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Victoria, 26th April, 1892.

WHEREAS, the Council of Public Instruction is empowered, under the "Public School Act," to create School Districts, in addition to those already existing, and to define the boundaries thereof, and from time to time to alter the boundaries of existing Districts; it is hereby notified that the Council has been pleased to create the following tract of land to be a School District, under the title of "Galiano School District:"

All that tract of land known as Galiano Island.

Also, that the Council has been pleased to create the following tract of land to be a School District, under the title of "North Vesuvius School District:"

All that portion of Salt Spring Island lying north of the boundary line between Sections 11 and 12, extended westward and eastward to the sea-shore.

Also, that the Council has been pleased to alter and re-define the boundaries of Mayne Island School District, as follows:

All that tract of land known as Mayne Island.

Also, that the Council has been pleased to alter and re-define the boundaries of Vesuvius School District, as follows:

All that portion of Salt Spring Island lying between the Northern boundary of Burgoyne Bay School District and the southern boundary of North Vesuvius School District.

S. D. POPE, Secretary, Council of Public Instruction. my20-wkly

Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
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Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was literally untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—*Times*, July 13, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE IS THE BEST AND MOST CERTAIN REMEDY IN COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl RUSSELL communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in Cholera was Chlorodyne.—*See Lancet*, Dec. 31, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course it would not be thus singularly popular did it not "supply a want and fill a place."—*Medical Times*, Jan. 12, 1855.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a certain cure for Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Colics, &c.

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Special to THE COLONIST.]

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

The Cause of Isabel's Death—The "Kicker's" Editor Makes some Necessary Explanations.

Brother Gardiner Discourses on Honesty—Easy Mathematics—An American Fable.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.

She sat on the piazza of her father's mansion just at sunset with a newspaper in her hand. She thought it would look more careless when Livingstone came up the graveled walk—more as if she didn't care a continental cocked hat whether he came or not. And yet she did care. She had learned to love the artist with his dark hair and eyes of Al lamphlack hue, and that evening she was determined to know her fate. The lower half of the United States sun had dropped behind Snover's hill when she lowered her eyes to the paper and read:

"I cure fits. When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure."

A step on the gravel! Her heart gave a jump as she raised her eyes. It was not Livingstone, with his ardent smile and patent leather shoes, but the hired man starting for town to buy mackerel for breakfast. She cast a glance about her, and then her doelike eyes sought the paper again:

"Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a curative and healing application. It has been used over forty years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction."

Sh! She hears the creaking of the front gate, and she assumes that indolent demeanor which she knows matches the color of her hair so well. Meanwhile the sun has quit work for the day. It was not Livingstone after all, but a neighbor's boy, who had come to inquire if they wanted any cats killed off or grass cut. Why does he linger to delay? She stares into the purple west for a moment like one dreaming and then reads again:

"Men's unlaundered shirts, three ply linen bosom, re-enforced sides, well made and nicely finished; price, forty-seven cents."

She is not a chain lightning reader. She has been five minutes on the paragraph when the old familiar step falls on her ears and Livingstone stands before her. She looks up with a winsome smile, but it is not returned. His face is clouded, and there is a new pimple on his nose.

"Isabel!" he begins in a low voice.

She does not speak. She thinks it better to appear totally indifferent to his presence for about seven minutes. Therefore, while his heart is breaking she turns the paper over and reads:

"Heart disease is by far the most frequent cause of sudden death, which in three out of four cases is unsuspected. The symptoms are not generally understood. These are a habit of lying on the right side, short breath, pain or distress in side, back or shoulder, irregular pulse, asthma, weak and hungry spells, swelling of ankles or dropsy, oppression, dry cough and smothering."

The seven minutes now having expired she looks up and nods for him to ring two bells and go ahead.

"Isabel, I do not wish to take up your valuable time," he says in a soft, melodious voice, "but I have a confession to make."

"I LOVED YOU UNTIL I SAW YOUR MOTHER."

Thump! thump! thump! goes her maidenly heart, and she turns away that he may not see the glad light in her lilac eyes.

"My confession is this," he goes on as he keeps his eyes on a swallow flitting about in the evening sky, "I loved you until I saw your mother. Then all my love went out to her. We have agreed to elope together this night. I have come to ask you to be a good girl and stay home and keep house for your poor father while we are gone. Console him all you can. Tell him it was inevitable. Be a comfort to him, and don't forget that 3 o'clock in the afternoon is his hour for taking root beer. Farewell, Isabel! Later on I may give your mother the shake and return for you, but until then ta! ta!"

And as he went forth into the gloaming she sat there a speechless statue. She had the paper on her lap, and her downcast eyes seemed to be perusing the lines:

"Will young lady wearing gray mackintosh, who got on the horse car at Van Buren street, and got off at Franklin street about 3 p. m. yesterday, and who noticed gentleman sitting opposite, please send her address?

PRUDENCE."

I say they seemed to read. As a matter of fact they did not see the words. They could not. The cruel blow had killed her deader than a door nail, and the funeral cost the oldman ninety-two dollars, even in that cheap town.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

DISASTROUS CONFLAGRATION.—Friday night at about 11 o'clock we were aroused from our slumbers by the fearful cry of "Fire!" uttered by a voice which evidently belonged to a baldheaded, bowlegged, cantankerous old critter. On reaching the street we discovered the office of our contemporary in flames, while the alleged editor thereof was dancing around on the sidewalk and acting like a crazy man. The lurid tongues were lighting up the heavens for miles around, and the demon of destruction was about to be let loose on the town, when we found a pail of water and dashed in and squelched the serpent tongues forever. Investigation proved that the alleged editor of the so called weekly started the conflagration by upsetting a lighted candle on his straw bed.

The damage was next day estimated by an insurance agent at only $1.17, but it was nevertheless a disastrous fire and a heavy loss for a plant worth only about four dollars, all told. But for our prompt presence and reckless disregard of danger our esteemed would to-day be a beggar. His paper will probably come out next week as usual, though there is not the slightest reason on earth why it should. We have been severely criticised for putting out the fire, and we feel that we owe the people hereabout an abject apology.

ONLY A RUMOR.—Last week, while this paper was temporarily left in charge of the horse editor, he inserted an item to the effect that we had gone over to Phœnix to capture a $50,000 widow. We beg to announce that our horse editor was wrong. The $50,000 widow turned out to be a plain everyday widow, with less than $400 hidden away in an old teapot on the top shelf of the pantry. We had no proposition to make. We are straight business. The drop from $50,000 to $386.50 was a little to much for us.

A PLAIN EVERYDAY WIDOW.

SOLD AGAIN.—Sunday morning last some of the Clinch valley cowboys heard that we were over that way on a visit to Colonel Brill, and about twenty of them laid for us. They got sight of a naturalist from Chicago, who was after a collection of insects, and ran him seven miles before they discovered their error. The boys needn't make any mistakes in future. Clinch valley is a beautiful spot, but it is not for us. We don't propose to put our valuable neck in a noose. As mayor of this town we are too much for the cowboys when they come in loaded for b'ar. Should we visit Clinch valley they would be too much for us. We are satisfied to stay right here. We know a good thing when we see it.

NOT THE MAN.—Our horse editor, who is an impetuous young journalist from the east, published an item during our absence last week which severely reflected on the social standing of our esteemed fellow townsman, Captain John Tarbell. The item stated that he had skipped town to avoid being arrested on an old warrant charging him with killing a man in Pennsylvania. Our horse editor can't remember from whom he got his facts. He is a very energetic young man, and meets so many people in the course of the day that he can't always stop to remember which one related this or that item of news.

We now beg to humbly announce that a great injustice was done the gallant captain. He never killed a man in Pennsylvania, and instead of jumping the town he was playing poker in the Red Star saloon when the paper was issued. He was all ready to come to the office and shoot our horse editor when friends advised him to await our return. We are very sorry that such an error should have crept into our columns. The captain bit a man's nose off at Prescott three years ago, and he killed some sort of Indian or other over on the Little Colorado river last fall, but he was never in Pennsylvania in his life. We hope this apology will be accepted in the spirit tendered and place him right before the public.

We are trying to give a sort of Twentieth century flavor to our paper by employing eastern journalists who happen along, but we confess to being somewhat discouraged. They don't exactly grasp the western situation with both hands. There is a certain chic to this climate only to be understood by a journalist who has been shot at about a dozen times.

BROTHER GARDNER ON HONESTY.

"My frens," said Brother Gardner after the regular meeting of the Limekiln club had been duly opened, "Deacon Simmons, of dis club, was obea to my house last night. He cum ober to complain to me dat Waydown Bebee, also of dis club, had dun got de best of him on a trade. Brudder Bebee had traded him a mewl fur a shotgun, a banjo, dawg an a dream book. Dat mewl 'peared to be full o' bizness while de trade was gwing on—prancin around wid his head way up in de air an his heels flying out at ebeything—but de deacon had skassly toted him home when he sorter collapsed an fell down, and de last report was to de effect dat his hours war' numbered.

"I want to take advantage of dis occashun to say a few words to yo' on de subject of honesty. A good many y'ars ago dar was a strictly honest man. He begun life wid a determinashun to do de squar' thing under all circumstances. He had a cash capital of $25,000 on lots o' faith in human natur'. He planted watermillyons and didn't hire nobody to watch de patch. He kept chickens an didn't hev no lock on de doah. He lent money an didn't ax fur no I. O. U. He signed bonds an notes an didn't require no security. If he bought a mewl he took de owner's word for it; if he sold one he conscientiously p'inted out de ringbones an spavins an owned up dat de beast was gwine on twenty y'ars ole. My dear frens, how long do yo' reckon dat man lasted? In jest nine y'ars he was in de porehouse, an he neber done got out agin. It was an experiment. All de rest of de kentry was watchin him to see how de experiment would pan out. It was a dead failure an a solemn warnin.

A MEWL FULL O' BIZNESS.

"I say to yo'," continued the old man, as he looked down upon the score of baldheads on the front seats, "dat de world has no use fur a strictly honest man. If yo' am in de possoffis doan' steal no letters. If yo' am in a bank doan' steal no money. Doan' beat yo'r landlord nor butcher nor grocer. Doan' rob a blind man nor cheat an' orphan. Aside from dat yo am expected to take car of No. one. If yo'r mewl has got spavins trade him off in the night. If somebody sticks you w'd a plugged coin yo' am expected to pass it off on a street kyar conductor. De tax assessor expects yo' to prevaricate. De gas man figgers dat yo' will turn on all de burners if de meter gits outer order. If yo' fail in bizness yo'r creditors am prepared to admire de leetle scheme by which you' beat em. We are all honest up to lowwa'er mark: arter dat doan' give odds on nobody.

"Deacon Simmons 'pears to feel it mo' bekase he an Brudder Bebee belong to de same club, and he reckons deir orter be a fraternal feelin. So deir orter, but all fraternal feelin melts away when yo' swap watches or trade mewls. I am a deacon in a church, but do yo' reckon I'd lend one of de odder deacons two dollars widout I had security fur five dollars? I'ze been libin right 'longside of a preacher fur nigh onto ten y'ars, but would I swap watches wid him onless I looked to see if he hadn't taken out some of de wheels? As I said befo', be honist up to a sartin pint. Arter dat all men expect yo' to take keer of yo'rself. Dat mewl will no doubt die on de deacon's hands, an while he will be 'leven dollars outer pocket, he will hev gained twenty-two dollars' worf of experience. Let us now attack de reg'lar bizness of de meetin."

EASY MATHEMATICS.

An ice wagon serves 55 customers in the course of a day. Each family should receive 15 pounds of ice, but owing to the nearsightedness of the driver the average weight is only 10. How much does the wagon gain in one day, and why is it that the nearsighted collector never takes a three cent piece for a dime?

If one man with a lawn mower can arouse 38 people from sleep at 6 o'clock in the morning, how many could 7 men with lawn mowers arouse if they tried their level best?

It takes a district messenger boy 35 minutes to travel 170 yards while on business for the company, but only 4 when on his way home. What is his speed per hour in each case? What is the per cent. compared to chain lightning?

A has the sum of $12 in his pocket, when B gives him a pointer on the races by which he can win 13½ times his capital. What did the sum total amount to, and why was it that A had to borrow a nickel to get home on?

By adding 2 quarts and 1 gill of water to his stock, a milkman brings the total amount up to 7 quarts and 2 gills, and swears by the bones of his ancestors that it is the pure quill. How much milk did he have in the first place?

A and B buy a lottery ticket, costing $5, in partnership. A contributes $2.90 and B contributes $2.10. In case the ticket draws $50,000, what share will each one take? Needn't be in a hurry to work this out.

A farmer has 5 miles to drive. He figures that while he is driving 1 mile his hired man ought hoe 3 rows of corn across a 7 acre lot. He gets home to find that only seven rows have been hoed in all. What was the average per mile, and how long was the hired man roosting on the fence?

AN AMERICAN FABLE.

THE LAWYER AND THE HORSE THIEF.

A Man who had been Arrested for Stealing a Horse engaged a celebrated Lawyer to Defend him, and when the Case came to Trial he was promptly Acquitted. Indeed, as was Afterwards Ascertained, Seven of the Jurymen were in Tears when they left the Courtroom, and they were Unanimous for "Not Guilty" on the first Ballot. When the Lawyer came to Congratulate his Client on the Verdict he found him downcast and full of Woe.

"What, art Thou not full of Rejoicing that Thou hast been Pronounced an Innocent and Honest Man!" exclaimed the Lawyer.

"Alas, no!" replied the client. "I have been Acquitted, it is True, but it will take the Value of the Stolen Horse to Recompense you. Why didn't I Steal the Mate to him while I was about it, and thus come out ahead of the game?"

Moral—It is hard for an Honest Man to know just what is best to do in this Deceitful World.

M. QUAD.

American style: Scads—"You say he left no money!" Baggs—"No. You see, he lost his health getting wealthy, and then lost his wealth trying to get healthy."

Old Gotacre (to young Spendfast)—"Well, I suppose you want to take my daughter away from me?" Young Spendfast—"Oh, no; not so bad as that. I only want to marry her."

He—"Let me help you, Miss Hawkins." She—"No; I guess we have light enough here as it is." He—"Your smile would make it bright anywhere." She—"Yes—but, perhaps, I'm not going to smile."

A SPIRITED PROTEST.

A REPLY TO CHRONIC GRUMBLERS ABOUT WOMAN'S DRESS.

Florence Finch-Kelly Thinks the Sex Has Been Sufficiently Lectured on the Subject of Dress—The Female Figure Is Not So Terribly Abused After All.

[Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.]

ONE of the worst things about being a woman is that you are always being lectured and scolded and ridiculed about women's clothes. Every woman has to bear the whole burden of all the clothes that women ever wore, from Eve's apron to the train that sweeps the streets today.

No matter what women wear, there's always something wrong about it—or, rather, there's never anything right. It is always ridiculous or inartistic or unsuitable or uncomfortable or woefully injurious to her health. And usually in the eyes of most of her critics it is all five of these things at the same time and all the time.

If the future is to be judged by the past there is small hope that poor, persecuted woman will ever have any rest from her clothes critics. I haven't the least doubt but that when she gets to heaven three-fourths of all the other angels will insist that she ought to wear goggles and a green shade over her eyes, so that they won't be injured by the brightness of her halo.

Now, life is worth living only because it pays, only as it furnishes more happiness than unhappiness. And it is true, too, that the sum total of life's happiness is made up mainly of little things, of inconsequent pleasures which one is allowed to enjoy in peace without interference from other people.

And if a woman enjoys pulling her corset strings very tight and engineering a train through crowded streets and over muddy crossings, why shouldn't she be left in quiet enjoyment of her pleasure?

If she gets more happiness out of the consciousness of possessing a 20-inch waist than she would out of the habit of breathing from her diaphragm, why surely that's her affair. And if Jefferson and Adams and Hamilton and Washington and all the rest of the fathers of the republic knew anything about it, she has a perfect right to squeeze her diaphragm to the point of suffocation if she wants to. For didn't they declare, on their honor and their drawn swords, the right of every human being to the pursuit of happiness?

If woman thinks that she catches more happiness by chasing after it with her skirts tied back, or in high heeled shoes, or with a hump on her back, the inalienable rights of mankind give her perfect liberty to do so, and ordinary human regard for the feelings of other people ought to give her the privilege of doing so without being followed by a crowd of scolding, ridiculing critics, who think they know more about what will make her happy than she does herself.

It can be taken for granted, too, that woman does get more happiness out of her clothes, no matter what the fashion, than she does discomfort. For they are a pleasure loving lot, are women, and they are pretty sure to choose, both in clothes and all the other things of life, that which they will enjoy most.

Men may not always understand just where and how the enjoyment comes in. But that is because they are not women, and do not have intuitive perceptions. Besides, it is not at all necessary that they should understand. They can simply take it for granted, because it is as true as geometry that when a woman wears shoes and gloves that are too small for her, a tight corset, a sheath skirt or a train on the street, or anything else that they think is uncomfortable, she does it solely because she is a great deal happier in doing so than she would be in doing otherwise.

And certainly in this free land of ours, in as innocent a matter as the fashion of her clothing, it would be no more than ordinary consideratenes to stop worrying and lecturing and ridiculing her, and allow her to choose her own happiness in her own way.

It is a mistake to suppose that women wear any particular kind or cut of clothing because fashion makes it necessary.

Fashion has lost her grip in these latter days, and a woman may wear, and does wear, pretty much what she pleases.

And as for the corset and the slender waist—those two everlasting texts of the scolders and lecturers—they really are not worth lecturing about any longer. The corset has fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude, and the slender waist is a back number. The people who rage and imagine vain things about women compressing their waists and refining the forms which nature gave them, to say nothing of the injury to livers and lungs and such things—such people are behind the times.

Slender waists—that is, any slenderer than le bon Dieu meant them to be—are mainly confined to French and English and a few American fashion plates, where the publishers continue to use them for the same reason that the scolders about women's clothes continue to scold—because they've got into the habit of it. When those same styles of dress get transferred to the graceful bodies of American women they cease to look as they do in the fashion plates. You might search Broadway from end to end on a fine Saturday afternoon, or Fifth avenue on Sunday noon, and not see a solitary figure that does not look entirely human and healthy and vigorous. You will look in vain for the dressmaker's dummy or the fashion plate's counterpart.

I know more than one woman with a waist either by nature or past grace of the corset smaller than she thinks it ought to be who wears habitually a towel folded about her body underneath her corset in order that she may not look wasplike.

The measurements and proportions of a fashionable American woman of today, of good health and good figure, will come nearer to the measurements and proportions of the Venus de Medici than will those of her masculine counterpart to the Greek ideals of man's body.

It seems to me that woman's dress in the present time deserves censure less than it has for many an age. In the main it is sensible, artistic and comfortable, and it may be just as much of all these three as she wishes. Nowadays woman doesn't have to wear a corset any more than a horse does if she doesn't want to. Even that dyed-in-the-wool tyrant, the dressmaker, condescends, without a murmur, to fit her without a corset if she wishes it.

This is the golden age of personal preference in dress. A woman may wear a sheath skirt and a demitrain on the street if she likes, or she may wear a full skirt that barely touches her instep if she prefers, and not one person in a hundred will notice the difference. She may wear underskirts not at all or three at a time, and unless she discusses the question with her women friends nobody ever knows which time is which. She may wear shoes with high heels and narrow soles or shoes with broad soles and no heels at all, and if she is a charming woman people are as eager to make her acquaintance and treasure her friendship in the one case as the other.

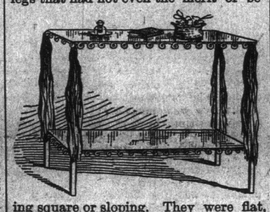
She may be what a dressmaker's dummy used to be if she likes, or a fashion plate figure, and if she enjoys that sort of thing there is no earthly reason why she shouldn't indulge in it, but when she goes out she must not be surprised if she attracts attention and causes smiles and looks of amusement.

For she would look queer among the women clothed as the modern woman dresses—in a costume that clothes the figure without distorting it, that gives free play to all the muscles both inside and outside the skeleton, that subordinates the dress to the body and gives to each woman her individual form.

FLORENCE FINCH-KELLY.

A Rustic Table.

This is the description of a table actually devised by an ingenious girl who needed another for her room. She found in the cellar an old pine table that had been used for plants. It consisted simply of the top, the under shelf, of equal size, and four straight pine legs that had not even the merit of being square or sloping. They were flat, and their lines went unswervingly down to the floor. The first step was to paint the table with black paint. A little fine Japanese matting, with curious black figures, was tacked on the top and shelf. Then new rope was arranged in loops, as seen in the cut, each loop being fastened firmly to the table edge. Long ends of rope were left hanging at each corner, and when these were fringed they made a graceful finish that looked far better than can be shown in any picture.



A Cologne Bottle Doll.

A gift for a little girl's birthday is made by the use of a cologne bottle well filled, a china dollhead and some scraps of silk and lace. The cologne should be in a common glass bottle, such as drugs are sold in, and this must be furnished with a long, tight fitting cork. The top of the cork must fit into the neck opening of the dollhead. Fix the head on the bottle in that way; then dress the doll in a gown which is tied around the neck and falls loosely just to the bottom of the bottle. It may be trimmed around the edge. Over this is put a long cape to cover the deficiency of arms. The neck is finished with a lace ruffle. When the bottle is used, the head, cork, clothes and all can be lifted off at once. This will be a pretty and useful ornament for the little recipient's bureau.

Points About Current Costumes.

Among the prettiest washable goods are the sateens, which are in rich, dark colors, and the ginghams and zephyrs which are most exquisitely light and delicate.

Challies are now made a yard and more wide, and the cotton challies are fully as pretty as the all wool.

I think violets are really the most popular flower of the season.

There are very pretty cotton Bedford cords, and they make very handsome gowns, but when they are washed it must be remembered they require the very least starch, and to be ironed on the wrong side, so as to show up the beauty of the ribbed effect.

I saw a pretty tan colored crepon dress the other day. The skirt was plain except a shirred flounce around the bottom, and this was overlaid with white point de gene lace, and the corsage had a deep ruffle of the same around the bottom and a jabot up the front and caps on the sleeves. The whole dress was exquisite in its quiet modesty and graceful form.

Q. T.

NEWS OF THE PROVINCE.

Vancouver's Y. M. C. A. Loan—Heavy Freight and Express by Empress of Japan.

Hydraulic Mining on the Upper Fraser—The License Question in Nanaimo.

VANCOUVER.

VANCOUVER, June 18.—Negotiations for the $25,000 needed to complete the new Y. M. C. A. building, will be concluded on the arrival of President Macauley, of the Sun Life Insurance Company, who are advancing the money. The president will arrive in a few days.

Salmon are plentiful and sell at 8 cents per pound. Building operations still continue brisk, a large number of residences in various parts of the city being under construction. Work has been commenced in earnest on the Bank of Montreal building, and it will be pushed on to completion. The new postoffice building is also being pushed ahead, the walls being completed as high as the second story. The lumber trade is improving, a couple of ships having arrived in the harbor to load lumber during the past week.

How well the climate of the islands of the Gulf of Georgia is adapted for sheep raising has been shown on Savary island, where Mr. John Green started two years ago with 100 ewes. This year they produced in all 175 lambs, which are all doing well. The sheep did not require to be housed even for one day last winter.

The patients have been discharged from the pest house. Words are inadequate to express their gratitude to Mrs. Gorman, whe performed her duties so faithfully.

The Leonora is on dock at Moodyville, the Palwan at Hastings. The Crown of Denmark leaves on Wednesday.

The Horticultural Society's pamphlet shows there are 14 vegetable and fruit pests so far as known. Mr. Croft, M.PP., praises the book highly.

The Finance Committee will communicate with the Provincial Treasurer with reference to the personal property tax for waterworks.

The crew of the Empress of Japan have a picnic at Lynn Creek to-morrow.

For Pullmans were attached to the Pacific express to provide accommodation for an unusually large passenger list. The baggage master of the C.P.R. states that he had the largest Empress cargo on record, being taxed to the utmost to supply cars for prompt shipment. Every available part of the boat, even the second saloon, was packed with merchandise.

The City of Puebla arrived with a light cargo of freight, and carries back a very heavy one.

J. H. Lockyer, bookkeeper of the Sugar Refinery, and Miss Town of London, England, were married at St. James' Church by Rev. Mr. Clinton, and left by the Yosemite on their honeymoon.

A survey party which left three months ago to locate the claims of the Pacific Coast Lumber Co., has returned. The principals in the party were Philip Kelly, Vancouver; W. C. Barnett, Jr., of Barnett & Hope, and R. Piper, expert. The claims located are one on Johnston Straits, two on Thurlow Island, one on Frederick Arm, one at Valdez Island, one at Secheldt Island, one at Squamish, two at Musquam. The total estimated amount is five hundred millions of feet.

NANAIMO.

NANAIMO, June 19.—R. Walton, of the firm of Forrester & Walton, left the city rather suddenly, leaving several bills unpaid after having collected what he could of the funds belonging to the firm. His partner can give no reason for his sudden flight.

Wm. Wilkinson and Miss E. B. Seddon were married this morning, and left for the Sound to spend their honeymoon.

Petitions are being circulated by the citizens of Nanaimo asking the council not to lower the liquor license fee, as the saloon keepers make big profits and therefore should contribute largely to the city revenue.

The firm of Smith & Hague has assigned to A. R. Johnston and E. M. Yarwood. A meeting of creditors will be held next week. General dullness of business is the cause.

WESTMINSTER.

NEW WESTMINSTER, June 18.—Members of the R. G. A. are practising for the tournament to be held in Victoria.

An Indian, living on Coquitlam, complained to the Indian Agent, to-day, that the poll tax had been collected from him. Mr. McTiernan has taken the matter up, and will see that the money is returned, as Indians are exempt from paying the poll tax.

According to the reports from the Interior, considerably more attention will be paid to hydraulic mining on the Upper Fraser this year, and a number of prospectors have gone out. There is also some talk of reopening some of the discarded Fraser River washings, and it is apparent that there will be a great deal of activity in mining matters this year.

A farmer from Steveston complained to the police yesterday that while under the influence of liquor he had been induced by a stranger to visit a scow house. After several drinks the farmer left the scow and upon sobering up missed his watch and chain. The police searched the scow house for the missing jewelry but could find no trace of it.

Judge Walkem to-day made absolute the rule *Nisi* for the discharge of John Brown and Charles Matlock, convicted at Lillooet on a charge of assault.

T. Wood, J. P., who for the past 30 years has resided in Okanagan, states that from personal observation he is confident that the trout in the various streams running into Okanagan and Long lakes have been steadily decreasing, and attributes this entirely to the traps which the Indians place clear across the mouth of the creeks.

In the C.P.R. express office, to-day, was received a small stuffed bear and an old felt hat, which, judging from the numerous tags attached, have been making the tour of the continent since January, 1891, when they started from New Brunswick. Each tag bears verses or a joke, and almost every place from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has been visited by the queer relics. On Monday they will be shipped to Seattle, and the intention is to keep them moving till the Chicago fair opens.

Great crowds left for Vancouver, to-day, to see the lacrosse match, Westminster sending over her senior and two junior teams to play there. A number of stores were closed on this account for a half holiday.

A receiving house for fruit will be built, this year, at the Guisachan ranch, Okanagan Mission, where the same figure will be given for fruit received as at the cannery about to be built at the terminus of the S. & O. R. R. Okanagan Station was chosen as a site for Lord Aberdeen's jam factory in view of its being the most central point of the district. Fruit can be shipped from Spallumcheen and the stations along the line of the S. & O. to the cannery by rail, and Mission fruit will be taken at the local receiving house at the same figure.

The Provicial authorities, on receipt of a anonymous letter, sent to Millside, to-day, to look for a smallpox case. It turned out to be a fake.

Mrs. Mary Hogan, proprietress of the Telegraph Hotel, an old-time and well-known resident of the province, died, this afternoon.

LILLOOET.

The prospect for crops is good, the weather being warm and favorable for grain. Cherries, green peas and wild strawberries are ripe, and in great abundance.

The Mina Mining Company, on Troughton Creek, Bridge River, have received a monitor and pipe, and will be taking out gold in two weeks.

The Irving-Jensen claim will be working about the 1st of July, if they have no mishap. They have eighteen men at work, sawing lumber and digging the ditch.

News has just come in from Upper Bridge river that the Scom Cum Mining Company has good pay in the bed of the river. The dam put in to turn the river into an old channel has stood the high water so far and it is hoped it will stand the full pressure of the high water, as the company has been at great expense putting it in.

Mr. Hussey, Superintendent of Provincial Police, has been here since the 6th inst., trying to ferret out the murderers of the Bull family on Bridge river, but has not been able to discover the least trace of the perpetrators.

VERNON.

(From the News.)

Larkin is asking for a postoffice.

The Mission Valley roads are generally complained of.

The C.P.R. intend building a telephone line between Vernon and Osoyoos.

Bountiful crops are promised everywhere in the Okanagan country. The orchards give promise of large yields. No insect pests of any kind have as yet made their appearance among the trees.

Deer are exceptionally numerous on the hills east of Duck lake valley.

The celebration at Vernon on Dominion Day promises to be a great success.

On Mr. O'Keefe's farm 600 acres of spring wheat and 60 of oats have been sown. Over 300 acres are in summer fallow. He is also putting up nearly seven miles of Russell fence, and has planted 200 fruit trees.

George Riley, Secretary of the S. & O. R. R. Co., being spoken to as to the possibility of his company building a road from Penticton to the boundary line stated in reply, that as long as the S. & O. held the charter they would not put a shovel to work until a free right of way were granted them. If the people of the lower country wanted the line from Penticton to Osoyoos to be built by them, they would have to grant a free right of way.

A petition asking for letters patent for a rural municipality for Spallumcheen, signed by a large majority of residents of the valley, was forwarded to Victoria early in March, and the people are anxious owing to the delay that has arisen.

SUICIDE FROM DISAPPOINTMENT.

A Young Man Shoots Himself in Vancouver Because Luck Went Against Him.

(From our own Correspondent.)

VANCOUVER, June 18.—A. S. Baker, a young Englishman, committed suicide in his room in the Tapley flat, 302 Cordova street, at 4 o'clock this afternoon. Deceased was an assistant on the C.P.R., an unimportant billet being given him as temporary employment. His room mate, Herman Garden, left for Vancouver Island a few days ago. At that time the suicide said he had no English mail and wanted to be left alone to write. Any one in his room disturbed him. He appeared to be much crestfallen. Next day, he went to work as usual, his work keeping him away three days. Returning, last night, he locked himself in his room. This afternoon, Miss Tapley had occasion to go to her room, a few doors from Baker's, when she heard a revolver shot, followed by a groan. As deceased had his door locked, she rushed for assistance. Her uncle, Mr. Tapley, burst open the door and found young Baker lying in bed, dressed in his best black suit. The bed clothing was over him and a bullet hole in his heart. One arm was hanging out of the bed and held the revolver he had killed himself with. Death was instantaneous. The surgeon says that it is an unusual thing that not a drop of blood soiled even the flesh of the dead man. The terrible track of the bullet was plainly traceable for some distance.

CANADA IN ENGLAND.

Spanish Trade With Canada and Newfoundland—Exports and Imports—Preparation of the Behring Sea Arbitration Case.

MONTREAL, June 18.—A cable to the Star says: "Sir Charles Tupper and Hon. Mr. Harvey, Premier of Newfoundland, have, within the past few days, held several conferences at the Foreign Office, respecting Spanish trade relations with Canada and Newfoundland. The outlook does not look very hopeful, but it is expected that satisfactory arrangements will be arrived at."

British exports to Canada declined eight per cent during May and five per cent during the past five months. The imports have decreased five per cent during the past five months.

Sir Charles Tupper is busily engaged at the Foreign and Colonial Offices in preparing the British case to be presented before the Behring Sea Commission.

THE ULSTER CONVENTION.

Dr. Kane's Speech Discussed by the Pall Mall Gazette.

LONDON, June 18.—The Pall Mall Gazette discussed to-day, the speech of Rev. Dr. Kane, grand master of the Belfast Orangemen, at the Belfast convention, yesterday. Dr. Kane was reported to say that General Lord Wolseley had declared himself ready to call on the English people to suppress all attempts to dismember the empire. Dr. Kane said: "You men of Ulster avow your readiness to follow General Wolseley in his call to the people to put down treason in our midst. He is one of us, an Irish Loyalist to the very core. The fathers followed his gallant ancestor to victory at Newton Butler. We cannot do better than fix our eyes upon the oriflame of General Wolseley, and follow him in his war against Domestic Treason." The Pall Mall Gazette demands that the Government be questioned in Parliament before dissolution as to whether Dr. Kane had authority to suggest General Wolseley in the event of a rebellion in Ulster would lead the rebels.