Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1886.

A NORTHERN COAST RAILROAD.

The more the suggestion of "J.S.H." for a northern coast railroad is considered the more feasible does it appear, and the more reasonable its details. It is not intended that this remark should be taken for a thorough endorsement of its present practicability,—for to make such an assertion would be indicative of an impetuosity not at all consonant with careful deliberation. Yet as far as it has been explained—and it has been explained by our correspondent most ably—the inductions appear logical, and all of them tangible excepting, perhaps, that, as to the immediate necessity of such a line—whether circumstances are such as to apparently warrant such an anticipation of what will certainly one day be a decided requirement of trade. As to just when that day may be, one's judgment, even though based upon experience and observation, may err; and yet it is upon a correct conclusion on this point that the success of the work would depend. The time was when railways followed settlement more than caused it; but here, on the American continent, the experiment was tried of making them the pioneers of civilization. How well it has succeeded has become a byword; and the question now bears more as to what grounds there are for reasonably supposing such settlement would follow—in other words, what inducements would the nature of the country thus opened up to communication with commercial points offer of a fairly profitable trade.

We have seen so many enterprises that at one time seemed startling crowned with success, as to hesitate in speaking with positivism of this proposed line of railway, even under the present aspect of the case. There is a good quantity of agricultural land on the northeast coast of the island—sufficient for very many homesteads—there are fresh fields for the lumber industry, also that of fishing, including the black cod banks of Queen Charlotte's islands; and there is the northward travel of all who would be concerned in these fields, besides miners and tourists. Such reflections furnish appreciable ground for supposing that a north coast line might be a profitable investment if impetus were given to the comparatively undisturbed resources of our country. The cost without doubt would be great; and in saying this, we believe it is too great to promise to be a paying speculation in the immediate future. We reserve the right to modify our opinion concurrent with those changes of circumstances that so materially alter cases. One of these would be the contemplated construction of a more northern overland route.

THE SONGEESH SALE.

If the Industrial News persists in quoting sentiments that were never uttered, and attributing to us motives which have no existence outside the lurid imagination of our contemporary, he need not be surprised if further discussion of the Songeesh sale is declined by us. Last week we complimented the I. N. upon the fairness which had characterized his course in former controversies. We regret that that compliment is not now applicable. He has lately shown an utter disregard for facts and has stooped to distort and misquote a sentence. Having been corrected he has repeated the offence. Nothing more remains to be said to the News on the subject. But we have this to say to the public: That so far as the sale of the reserve goes the Dominion Government have received good value for their land. If the tract had been located on Burrard Inlet in the path of the C. P. R., and if it had belonged to private parties the appraisers would have fixed a value of $2 to $4 an acre for what Mr. Dunsmuir paid upwards of $500. If it be a "job" to sell the site to the Island Railway Co. for $60,000, what kind of a transaction was it that gave the Canadian Pacific railway 227 miles of completed track in British Columbia for constructing a line of railway from the East to Sarnia ferry? Without the Island railway what would the Songeesh village be worth to-day? For the matter of that, what would be the value of the townsite of Victoria if there had been no Island railway with the certainty of rapid and cheap communication with the east.

A "FRESH" CONTEMPORARY.

Our amiable and admirable friend of the Columbian continues to be afflicted with Victoriaphobia in a virulent form. If the disease were "catching" there is reason to fear that all his readers would go mad. The latest development is that the river paper has become possessed with the idea that Victoria is in some way a rival of New Westminster. Will our esteemed friend pardon us when we say that Victoria being without a peer is also without a rival; and that least of all she has to complain of the rivalry of the Royal city. As it would seem to be impossible for the Columbian to print an article that does not contain an uncomplimentary allusion to Victoria it seems equally beyond his power to bury his editorialism beneath a patriotic desire to see the country advance as a whole. Victoria is his *bete noir* and despite many discomfitures and heart-breaking disappointments he continues to fire away at dead-and-buried issues to the infinite amusement of Victorians—and, it is to be hoped—of all but rabid New Westminsterians. Now, it is not to be expected that the redoubtable newspaper general who presumed to dictate to the Imperial and Canadian governments the location of the fortifications should remain behind the door while a discussion was going on as to the true terminus of the Canadian Pacific railway. It has ever been contended by persons of experience that the real terminus of the overland railway is at Victoria. Others have selected Port Moody and still others have fixed upon Coal Harbor. It remained for the Columbian to try and "boom" New Westminster as the fresh-water (very fresh) terminus of the railway. It would be useless to point out that Fraser river is at times subject to a suspension of navigation as a result of the fingermarks of Jack Frost. He admits the fact, but adds that it is only "for a few days." A short time ago we read in a Puget Sound paper a phillipic against Portland as a seaport because it is located on a river and is liable to be blocked by ice a few days each winter. Our contemporary will see that according to his argument a circumstance which is regarded in Oregon as fatal to the commercial claims of a port becomes in British Columbia a real advantage! We must be excused if we are not able to understand how the trade of the Canadian Pacific railway will be able to maintain two terminii on the mainland within nine miles of each other, or how a river town that is liable to be blocked with ice can hope to become great as a commercial depot when there is within a stone's throw a harbor that is accessible the year round. Years ago we wrote that New Westminster was destined to become an important city through the development of the rich natural resources that abound in its vicinity; but as to its becoming a great mercantile city that is out of the question. Nature has interposed an insuperable barrier which all the sophistry of the Columbian and the ability of engineers will not remove. If the Columbian possessed as much sense as zeal it would be of real value to the town in which it is printed. As it is, it constantly negatives its usefulness by imitating the baby and crying for what is beyond its reach—the moon.

Vancouver Notes.

The Princess Louise did not arrive yesterday from the capital city until eleven o'clock. It is really time the navigation company put on a better boat. Nine hours is too long to cover a journey of eighty miles.

The C. P. R. is discriminating in favor of Victoria against the terminus, so far as freight rates are concerned. One hundred pounds of merchandise from Montreal costs transportation ten cents less to Victoria than to Vancouver.—*News.*

A Workable Scheme.

Details of a Workable Scheme.

A Connecting Link Between Victoria and a More Northern Overland Route.

VICTORIA, Sept. 10, 1886.

TO THE EDITOR:—Very good authority says that the railway running through the whole length of Vancouver Island is to be northern and can be built at once, provided that a certain amount of interest per annum for a fixed number of years be guaranteed upon an amount of capital to be agreed upon. That when the earnings of the railway pay this amount of interest the guaranteed interest shall cease, and in any case the guarantors shall not at any time be called upon to pay more than sufficient to make up the earnings of the railway to yield the agreed upon percentage upon the agreed upon capital.

The above is verbose, but it is hoped that readers may be able to grasp the principle.

Say, then, the capital required will be five million dollars.

Say the interest shall be two per cent. per annum—and here let it be remarked that the greater the number of years guaranteed the lessening the real interest per annum. As the railway will be the property of the railroad company, they ought to share the risk, if any.

The interest at two per cent. will be one hundred thousand dollars per annum for the stated number of years or less should the earnings of the railroad pay. Say one third for this, viz., thirty-three thousand dollars, will have to be paid by the provincial government, and the remainder provided by the federal government (and possibly the imperial government), because, as I have endeavored to show in previous letters, the revenue of the federal government will, by this railway and increased trade consequent thereon, be far ahead of that received by the local government.

The local government, i. e., the minister of finance, then has to provide the means, viz., $33,000 per annum. Thirty-three thousand for twenty years will amount to $660,000. Ask the company to take it in trade. Let it be remarked that to build a wagon road of the same length as the projected railway through the length of Vancouver Island the cost will be about four hundred thousand dollars. It will not take much to give this amount to induce the building of the railway, which will be infinitely more useful and profitable. Now for assets. Vancouver Island has still five million acres of land to trade with, exclusive of the extent in the archipelago. The province does not require unoccupied land, but does require people. Exchange the one for the other. It matters not to whom the land become provided it be peopled. The railway will people it, and the settlers will be the nearest to hand and the nearest of the province therefore. In lieu then of the thirty-three thousand dollars per annum, give the company sufficient land to cover the capitalized sum, viz., six hundred and sixty thousand dollars, in addition to the amount of land required for the track and say three or four miles on one side and one mile on the other, provided the line is adopted. Of course the local government can, in case to get the cash, sell the amount of land required to meet the interest on the capital, but the land must then be received in this case for this special purpose as the income therefrom.

The foregoing is only an idea, a mere plan to get the railroad built, but it may by many be considered too favorable a showing. Those who think so may add to the figures as much as they please. The principle will remain the same. A few thousands more will only bagger small-sided people. Year travelling is expensive, but it pays time well spent is money. How much has it cost during the past forty years to people the small extent now occupied of Vancouver Island? To settle an infinitely larger area of the island, with great coal fields, saw mills and other industries, will not, methinks by the scheme proposed and outlined, cost as much as it has done in the past. Instead of being forty more years, will be very, very much less. The railway can easily be built within the next five years; people will accompany it step by step, and business will be more than proportional.

What matters it if the province pays a million or so dollars, when, by so doing the island can be quickly peopled, rapid communication had with the east and west coasts, and following this, as a matter of course, ships bringing cargoes to and from Alaska, from the coasts of the mainland, and, as Mr. Moody states, from China and Japan, and naturally also, from Queen Charlotte's Island and the various fisheries round about. Add to this the possibility of railway connection to Bute Inlet or a ferry across, or Fort Simpson and Alaska with steamboat connection, and it will at once be seen that the outlay will be profitable to British Columbia and indubitably to the federal government, as they would receive a large additional amount from a large, new and ever increasing trade. It need scarcely be added that as a ferry is practicable between Burrard Inlet and Nanaimo, so it is equally practicable between Bute Inlet and Vancouver Island, or quite as easily between Puget Sound and Esquimalt. Look at the other side. Work out that expenditure the province will walk with laggard step and the advantages of trade, and so forth, fall into other hands going ahead of the province and Canada. Additional prosperity can be achieved by additional outlay, and this can be achieved—not by apathy and inertness, but by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together.

J. S. H.

P. S.—What relation will the Hudson's Bay railway bear to Bute Inlet and Fort Simpson?

A Seal Hunter's Complaint.

TO THE EDITOR: Being one of the unfortunate men who were made prisoners on board our sealing vessel last August, and thinking a few words in behalf of ourselves in our unfortunate predicament would not be amiss, I send you the following. There has been enough said already concerning the capture, so I refrain from speaking about it, and confine myself to the treatment we received at the hands of Mr. Mosony, the present representative of our government at the port of San Francisco, who always, I have been led to believe that a consul was an officer appointed by his government to look after the interests of her citizens in foreign countries and protect them in a cause like our present difficulties, but the following will go to show that there is a mistake somewhere. After being kidnapped from our vessels in the port of Dunalaska and conveyed as prisoners to San Francisco, we thought, that there, at least, we would meet in our consul with a man who would take up the cudgel of his office and help us in our battle, but, alas, I am sorry to tell how we deluded ourselves.

When we found ourselves thrown on the mercy of a foreign nation, we delegated one representative to interview our consul and plead with him for aid in our distress; but all the satisfaction we received was that we were doing illegal business and would have to suffer the consequences. When we undeceived him that we considered ourselves on a legitimate trade, and were unlawfully seized, he scouted the idea and tried that style of speech which the vulgar term a "blister." If he had no respect for us, he might have respected the flag we sailed under, for instead of being our defender he was our accuser, and his dispatch, a copy of which was published in the San Francisco papers, charged us with being caught in an unlawful act, to which the Americans give the degrading name of piracy. It is the first time that a citizen, a British consul, is unique in asking the citizens of his government, but, possibly his judgment has become blunted. If there is any proof wanted to corroborate this statement it can be found in a few hard-used fellowmen who are sailing in Victoria to-day.

NEIL MORRISON.

A July Day in Canada.

To those who can escape, for a time, from the heat and dust and noise of the city, a visit to the country at this season is especially refreshing. The soft sward rests the feet from the weariness of stone and wood pavements, the cool woods invite us to their shades, the fields are gay with flowers, and the air is sweet with rich odors. The wild grasses have now attained their full growth. On dry hills the June grass is already brown and ripe, but in lower pasture lands the purple blossom has just dropped off, and the seeds are thickening at the top of the slender stem. In all the world of Nature it is doubtful if there is anything more graceful than a plant of June grass in its prime. The leaves are long and delicately formed, and the fine elastic stem sways airily with the slightest breeze. The arrangement of the clusters of the top is harmonious and beautiful. From the color of its bloom the June grass is more generally known farther south as blue grass. The State of Kentucky owes its pre-eminence as the "horse pasturing Argos" of the western world, to the nutritive qualities of this plant. Scarcely less graceful are various grasses that grow in wet valleys, or on the borders of slow-flowing streams. These also are now in their prime, and cannot fail to draw the admiration of all loving observers of nature. In the upland meadows the blossoms of the red clover have turned brown, and far away on this side and that we hear the rapid mechanical clinking of the mowing machine. But the poetry of hay-making nearly all disappeared with the decadence of the scythe and the hand-rake. Seldom now do we hear the ringing music of the mower, whetting his blade, or the soft rhythmic "swish" of the cutting and falling of the grass from the scythe. We have changed all that. Those primitive melodies resound no more from our hayfields; they are filled with the clatter of mowing machines and horse-rakes. On the farms nowadays, as well as in the cities, everything is done in a rush and a hurry. There is no time to stand and enjoy the sweet influences of the seasons. Of course we can raise and cure more hay than our fathers, but we are not therefore better nor happier than they. Perhaps we cannot hear as well as they the blissful harmonies of nature for the clatter of our machines. The early wild flowers are all gone, but the later ones are not less beautiful. The woods are too dense for much of our summer flowers, but they abound on the outskirts of the forest, in fallows and woodland pastures, and in the corner of rail fences that cross the cultivated fields. Daisies and buttercups are everywhere; they are so common that the country people scarcely know that they are beautiful. But those who have spent the working hours of the year with little else in sight than the bare walls of a city office or the back yards of city boarding-houses, feel quite different towards the daisies. Now, too, the wild roses are in bloom. The common, low bush variety is not especially attractive, but the sweet-brier rose is, without doubt, the most delicately beautiful in color and structure of all our summer flowers. The dewy freshness of the whole flower and the exquisite purity of coloring that surrounds the petals are surely the subtlest essences of our summer sun and showers. Such simple beauty cannot at all be attained in the city greenhouses. In July the handsome pendulous flowers of the wild columbine may be seen, and fairy blue bells begin to adorn the rocky hills. Of all the wild flowers of this season the orange lily is the most gorgeously colored, is somewhat rare, however, and it is not to be found at all in some parts of Ontario. The are still a few left in our suburban parks, in spite of the predacious habits of the visitants of these places. In damp and shady localities the wood-sorrel and the wild geranium put forth their modest flowers, while along the edge of little spring streams the blue stars of the forget-me-not gleam through the wet grass. Farther down, the blue flag hangs out its pennons, and the sweet mint blooms. In a sluggish lagoon into which the little stream runs, various aquatic plants flourish, and the water lilies, white and yellow, are just unfolding their swollen buds. The July air is full of all sweet and indescribable odors, distilled by the glowing sun from trees and shrubs and plants. Flowers yield but a part of it; the fresh leaves, the young shoots and stems, and even the bark of trees exhale a rare fragrance. But most of these wild perfumes are rapidly dissipated by the sun, and it is not until the dew begins to fall that our gross senses can perceive their presence. A long drive after nightfall along some of our Canadian country roads is as fragrant as a voyage among the Spice Islands. Now it is the resinous odor of young pines that delights us; or, as we descend into the valleys, the cool and balmy breath of spruce and cedar enfolds us. The mild pervasive woodsy odor of wild raspberry bushes is particularly grateful. Then, in the more open districts, the darkness is redolent with the rare fragrance of a sweet-brier bush or a patch of white clover or new-mown hay, or the more homely harvest odors of ripening wheat and barley. Early in July our Canadian foliage has in general reached its full expansion and perfection. The leaves will retain the freshness and tenderness of June, but before long they will begin to grow hard and glossy. The basswood or American linden is one of our finest foliage trees. It does not possess the drooping symmetry of the elm, but in favorable circumstances it has usually a good outline, and is especially remarkable for its luxurious growth of rich green leaves, which are much larger than those of our other trees. Some of our wild plants, too, now display a luxuriance of foliage almost tropical. Among these the wild parsnip is found in marshes, and the elecampane in old valley pastures; the mullein loves the dusty roadside, and the burdock, unjustly despised, thrives in the barnyards of unthrifty farmers, where it covers up, in a very unbeautiful way, much unsightly rubbish. Perhaps if these had chanced to be rare foreign plants and hard to cultivate, they would have been granted a place in our greenhouses. July is not pre-eminent among the months for bird-singing. The best songs of our birds are sung in May and June, in the nest-building and brooding period. But how faithly cares have sobered the thrushes, and though they will sing a few notes occasionally, they no longer flood the air at daybreak and dusk with such rapturous melody as we heard a few weeks since. The catbird sows more and sings less than before, and the robin is chiefly heard in a single soft note of complacency at the prosperity of his brood, or in the quick calls of alarm, when one comes too near the nestlings fluttering through the bushes. But though the singers are mostly quiet, the other birds are vivacious. The young crows are particularly noisy and the harsh calls of the high-hole or golden-winged woodpecker are frequently heard. The blackbird and the starlings take a humble part in the orchestra of Nature. Where I write I hear the swallows twittering; the little gray birds chant their monotonous ditties, and the goldfinch chirps softly as it passes in undulating flight. Butterflies are in the air, and various other bright-colored insects are buzzing around. Sometimes a great bumble-bee comes droning past, of splendent in his new yellow raiment. A solitary cricket is chirping methodically in a little clump of grass near by. A little later in the season and the crickets and grasshoppers in full chorus will be carolling their harvest cantata. Some modern people call it noise, but the old Greeks and Byron thought it musical, and made very good poetry out of it. But the evening is coming on, and the sun is going down in that peculiar summer glow of amber deepening to red, which country people say is a sure sign of hot weather, past and to come. But the heat of the day is quite over, though the air is full of the mellow warmth of the setting sun. A hush comes gradually over the landscape. All nature is sinking to repose. The only sound to be heard is the faint rattle of a far-away wagon. Suddenly there is a rustling among the cedar branches that overhang the path in the valley below, and a cow that had been left behind the herd at the milking time, bursts through the bushes. The belated and uneasy animal hurries along the path to the barnyard moo-oo-ing in a most inconsolable fashion. She stops two or three times on the way and bawls vehemently, and the whole valley reverberates with the clamour. Then the echoes die away, silence again surrounds us, and the night comes slowly down.—*Toronto Week.*

Nicola.

(Correspondence of the Colonist.)

I see that certain parties (according to an item in the *Colonist*) doubt the assertion made by Mr. Thompson in reference to his being shot at on the Granite Creek trail a few weeks ago. They appear to accept the vague rumor, that it was done by a party of Indians returning from a hunting expedition. Others have it that it was a prospector returning from a fruitless search for the "precious metal" who fired wildly in the air. Now, I tell you, Mr. Editor, and John Chinaman, that I am not to accept and circulate such vague reports which perhaps were gotten up by the very parties that did the shooting. While Mr. Thompson was below, and on the night he was expected to arrive at Nicola, a young man somewhat resembling Mr. T. was held up on the road between 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening by two men catching his bridle, but finding their mistake they politely ordered Mr. Thompson to hand some back yet, and where they could find a lodging for the night. This was thought little of until the next trip that Mr. T. made from Granite, viz., on the 21st August, when the same young man had occasion to visit Mr. Coutlie's, and on his returning home, when about the center of the Indian reserve, he was shot at, and very narrowly being killed. The charge passed through the crown of his hat not half an inch from his head, the parties being so close that the powder singed his eyebrows and hair. As the gun flashed he distinctly saw two men under the bank not 10 feet away.

One Who Knows.

A GREAT BUILDING BOOM.

Warehouses and Commercial Premises—A Brisk Demand for Residences.

MONTREAL, Sept. 5.—Several great buildings are in course of erection in the business part of the city for warehouses, and as they will be completed as soon as finished they are unmistakable evidence of the great revival of commerce that has taken place here. They include a massive building on Craig street, which is being erected by Thomas Robertson & Co., iron and hardware importers, and are now over two storeys high. Before winter sets in the roofs will be on, and the interior made ready for the entry of goods in the spring of 1887. A wholesale warehouse on McGill street, five storeys high, to be of Montreal stone, has been commenced, and will be ready for occupation next spring. On St. Paul street, the foundation of a third important warehouse has been laid, and will be pushed through with all celerity before winter. It is on the site of a five storey building burned last winter. A vast improvement has taken place in the architectural style of business houses here of late years. As a rule all erected within the past five years add greatly to the appearance of the city for substantiality and artistic taste. In the east end of the city a great glass manufacturing establishment, five storeys high, is almost finished, and several hundred employes, who were deprived of work by a destructive conflagration in the building on the site of the new one, will be engaged.

Building operations in the west end of the city, principally in erecting residences of modern size, are actively carried on, as the demand for such houses is much greater than the supply, demonstrating that the population is increasing. St. Catharine street, a leading thoroughfare up town, hitherto confined to residences of families exclusively, is now being rapidly converted into fine retail stores.

INDIA.

A Startling Proclamation Issued Suddenly.

BOMBAY, Sept. 6.—An anonymous proclamation written in the vernacular of the country has been thoroughly circulated in Punjaub calling upon the people to throw off the hated yoke of the foreigner. The circular declared Dhuleepsingh has joined the Russians and the Russians are advancing in India.

CALCUTTA, Sept. 6.—The new Maraja, of Scindia, has been enthroned with imposing ceremonies at Gwalior, the capital of his dominion. A great durbar was given in honor of the event. The young Maraja made a speech in which he promised to surpass his father in firm friendship to England.

BOMBAY, Sept. 5.—Lord Dufferin, the British Viceroy, has abrogated a treaty with the Rajah of Sikkim, because the Rajah prohibited British troops to enter his territory.

The Schools.

Rock Bay school was formally opened yesterday morning by Miss O. Forrest, the principal. Twenty-two girls and twenty-four boys were in attendance. Mr. Hasterman and Dr. Milne of the school board were present. It is understood that a draft on the educational department for maps, etc., will be made. At the Central school Miss Rose Mook in charge of the division to which she has been assigned and Miss S. Cardlichel took Miss Forrest's class. Trustee Higgins was present and inducted the new teachers.

AT THE SUMMIT.

Rogers Pass—Its Saloons, Gambling Dens and Dance Houses.

The Glories of the Selkirks—A Word of Praise to the Railway Company—Back to Kamloops.

(From our Travelling Correspondent.)

SUMMIT OF THE SELKIRKS, Sept. 5.

The passenger train leaves Donald for the west at nine in the morning, and on Saturday we left the city way over the mountains almost invisible. This is exasperating to the journal who has heard recounted the wonders of the Rogers pass, and more particularly at the summit, where the railway is 4,300 feet above sea level and where the mountains tower seven or eight thousand feet above the track. As we skip along we are enabled to see the windings of the Beaver, at places running in rapids or through narrow canons. We note the Stony creek bridge 290 feet from the bottom of the ravine, and discern but a portion of

MOUNT CARROL,

the highest peak in the Selkirks, being 11,200 feet from sea level.

It was cold and rainy when the train reached the summit, and the train only stopped time enough to let of your correspondent, the one solitary passenger, and get train orders to the Glacier. Arrived at the summit where the greater number of men are engaged in building the snow sheds, and a town of a month's growth has sprung up, built after the style of other temporary railway towns and composed of the same class of business houses as are found in such places, chiefly saloons, gambling and dance houses, to beguile the hard earnings of the laborer and allow him to leave after his season's work "broke." A bed was secured at the "best hotel." The law requires that refreshment and lodging be furnished before license is granted and in this particular case the attempt consisted of a spacious saloon, the bar being on one side, the stud-horse poker and other gaming tables on the other. The sleeping accommodation consisted of one large room with seven beds, separated from the saloon by a cotton partition. Back of the were two private rooms, the partition being of the same airy character. The refreshments consisted of a free lunch counter.

BUSINESS IN THE SALOONS

during the day is necessary dull, the great majority of the population, of course, consisting of the men employed on construction. A good meal is procurable at the restaurant with the rather suggestive name of "Can can Chop House." There are altogether about fifteen hotels (!) in this railway town of Rogers pass, all situated there not for the purpose of affording refreshment, but simply and solely with the object of gaining the wages of the railway employes, either through drinking or gambling. Some of the saloons had music, one a string band of unusual excellence. About seven o'clock in the evening business begins. The dealers take their places at the stud-horse tables, and commence operations by playing a game with an employe of the house. One and another drop in and take a hand in the game, and in an hour's time all the saloons in the street have their tables crowded with men, taking chances on the turn of a card. In one place the dealer is the wife of the proprietor, and she distributes the cards with unusual dexterity and collects the ten per cent. of the winnings to the credit of the house with unfailing precision. At one saloon a dance was held, commencing at 10 o'clock, the female partners consisting of the colored demi-monde of the town, the male dancers paying 25 cents for the privilege of whirling one of these maids of the mountains through the windings, or kicking it may be, of the dance. And so the revels keep up until daylight in the morning, and the heavy heads retire to rest, some under, some on the poker tables, some sleep in chairs, while a few have the luxury of a bed in the large room, or maybe are partners in one with an unknown. Your correspondent retired early, but it was nearly impossible to sleep, with the noise of drinkers and gamesters only shut out by a piece of cotton. At six o'clock everyone has retired, and silence reigns for a few hours. Such is life in the railway construction town, repeated daily, Saturday and Sunday nights being the busiest, together with pay-day night, when many of the poor deluded humanity spend their all in having a "good time."

Although the saloon-keepers are making big money in Rogers Pass, they complain that the men who are employed in the mountains do not spend as much as those who were there last year. This is not remarkable, considering wages are lower, and the price of drinks and cigars

ARE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A PIECE.

This, too, with whisky wholesaling in town at $2.85 per gallon and cigars at $30 to $40 per thousand. How is it, asked your correspondent of one of the prominent saloon-keepers, that these workmen, who earn their money in a slow and laborious way, spend it with such profligacy? "I don't know," he replied, "but they do it all the same." This man is credited with having taken $10,000 on of Farwell last fall, $6,000 of which was made in as many weeks. He returned to the mountains this spring "broke." Others have made money as quickly and largely in the same way, selling whisky and gambling. While they are after the almighty dollar as hard as anyone, the whisky-selling class in the railway towns are generous with their money. This was instanced in the case of a man suffering from an abscess, and who was lying in a bed in the corner of a saloon. A couple of hours soliciting secured him about $200, and he was forwarded to Kamloops hospital. A man sick in a railway town does not get much care or comfort, and his chances of recovery are slim. He might as well make his will. Though there are between [illegible] men employed on the road at this point there is only one provincial policeman, a very good officer, and order is kept fairly well. Summary justice is meted out to offenders by Capt. Percy, magistrate. A squad of the mounted police is stationed here for the purpose of assisting in case of railway strikes. Their offensive actions of last year are now no more, and the saloon men, who were very careful last year to bribe them and to be servile to them, now treat them with contempt. Less whisky is being sold and order is better this year than during the aristocratic regime of Mr. Johnson last season. It seems impossible to separate railway construction from gambling and debauchery, and the circumstances under which our transcontinental road was built are only known to the few. It is well that it is so, for it presents a phase of life that is debasing and discreditable to humanity.

SUNDAY MORNING

broke clear and cold, and the grand beauties and wonders of Rogers Pass at the summit were visible. East and west the high mountains were covered far down with a mantle of pure white, a snowstorm having raged above while it rained below. In the centre of the short run known as the summit is Pyramid Peak looking almost directly above the track. It is pyramidal in shape, bare rock. Adjoining it is a large stretch of wall of rock, one piece broken from the main portion looking like an Egyptian head, and is called "the old wife of the mountain." On either side of the track are almost perpendicular mountains, all covered with snow, the valley being very narrow. The pathways of the destructive snow slides are everywhere visible. Last winter they came down and swept across the narrow valley and partly up the opposite hill, carrying freight cars and everything with them. The snow on the level here is sometimes over twelve feet. To enable trains to run the snow sheds are being constructed here of heavy timbers, the sides being sloped with rocks and earth so that a slide will pass over them in the way without injury to the road. In building the railway company many hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of work has been done, but the public will not be aware of the fact until they see the finished work. The skill displayed in the engineering accomplished in railway building through the mountains are viewed the spectator cannot help paying a tribute to the determination, pluck and ingenuity of the men who planned and carried them out.

By the time the west bound train arrives, the clouds are again chasing each other over the summit and obscuring the higher peaks. Through the summer the atmosphere has been almost continuously clear, and very few have been disappointed in the sights to be viewed through the mountains. Two miles distant on the Glacier, was clearly seen, though Syndicate Peak (now named Sir Donald) was invisible. It is the intention of the company to build a road from the hotel to the glacier, and cut steps in the latter so that guests at the hotel may be enabled to

WINTER AND SUMMER OUTING

the same day if they wish. The mountains from the Glacier House are fine in all visible, and were a succession of grand and varied beauty, some snow covered, others sombre rock, others timbered to their summits, all towering above the track, their sides so steep as would render climbing a dangerous feat. Night has settled in when the train reaches Sickamoose Narrows, and the trip through the lovely lake and river country of the Cascade range is made in darkness. This is a pity, for the rolling hills and beach lands, the river views and pretty lakes would be a relief to the eye after all the stupendous wonders that have been viewed. Trains east and west pass during the night. The west-bound train arrives at Kamloops at 11 o'clock, and we are driven from the station to the town through clouds of dust, and are soon booked for a bed in the garret of the hotel, being full.

VICTORIA AND THE ESQUIMALT DOCK.

The Opinion of a Recent Clerical Visitor.

Rev. Mr. Gordon, of Montreal, who recently visited this province, has been interviewed by a Gazette reporter. The reporter asked:

"What were your impressions of Victoria?"

"Not wholly favorable, I must confess. It is city of wealth, and with the terminal advantages which it possesses (both American and Canadian) it should be a second San Francisco. Judging, however, from what I saw, I think that day is a good way off yet. I fear that the record of Victoria in the west will be like that of Halifax at the extreme east of the Canadian Pacific railway, is not wholly incorrect: it is inclined to take things too easy, and so it often lets its opportunity slip. The remains again to be seen whether in the present crisis in its history it will act with adequate promptness and forethought. Our Dominion is one good thing which I am glad to be able to say about Victoria, and that is that in the Driard it has one of the finest hotels on the Pacific coast. The building has just been enlarged to about twice its original size, and all who now arrange to stay for a day or two beneath its wide-spreading roof may count upon receiving the best of entertainment."

THE ESQUIMALT DRY DOCK.

"Did you visit the dry dock at Esquimalt?"

"I did, and found it to be rapidly approaching completion. It will probably be ready to receive ships requiring repairs as soon as the new year opens. It is certain, however, that the Victorians have erred in not constructing a dock of greater capacity. The dock is 450 feet long at its extreme, whereas it should be nearer 600 feet. Unless the present structure is speedily enlarged, a considerable amount of business and not a little revenue will have to be surrendered to San Francisco."

WEDDED IN SPITE OF WHIPPING.

Painful Prelude to a Happy Marriage.

An Auburn (N. Y.) telegram says: The 19-year-old daughter of a wealthy Etna farmer named Rhodes, and Fred Coutant, a prosperous young farmer living near Freeville, were lovers. The young man had an excellent reputation but his visits to the Rhode's home were without the approval of the girl's father. On Thursday last, while shipping in Etna, Rhodes missed his daughter and found that she had taken a train for Freeville a few miles distant. He pursued her with his team and found her in the village store talking with Coutant. She refused to return home, having made promises to make an excursion to Ithica next day, and he then tried to carry her to his wagon. Failing in this he took a horse whip and began to beat her about the shoulders, when Coutant interfered, and after receiving several blows from the father, seized the whip and broke it amid the applause of the villagers. Sunday morning the young woman left home, saying that she would never return, and went to the home of an aunt near by, where she was married to Coutant a few hours later. Rhodes, in deference to public sentiment did not interfere with the ceremony.

The Revenue By-law.

The municipal amended revenue by-law lately passed involves not an actual but merely a nominal increase of taxation of one-fifth of one per cent. which makes the present rate of taxation 1 1-5 per cent. If taxes are paid on or before the 31st December of the year for which they are due a rebate of one-sixth of the amount is made. Hitherto under the old rate of one per cent. no more than the amount could be collected on taxes which had become delinquent two years, as no interest can be charged upon taxes, but now, to induce persons to pay their taxes when due, the rate has been increased by one-fifth of one per cent. which increase is deducted if the amount of the taxes is tendered on or before the last day of the year.

Mrs. Cleveland's Aptitude and Comprehensive Knowledge.

"Frank, called the President to Mrs Cleveland, early in the morning, as they were completing their arrangements to go fishing.

"Yes, what is it?" she called back from the interior of the cabin.

"Are you most ready?"

"In a minute."

"Hurry up; it's getting late."

"All right, I'm coming."

"Oh, Frank," after an interval of two minutes.

"Well!" a little impatiently.

"Have you got the bait?"

"Yes, but I can't find the corkscrew. Have you got it?"

"Um—um," scratching his chin and talking to himself. "Um—um—bless my soul, that woman astonishes me more and more every day by her comprehensive knowledge of even the most abstruse subjects."

Mrs. C. came out smiling and the party moved off.—*Washington Critic.*

A Fruitful Season.

The fruitful season of this year is prolific with many forms of Bowell Complaints, such as Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, &c., as a safeguard and positive cure for these distressing and often sudden and dangerous attacks nothing can surpass that old and reliable medicine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, in the best de-

BY EXCHANGE OF PRIVILEGE

With sin at sea I hail the sacred morn
While the sun's ruddy beams are still;
A soothing breeze breathes balm to the forlorn
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The short recital is a tender thrill.
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The short recital is a tender thrill.

The rocks rose silently by, in sky drove;
The sun a placid yellow tinted shore;
The rolling hills of the Island in the grove
Fair Olympic and their forests of green
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move,
So smiled the day when the first man arose.

Custom Guards Mail.

Robbery of Some Importance Thwarted.

MONTREAL, Sept. 2.—It is stated that some time ago Viau, the notorious bugaboo announced Catholicism, and on being visited by the warden, whose suspicions were aroused by this strange act, it was found that the convict had secreted the Protestant church to enable him to speak to one of the keepers, with whom he was familiar. Some letters, written by Viau to friends outside, were found in the possession of the keeper, who was forthwith discharged, and Viau then renounced Protestantism.

QUEBEC, Sept. 2.—The Hon. J. A. Chapleau, secretary of state, paid a visit to-day to the French admiral on board the flagship, accompanied by Hon. J. Wurtele. Mr. Chapleau was received with the honors due his rank, and on leaving the ship received a salute of thirteen guns.

ST. THOMAS, ONT., Sept. 4.—A burglary epidemic has struck the city with a vengeance. Some time during last night the blacksmith shop of Mr. W. Fairbrother, corner of Center and Stanley streets, was entered by a window and a cold chisel stolen. With this and other tools the burglars entered the Equimalt dockyard and stole about $150 worth. The thieves then got into George Carey's jewellery store in the rear of which sleeps the proprietor. He heard the fellows at work and fired in their direction, only smashing the show case. The marauders were quiet awhile and then resumed operations. Mr. Carey had by this time approached the front of the shop behind the counter, and again leveling his revolver fired a second time, which passed through the west glass window of the door. One of the men called out, loud enough for Carey to hear, "Oh, I'm shot. Let's get away," and they got, leaving their tools behind. There is no clue to the burglars.

MONTREAL, Sept. 7.—Rev. Dr. Lane and G. H. Smith are here. The latter on being asked the nature of his visit, said that he had come to spread light through Canada and the States on the misunderstood portion of the Irish Loyalists. "We represent the Ulster Loyalists anti repeal Union organization," he said, "composed of different creeds and elements. Our object is the maintainance of legislative union in the United Kingdom, and mind, you we do not come as a deputation to any party, or section."

The Witness to-day publishes a story to the effect that Rev. T. A. Bouchard, Presbyterian missionary at St. Martin, was brutally assaulted by a drunken man, and felled to the ground. Mr. Bouchard picked himself up and turned to go into his house, when a brother of the assailant, who was perfectly sober, also dealt him a stunning blow with clenched fist. It is also stated that Bouchard's family are daily hooted at and insulted by people in that locality.

TORONTO, Sept. 7.—The Walland House and Culver Well's general store at Thorold were damaged by fire to day. Loss, $12,000; fully insured.

OAKLEIGH, Sept. 7.—Edward Welsh was arrested and lodged in jail to-day for bribing electors.

OTTAWA, Sept. 7.—The Hon. Blair is growing that Blair, the landscape artist from Montreal, whose disappearance while out sketching at Chalk river was some time ago reported, must have been murdered for $50 which he carried with him. Diligent search has been made on the River for miles from where his hat and boat were found but his body could not be discovered.

General Middleton has commenced a tour of inspection at Kingston. He will be at Winnipeg in about a fortnight.

Wiggins, the weather prophet, has submitted to the deputy minister of marine documentary and other proof going to show that he predicted, as far back as March of last year, the severe earthquakes and storms now prevailing in the Southern States. He is jubilant over the fulfillment of his predictions, which appeared in The Journal four months ago, as well as in Manitoba and Nova Scotia papers about the same date. Wiggins complains that Sir William Dawson advantageously made use of his theories at the recent British Science meeting with regard to the causes of the disturbance. He says that earthquakes will continue with increased violence extending to California where they will be most felt about the middle of October.

BRANDON, Sept. 7.—C. Meredith, who has managed the Merchants' Bank here for the past four years, severed his connection to day. The customers of the institution and his friends presented him with a purse of $800 and address, at the Langham hotel, over 100 being present. Great disappointment is expressed at his departure. Mr. Ferguson, of Winnipeg, takes charge.

RYGERTON, Sept. 8.—During the past few days several fires have occurred. Messrs. Prince, Bongard, Keys and Mahoe each having barns burned down. Tramps are blamed for the fires.

HALIFAX, Sept. 8.—The Nova Scotian crop report was issued yesterday by the department of agriculture. The most important grain is oats, of which about 2,000,000