

ASUALTIES

Missouri Pa-
shops Exacts Heavy
venge

Kas. April 4.—Two
and three others in-
at the Missouri Pa-
shops here tonight,
h, a discharged pe-
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Mortally wounded,
d by officers from a
ded to lynch him.
arged yesterday. To-
l at the shops and
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warned him to re-
ply Smith shot and
man and wounded
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ushed to the aid of
oping at the negro,
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were woutded by
th himself was shot
and fell mortally

dition leaders of a
ed helped him to his
es of "Lynch him!"
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COMBINES

Congress Is Aimed
Companies

April 4.—A bill de-
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ations and to give
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line of trade, which
the United States
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as several anti-trust
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vide that any ven-
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by any corporation
violated the Sher-
ley, might be used
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penalty of \$25,000

ld provide that the
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NARCHISTS

rs Forced to Pay
American Flag

l, April 4.—Nearly
astrial Workers of
all of whom ad-
narchists, knelt and
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fre, a small settle-
age county boundary
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until this morning.
ising, the Industrial
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S WILL

JOINT ACTION

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Conservation

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Province of British
vitation to be repre-
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of fisheries. It is the
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his province being to
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estly possible.

THE SHOWER

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Can't Help with the Editor

THE STORY OF FRANCE

The fame of the beauty of Clothilde was spread far and wide from the court of her uncle, Gondebaud, King of the Burgundians. Not only was she reported to be beautiful, but her education and her talents were great. With these qualities she combined youth, and being of royal descent, she was well fitted to be the bride of any one of the highest dignitaries. Her father was Chilperic, brother of Gondebaud, who had put him and her two brothers to death, and he had also caused her mother, Agrippina, to be thrown into the Rhone with a stone tied to her neck. Thus the young girl stood friendless, uncertain as to what her fate would be, for Gondebaud, though professedly a Christian, was a cruel monster. When Clovis, who was then only a little more than twenty, heard of the loveliness of Clothilde, he determined that she should be his bride. He accordingly sent a messenger to Gondebaud, asking for her hand. The Burgundian king did not desire to assent and he was afraid to refuse, for the fame of the young monarch of the Franks had reached him, and he dreaded the revenge his hot spirit might take, if he were thwarted. There are several accounts of what followed, but we will give that of Gregory of Tours, who lived very shortly after the event took place, and may be assumed to have received the story current in the days of Clovis himself.

A Roman named Aurelian was chosen as the messenger to acquaint Clothilde of the desire of her suitor; but so carefully guarded was she, that Aurelian had to disguise himself as a mendicant. The young girl received him willingly enough, and there were no objections from her guardians, for it seemed to be safe enough to permit her to see a poor man in rags, who came asking for alms. As was the custom of those days, she caused him to be seated and proceeded to wash his feet. As she bent before him, he leaned over and whispered: "Lady, I have great matter to announce to thee if thou wilt grant me secret audience." Clothilde was ready for an adventure, and she readily arranged for a private meeting. When they were alone, Aurelian gave her the message sent by Clovis, at the same time handing her that king's ring in token of good faith. She heard the request with great joy, and giving Aurelian her ring to present to Clovis, and a present of gold for himself, bade him tell her suitor to come with messengers quickly and demand her hand, for she said that "Auridius, who was high in the counsels of Gondebaud, might any day return from Constantinople, where he had gone on a mission, and would undoubtedly prevent the marriage. Aurelian returned as he came. On his way he fell in with a mendicant, and the two traveled in company until the latter robbed him of his wallet and all it contained. Fortunately Aurelian was not far from home, and he sent out his servants, who soon found the thief and brought him to Aurelian, who, it is said, pummeled him for three days and then set him free.

Pleased with the success of his messenger, Clovis at once despatched an escort to bring Clothilde to him. Gondebaud was for delaying the nuptials, but Clothilde hastened them on, and she was duly espoused in the name of Clovis, whereupon she set out on her journey in a closed carriage, wherein was much treasure. She had not proceeded far upon her journey, when she learned that Aridius had already returned, and she said to her escort that safety lay only in her descending from her carriage and mounting on horseback and riding forward with all speed. Her course proved wise, for Aridius was no sooner returned than he persuaded Gondebaud that he had done a very foolish thing in giving his niece to Clovis. He said that Clothilde would be prompt to urge Clovis to take revenge upon him for the murder of her father, mother and brothers, and urged that a force might be despatched at once to bring the maiden back. A troop was accordingly sent out to fetch her, but she commanded her escort to disperse and burn and destroy everything near at hand, so as to mislead and delay her pursuers, while she rode forward to meet her future husband. Her character may be judged from her exclamation, when she saw the smoke arising from the burning villages: "I thank Thee, God Omnipotent," she said, "for that I see the beginning of my vengeance for my parents and my brethren."

The first effort of Clothilde after her marriage was to induce her husband to embrace Christianity. She herself was an Athanasian, but Gondebaud and the Burgundians generally were Arians. She argued long with Clovis to induce him to abandon Paganism, but he steadily refused. When their first child was born, she caused him to be baptized, but the little boy died soon after the ceremony. Clovis reproached her bitterly, saying that if their child had been dedicated to the gods of his fathers it would have lived. Clothilde prayed, says the narrative, for another son, and one was born to her. Steadfast in her faith, she had this child baptized also, whereupon it sickened and seemed at the point of death. She prayed earnestly, and the child was restored to health. Clovis was yet unconvinced, and it was only after his promise made in the heat of an uncertain battle, as related in the last article, that he seriously contemplated embracing Christianity. Even then he was baptized only with great reluctance. Clovis was a man who did nothing by halves. Having determined to become a Christian, he had no patience with any

one who did not believe as he, or rather as his wife did, and he not only brought all his own people to embrace Christianity, but set himself to work very successfully to exterminate Arianism. Thus we see upon what seemingly minor matters the course of history seems to turn.

The conversion of Clovis was regarded by the authorities of the Church as a great achievement. Pope Anastasius wrote to him: "The Church, our common mother, rejoiceth to have borne unto our God so great a king. Continuous, glorious and illustrious son, to cheer the heart of this tender mother. Be a column of iron to support her; and she in her turn will give thee victory over all thine enemies." Clovis read this blessing in a way that chimed with his ambition. He forthwith arranged for the invasion of Burgundy, where Gondebaud had recently failed in an effort to reconcile the Arians and Athanasians. Gondebaud recognizing his inability to cope with the young king, sent Aridius to him making overtures of peace, which Clovis accepted on the conditions that Burgundy should become tributary to him. To this Gondebaud agreed, and Clovis was at liberty to extend his conquests and Christianity in another direction. In all his plans as well as in the execution of them he had the assistance of Clothilde, who was undoubtedly one of the most influential women of our Era, for it was due to her that the Franks became a Christian nation.

TALES OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS

The Story of Croesus

You have all heard the expression "as rich as Croesus," and most of you know that Croesus was a king who lived a great many hundred years ago. Let us see if we cannot find out something more about him; his story ought to be an interesting one.

Croesus lived about twenty-five hundred years ago, and he was the king of a country called Lydia, a country greatly famed in those days for its gold and silver mines, and for its beautiful horses, and the king's cavalry. Some weeks ago we read of Gyges, and of how he came to rule in Lydia, by murdering the reigning monarch on his wedding night, and taking to wife the widowed queen, with whom he had been in love ever since he had gone to woo her by proxy. Croesus was a direct descendant of Gyges, and his father was Alyattes, who had been a brave and virtuous monarch, as virtuous monarchs went in those days. In his early youth Croesus had been very extravagant, and very fond of a good time; he had hundreds of friends to whom he gave money and rich gifts, and he spent his days traveling about the country in the pursuit of pleasure, hunting for weeks at a time, and passing months at the palaces of his different princely friends. When he came to the throne of Lydia he was thirty-five years old, and had had his eyes opened to the folly of idleness, so he set about his kingly duties with the firm determination of winning the people's favor, and this he was soon able to do, for under his gay and handsome exterior, the Lydian king masked a strong will and high ambitions. Behold him then shortly after his succession, and when he had killed or banished all those who had plotted to overthrow him and who had laid false claim to the Lydian throne, making war against all the Greek cities in Asia Minor, which surrendered to him one after the other. Croesus treated these little republics with the greatest generosity, bestowing gifts to all the temples. Like his ancestor Gyges, he wished to propitiate the Apollo of Delphi, and the following quotation will give an idea of his prodigality in respect to his offerings to the gods:

"On one occasion he is said to have sacrificed three thousand animals, and burnt, moreover, on the pyre the costly contents of a palace—couches covered with silver and gold, coverlets and robes of purple, and golden vials. His subjects were commanded to contribute to the offering, and he caused one hundred and seventeen hollow half-bricks to be cast of the gold which they brought him for that purpose. These bricks were placed in regular layers within the treasury at Delphi, and the top of the pile was surmounted by a lion of fine gold of such a size that the pedestal and statue together were worth £1,200,000 of our present money. These, however, formed only a tithe of his gifts. Many of the objects dedicated by him were dispersed half a century later when the temple was burnt, and found their way into the treasuries of the Greek states. . . . among them being an enormous gold cup and four barrels of silver, and two bowls, one of silver and one of gold."

In return for this the whole of Greece united to do honor to Croesus. He and his subjects were granted all the rights of citizenship of Greece in perpetuity, "the privilege of priority in consulting the oracle before all-comers; precedence for his legates over other foreign embassies, and a place of honor at the games and all religious exercises."

Croesus brought about his own downfall after a reign of almost unprecedented splendor, when he went to war against Cyrus, and invaded Cappadocia. The oracles had given him warning, but he had not interpreted their prophecies aright, and Cyrus defeated him on the battlefield, and then when Croesus had retreated to Sardis, his own capital, and, relying on the cold weather to keep his enemy at bay, and had dispersed his troops, even dismissing for the winter his splendid cavalry,

the finest in the world, Cyrus besieged him in his stronghold, and after many days his army succeeded in scaling the wall and entering the city, but, according to one story, he was not to witness the humiliation of his rival.

"When the day of despair arrived, the king could not resign himself to tears and servitude. Within the brazen-walled court he erected a funeral pyre, on which, together with his chaste spouse, and his bitterly lamented daughters of beautiful locks, he mounted; he raised his hands to the depths of the ether and cried: "Proud fate, where is the gratitude of the gods, where is the prince, the child of Leto? Where is now the house of Alyattes? The ancient citadel of Sardis has fallen, the Pactolus of golden waves runs red with blood; ignominiously are the women driven from their well-decked chambers. That which was once my hated foe, is now my friend, and the sweetest thing is to die."

"Thus he spoke, and ordered the softly moving eunuch to set fire to the wooden structure. The maidens shrieked and threw their arms around their mother, for the death before them was that most hated by mortals. But just when the sparkling fury of the cruel fire had spread around; Zeus, calling up a black-flanked cloud, extinguished the yellow flame.

Apollo of Delos, seizing the old king, bore him, together with his daughters of tender feet, into the Hyperborean land, as a reward for his piety, for no mortal had sent richer offerings to the illustrious Pytho."

There are other endings to the story, one of which states that Cyrus found Croesus on the funeral pyre, and, overcome with pity that so great a monarch should meet so cruel a death, he caused the flames to be extinguished, and rescued Croesus and his queen and their daughters, that he treated the Lydian king with all respect, bestowed honors and gifts upon him, and made him his dearest friend and his most valued adviser.

So after all we cannot know exactly what became of the great Lydian king, and the mystery adds to the dignity of his memory.

THE QUEST OF TRUTH

A letter from a correspondent, whose occupation takes him into remote parts of this province, speaks of this page of the Colonist being preserved, and of the articles thereon, and especially those on topics akin to religion, being read over and over again. While it is gratifying to know that the feeble efforts here made to turn the thoughts of readers in what seem to be the right direction are so much appreciated, the knowledge brings with it a sense of deep responsibility. When we reflect that pioneers on the outer, skirmish line of civilization, surrounded by nature in her ruggedest aspects and face to face with loneliness and hardship, look to what may be written here for help and comfort, we confess to feeling as if every thought that is here expressed, and indeed every word that is employed should be well considered.

But what our correspondent says suggests another thing; namely that the quest for truth is confined to no one set of men, but is going on almost in every place and often in places where its existence would not be suspected. Pilate's question: What is truth? is being asked by thousands who do not hear a sermon in years, who rarely enter a church and to whom the Bible is only a name. To all inquirers we would say that absolutely fundamental truth is probably not attainable. Much has been said and written to prove the origin of evil, the nature of sin, the reconciliation of wrong with a universe ruled by an Omnipotent God and problems of a like character, but all such discussions leave the questions where they find them. And the reason of this is plain enough. Granting the existence of an omnipotent and omniscient Creator, we find ourselves at once confronted with the fact that there must be limits to our capacity to understand all that may be in the Divine Mind. Human intelligence has found this hard to admit. Hence we have systems of theology that begin and end in mystery, a growing cult of agnosticism and an expanding circle of indifference. When men are asked to accept teachings which their reason rejects they are very likely to become indifferent to the subject to which such teachings are applied. Agnosticism, which is not a belief, or a creed, or a philosophy, but simply a state of mind, may be a very proper attitude towards the higher truths, the unexplainable truths of God.

Nevertheless it may be taken as certain that all truth necessary to human welfare is within the range of human intelligence, and as all human intelligence is not of a high order, it seems to follow that necessary truth is simple. Now simple truth must be something that can be demonstrated beyond a question. It is an elementary truth, upon which the whole science of mathematics in all its various branches is based, that two are more than one. This is a simple, self-evident fact. It does not require proof. Have we anything like this in the domain of spiritual truth? If we accept the teachings of the New Testament, we are compelled to admit that the reality of spiritual life may be as apparent as is the fact that two are more than one. The fact is discernible by each individual for himself. There may be secondary evidence of it in the lives of others, but the primary evidence is in our own consciousness. This is what St. Paul meant when he said that certain things are spiritually discerned. For there is a spirit-

ual discernment as well as physical discernment, and in both cases the action is voluntary. We may close our physical eyes and the universe will appear dark; we may open our spiritual eyes and all will appear light. In either case the process is simple and voluntary. If the New Testament teaches one thing more than another, it is that faith is a voluntary act. After the truth has been discerned by any one he may not be able to describe it to another; but there are so many things that cannot be described and yet we know are real, that inability to tell to others what is the great spiritual truth or even to define it to ourselves, is of no importance. We all know what cold is, but we cannot describe it. We all know that the perfume of a flower is real, but we cannot prove to one who has no sense of smell that there is such a thing as perfume. We cannot tell in words what we mean by sympathy. And so why need we doubt that there is such a thing as spiritual life because we cannot tell what it is like? It is "the peace of God that passeth understanding."

THE GLACIAL PERIOD

Dr. Mawson, who headed an Australian expedition to the Antarctic continent, or Antarctica, as Sir Ernest Shackleton calls it, says there is evidence to show that at a recent period, geologically speaking, the Arctic Zone was occupied by an extensive land area, which reached as far north as New Zealand and South America, and that it was submerged for the greater part, after which a period of intense cold caused the formation of glaciers, which obliterated all traces of habitation or habitableness. It is only upon some such theory as this that the mammoth statues of Easter Island can be satisfactorily explained. It may be that the sculptors, who carved these monuments, and the aboriginal New Zealand race, which the Maories supplanted, may have been survivors of the people of Antarctica. While it is unsafe to draw conclusions from a few premises, it seems as if the great Ice Barrier of the South could not have been formed under the conditions now existing there, but rather that we must assume that it was the product of a much colder period in the earth's history than the present.

It is very clear that if mankind lived before the Glacial Period in the North Temperate Zone, the action of the ice would have obliterated all evidence of any progress to which he may have attained, and yet even admitting the annihilating power of moving continental ice-sheets, the fact that the Drift is not fossiliferous is hard to explain. Indeed it may be frankly conceded that some of the phenomena assigned to the action of the ice hardly seems compatible with such an explanation. Among these may be mentioned the occurrence of deep deposits of clay, which in some instances are found to contain wood in a perfect state of preservation. The fact that existing glaciers do not produce true "till," that is, what is ordinarily known as hard pan, seems to establish prima facie that former glaciers did not. It may also be mentioned that some of the characteristics of the drift are not found in the moraines of such glaciers as have been examined. To explain these differences, geologists suppose that the ice period was followed by a period when there was a rapid and continuous flow of water over the surfaces which had previously been glaciated; but Professor Nicholson has pointed out that in order that glacial detritus might be sorted out and stratified, it is necessary to suppose changes in the direction of these water currents; otherwise there would be a complete denudation of some areas, and a heaping up of sand, clay and gravel in others. Altogether it may be said that the best authorities upon the results of glacial action in by-gone times are not very well agreed upon them, and that most of them find it convenient to avoid pushing their theories to a conclusion in every respect.

Here mention may be made of those interesting phenomena known as pot-holes, of which there are some small illustrations in the rocks near Constance Cove farm. The writer of this article was able some years ago to make a study of the great pot-holes found in the canyon of the St. John, in New Brunswick, below Grand Falls. In some respects this is a very remarkable canyon. It is about a mile long. In places its perpendicular walls are more than 200 feet high. At its head the river plunges over a precipice 75 feet high, and in the canyon, locally known as the Gorge, it descends 50 feet more in a succession of cataraacts with intervening whirlpools and swiftly moving stretches of smooth water. The canyon varies in width from a hundred to three hundred feet. The rocks are of the Upper Silurian series, the strata standing vertically, or nearly so, and being bent in sharp curves. Strata fully a foot in thickness, are bent, as sharply as one can bend his elbow, in a succession of curves. In one place the surface had been worn quite smooth and looked like weird mosaic.

About mid-way of this canyon occur the pot-holes, known locally as the Wells in the Rocks. They are three in number. One of them, the highest above the normal level of the river but overflowed at freshest, is about five feet in diameter, almost perfectly circular; it is about five feet deep and the bottom is curved like that of an old-fashioned iron pot. This "well" is always full of water. The top of the Great Well is a little lower than that just mentioned. This is circular but has an irregular outline. It is at least eight feet in

its shortest diameter, and between fifteen and twenty feet deep. Its sides are perfectly smooth although somewhat irregular. There is always a little water in one place, where the bottom reaches the normal level of the river, but about two-thirds of the bottom is composed of stones of varying sizes, none of them being as large as a cocoa-nut. The third "well" has its lower side partly broken away. It is about as deep as the "Great Well." The part now remaining complete is slightly spiral and is about three feet in diameter. At the bottom, which is a little below the normal river level, there is a boulder a little smaller than the "well"; it is nearly round. At the point where these "wells" are the river is narrowest. One can with no great difficulty throw a fair-sized stone across it. There is a cataract which at low water has a height of about eight feet. The opposite side of the canyon presents the appearance of a huge fracture, and the general appearance of the canyon indicates that at one time the main fall was situated just above the wells, so that the torrent would pour directly into them. The theory of the formation of these great pot-holes is that the falling water acting upon the stones in the case of two of them and upon the boulder in the case of the other ground out these great cavities.

The holes near Constance Farm may have had a similar origin. There is it is true not very much evidence apparent on the face of the land that a river formerly flowed over it; but very great surface changes have doubtless taken place since holes were formed. Possibly a very close examination might disclose evidence of a former river not now apparent. It is possible that it may have been a sub-glacial river. The description given in a previous article of the glacial rivers of Greenland may cast some light upon the possible origin of these holes. We can imagine a glacier covering the land and arrested sufficiently in its motion by the rocks in which these holes are found, to cause a crevasse into which a surface glacial river has plunged; the falling water causing the formation of these holes just as the great holes above referred to seemed to have been formed. We do not say that this is the explanation of them, but it is a possible explanation.

ENGLAND! DEAR ENGLAND!

A Song of Victory

Poetry and music by Charles Mackay. Written on the occasion of the Fall of Sebastopol.

Where is the slave, who of England despairing,
Aids not her cause when she summons her sons?

Where is the knave, who when foemen are daring,
Parleys for safety, or crouches and runs?

England ne'er grew them,
Her soil never knew them;

Wholesome our earth in our isle of the sea!
Maidens would flout them.

Our children would scout them:
We'd hoot them with scorn from the land of the free.

Foemen may dare us with haughty defiance,
Low as Sebastopol's towers shall they fall;
Strong in the right of immortal alliance,
England and France shall o'ermaster them all.

Shame and perdition
Shall track their ambition,
Justice shall gleam in the glave that we bear.
And nations beighted
To victory lighted,

Shall learn from our greatness what free men
can dare.

England! Dear England! our fathers before us

Bled for thy freedom and left us their fame,
England, our darling! the mothers who bore us

Gave us their blessing entwined with thy name.

Ours be the glory
To better thy story,
Lofty and pure be thy banner unfurled!

If great we receive them
Still greater we'll leave thee,
England! Dear England! the queen of the world!

A POET PASSES

"The Dream goes with the Dreamer," Nay, not so.

Passes the Rose when mortal vision dies?
Shall we decree no tender breezes blow
Beneath wide alien skies

Because none feels their lingering caress?
The whispering music is low breathed in vain,

With no wind-harp within the wilderness
To catch the wild, sweet refrain.

O Poet, O Interpreter, the dream
Remains with us who may not understand;
Across vast spaces may some radiant gleam
Reach us from that far land

Where thou hast gone, and make the darkness glow
That we may follow where thy feet have led.

"The Dream goes with the Dreamer?" Nay, not so;
The Dream is with us, uninterpreted.

—M. E. Buhler, in The Century.