his boots and submit to be kicked."

"What is your proposition?"

"Well, I'm about dead broke. I want to engage to defend this crowd for 10 per cent. of the money it is carrying."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, if stopped, I'll agree to kill or run off the chap who does it. If I do you pay me 10 per cent. If I don't you pay me nothing. I'll leave it to each man to size up his pile."

"You must think yourself a very brave and smart man," remarked one of the others.

"Oh, no, I'm not at all stuck on myself. This is a matter of business. I guarantee to do thus and so. I want you to do the same."

We chaffed him for a while, but seeing how good natured he was, finally agreed that if we were stopped and he killed or drove the robber off we'd come down with the per cent. demanded. Stages had been robbed on that route, but we had no fear, and it had come along to 5 o'clock p. m., and we were about to cross a creek running through a chaparral when a voice cried "Halt!" and the driver pulled up.

"Egad! but here's the agent!" chuckled Hastings, who had been dozing for an hour. "Remember the terms, gentlemen—10 per cent. if I save your boodle!"

"Throw down your gun!" shouted the voice, and we heard the driver comply.

"Now get down and unhitch your horses from the stage!"

The driver was swinging himself down when Hastings opened the right hand door and jumped out, revolver in hand. As tough a looking chap as you ever saw stood at the horses' heads, a double barreled shotgun in his hands, and he yelled at Hastings as he saw him drop. The latter fell on his hands and knees, crept swiftly under the vehicle, used one of the wheel horses to cover him, and while the robber was peering about to locate him, and at the same time warning us not to leave the coach, the Clam state man rose up and sent a bullet plumb through the fellow's head. He ran forward to finish his work, but the robber was as dead as a herring.

"Gents, 10 per cent., if you please!" said Rhode Island, as we piled out of the stage, "and whatever I find on the body is mine."

He got two revolvers, a shotgun, two gold watches and $170 in money, and we paid him about $200 more. We felt flat enough, too, I can assure you, as we had been given no show. Hastings stripped the body, dragged it out of the road, and took his place in the coach with the remark;

"Hope you gents are perfectly satisfied with my work, and if you want to contract for my services the rest of the way, I'll put 'em in at 5 per cent., which is an extremely low rate."—New York Sun.

Human Hair Imbedded in a Tree.

While workmen were engaged in felling a huge old hickory tree on the property of Mrs. J. H. Ogden, in Springfield, Pa., they came upon a lock of hair deeply imbedded in its trunk. An auger hole had been bored into the heart of the gigantic hickory and the curly lock placed therein. The hole had then been plugged up. This strange find is considered a relic of superstition. Old residents take it to be the last remnant of one of "Black Jake's" spells, who employed this curious remedy to cure fits. The old negro lived in Darby about seventy years ago, and his numerous queer whims have been often told. A series of poems by Halliday Jackson some years ago pictured his mysterious healings.—Washington Star.

His Residence.

Sentiment and poetry are good in their place, but the best of things are sometimes misapplied. Good rhetoric may be very poor history.

"Where did George Washington live, after he retired from public life?" asked the teacher.

No one seemed to know.

"Was it at Washington or Mount Vernon?" suggested she.

Still there was no reply.

"Come children," she insisted, "Some of you must know."

"I know, teacher!" piped up the smallest scholar. "He lived in the hearts of his countrymen."—Harper's Young People.

The Largest Rocking Stone.

Buenos Ayres seems to have the largest "rocking stone" yet discovered. It is situated on the slope of the mountain of Tandil, in the southern part of the province, and measures 90 feet long by 18 feet broad and 24 feet high. Its bulk is 5,000 cubic feet, and it weighs at least 25 tons. Nevertheless, it is so touchily poised that a single person can set it rocking. When the wind blows from the southeast the stone, which is pyramidal in form, sways to and fro on its foundation like the branches of a tree.—New York Telegram.

A PIONEER'S STORY.

Reminiscences of Early Life In and Around Chicago.

Williamson Price: I am eighty-seven years old and live in Cherokee, Crawford County, Kansas. I went out there in 1871. Chicago is a wonderful city, and when I think of it as I first knew it I wonder if I am living and if what I see is real.

Let me tell you a story of Gurdon S. Hubbard, of whom every Chicagoan knows. Long before there was any Chicago Hubbard was an Indian trader; he had a house on the Iroquois river and a squaw for a wife. Soon after Danville was laid out he bought his time from his Indian wife and went to Danville. He went to merchandising, and soon after married. He went to Cincinnati on a wedding trip. The bride and groom boarded a steamboat at the mouth of the Big Vermillion river. At Terre Haute an old man named Linton got aboard with his family. They were going to Philadelphia. The month was March and the waters were booming everywhere. The boat was running pretty fast. Mr. Linton's boy, four years old, fell overboard. Hubbard pulled his coat, jumped into the river, recovered the child, swam to shore, and the boat rounded to and took them on board. Linton offered Hubbard $500, but Hubbard wouldn't take it.

"All right," said Linton, "then I'll change the boy's name. "I'll call him Gurdon S. Hubbard Linton."

At the next election we sent Hubbard to the Legislature. That was in 1830. The Legisture met in those days in Vandalia. Lots at Fort Dearborn were selling at $50 apiece. I remember a drove of hogs which Hubbard bought in 1832. He hired a man named Elliott to drive the hogs from Georgetown to Danville and then to Chicago. There was nothing but an Indian trail between Danville and Chicago; no road. Elliott took several wagons loaded with corn with which to feed the hogs. There was not a soul living along the trail or anywhere near it. Elliott and the hogs finally reached Blue Island. The weather turned cold and the snow fell to a depth of four feet on a level. People in Chicago knew they were coming and went out to meet them and leveled out a road so they could get the hogs into town. The next year Hubbard moved into Chicago. He built a house near the river on the North side. I remember the man who built the house, Tom Dunham. When he went back to Danville he was telling me about it. He said if every spear of grass between Danville and Chicago was a $20 bill it would never build a road to Chicago on account of the swamps.

I remember that Josephus and Stephen Collet, merchants in the Town of Eugene, bought goods in New York and had them shipped by lake to Chicago. My father-in-law went after the goods with his team. It took eighteen yoke of steers to pull the wagon-load through the swamps of Chicago.

When the first railroad—from Kankakee to Chicago—was built Tom Dunham got on the cars and went to Chicago. When he went back home he said to his neighbors: "I have seen what I never expected to see in this world and now I am ready to die." And he did die soon after.

Before Chicago was laid out our sheriff at Danville, William Reed, paid the taxes out of his own pocket rather than go to Fort Dearborn to collect the taxes due on the spot where Chicago now stands.

I remember that the winters in those times were pretty hard. Two men, Hildreth and France were their names, started from Georgetown to Chicago on horseback. The cold weather overtook them. France killed his horse, took out the entrails, and crawled into the animal to keep warm. He froze to death that night. Hildreth tried to cut his horse's throat and lost his knife. He wandered about all night and finally found his way to a cabin next morning. He didn't leave the cabin for six weeks. When he did he had no fingers or toes. I heard not long ago that he is living somewhere in Kentucky.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Extremes of Typewritists.

The manager of a large business house was recently dilating in enthusiastic terms on the change that had come over his office since the introduction of a typewriter and a lady to manage it. Once, he said, the clerks roamed in coatless costume, smoked, chewed and decorated the carpets with the result, spent the time in decollette narratives and imitations of Sullivan and Kilrain, but now my office is a fit parlor for a lady's presence at any moment of the day. He was simply fortunate in the choice of a typewritist. Had he happened to secure an operator whose fascinating appearance was allied to coquettish, giddy disposition, his experience would have made an opposing tale. His office boy would have been kept busy fetching candy and chewing gum; the clerks would have had time for little else than dictating letters; the office would be turned into a reception room for the maid's gallants; her desk would be a model florist's display case, and the manager in disgust would sit down at the close of each day to write his unfinished correspondence. This is not a fanciful sketch; it represents the two extremes of female typewritists.—Providence Journal.

The Peculiarities of Mercury.

Schiaparelli has just published an elaborate and interesting paper upon the planet Mercury, in which he brings out the remarkable and unexpected result that this planet in its axial rotation imitates the moon keeping the same face always toward the sun, and having its "day" equal to the period of its orbital revolution (about eighty-eight terrestrial days.) While there may be some hesitation in accepting this conclusion as fully established, it is unquestionably made extremely probable by the numerous observations upon which Schiaparelli bases it; the only reasonable ground for doubt is that the marking which he indicates upon the planet's disk are so shadowy and indefinite that their observation is very difficult, and liable to large errors.—N. Y. Independent.

A Celebrated Physician.

John Arbuthnot, the son of a Scotch clergyman, was born near Montrose in 1667. He was educated at Aberdeen, where he took his doctor's degree. Going to London to push his fortune, he soon established a reputation as a man of science, and before he was 30 a happy accident led to his fortune. Prince George of Denmark, the consort of Queen Anne, was taken suddenly ill at Epsom, and Arbuthnot, who chanced to be there, was summoned to attend him. The prince was cured, and the doctor was appointed one of the court physicians. Swift says that he was the queen's favorite physician, and apartments were given him in St. James' palace. Thus distinguished by the marks of royal favor, Arbuthnot acquired the friendship, not only of the leading men of his party, as Harley and Bolingbroke, but that of all the wits and scholars of the time. He was their trusted friend and adviser. He attended Queen Anne in her last illness, and although he did not continue to hold his official position in the court of George I —he and his friend were Tories—he maintained a great practice among the nobility. He attended Gay and Congreve and Pope and Swift, and in the verses addressed by Gay to Pope Arbuthnot's company is said to drive sorrow from the heart, "as all disease his medicines dissipate." Pope constantly expressed his gratitude to him, and paid him some of his finest poetical compliments. The prologue to "The Satires," Pope's most perfect piece, is addressed to Arbuthnot.—Chicago Herald.

His First Letter.

A writer in The Christian Union gives an amusing account of the first letter ever written to his wife by a certain old gentleman. The couple had never been separated in all the years of their life until "Pa," at the age of 70, concluded to visit some relatives in Boston.

When he was preparing to start on his memorable trip his wife, who was to remain at home, said:

"Pa, you never writ me a letter in your life, an' I do hope when you git safely there you'll write me a line and let me know how you bore the journey. I'll buy a sheet of paper and put in a wafer, so you won't have no trouble about that."

Pa was absent a week, and, faithful to his promise, he sent a letter. It read thus:

"RESPECTED LADY: I got here safe, and I am very well, and I hope you are the same. I shall be glad to git home, for the pride of the airth that I see here is enough to ruin the nation. Gad! the women folks are too lazy to eet up in their carriages. They loll back and look as if they was goin' to sleep, and I don't s'pose one of 'em could milk a cow or feed a pig.

"Nephew Abijah has a proper diary of horses, an' I have rid all over Boston. There wa'n't no need o' puttin' them boughtten buttons on my coat, for nobody noticed 'em. I am

"YOUR RESPECTED HUSBAND."

An Indian Fights with a Boa.

One day an Indian made an excursion to a mountain near Chevantzieurm, state of Michoacan, in Mexico, to look after some fuel for his hut. While cutting up a dry oak he suddenly felt a bite on the calf of his leg, given in the fraction of a second. A moment later he felt coiling around his body the terrible fold of a boa constrictor. Instinctively he leaned his his head over toward the wounded leg and was almost fascinated by the glare of two bright basilisk eyes, that gleamed like fiery coals in the head of the serpent.

Quicker than a flash the Indian ducked his head and caught the neck of the reptile between his jaws, sinking his teeth in the quivering flesh and clinging to it with the desperation of the dying. The huge serpent lashed his tail and tried to twist its head in order to bury its fangs in the Indian, but the latter clung on and began to chew away at the neck of the boa, which is the thinnest and most delicate part of the snake's anatomy. After chewing for a long time, the Indian succeeded in beheading his antagonist, the folds dropped from around his body, and the Indian was free.—New Mexico News.

Boys Out of Work.

Boys have little chance to learn any business by which they can earn their daily bread. One trouble is that the girls, who ought to be at home doing housework, have taken the places of the boys. I might mention dozens of trades where no great muscular effort is required that are taken up by girls and which should be held by men alone. How can the boys secure apprenticeships when the places are already filled by girls? While the girls are at work the boys are idle for want of it; some of them sit around the house, while others are loafing, stealing rides on trains or devoting themselves to other forms of mischief. A friend of mine has no work, but his two sisters are down town in a store. I know of a husband that is idle, while his daughter and sister-in-law are employed.—Cor. Detroit News.

Earliest Form of Ladies' Headdress.

The earliest form of ladies' headdress is said to have been the overchief or head handkerchief. Then came the hood, universally worn during the Fourteenth century, a revival of the Anglo-Saxon head covering. The close fitting cap is said to have originated in decking the corners of the hood for the sake of comfort and convenience. Chambers observes that "the era of caps and hats is referred to the year 1440, the first seen in these parts of the world being at the entry of Charles VII in Rouen; from that time they began by little and little to take the place of hoods or chaperoons that had been used till then."—New York Telegram.

Needed No Surgeon.

A Thomaston wood chopper who, when he cut a terrible gash in his leg the other day, got a needle and thread and deliberately sat down and sewed the wound up himself, had good grit, whatever his accomplishments as a surgeon.—Lewiston Journal.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

BASEBALL.

A game of baseball will be played at Beacon Hill next Friday afternoon, commencing at 4 30 o'clock, between teams of law clerks respectively from the east and west sides of Langley street. The following will compose the aforementioned teams to wit: East side—Anderson, p.; Sullivan, c.; F. Jones, 1 b; E. K. Wootton, 2 b.; W. Jones, 3 b.; E. J. Wollaston, s b.; Cortenay, l. f.; Austin, c. f.; Aikman, r. f. Westside—Duck, p.; H. Wootton, c.; Burnett, 1 b.; Langley, 2 b.; Miller, 3 b.; Higgins, s. s.; Gregory, l. f.; Elliott, c. f.; Patterson r. f.

Mr. T. S. Burnes will occupy the bench on the day in question, and rule upon any and all objections that may be taken.

A regular meeting of the Amities will be held this evening in the Athletic Club rooms.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST LEAGUE STANDING.

The standing to date of the clubs in the Pacific Northwest league is as follows:

Team.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Percentage.
Seattle	36	22	14	.620
Spokane	37	22	15	.595
Tacoma	36	18	18	.500
Portland	38	11	27	.289

PLAYERS' LEAGUE.

BROOKLYN, July 7.—The Brooklyn-Chicago player's league clubs opened the second eastern series to-day before a fair-sized crowd. Dave Orr was given a fair reception when he made his reappearance on the diamond, and when he lined the ball over the fence in the third inning, bringing in two men, the "Fans" went wild. Score—Brooklyn, 9; Chicago, 0.

NEW YORK, July 7.—New York 18; Buffalo 8.

BOSTON, July 7.—Boston, 5; Cleveland 9.

PHILADELPHIA, July 7.—Philadelphia 5; Pittsburg 11.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

BROOKLYN, July 7.—Brooklyn 4; Cleveland 2.

NEW YORK, July 7.—New York 1; Chicago 4.

PHILADELPHIA, July 7.—Cincinnati 3; Philadelphia 1.

BOSTON; July 7.—Boston 8; Pittsburg 3.

BICYCLING BOOMING.

Sports and sporting have so far this season been unbearably dull; where to seek for the reason is a difficult task, because there is in Beacon Hill park alone every possible inducement for games. There are numbers of cities and towns in Canada sending out champions and holders of records in every branch of athletics, and they lack the splendid natural facilities of Victoria.

Perhaps the latest action of the Wanderers will stimulate the fast flagging interest in sports. The bicycle boys met last evening with a view to arranging a Saturday gathering at the Driving Park. Discussion soon showed that this was out of the question as well as out of the city, and the motion was ruled down. The decision was made in favor of a meet on Beacon Hill every Saturday afternoon, and the following programme, under the C. W. A. rules, was mapped out for next Saturday:

1. Half mile dash for ordinaries (open).
2. Half mile dash between Jones and Lindley (safeties).
3. Half mile dash for safeties (open).
4. Half mile dash for ordinaries and safeties.

H. P. Goering will be judge; C. A. Godson and C. W. Minor, starters; H. J. Scott, clerk of the course. Races to commence at 3 o'clock.

The boys have taken up this matter with spirit, and if the cricket, baseball and lacrosse clubs will only follow suit there will be no liveller or prettier recreation ground in Canada than Beacon Hill park.

The bicycle club is in excellent standing, numbering now thirty-five members, to whom were added last evening the following new members: F. J. Scores, A. J. Langley, J. Peebles-Falls, H. A. Tiedemann and J. R. Chambers.

Discussion took place on the desirability of affiliating with the James Bay Athletic club, a wise step, and the idea was very favorably received. It will be the stepping stone to forming a general athletic association in Victoria, from which there can branch out the various interests of games and other pastimes, all watched over and governed by the parent body. Apart from the personal advantages accruing to the members of the separate clubs joining this association, there could be formed a general council of the whole, to which all disputes of a general nature could be submitted and adjudicated upon.

The bicycle brigade will soon be augmented by five new safeties. Verily, Victoria cyclists are getting to be a numerous body.

CRICKET.

All lovers of cricket will be pleased to learn that the Beresford cricket club is making rapid strides towards the advancement of the old English game at Victoria. The members of the club are practising with a vim. On Saturday at Beacon Hill they showed marked signs of improvement in their play, due to Prof. Foster's untiring zeal. All members of the club, and those in any way interested with it, are requested to meet at Philharmonic Hall on Wednesday next, the 9th instant, at 8:30 p. m. sharp to enrol new members and transact important business.

ESQUIMALT NOTES.

The Dry Dock—Its Cost and Working Expenses —Interesting Information.

Since the inauguration of the dry dock at Esquimalt, 38 vessels have entered it for repairs of greater or less importance. The charges for dock dues have been made as low as possible, the idea of the Dominion authorities having been in every possible way to encourage trade. Indeed so much had this idea been carried out that the attendant expenses of docking at Esquimalt are no more than those that would be incurred at Liverpool, England. The dry dock, at Esquimalt, with improvements and additions, has cost $1,150,000, and has taken in 38 vessels with a receipt of not more than $3,000 over and above working expenses. H. M. S. Amphion was in the dock 222 days. Had it been necessary to dock her in San Francisco it would have cost her 50 cents. per ton per day, the cost to sailing vessels being 40 cents. per ton. Here the charges had been made as small as possible, so as to encourage Pacific Ocean trade. Were it not for this dock the Canadian trade on the Pacific Ocean would be very much crippled, as it would otherwise be extremely difficult and expensive to deal with disabled vessels, which, as has been the experience of the Amphion, could be handled here just as well as upon the other side the world. As concerned the Amphion, the arrangement with the Imperial authorities under the original agreement was that British warships should pay only the actual cost of dockage. It was, however, ridiculous to pretend that on the basis of the charges at San Francisco the cost of her dockage would have been $350,000. It cannot be denied that had it not been for this dock Canadian shipping on the Pacific would be in a very peculiar position, it being impossible to give to it the necessary repairs while, as concerns warships, there could not otherwise be any means of giving them the repairs that, in the natural order of things, become necessary from time to time, the harbor of Esquimalt being the headquarters of H. M. Pacific squadron. As an Imperial or Dominion investment it is impossible to expect that the dock enterprise can ever pay interest on the cost; but it is, as a national work, that the enterprise has to be regarded. The dry dock plant at Esquimalt is of the most comprehensive character. There are four immense boilers, one of which is always in operation, while the big pump is one of the largest on the continent, the smaller one being employed in guarding against any possible leakage. All that is necessary at the present time for all needed requirements is, it is said, to build a dock alongside the present one for the accommodation of war vessels, the existing arrangements being left for the ordinary trade of the Pacific ocean, which experience has shown to always require accommodation. The boilers, the electric lights, the pumps and the same staff would be all that an additional dock, alongside the present one, would require, all that would be necessary being to make the dock alongside considerably deeper and larger than the one now existing. The land on which the dock is situate already belongs to the Government, so that in this particular there would be a saving of money.

According to the Naval and Military Record of June 19th, H.M.S. Warspite would arrive at Acapulco on the 5th instant and at Esquimalt on the 18th.

Yesterday a general leave was granted to the seamen on H.M. warships at Esquimalt.

The ship Victoria, at Esquimalt, has discharged all her coal cargo, and is taking in ordinary ballast prior to entering the dry dock, after which she sails for Tacoma.

H.M.S. Daphne and Nymphe, having had their valves and propellers overhauled, will leave the dry dock this morning, and having been replaced by the Queen Victoria, will join the squadron in Esquimalt harbor.

The Espiegle will enter the dry dock so soon as the Queen Victoria gets out.

Mr. Muir and his engineer and two firemen at the Esquimalt dry dock have all their machinery in the best condition, while their tools and apparatus are of the best.

Messrs. Boddy & Pyke are about to build a wharf and shed for lime at Rose Bank, opposite the railway wharf. They are now turning out about 80 barrels per day.

According to official journals, Col. De Winton, formerly of Lord Dufferin's staff, has been retired on a pension of £450 per annum.

Mrs. Parsons, wife of the chief engineer of H.M.S. Champion, has become the happy mother of a son.

DECEITFUL WIVES.

How They Pull the Wool Over Their Fond Husband's Eyes.

"Some of the funniest and even strangest things that ever take place anywhere occur in the lobby of a theater," said Walter Sinn recently to a Brooklyn Eagle reporter. "It will pay you as a newspaper man to hang around here for awhile," he continued, "and keep your ears and your eyes open." I followed his advice, and the first thing I heard persuaded me that some married men pay much too heavily for their theatrical amusements. Two ladies walked up to the window where Treasurer Richardson presides with ability and patience. One of the ladies asked for two seventy-five-cent seats. She was shown the box-office sheet and the location of two good seats not yet sold. She said the seats would do very well, and began to look for the money for them. Her companion said:

"Wait a minute, mister. Say, Mary, why don't you buy two fifty-cent tickets? He won't know the difference, and we can have some ice-cream."

The proposition was promptly agreed to. On the evening of the same day, just as the audience was leaving the theater, a man, his wife and a lady friend stopped, and the last mentioned lady stepped up to Manager Sinn and warmly thanked him for some kindness which she seemed to think he had done her. All other three persons were entire strangers to him.

The following day he got an explanation. The lady had gone through her husband's pockets and treated him to an evening at the theater, where she could never get him to take her. She practiced a little deceit upon him by getting her friend to tell him that she (the friend) had received the tickets as complimentaries from the management of the Park. The profuse thanks to Mr. Sinn were only a finale to the clever little deceit.

Turn About Fair Play.

In the early history of the European & North American railroad the female passengers did not enjoy that exemption from the annoyance of tobacco smoke which is now accorded them. Among them on one trip was an elderly lady of stern countenance and an elevated nose, whose whole affection seemed to center in a mongrel little cur which she held in her lap and favored with many tender endearments. A little way in front of her sat a "great horrid man" industriously and peacefully puffing a large cigar. The wrathful lady viewed him for a time in cold displeasure, and then stalking majestically down the aisle she seized the offending cigar and threw it out of the window, with the disdainful remark: "If there is any thing in the world I positively despise it's a nasty cigar." The owner of the cigar said nothing, but quietly picked up a newspaper and began to read. An hour or two later he passed down the aisle, and, pausing in front of the proud lady, he seized her precious little dog and threw him out of the window, with the quiet remark: "If there is any thing under heaven that I hate it is a miserable little dog."

Edison's Queer Pillow.

Not long ago I called at Edison's home, expecting to see him. He wasn't there, and Mrs. Edison told me she hadn't seen him for three days. I soon found that he was at his old tricks—working night and day in his laboratory, having his meals sent to him and sleeping on the floor with his clothes on and a stick of wood under his head for a pillow. When working he never leaves his laboratory, and he seems to think that by keeping his clothes on he can better preserve the nervous tension after he has started to work. Then he perseveres until he has accomplished his purpose. His time he regards as very valuable, and this is the reason he doesn't want to come here now, it is necessary. His deafness has not improved any, remaining about the same.

A BIG BLAST.

In about six weeks the biggest blast that has ever been fired in the northwest will be set off at Port Crescent. This blast will consist of 10 tons or 20,000 pounds of powder and will be a sight well worth traveling hundreds of miles to see. Men are now at work driving a tunnel into a solid hill of rock for a distance of 80 feet and will run a gallery each side of the main tunnel a distance of 60 feet in which the powder will be placed preparatory for the blast. Representative people from all over the country, together with reporters from the different papers on the Sound, will be present to witness the explosion of this vast quantity of powder. It will be a sight that is not witnessed every day and no one should miss seeing it.

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.

TO THE EDITOR: I am a workingman and take much interest in the controversy at present so extensively carried on in the papers in this city, and have, with pleasure, read the arguments in favor and against single tax. I would feel greatly obliged if you would enlighten me on some points. I have read all the books recommended by "Chairman" in the Times, and I must say the principles of Henry George have no terrors for me, although I own a city lot and live on it with my family, and I think I would be an out and out single tax man were it not that I have some consideration for those land owners, whose possessions represent their savings and honestly earned increments, whose interests you so ably represent. But for the hardship implied by Single Tax on those, I say, I would be thoroughly in harmony with the Single Tax movement. And why? Under the present arrangement there seems to be a great social wrong. The condition in a new country like this seems to make the interest of one class antagonistic to that of another class. For instance: If this town remains of the same size and importance as to population and trade for the next fifty years, it is probable that the working men will be as well off then as they are here now, while the large landowners will have made no gain, as the value of their unused land will not have increased, and they will even be the losers to the amount of the interest on their speculation. But if the country prospers very much; if the population of this island should at the end of that time equal that of Manhatten Island and that of the city the population of New York, then the land owners will, without work, have become millionaires, but the workingmen who have not been lucky enough to monopolize some of God's earth, will, in all probability, have been reduced to the condition of our fellow-workingmen in New York, where wages are so small that they have to look to charity when they cannot find work for six weeks in the winter; where men with families, although able, industrious and sober, have to look to the labor of their wives and children to make both ends meet. I think you will agree with me that there must be something wrong where it becomes consistent for one class (the land owners) to wish that the country may prosper, and for a much larger class (the workers) if they understood their interest, that may remain stationary and not increase. You point out in your various writings, and I agree with you that it would be a great hardship to landowners to take away from them what they have, but do you not think it equally as hard on a hundred times larger class to continually extort more from them by increasing the rent of the land they must have to live on or to cultivate? Is it right for us to sit still when we can see that under the present arrangements our children will have a much harder a ruggle for existence than we have? I should be glad if you would suggest a change which would improve our prospect without doing an injustice to anybody; but unless some of the opponents to Single Tax can bring forward some remedy, I am afraid that notwithstanding the injustice, notwithstanding the hardship on the privileged classes, poverty with progress will pinch harder and harder, and the time cannot be far off when the last straw will either break the camel's back or cause the camel to upset the whole arrangement and break the backs of his opponents.

J. A. C.

Victoria, B.C., July 2nd, 1890.

The Lamont Road Machine.

The following resolution speaks for itself and for the Lamont road machine at the same time:

Municipality of Springfield:
SPRINGFIELD, June 16, 1890.
(COPY OF MOTION.)

Moved by Isaac Murphy, seconded by W. H. Corbett, That the Lamont road machine, having worked satisfactorily at a trial on the south road, be purchased from H. S. Wisbrook, and that the secretary-treasurer be authorized to issue a cheque for the price of the same. Carried.

I certify the above to be a correct copy.
W. GOODRIDGE,
Sec.-Treas.

The exhibition of the road grader and leveller took place on Wednesday. Quite a number of prominent men from the surrounding municipalities, besides citizens, were present. Mr. Pritchard was the operator. They made a new road on the level prairie to the entire satisfaction of all. Some of those present asked to have the machine tried on reconstructing the hard worn down grades of the city. The machine was brought to bear on a tough piece of road on McWilliam street. It did its work perfectly. So satisfied were some of the parties present with its performance that they announced their intention of making a purchase of machines for their municipalities.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Shocking Tale of Cruelty.

CINCINNATI, O., July 8.—Henry Althouse, an intelligent colored man, has arrived in this city from Arkansas, and fully confirms the stories so often meagerly told of the hardships borne by the colored men in that state. Althouse was one of the many hundred blacks who swarmed out of Carolina and Georgia last fall and winter for Arkansas and points further west, to work on railroads at big wages. The party with which Althouse was identified were landed near Arkansas. On arrival the whole lot of men were bid for by rival contractors, the immigrant agent acting as though he owned them. After being thus auctioned off to a contracting firm known as Morgan & Co., the men were put to work grading. The work lasted from daylight to dark, and they were continually driven to their utmost endeavor by cruel bosses. Meantime the families of the men had been placed in shanties of the worst description, some even tents. All the food was sold from a store belonging to the firm for whom they worked. Pay day was put off as long as possible, and when it did come the men were shocked to learn that their wages were but fifty cents per day, and that many of them had overdrawn their accounts at the store. The men protested in vain, and when all quit they were given to understand that it was work or starve, with hints of a worse fate. Several of the unmarried men ran away from camp. Armed guards were placed about the works, and it was understood that any attempt to leave would be stopped with bullets. Many of the weaker men died from overwork.

Little Quarrels Breed Big.

YOU just bring a couple of little quarrels into your family and they'll breed like sparrows, and you just bring a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters into your house and see how quickly health and strength follow in its wake. Nothing excels it for strengthening, regulating and purifying power. sw2