The Colonist.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1896.

A WARNING.

There has been in Great Britain in this year of grace 1896 a signal example of the danger to a community of the neglect of vaccination. In the city of Gloucester, some time ago, there arose a prejudice against vaccination. The anti-vaccinationists were active in their opposition to and loud in their protests against the enforcement of the law which made vaccination compulsory. They made many converts. So general did the dislike to vaccination become and so strong, that it became part of the politics of the community, and the candidate for either parliamentary or civic honors in the city of Gloucester was required to declare whether he was for or against compulsory vaccination.

"The resistance to vaccination," says a correspondent of the Times, "was commenced by the establishment of a local anti-vaccination society in the city, the promoters of which, without openly making vaccination a political question, succeeded in identifying it in an irregular way with the Liberal party." "The possibility of such an achievement," adds the Times rather sourly, "constitutes part of the price which Englishmen are called upon to pay for political freedom and representative government. . . One of the characteristic tendencies of modern electioneering is to exalt and to glorify ignorance and to induce ignorant people to believe that their crude notions are of sufficient value to be taken seriously into account."

However this may be, the citizens of Gloucester were destined to pay dearly for their antipathy to vaccination and their neglect to use it as a preventive against the spread of smallpox. Nine years ago the Gloucester Board of Guardians passed a resolution that "the Board of Guardians take no further proceedings in vaccination prosecutions authorized by the Board," and the Central Local Government Board of London neglected to take the proper means to compel the enforcement of the law. The consequence was that a very large number of the children of the city were suffered to remain unvaccinated. The authorities, in short, for a series of years did their utmost to make the city of Gloucester the right kind of soil for the virus of the smallpox to grow and flourish in.

What might have been expected to follow in course of time did take place. The smallpox made its appearance in Gloucester in January of the present year. In that month there were fifty cases in the city, and it began to spread like wildfire. The City Council and the people became alarmed and consulted the doctors as to what they must do to stay the plague. The doctors prescribed vaccination, revaccination and isolation. In their fright the citizens forgot their antipathy to revaccination and more than 36,000 vaccinations were effected. When the reader is informed that the population of the city is only 40,000, he will have a good idea as to how general the scare was and how completely the people were cured of their hatred of vaccination. There were in the city during the winter 2,036 cases of smallpox and 443 deaths from the disease. In May the epidemic had been brought under control, and by the end of July it had completely disappeared. While the disease was raging in the city the surrounding towns and villages took the alarm and Gloucester was boycotted. It was threatened with a complete stoppage of trade, and the loss its inhabitants suffered from the boycott must have been very considerable.

Sensible people in Gloucester attribute the epidemic, and the loss of life and other misfortunes that followed in its train, to the proper cause—the neglect of vaccination — and some among them, headed by the Earl of Ducie, formed themselves into a society which has for its object "to counteract the mischievous efforts so persistently made to discredit the name and work of Edward Jenner, and to bring home again to the mind of the nation, on this the centenary of the great discovery, the immense benefit he conferred by it on mankind."

It is needless to say that the Board of Guardians rescinded their stupid anti-vaccination resolution, and that the City Council now takes the proper precautions to prevent another smallpox visitation.

THE PLEBISCITE.

The Toronto Mail and Empire exposes and denounces the plebiscite humbug; it says:

Everybody will notice that the plebiscite is not necessarily to be followed by legislation. It is merely a little exercise for the prohibitionists—a species of treadmill involving much work, binding nobody, and providing no result. As a matter of fact it is an imposition. It is designed, as were the plebiscites in Manitoba and Ontario, to induce earnest people to suppose that they are being helped, when, in reality, they are not being helped at all. The politicians are, as ever, laboring to make party capital out of temperance. Let us hope that the work of temperance will not be impaired in consequence. Nobody can overestimate the value to the community of the honest efforts of those who are striving to suppress over-indulgence and the evils which follow in its wake.

Every man and woman who possesses the least discernment must see what a very wide difference there is between the true friends of temperance and the political busybodies who are advocating prohibition and who favor a plebiscite for the purpose of promoting their own interests and the interests of the party to which they belong. To this class of politicians the Toronto Globe no doubt belongs. It was not a desire to advance the cause of temperance in this Dominion of Canada which caused it to have on the first page of its issue of the 5th instant a banner, supported by some comical looking creatures, bearing this device:

PLEDGE.

"We will provide for the taking of a Plebiscite at the close of next session, and if the country pronounces in favor of prohibition we will pass a prohibitory law."

This appearing so prominently in the acknowledged organ of the Government must be taken as a declaration of their policy. There can be no doubt that they wish it to be so understood by all those who favor prohibition and the plebiscite.

A DIGNIFIED EXAMPLE.

Some irreverent person, most likely an Establishment-hating radical, raised a rumor that a certain Bishop had been seen riding a bicycle. The report scandalized some good people who have the dignity of the Church at heart. The London Spectator regards the innovation as serious and devotes a leading article to the subject, of which the following is an extract:

The fact that at last a Bishop is about to become a bicyclist has been the signal for a great deal of controversy, and the whole problem of official dignity, and what infringes it and what does not, has been raised in its acutest form. It has long been admitted that curates, vicars, and rectors may ride a cycle, and even Rural Deans are by common consent allowed to do their visitations on a "safety." As yet, however, the line has been drawn, and drawn strictly, at Rural Deans. Above that rank it has not been considered consistent with ecclesiastical dignity to go a-wheel. Archdeacons, Deans, Bishops and Archbishops have all been ruled out of the delights and conveniences of pedalling. A vicar may run all over his parish on a tandem with his curate, but the notion of a Bishop "cutting about" his diocese on a bicycle seems utterly abhorrent to many minds. And yet there is something peculiarly arbitrary and unreasonable in maintaining this "taboo." We prescribe for all the greater dignitaries of the Church a costume which specially lends itself to the cycle, and yet we try to forbid them the use of the wheel. To put a man into neat black gaiters is to subject him to a daily temptation to take to a bicycle. The absence of trousers is a tacit and perpetual invitation to the road. The curate and the rector before they go for a spin must deal with their trousers in one of the many, but all of them difficult and tiresome, ways relied on by those who do not use breeches or knickerbockers for riding. They must either tuck their trousers into their socks—a Bohemian expedient hardly to be recommended to the clergy—or they must use some form of steel clip, for the employment of india-rubber bands, though occasionally practised by men of letters, is far too untidy for those who want to set a good example in the parish. An Archdeacon, a Dean, a Bishop, or an Archbishop need be troubled by none of these troublesome devices. At any and every moment of the day he is ready equipped to spring upon the saddle. The maximum of preparation required by him is to give a slight feef to his apron, and even this can be avoided by riding a bicycle with a drop-frame—i.e., a lady's machine. We cannot indeed imagine a more pathetic situation than that of a cycling vicar who has become a Bishop. "While I could ride my machine," he will reflect with bitterness, "there always was the horrid annoyance of trousers, and the necessity for adopting some plan for preventing them catching in the pedals. Now the trousers have gone, and I wear daily instead an ideal cycling costume. Yet public opinion has forced me to abandon all further thought of cycling, and my beautiful new Beeston-Humber is to be raffled for at the Diocesan Fund Bazaar as 'the gift of an anonymous donor to the Palace stall.' I only hope it will be won by somebody outside the diocese. It will be the last straw to see a curate riding it over to arrange about a confirmation."

But is there any real reason for inflicting such torture on the more athletic members of the bench? We do not believe that there is. On the contrary, we hold that the Bishop of Colchester is setting a most excellent example in thus breaking through an absurd convention; and we hail with delight the thought that we may some day look out of the office-window and see the Venerable the Archdeacon of London threading his way through the traffic on Waterloo Bridge.

Who after this will have any scruples in availing himself or herself of the facility for locomotion that the bicycle affords? When it is consistent with the dignity of a Bishop to appear in public on a bicycle, no ordinary citizen can think that he will be lowered in the esteem of the public by using a wheel whenever business requires or exercise demands.

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

A copy of the first issue of the New York Herald was shown us lately by an obliging friend who values it very highly. It was published more than sixty-one years ago. The date is Wednesday morning, May 6, 1835. It is a small sheet, fourteen inches by ten and a half, of four pages. It is printed in small type and there is nothing about it to show that it was destined to grow to be one of the greatest newspapers in the world. There is remarkably little news in it. Nearly the whole of the first page is taken up by a Biographical Sketch of Matthias the Prophet, which by the way is "to be continued." Matthias was a fanatic who liked preaching better than working. He was one of the first of the temperance advocates, and he was in some way connected with the anti-Masonic agitation that raged in the United States at that time with considerable violence. The sketch is fairly well written. The remainder of the page is taken up with extracts such as are seen in country weeklies. The second page contains the leading article, in which it is announced that "J. Gordon Bennet & Company commenced this morning the publication of the Morning Herald, a new daily paper, price $3 a year or six cents per week; advertising at the ordinary rates." The Herald was to be perfectly independent. "Our only guide," it says, "shall be good sound practical common sense, applicable to the business of men engaged in everyday life. We shall support no party—be the organ of no faction or *coterie*, and care nothing for any election or any candidate from President down to Constable."

We have a notion that the Herald has carried out its principles in the latter respect more closely than many papers which have not lived half so long. Then comes the news from Europe. In these days most of it would be regarded as ancient history, the very latest being a month old. This reminds us that there were no ocean steamers in 1835, and no telegraphs. The foreign news does not take up much more than two short columns. There is not news enough in the paper to fill the four short columns of the second page. It has to be padded with theatrical chit-chat and a story intended to be funny. On the third page there is an article on "The Mechanic," another anecdote, police reports, "Court Circular," a few very short local news paragraphs and two columns of advertisements. On the fourth page there is poetry, a love-story, some extracts and two more columns of advertisements. If this Morning Herald of May, 1835, were compared with a copy of the New York Herald of September 1896 there would be in the comparison a great deal of valuable instruction and much food for reflection. The person who made it, if he were at all intelligent, would have a lively idea of the immense changes that have taken place in the civilized world during the last sixty years.

NOT WHAT IT SEEMS.

Credit is claimed for the Liberal majority of the House of Commons because they have caused what has been called the Commons bar to be closed. The extent of the credit that is due them may be seen from the following explanation, which is made by the St. John Sun:

The closing of the Commons bar—so called—may not greatly diminish the quantity of liquor consumed on the premises, but it is a step in the right direction. As Mr. Laurier points out, it is still possible for a member to get a glass of wine with his meals in the Commons restaurant. The Premier could possibly have gone further and said that it is still possible for a member to get several glasses of wine, or of any other kind of liquor, with or without his meals. Instead of going to the waiter who formerly stood behind the bar or counter, he now rings the bell and brings the waiter to him. Still even this formal change may reduce the amount of treating and lessen by so much the drinking, especially if the Senate bar should be closed as is proposed by Senator Vidal. We believe the members of the Commons are admitted to the Senate bar, which is in the same building, so that if one finds it much more agreeable to stand than sit while drinking he may yet assume his favorite attitude.

THE EMPIRE'S DEFENCE.

The young Canadians who desire to serve their country are likely soon to have that desire gratified. A London paper says:

Lord Charles Beresford declared the other day that 40 per cent. of the British mercantile marine to-day is manned by foreigners. He produced figures to show that to man the fleet which will be available in another year England needs 105,000 men in training, whereas the efficients to-day, even on paper, only number 82,870, and even if the deficiency could be filled up from the mercantile marine he urges that such men would be only in a limited degree less useless than the newly enlisted landsmen. In view of this state of things, why should not the Colonies be given a better chance of serving the Queen? The inquiries from lads and men in Canada and Australia as to the steps to be taken to join the British navy are, Mr. Goschen knows, numerous, and it might be a wise step to make some provision for the enlistment of such on the Colonial stations. The visit of H.M.S. Northampton to Colonial ports would be the means of adding to the navy many a recruit who would reflect credit on the first line of defence.

CANADA'S EXAMPLE.

The Canadian Gazette says: Other Colonies are profiting by Canada's example in perfecting her defence forces. It is stated that the proposals of a Select Committee of the Cape Legislature for a Joint Commission of Imperial and Colonial officers to consider the question of the defences of the Cape Colony have been under discussion in London between Lord Rosmead (Sir Hercules Robinson) and Mr. Chamberlain. The chief object in view seems to be the creation of a militia force exactly similar to that existing in Canada, the only question at issue being apparently the proportion of the total initial cost which the Imperial Exchequer should be called upon to bear. Canada is clearly a good step ahead of her sister Colony at the Cape on the money part of the question.

WONDERFUL GROWTH.

How the Town of Trail Has Prospered—A Story of Facts.

A Live and Well Regulated Community—Some Interesting Official Figures.

TRAIL, Sept. 8.—(Special)—The day before I left Rossland, in company with an acquaintance, I took a walk to the foot of Red mountain, for the purpose of looking at a mining claim which a company of Victorians are developing. As I approached the shaft I saw on the trail a dark-brown reptile, with a small wicked head raised in an attitude of offence. The reptile was about ten inches in length, and appeared like a cross between a snake and a lizard. I raised my foot, and, remembering the Biblical admonition about the seed of the woman bruising the serpent's head, I smote the queer thing with my heel. What was my surprise to see the object separate like a train of cars. The head and about two inches of the body glided up the hillside and disappeared in the crevice of a rock. The tail made off down hill with the rest of the body, wriggling and squirming as it went. Half an hour afterwards I saw the tail part lying motionless and dead at the foot of the hill. The front section of the train I have not seen since. On returning to town I related my strange adventures to a crowd of acquaintances. As I concluded I noticed a sort of sympathetic look steal over the countenances of my hearers, and one of them—an elderly person with chin whiskers—rose slowly and transfixing me with a hard, glassy stare, asked with a solemn air:

"Young man, what is your particular brand?"

"Beg your pardon?" I said.

"Your brand; your favorite tipple; Four Crown or Club? I wish to know so that I may avoid it in future."

Happily I have a reputable witness and the "got 'em again" remark does not apply to my snake story; but I confess if any other man had said he saw what I did I should have doubted his sanity.

This morning early at the Meakin house here, while still asleep, I became impressed with the idea that I had joined the infant class of a Sunday school and that the children had united in singing the favorite hymn, "There is a Happy Land, Far Far Away," at the top of their voices. Gradually I awoke to a realizing sense of my surroundings. There was no Sunday school in session, but some one in the hall was singing in a low snuffling key the hymn referred to. I opened my door cautiously and peered out. A Chinaman was propelling a carpet sweeper and as he worked the handle he carolled the intelligence about the remote land of happiness. Summoning him to my door I asked him.

"John, where did you learn that song?"

"Oh! At Sunday school, Victoria, long time 'go, me little boy. Heap Christian, me."

Here was an opportunity and I embarked on a missionary voyage of inquiry.

"Suppose," said I, "you being a Christian, a white man were to hit you on one side of your face, what would you do with the other side?"

"Oh!" replied he cheerfully, "me lun away."

"But, suppose a Japanese were to hit you—what would you do then?"

"Oh!" cried he, and his eyes took on a dangerous glitter, "me hit him, too."

Trail and vicinity have a population of about 2,000. The town is prettily situated on the west bank of the Columbia river. Its approaches by land and water are easy and safe. The steamers of the Columbia and Kootenay Navigation Co. arrive at and depart from here daily. They always come loaded with passengers and freight for local consumers and the mines. Nearly all the freight for Rossland is handled at Trail. The scenes at the wharf and the tramway depot are of a very interesting character. Drays, two and four wheeled trucks and express wagons may be seen moving to and fro with heavy freights, and the wonderful little railway which leads from Trail to Rossland has more goods to haul than it can well accommodate.

The "Father of Trail" is Col. E. S. Topping, who, charmed by the location and the great apparent commercial advantages, settled here in August, 1890. The Colonel pre-empted 363 acres, designing to clear and cultivate the land pending the setting in of the "boom," which his judgment and faith in the mines taught him would soon be on the way. A sawmill had been erected at Sproat's Landing, 13 miles up the river, and there Col. Topping procured the lumber and erected three small buildings. Shortly afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hanna and children arrived and were the first family to settle here. They were followed by others, but Trail was of slow growth until September 1895, when Mr. Heinze visited the district, and after a critical examination of its resources decided to build his smelter, Col. Topping donating forty-three acres and one-third of the pre-emption as a bonus.

After the establishment of the smelter the town advanced by "leaps and bounds." Prospecting parties soon found that the hills in the neighborhood of the town were as rich in gold as those of Rossland, and numerous mines are now being worked hereabout. The supplies for these camps are drawn from Trail.

The first hotel of any importance was the Crown Point. There are now several excellent hotels in the town. A new establishment called the Arlington, the property of R. T. Daniel, will be opened in a few days. The building will have all the latest improvements, besides being furnished with costly furniture.

Mr. Daniel has perfected a system of waterworks and water was laid on for the first time to-day. The force obtained by gravitation is great and an inch stream was sent far above the flagstaff on the roof of a four story building.

The smelter, where some 200 men are employed, reduces about 240 tons of Rossland ore daily. Soon the daily capacity will be increased to 400 tons, valued at $16,000.

That Trail will shortly be an industrial as well as a commercial centre is shown by the fact that a machine shop and foundry of large capacity, a brewery, a sawmill and a soda water factory are in successful operation.

A scheme for the creation of power and its dissemination throughout the district for mining purposes is well under way. The Red Mountain railway and the C.P.R. are both heading this way and one or both will find a terminus at Trail. Secure to Trail railway connection and fine water communication and it will soon make it a town of first rank and importance.

The customs returns for the port of Trail for the month of August, 1 to 31 inclusive, were:

Value of imports	$ 54,000
Duties collected	11,000
Value of ore and matte exported	100,800

On the whole the outlook of Trail may be said to be exceedingly bright. Much of its prosperity arises from the liberality of its "father," and much from its unrivalled geographical situation and the enterprise of its inhabitants.

BIRTH.

ROSS—At 39 Montreal street, on Sunday, 6th inst., the wife of Herbert G. Ross, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

MCPHILLIPS-DAVIE—On Thursday, the 3rd day of September, by Rt. Rev. J. N. Lemmens, Bishop of Vancouver Island, assisted by Rev. Fathers Nicolaye, Althoff and Leterme, Albert Edward McPhillips, barrister-at-law, to Emily Sophie, eldest daughter of the late Hon. A. E. B. Davie, Q.C., Premier and Attorney-General of British Columbia.

BOOTH-NICKELLS—On Wednesday, September 2nd, at Christ Church Cathedral, by Rev. Canon Beanlands, George A. H. Booth, second son of the late George H. Booth, to May Elizabeth, third daughter of Captain J. Nickells.

DIED.

HASLAM—At the residence of Mr. A. J. Bechtel, 312 Douglas street, on the 2nd instant, James Haslam, a native of Lancashire, England, aged 57 years.

HENDERSON—On Craigflower road, on the 4th September, 1896, Edwin Wilfred, son of H. S. and G. M. F. Henderson, aged 1 year and 10 months.

RUDGE—In this city, on the 6th September, Ernest Borthwick, aged 5 weeks, infant son of Fred and Janet Rudge.

POTTS—At 13 Stanley Avenue, on Sunday, September 6th, 1896, Dorothy Gertrude, infant daughter of A. Stewart and Gertrude H. Potts, aged eight weeks and two days.