JOB'S COMFORTERS.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE THINKS SOME SYMPATHIZERS ARE LIKE THEM.

She Does Not Want Pity, but Silent Sympathy Is Nice—"Fools Rush In." Etc. Funny, But, Brute and Lugubrious Friends—The Hand of Time.

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THE most precious thing in the world is sympathy.

That sentence looks well, does it not? And, furthermore, it is just one of those "glittering generalities" that we all accept just as we do silver certificates, with a polite pretense of crediting them at their face valuation and believing them to be "as good as gold."

I am afraid it is rather a fad of mine to war against these solemn hypocrites of popular sayings. To tell the truth, I never can see anything or anybody, which or who poses as being better and wiser than its surroundings, that I am not impelled to probe it to the center, to rub off its paint, to chip off its veneer and expose the "true inwardness" of its being.

I have no objections to Tartars in the abstract, but when they prance forth decked in all the ultra civilization of young Russia I am impelled to abrade the surface just enough to let all the world recognize the Tartar underneath.

So, now, is Sympathy, with its pretentious great S, the most precious balm for a wounded heart?

Yes and no.

Far be it from me to deny that there are forms and measures of sympathy that are indeed healing and sweet, but how seldom are they found! It must be unobtrusive, to begin with. Like violets or lilies of the valley, it is to be known more by the subtle fragrance of its shy presence than, like the sunflower, by its breadth and insistency of form and color.

I have had friends, and I thank God for them, even though they stand in his presence and not in mine, whose very silence was the sweetest of sympathy; friends whose light touch never hurt the wound they healed; who never, by word or even look, suggested that there was a wound until I threw off the covering with which we all instinctively cloak our hurts from the common gaze.

A friend like this, a friend who is content to prove sympathy by silence until the sufferer invites speech, is far more likely to be admitted to the innermost chambers of the heart than the one who loudly knocks at the outer door, clamoring:

"Open, open! I have come to sympathize with you!"

For such a one there is in most outer doors one of those little well grated wickets one sees in old convent portals, where, in answer to the clamorous summons, a pale face appears for a moment, and a chill, repressed voice replies:

"Go in peace! The doors are locked, and none may pass them."

There are so many classes of these mistaken sympathizers!

First, the loud and aggressive class—the women who swoop down upon you from the door of your own drawing room and fold you close in a smothering embrace of fur and cloth and beads and chains and ribbons (I give you my word I have come out of such an embrace gasping for breath, and with a bleeding scratch upon my cheek), exclaiming the while:

"Oh, my darling! My poor, dear child! You sweet dear, how I pity you! My heart fairly aches for you!"

Issuing from this embrace breathless, wounded, half stifled with the heavy perfume this kind of sympathizer generally uses, one longs to cry aloud with the first possible breath:

"At least, don't pity me! I can bear suffocation and scratches and musk, but not pity!"

Of course one doesn't say it, but we know what the parrot did instead of speaking.

To be pitied openly and avowedly and to hear it sweetly is probably the last test of a saint ripe for canonization, but I for one have no idea of how such a being may feel. It is not my metier, and I fully believe in at least one old and vulgar adage, "Cobbler, stick to your last!" So, not claiming saintship, present or prospective, I am free to confess that to be pitied in the style just specified arouses the most murderous qualities of my nature, and although the fetters of civilization may chain both my tongue and my hands the pityist would probably be very much alarmed if she could see my heart.

I say "she" advisedly, for I do not think men are prone to make this sort of blunder. At any rate, they do not wrap one in a voluminous and odorous embrace, and any movement in that direction is so promptly checked that it is of small moment. The manner in which the male sympathizer most often offends is in imitating the bear in Æsop's fable, who, being very fond of the gardener, watched beside him while he slept. A mosquito buzzing about the sleeper's head threatened to disturb his slumber, whereupon the brute of a friend, watching his opportunity, brought down a weighty paw with deadly force upon—the mosquito certainly, but also upon the head of the beloved gardener, who never found words to thank his sympathizing friend, owing to the loss of his brains.

This seems to me one of the anecdotes to which "haec fabula docet" may be very profitably added. Did you never experience this kind of sympathy?

Well, it is much after this manner:

"You don't know how sorry I've been for you ever since I heard of that fellow having run off with your money" (or whatever the special affliction may be, for I am literally supposing a case and never have experienced exactly this calamity). "How in the world came you to trust him so much? You see you are too credulous and too apt to believe every plausible lie that's told you. You ought to have asked some man to look into the thing and advise you. How did it happen? Come, tell me all about it, and I will show you where the weak point was, so you will know better another time, you poor little woman!"

That phrase, "Tell me all about it!" is one that the acceptable sympathizer never uses. It is as fatal to the desired end as it is to throw open a window and hurl a handful of grain at a bird which you wish to lure to a cage it has deserted. The true way is to softly open the window, strew the grain inside where it is quite obvious, but may be taken or left, as the victim may choose, and then yourself retire out of sight. It is pretty sure that by this stratagem you will finally have your bird just where you want him, and in process of time he will warble out all the secrets of his heart to you. But rushing at him and shouting, "Now, tell me all about it!" is the very last way to win his confidence.

Another kind of sympathizer and a very offensive one is the person who essays to "keep up your spirits" for you in some season of bereavement and affliction. I once saw a friend of mine (not myself) driven nearly mad by this sort of a Job's comforter. She came to the house of mourning for a stay of some days and apparently had laid in a stock of funny stories, society gossip and all sorts of conundrums, epigrams and frivolities generally. We never sat down at the table but this flood was loosed upon us, until one day my friend burst into tears and left the table, very greatly to the surprise of Mme. Malaprop, who inquired of everybody:

"Why, what is the matter? Did anybody say anything to remind her? And I was trying so hard to keep up her spirits and all!"

I had not the courage to reply, but some one else had and said in so many words:

"I think it was just that. She couldn't stand having her spirits kept up any longer."

"Poor thing! It's too bad!" replied the sympathizer complacently. "But she'll be all right when she's had her cry out, and I'll tell her the rest of that story when she comes down. There's nothing so bad for a person as to dwell upon their troubles, and I made up my mind when I came to do everything I could to distract poor Mary, and I think I've done it."

"I think you have," replied the other, dryly. "She seemed nearly distracted when she left the table."

A kindred spirit to this, but not so objectionable because she is not so funny, is the officious sympathizer, the person who insists upon distracting the mind of the sufferer by forcing all sorts of ordinary details upon it. If it is bereavement and the comforter is a woman, she insists upon discussing the mourning clothes and offering to run out and bring patterns, or send in some bonnets, or tell about the present mode of wearing a widow's veil. She discusses sleeves and has an opinion upon the new skirts and absolutely drags out assents or dissents from the pale lips of the sufferer, who plaintively but quite uselessly declares:

"Oh, I don't care in the least! Have everything that is proper and use your own judgment."

"Now, darling, that isn't right, you know," persists the comforter. "You really ought to rouse yourself and take an interest. You will care about all this in a little while, and it is so much better to have everything right to begin with."

"Not but that I could do it all myself perfectly well," explains the complacent comforter to some one else presently, "but it is so much better that she should be roused, poor dear!"

So she goes on tormenting her.

Perhaps it is another kind of sorrow. It might be a woman whose husband has eloped with another woman. In this case the officious sympathizer is full of good advice and offers of help in the way of sending telegrams, seeing detectives, interviewing reporters and the like, all very useful and perhaps essential modes of service, but with this species of sympathizer all made very obvious and obtruded continually with the avowed object of distracting the mind of the sufferer. One case of this kind that I remember was that of a dear child whom a fortune hunter had deliberately jilted when her father lost his money. The mother came to me full of indignation to complain of the "impertinent interference," as I grieve to say she called it, of a sympathizer who visited her and her daughter with the avowed intention of "doing something about it" herself and brought the copy of a letter she had already written and sent to the delinquent. She called, as she said, to comfort the poor girl with the knowledge that she had at least one sympathizing friend who was ready and anxious to do all that she could for her, even to going to see the young man and publicly upbraiding him in the midst of his family and friends.

"And what did you say?" inquired I when my friend had poured forth this remarkable story, for I felt that I best showed my sympathy with her mortification by giving her a chance to narrate her successes. Nor was I mistaken, for she held her head very high, and her eyes were very bright as she replied:

"I said that if she really wished to oblige us she would do so best by remaining perfectly silent and quiet about affairs that certainly did not in the least concern her. Now she'll go round and say all sorts of hateful things about us, but I'd rather she'd do that than try to sympathize."

"Defend me from my friends, and I'll take care of my enemies," quoted I, and she who had come to me drowned in grief went away with smiling lips.

There is nothing in the world that so soon and so surely brings comfort to the human soul as to be placed upon good terms with itself.

One more class of mistaken sympathizers is that of lugubrious ones. They not only mingle their tears with yours, but the torrents of their grief sweep the fountains of yours quite dry and barren. They not only listen to your lamentations, but go beyond them with such jeremiads of woe that you leave off trying to keep up and end by feeling that you had not half appreciated your own misfortunes and listen to the new and enlarged version of them with a certain mournful pride and an access of self pity which sweeps away all the healing work time may have begun to put in. "Such blows as this come but once in a lifetime. I can't wonder that you feel all hope of happiness is over, but you must remember that resignation is a duty."

You had not quite looked at the matter in this light before and in the depths of your mind are guiltily conscious of a certain dismay at the idea of all happiness being over, but it would not be decent to say so, and you feel that sentence has gone forth against you, and your only course is to submit, so you murmur a mournful assent, and your comforter tearfully goes her way, leaving you a good deal worse off than she found you.

I spoke but now of the healing work of time, but I take it back. Time is not a healer. He is a destroyer. Time is the most heartless of sympathizers or comforters, for he brings no thought of comfort or self justification. In fact, the harsh and bitter and cruel points of a great sorrow are those that time preserves and insists upon to the very last. Some kinds—nay, I will allow all kinds—of grief grow less poignant after awhile, but it is not because time has healed the wound, but because he has destroyed the sensibility, and the memory, and the environment of the sorrow. He is only kind because he is so ruthless. The best of all the sympathizers this world has ever produced was that eastern sage who, being required by his king to produce a motto suited to every state of mind possible to humanity, enunciated, "This, too, will pass."

Emily Faithfull

COPY NOT WANTED.

The phonograph has been recently put to a remarkable and practical use. Messrs. Hazall, Watson, and Viney (Limited), the printers of the "Pall Mall Magazine," have a phonograph (supplied by the Edison Bell Phonograph Corporation (Limited) in use at their offices, by which the intervention of "copy" is entirely avoided. The wax cylinder is removed after an article has been vocally recorded by the machine and sent to the printing office. Here it is placed upon a duplicate machine, the compositor puts the tubes to his ears, and sets in type what the machine reproduces. Of course the rate at which the article was spoken is exactly echoed by the phonograph, but the compositor can stop the machine at any moment when the speed is exceeding his activity in type-setting. Another fact in connection with this novel method is that the copyholder is rendered useless, for of course the contents of the cylinder can be repeated to the proof-reader when the matter is in type.—English Paper.

NO SURRENDER.

LONDON, Sept. 19.—Prince Bismarck recently received a large deputation of admirers at Varzein, from Stolp, Pomerania and Posen. After asking the members of the party to cover their heads so as to enable him to do the same, as his old enemy, the lumbago, was troubling him, he spoke for nearly an hour. He thanked the members of the deputation for the kind wishes expressed in their speeches, and then dilated on the Polish question. He declared the Poles could not be entitled to cast votes in the empire. Neither Alsace, Lorraine nor Posen could ever be given up. Alsace and Lorraine were necessary for the protection of Southern Germany and Posen was necessary for the protection of the eastern frontier. Once in the course of his speech the ex-Chancellor was obliged to pause for a minute, owing to severe pains in the back. Upon the conclusion of the Prince's speech the deputation cheered heartily him and Princess Bismarck, after which patriotic hymns were sung. A number of gifts, products of Posen, were presented to the Prince. After admiring the presents and thanking the deputation for them, Prince Bismarck invited the committee in charge of the visitors to lunch in the castle.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE NORTH

ALERT BAY, Sept. 17.—(Special)—Mr. Allan, a stock rancher of the Chilcoten Valley, is at the Bay. He came via Knights Inlet, and explored the country back of there with a view of opening a trail through. He does not speak very encouragingly of the route.

The saw mill wharf is undergoing repairs. An addition will also be made to a sufficient depth of water to admit of the local steamers tying up at any stage of the tide.

Yak-o-Glass, an Indian, was up before Magistrate Pidcock to-day for chopping up a scow (for firewood) belonging to Officer Woollacott. The magistrate decided that the firewood was worth four dollars, and fined Yak-o-glass accordingly.

Joseph Pescaro is cleaning ground for a new residence. The site is a good one and commands a fine view of the harbor.

A reduction in the price of that useful commodity—coal, is an item noticed here. The source of supply is at Gorden Point, the late scene of the wreck of the Queen. One of the residents managed to secure as much as fifty tons.

Last week was very windy with a considerable amount of rain.

Sufferers from dyspepsia have only themselves to blame if they fail to test the wonderful curative qualities of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In purifying the blood, the medicine strengthens every organ of the body, and even the most abused stomach is soon restored to healthy action.

A FLEET OF FIVE.

Sealers Continue To Arrive From the Japanese Side—Captain Shields' Experience.

The Majority of the Schooners Have Good Catches—Merchantmen From Oriental Ports.

With a favorable wind, another good sized fleet sailed into port yesterday. Five are sealers home from the Japanese and Russian coasts, and two are ships also from Oriental points and here to await orders or charters. One of the latter, the British ship Cape York, came into Royal Roads on Tuesday night—after a very rough passage from Nagasaki, lasting 42 days. She is in command of Captain Mitchell. Accompanying her in the Roads is the British ship Laurison, in charge of Captain Latta. The Laurison comes from Shanghai and also met with bad weather. With the return of the sealers, a long list of incidents can be told. The Annie E. Paint, Captain Bissett, made a very smart run home from the Copper island hunting grounds. She was just 16 days on the passage, and brings a catch of 2,031 skins, of which 531 were taken on the Russian coast to the north of Copper island. Her catch off Copper island was the second largest this year, that of the Geneva, 558, being best. Unlike the Geneva, however, she had an uneventful cruise. The Geneva, which was one of the five sealers to arrive yesterday, was not so fortunate as the Paint on the Japanese Coast. She got a catch there of 1,096 skins, and would have done better had she started to work earlier in the year. On April 24 the Geneva lost two of her boats, all the occupants of which narrowly escaped drowning. While hunting they were struck by a heavy sea and sent afloat. The schooner was close by at the time and all hands were rescued, some while clinging to very frail supports. The Geneva brings home the sad news of the death of Edgar Smiley, a young Nova Scotian, who had been a hunter on board the Ocean Belle. Before leaving for the Northern cruise his brother was left at Hakodate suffering from consumption. Edgar remained with the schooner though afflicted with the same disease, and the result was his death before the cruise was ended. The schooner Agnes Macdonald, another of the recent arrivals, came home with her main boom and bowsprit carried away. On September 3, while on her way home, she encountered a heavy gale, during which she sustained her injuries. Captain Cutler, her popular skipper, reports having secured a catch of 2,180 skins, but not without accidents. One of his boats, containing Charles Williams, hunter, and J. D. Grummett and Samuel Lewis, left the schooner on the morning of a fine day off the Japanese coast, and the three men named are believed to have been drowned, as their boat was afterwards picked up in the open sea by the schooner Louis Olsen. On the night of the same day a strong gale arose, during which they no doubt perished. Grummett was a native of Toronto, and was an unmarried man of about 23 years. Charles Williams was the only married man of the three, and belonged to Victoria. Lewis was also a Victorian, the son of Dominion officer Lewis, and was about 26 years of age.

Fourth in order of arrival was the schooner May Belle, in command of Captain Edward Shields. The schooner brought 1,104 skins, a fair season's catch. For two months three of the boats were lost from the schooner, and among the missing ones of the crew was Captain Shields himself. Speaking of his own experiences, the captain said last evening: "I got lost from my vessel on April 19, and was not picked up till the 24th of the same month. Two other boats were lost the same day my boat got away from the schooner. Their crews were more lucky than I was. They were picked up two days later by the San Francisco schooner Bonanza and taken to Yokohama, where I joined them a month or so later. There were two others in the boat besides myself, and in the four days we were in the small craft we lived on seal meat and nothing else. There was one can of salmon in our boat, but this we did not touch as we were reserving that for emergencies. The weather, however, all the time was fair, which, no doubt, proved our salvation. On the fifth day out from our vessel we were picked up by the little schooner Wahlberg and taken to Hakodate, where our schooner afterwards called and got us and the other boats' crews whom I brought up from Yokohama.

This was not the only drawback which the schooner had. On the Copper island coast a fourth boat was lost, and it has not since materialized, though its safety has been reported. Its occupants were Joe Morill (hunter), James Cashin and Chas. Le Clair. They are all young Victorians. On July 26 they left the schooner, and soon after a thick fog settled down on them. The schooner at the time was about thirty miles off shore, and as the weather was fine and the men knew their bearings, it is believed they are safe. Captain Shields heard before leaving the Coast that they had been picked up by a Russian man-of-war and transferred to a British cruiser.

Still another schooner, the Penlope, arrived at dusk last night with a catch of 1,598 skins. She reports having had a very rough passage home on which she lost some of her rigging. Among the vessels spoken by the sealers which have returned are: The Otto on August 24 with 1,520 skins; the Sadie Turpel on August 19 with 1,913; the Mary Taylor on August 10 with 1,066; the Eppenger, of San Francisco, with 1,200; Mattie T. Dyer, of San Francisco, with 1,100; and the Louisa D, of San Francisco, with 1,728.

FROM THE NORTH.

The steamer Danube returned from the North yesterday morning loaded down with passengers and salmon. Her salmon cargo comprised 19,969 cases, of which 5,394 cases are from the Federation Brand Canning Co.; 1,321 cases from the North Pacific Packing Co.; 6,591 cases from the Balmoral Canning Co.; 438 cases from the Royal Canning and Packing Co.; 5,975 from the Rivers Inlet Canning Co.; 250 cases from the Alert Bay Canning Co. Among the passengers who arrived on the steamer were the captain of the steamer Caledonia and his family, who are going to Portland to reside for the winter. The Caledonia has been hauled up on the ways at Port Simpson and will there remain till next year. The steamer Chieftain left the Skeena for Victoria on Saturday last with a cargo of dogfish oil and will probably arrive in port to-day. When the Danube was North, Provincial Officer Donahue, Captain Madden of the steamer Nell, and some Indians had started up the Skeena in canoes in search of a couple of slwashes wanted for criminal offences, committed several weeks ago. The Danube's downward trip was pleasant. A concert was given aboard on Tuesday night and much enjoyed.

MARINE NOTES.

H.M.S. Satellite is still in the dry dock at Esquimalt. The overhauling to which the hull is being subjected will last until Friday, when the vessel will probably be floated again.

The British ship Cape York, which arrived in the Royal Roads on Tuesday night, has been chartered to load grain at Seattle.

The steamship City of Topeka called here en route from the Sound to Alaska last night. Several passengers sailed from here.

The N. P. liner Victoria is due from the Orient this week.

WEST KOOTENAY MINES.

(From the Nakusp Ledge.)

Haskins & Co., of Smith Creek, are sinking a shaft on their property and are down 20 feet. They expect to reach bedrock at a depth of fifty feet. This claim will work all winter. Andy Parks is sinking a shaft on a claim that is virgin, the indications are good. A wheel and pump will be used all winter. They are cleaning up at Sol Holden's claim, four men being engaged.

Adjoining Holden's claim, Jim. McFarlane has half a mile of ground upon which six men are putting in a wing dam. Several other claims will be wing dammed this fall. Eight men are working on the Consolation, French Creek, taking out $100 a day. At the Gold Hill claim six men are taking out about $600 a week. Shafts are being sunk on several other claims. The Last Chance Co., now known as the McCullough Creek Tunnel Co., is opening up the old works and drifting to strike rim rock. The previous company spent $20,000 on this claim without striking bed-rock. The North Star claim is shut down owing to the slum in the tunnel. On this creek plenty of coarse gold has been discovered. On Carnes creek two companies are sinking to bed-rock. Several good quartz ledges have been struck during the past summer.

Thirty men are working on the Le Roi mine at Trail creek, and three carloads are being shipped every week. A 10-drill is being put in and the mine is down 300 feet.

The Cariboo mine at Rock creek produced in 15 days a gold brick worth $3,500. A 10-stamp mill is is in operation at this mill. The Elgin, a claim located on Sandon creek, about three miles from the Slocan Star, is working 15 men, and from the ore in sight it looks as though this claim would equal some of the best of the Slocan properties.

In the Fire Valley Mr. McLean has staked a quartz claim at the head of Mineral creek.

Fifteen tons of ore from the Alpha mine were brought in to Nakusp on Monday and 60 tons the following day. This is the first ore shipped over the Nakusp & Slocan railway, and will be followed by 700 tons from the same mine. The ore goes out of the district via Revelstoke. Three claims are expected to reach bed-rock this week on Cariboo creek. B. C. Rodd has obtained an assay of $35 to the ton from some gold rock discovered on Mineral creek. It is probably a free milling proposition and worth looking after.

(From the Nelson Miner.)

It the Three Forks country the Wonderful, owned by Mr. Finch, is ably mined by Mr. Springer with fifteen men at work running two tunnels and raising from No. 1 to No. 2, a distance of about sixty feet. There is a large ore body to attack for a big winter shipment.

The Wills group out is being run to the lead which taps it about seventy-five feet. The outcrop is from one to six feet and is exposed for a length of five hundred feet. Three ledges cross this property all close together and tending to one main vein. Large shipments will be made this winter. In the Ruth, about one mile from the Slocan Star, the tunnel is in about 165 feet, ore being struck at 30 feet and followed throughout the entire length. The ore will average 60 oz silver and 70 per cent. lead and is from four inches to one foot in width, all clean, with some very fine carbonates running with the galena. The Eureka is an extension of the World Beater. Mr. Ross has a lot of work done, three tunnels 180, 140 and 100 feet long, with ore in different places from eight inches to three feet. The ore is high grade, running about 150 ozs.

EZETA'S POSITION.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—A special from San Salvador says: There is considerable excitement here over the news from San Francisco that the steamer San Blas arrived too late to allow of the presentation of the evidence sent from here, which it is believed would have incurred the surrender of Antonio Ezeta. The refusal to accept the testimony is regarded here as an attempt to shield Ezeta and his companions. Some of Ezeta's friends here say they sent powerful testimony in his favor by the same steamer. It is rumored that the government is in possession of proof that Antonio Ezeta had a secret arrangement with Vasquez to revolutionize all Central America and that Carlos Ezeta and some rich Americans are in it. The plan is to have Antonio Ezeta invade Guatemala, entering from the north, where there is much discontent among the people, and thence march south, joined by the Guatemala malcontents.

General Cordova, who arrived from Costa Rica a few days ago, has been in consultation with public men and he denies that Vasquez wants to take part in a general Central American revolution. President Barrios, of Guatemala, is said to have proposed to President Gutierrez that Salvador join Guatemala in resisting the claims of Mexic, and that Gutierrez refused.

STOCKS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—The trading element at the Stock Exchange experienced a change of sentiment to-day, and a majority of the big traders were working for a recovery. The total sales were 186,131 shares. Closing bids: Atchison Topeka & Santa Fe, 7⅞; Burlington & Quincy, 76¼; Canada Southern, 51½; Canadian Pacific, 76⅝; Central Pacific, 16¼; Columbus, Cincinnati & St. Louis, 39¾; Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, 169½; Erie, 16; Wells Fargo Express, 116; Great Northern preferred, 101; Lake Shore, 35½; Louisville & Nashville, 56⅝; New York Central, 101; New York & New England 3rd certificates, 28⅜; North American Co, 4½; Northern Pacific, 4⅞; do. preferred, 19⅞; Northwest, 104; Oregon Navigation, 20; Oregon Improvement, 17; Pacific Mail, 14½; Rio Grande, 20½; Rock Island, 64; St. Paul, 65¼; Texas Pacific, 10; Union Pacific, 13½; Western Union, 90⅛. Bar silver, 64½c. per oz.

THE CHEMAINUS TRAGEDY.

NANAIMO, Sept. 19.—(Special)—Ed. Levallet, the negro implicated in the shooting of Indian Louis at Chemainus, last week, is in jail here, serving six months for supplying liquor to Indians.

Dear Sirs.—I have used Yellow Oil for two or three years, and think it has no equal for croup. Mrs. J. S. O'Brien, Huntsville, Ont.

BRITISH COLUMBIA DAY.

Great Preparations to Make It the Banner Day at the Interstate Fair.

The "Islander" Will Take Numerous Visitors From Victoria on Saturday Morning.

No more notable day will be seen at the Tacoma interstate fair than Saturday, which has been set apart for British Columbia. Great preparations are being made by the Tacoma people to make the event the greatest one in the history of the fair, and to welcome the visitors from British Columbia and properly entertain them during their stay.

Judging by the rapid sale of tickets and the way staterooms are being engaged before hand, the excursion from Victoria under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor and the auspices of the Board of Trade, the Mayor and Council and the B. C. Agricultural Association, is going to be a huge success. The steamer Islander leaves the C. P. N. wharf at 7 o'clock Saturday morning for Tacoma, the B. C. B. G. A. band in uniform accompanying the excursionists. Arriving at Tacoma a steam launch with a number of prominent men aboard will meet the Islander to extend a welcome to the visitors. To properly entertain and amuse the visitors during their stay the citizens of Tacoma and the fair management are joining forces in arranging for a celebration on a large scale. One feature of the day will be alone worth coming to see. That is the fireworks display in the evening. For this the fair people have purchased the biggest assortment of fireworks ever brought to the Northwest. The illumination will be within the grounds and around the lagoon that occupies the centre of the grand court. The beauty of the fair buildings and grounds is well brought out by an illumination, as has been already testified by the previous similar pyrotechnic displays. The big display of fireworks will include among other features a grand illumination produced by the simultaneous display of prysmatic fires; floral fountain batteries; innumerable rockets of beautiful designs; colored geysers; mammoth willow tree shells; a revolving comet; a sunburst and other devices, including a revolving pyramid and will wind up with an aerial bouquet. Plenty of time will be given to see the fair to good advantage, the Islander not leaving on the return trip till 1 o'clock on Sunday so as to give the visitors a chance to attend morning service at the various churches. Certainly the fare for the round trip, $2, is exceedingly moderate, including as it does admission to the fair. Children at half price.

There is sure to be a big influx of British Columbians into Tacoma on Saturday as in addition to the excursion from here the Yosemite goes from Vancouver with a large party, taking a band with them.

Mr. J. Anthony Gorman, assistant director of the fair in a letter to President Flumerfelt of the Board of Trade says: "We are all looking forward to British Columbia day as being the banner day of all our outside days at the fair. Knowing as well as I do of the personal interest that many of you gentlemen are taking in this enterprise I have spared no expense or trouble on my part to make it a success in every sense. If there is anything that I can do to add to it, please let me know and I will gladly do so."

In the past two weeks the exhibits in the various buildings have been greatly added to. In addition to the notable things that have arrived to swell the horticultural and agricultural displays there have been received a number of large consignments in bond from foreign countries for the foreign department. Among them may be mentioned a beautiful assortment of cut and fancy glassware from the famous factories of Great Britain. From Italy there was received a day or so ago a big consignment of jewelry and filigree work. These are all in addition to the extensive exhibits the countries named are already making. In the sixteen foreign sections, representing as many different countries, are found the best of the great foreign departments of the Chicago and San Francisco fairs.

The special days at the fair so far arranged are: Naval day, Sept. 20; British Columbia day and Eastern Washington day, Sept. 22; A. O. F. of A. and Idaho day, Sept. 24; Port Townsend day and Redman's dry, Sept. 26; I. O. O. F. day, Sept. 27; Post-Intelligencer day, Miners, Sept. 29; G. A. R. day, Oct. 1st to 4th; Military day, Oct. 1; State Historical Society, Oct. 1; Swedish day, Oct. 3; Elks of the B. P. O. E. day and Schriners' day, Oct. 4; A. O. U. W. day and Portland, Oregon, day, and Athletic day, Oct. 6; German day, Oct. 7; White River Valley day, Oct. 8; Olympia, Thurston and Chehalis counties, Oct. 10; Northwestern Funeral Assn. day of British Columbia, Idaho and Washington, Oct. 11; Poultry and bench show days, 22nd to 28th; Women's Congress days, 29 and 30; Music Congress, Oct. 31, Nov. 1, 2, 3.

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