Scotsmen Dine At the Driard

Forty-First Annual Banquet of St. Andrews Caledonian Society.

A Large Attendance, Good Speeches and a Jolly Time at Table.

The forty-first annual banquet of the St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society at the Hotel Driard yesterday evening proved equally as enjoyable as similar affairs in previous years. The attendance was large, the bill of fare provided by the Driard especially excellent, and the speeches good. Haynes' orchestra supplied the music.

Assembling in the lobby of the hotel at 8:45, to the "skirl o' the pipes," the guests filed into the banquet hall and partook of a real St. Andrew's night dinner, as will be seen from the following copy of the menu:

YE YEARLY MUCKLE DENNER
Given by
YE ST. AUNDRA'S AN' CALEDONIAN SOCIETY O' THE TOON O' VICTORIA
B. C. TO AULD FREENS ON
ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

AN' THIS IS WHAT'S INTILT.

Caller Ou' frae the Forth. Cockie Leekie.
Buckies and Limpets.

Mountain Dew Frae Lochnagar.

Whitin' ta'en frae the Firth o' Clyde.
Hallbut B'ilt wi Tatties.
Sparklin' Moselle frae the bins o' the Gael.

Twa Hens an' ae Cock.
Ribs o' a Black-Faced Wether as they mak' them ower at Porter's.
'Claret as auld as St. Aundra.

THE HAGGIS
"Great Chieftain o' the Puddin' Race."

Usquebae: "Tae quench their lowin drouth"

Sheen's Held wi' Stoved Tatties.
Bubbly Jock wi' Cranberry Sauce.
Geese frae the Orkneys.
Stot's Ribs frae Goodacre's.

"A Hair o' the Doug That Bit Ye."
Bushed Neeps. Sooricks.
Chaupit Tatties an' Curly Greens.

Mountain Sna' as cauld as it cam' frae Ben Nevis.

Sweeties. Oranges, an' a wheen ither orra things.
Kebbucks frae Lipton's, Glesca'.
Rowth o' Jellies, Scones and Farls o' Cake.
A Cup o' Tea wi' a Cinder Intilt.

SNEESHIN.

DEOCH AN' DORUS.

Ye Driard Inn, in this auld Toon o' Victoria, A. D., 1900.

In the absence of the president of the society, H. D. Helmcken, Q. C., who was indisposed, the second vice-president, W. A. Robertson, occupied the chair. On his right were Capt. Fleet, R. N., Mayor Hayward, Hon. J. H. Turner, Hon. Senator Templeman and Right Rev. Bishop Cridge; on his left, United States Consul Abraham E. Smith, Lieut.-Col. Prior, M. P., Senator Macdonald, John Mortimer and C. H. Lugrin. A complete list of those present is as follows:

Bishop Cridge, Senator Templeman, Hon. J. H. Turner, Mayor Hayward, Capt. Fleet, W. A. Robertson, United States Consul A. E. Smith, Lieut.-Col. Prior, Senator Macdonald, John Mortimer, C. H. Lugrin, L. McLean, Alex. Begg, E. V. Bodwell, J. C. Jameson, Ald. Stewart, Jas. Bell, W. Bryce, W. T. Hardaker, D. Stewart, E. C. Smith, D. Stewart, Ald. Williams, A. G. McCandless, D. E. Kerr, Dr. Fraser, John Cochrane, J. R. Mackie, A. B. Fraser, jr., Herbert Cuthbert, Lyman P. Duff, A. Campbell, Leonard C. Mills, S. Perry Mills, Major Mutter, C. E. Redfern, A. Graham, N. McDonald, M. C. Cameron, J. K. Angus, Ald. Cosley, John Russell, Mildon Williams, W. Wallace, J. C. Scott, H. W. Sheppard, James Dean, C. A. Gregg, D. Dunn, Geo. Snider, Phil R. Smith, D. Ross, F. L. Wilmer, W. Anderson, Richard Hall, M.P.P., T. N. Hibben, J. R. Northcott, J. Stewart, A. L. Belyea, Q. C. J. Robertson, Wm. Lorimer, A. C. Beach, G. Mill, Seymour H. O'Dell, Dr. Hart, B. Williams, F. Finch-Smiles, D. Adams, Jas. Sargison, B. N. Hurst, Nugent Short, E. T. Wood and W. H. Price.

Before proceeding with the toast list, Secretary Thomas Russell read the following letters of regret at inability to attend:

Sir:—Will you kindly present my compliments to the assembled guests, and express my great regret that through medical orders I will be unable to be present this evening.

It was bad enough to lose the banquet of the American consul, worse to have lost the privilege of voting on the by-law, but worst of all to be incapacitated through illness on this evening, of all.

I should have liked more than ever to be present to-night, on account of the events which have happened during the time which has elapsed since the last St. Andrew's dinner, which has witnessed the birth of a new Empire, in the formation of which Scotsmen have played a conspicuous part, over which all true and loyal Scotsmen rejoice, to think that our gracious sovereign Queen Victoria still reigns the supreme head and the honored of all nations. All Scotsmen most assuredly wish that she may live long, and that God will bless her.

I hope, too, that the representatives of those forces at Ladysmith will be present to-night, and as the toast "The Army, Navy and Volunteers" is now understood to mean the imperial forces, I hoped to have done honor to those gallant soldiers who went from here to fight the battles of their Queen and Country, and who, I trust, will honor the board on this occasion; also to have paid a tribute of respect to the memory of those who have lost their lives fighting for their Queen and Country.

Scotland, too, has witnessed, only last month, the extraordinary union in ecclesiastical matters between the Synod of the United Presbyterian church and the Assembly of the Free church; and the last event I see recorded in the latest British papers is the report of an address delivered by the present American ambassador in Edinburgh, on Abraham Lincoln, at a meeting presided over by Lord Rosebery, so that I hope on this evening joy will reign supreme, and that the society may witness many more future gatherings.

H. DALLAS HELMCKEN.

Dear Sir:—I am very sorry that I shall not be able to attend the St. Andrew's banquet on Friday evening, and I think it is as well to let you know at once, so that you may entrust to another the pleasure of presenting the toast that you have allotted to me. I am under the authority of the doctor, and do not think he will let me stir this week.

With best wishes for the success of the St. Andrew's banquet,

H. G. JOLY de LOTBINIÈRE.

Sir:—I have the honor on behalf of the Hon. the Premier to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at the annual banquet of the St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society, on Friday, November 30. As you may be aware, Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir is at present in San Francisco, and the date of his return is uncertain, but in case of his return before the date in question I shall have pleasure in apprising him of your kindness.

R. E. GOSNELL, Private Secretary.

Dear Sir:—Many thanks for your welcome invitation for to-morrow night. but although the spirit is strong, the flesh is weak. I hope the society will be "O'er all the ills of life victorious," and also excuse my unwilling absence.

A. S. HELMCKEN.

The Bishop of Columbia much regrets that he is unable to accept the kind invitation of the president and members of the St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society to dinner on St. Andrew's Day.

Nov. 21, 1900.

Honored Gentlemen:—Accept my sincere thanks for the kind invitation to your annual banquet. St. Andrew being the patron saint of my cathedral, a quiet commemoration of this annual feast will take place at my home, for which reason I beg you to excuse me from attending your festivity.

With kindest regards, I am, yours truly,

B. ORTH.

Secretary Russell also read the following telegrams:

TO GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Ottawa is further from Victoria than Hawick from Jedburgh, but your too short visit only makes us more anxious for an early return. Hearty congratulations and best wishes.

H. DALLAS HELMCKEN,
President St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society.

TO SAN FRANCISCO.

We'll hae a richt good willie-waught for auld lang syne.

H. DALLAS HELMCKEN,
President St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society.

TO WINNIPEG.

Ye my bairnies blythe and gay,
Why lauch and sing the leeve lang day,
Kittle up your sang and say your say,
Wi' main an' micht,
An' toast auld Scotland far away
Wi' a' your micht.

H. DALLAS HELMCKEN,
President St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society.

TO OTTAWA.

Sons o' the heather, we're unco thankfu' for your greeting. Be leal the nicht in honor of St. Andrew.

H. DALLAS HELMCKEN,
President St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society.

TO WESTMINSTER.

We'll mind yer guid advice, tak tent to it yersels, may ye a' hae hale breeks, a scone an' a gill o' whusky. A blithesome nicht tae ye.

H. DALLAS HELMCKEN,
President St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society.

TO HALIFAX.

East and West thether ca' an' social wee unite us a'.

H. DALLAS HELMCKEN,
President St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society.

TO VANCOUVER.

Nowhere beats the heart so kindly as beneath the tartan plaid. We wish ye a merry nicht.

H. DALLAS HELMCKEN,
President St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society.

TO MONTREAL.

We'll mak our maut, we'll brew our drink, we'll dance and sing and rejoice man.

H. DALLAS HELMCKEN,
President St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society.

TO NEW YORK.

Here's a han' my trusty freens, for auld lang syne.

H. DALLAS HELMCKEN,
President St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society.

FROM KAMLOOPS.

In this land o' brown heath and shaggy wood; this land o' the mountain and the flood, we feel at hame and drink to ye.

ALEC D. MACINTYRE,
Prest. St. A. & C. Society.

FROM PORTLAND.

Our twenty-fifth anniversary; we wish muckle joy the nicht. Here's to the land o' the heather. Here's to its sons so fine.

ALEXANDER H. KERR,
Prest. St. Andrew's Society of Oregon.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Hain yr breath to cool yr kail. Here's wishin ye a' weel. ALLAN POLLOCK,
President.

FROM WINNIPEG.

Ye Western Scots attention ten'
We wire you this to let you ken.
The laddies here are mair than wullin
To drink yer healths in lagavullin
An' dell chock the bimmont.

ANDREW WRIGHT,
Bard.

FROM OTTAWA.

Fraternal greetings to our fellow countrymen of Victoria. May peace and plenty be the lot of lika kindly brither Scot.

D. E. MACTAVISH,
President.

FROM NEW WESTMINSTER.

Leese me on ye canty carls. Lang may ye hae a wowth o' farls forby a dran o' toddy an gear an grath a hanrl o' baith, an may ye jook frae lika skalah o' saul as weel as body.

A. E. VERT,
Chief, Sons of Scotland.

FROM HALIFAX.

The East send hearty greetings to the West on this St. Andrew's Day.

I. D. IRVING,
Prest. North British Halifax.

FROM VANCOUVER.

Vancouver Scots rax a' friendly han' tae their brithers in the Pacific Island, and wish them weel for Auld Lang Syne.

F. P. BURNS,
Vice-President, St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society, Vancouver.

FROM ROSSLAND.

The nicht nae cottillions brent new frae France, but hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels; but life and mettle in our heels; to-morrow the laddies in the lens o' the Rockies will dig out muckle sand and siller frae the hills tae rejoice the Scottish heart. Hae a dint stoup wi' us.

JOHN McKANE,
President.

FROM NELSON.

May the wins waft a sniff o' o'or haggis tae the chiels in Victoria.

J. RODERICK ROBERTSON,
Prest. St. Andrew's Society.

FROM MONTREAL.

Here's the grand fabric, the great federation. All colonies, with Britain, in one mighty nation.

J. STEWART.

The health of the Queen and members of the royal family was then drunk with customary honors, the toast being prepared by the chairman, and the orchestra playing "God Save the Queen."

Chairman Robertson in a neat speech then proposed the toast of "The President of the United States." The opinion had long prevailed in Great Britain that the United States lacked statesman, but it was now seen that the republic to the south had men who had risen from the ranks who were the equal of any statesmen in the world. President McKinley had been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. He was essentially the right man in the right place, possessing ability and judgment of a high order. And while this was true of President McKinley, it was also true of the representative of the great republic in Victoria, Consul Smith, as he also was the right man in the right place. Victorians were glad to have so worthy a gentleman amongst them, and looked upon him as a splendid representative of the Anglo-Saxon race. (Applause.)

Rising to reply, Consul Smith was greeted with cheers. He thanked all present for the happy manner in which the toast had been received, and especially for the kindly references of the proposer to that great man, President William McKinley, a man who, it was true, had no royal blood in his veins, but from a humble walk had risen to take a place among the great statesmen of the world. Mr. Smith indulged in a lengthy eulogy of the President, his remarks frequently being interrupted by applause. The United States, with Great Britain, was reaching out its arm in imperialistic greatness, and wherever the two went there went civilization and liberty. The marvellous progress made by the United States was dwelt on by the speaker, who prophesied a greater and still more glorious future for the republic. Loud applause marked the conclusion of an excellent speech.

First Vice-President Edwin C. Smith next proposed the health of "The Governor-General of Canada and the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia." The name of the former, he remarked, would be noticed on the back of the printed toast list as patron of the local St. Andrew's & Caledonian Society. Lord Minto occupied this position at his own special request. All present, he was sure, would regret exceedingly the absence of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henri Joly. Since coming to Victoria Sir Henri had made himself beloved by all, and he hoped that after his tenure of office Sir Henri might conclude to make Victoria his home. (Loud applause.)

The toast was drunk with cheers and the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The bard of the society, Mr. James Deans, then entertained the company by the recitation of two original poems, which evoked loud applause. They were as follows:

VICTORIA'S WELCOME TO HER SONS FROM THE TRANSVAAL.

Thou art welcome again to thy dear native shore,
From the fields of thy fame, fresh in story,
To thy dear native land, with its wild, rugged strand,
To the home of thy youth, to Victoria.

From thy wanderings afar, 'midst the fortunes of war,
Thou returnest unscathed from the foray,
Now thou hast a claim, for thy bravery, to fame,
A claim to both honor and glory.

When thy country did crave, from the gallant and brave
A help from her sons in her sorrow,
You did not delay, but up and away,
Saying, "We shall be ready to-morrow."

Canadians are brave, and Kruger, old knave,
Shall yield, or clear out from Pretoria:
Cronje also shall yield, if we die on the field,
Or leave it all crippled and gory.

Our friends who did fall,—by veldt, Modder or vaal,
We will drink to their memory in sorrow.
Since they cannot be here, to partake of our cheer,
We will leave them alone in their glory.

Their names shall go down, with the names of renown,
Whose deeds are recorded in story.
Theirs was a good cause, and the nation's applause
Shall lighten the weight of our sorrow.

Build them a monument, good, neither shabby nor crude,
With carvings artistic and pretty,
Place it somewhere, in our pleasure grounds fair,
On our hill, or in part of our city.

Thou art welcome again, to thy dear native plain,
From the fields of thy fame, now in story:
We welcome you here, to partake of our cheer,
Your auld Scottish freens in Victoria.

THE WEDDIN' OF MARY MASAULAY.

A reminiscence of olden times. In the month of May, 1830, William MacNeill, son of Captain MacNeill, of the H. B. Co., was united in wedlock to Marr, eldest daughter of Mr. Donald MacAulay, in the fort, by the Rev. Mr. Stains. They had a genuine Scottish wedding. The sport was kept up till daylight next morning.

On a point in the sea, in the year fifty-three,
Lived a lassie baith tidy and brawly,
Wha was laird unco weel by young Willie MacNeill;
This bonnie lassie was Mary MacAulay.

After courtin' some years, baith in sunshine and tears,
Young Willie his courage did rally,
And on that same day, without further delay,
He proposed to young Mary MacAulay.

When she kent his intent she gave her consent,
And her auld folks they quickly did rally.
Without needless delay they appointed the day
For the weddin' of Marry MacAulay.

Their friends far and near to partake of their cheer,
Were invited frae hillside and valley.
While na chiels frae Craigflower came the bottoms but ower
To the weddin' of Marry MacAulay.

In their best Sunday coats, by canoes and by boats,
All hands to the fort soon did rally.
While there Mr. Stains took the trouble and pains,
To make Mrs. MacNeill, bonnie Mary MacAulay.

Then the piper did play them a march to the bay,
The young couple looked couthie and brawly,
Yes indeed, she looked weel, the young bride of MacNeill,
Wha nae longer was Mary MacAulay.

Then homeward anee mair, to the point they repair,
Where the guests were invited to rally.
Soon they all wished her weel, the nice bride of MacNeill,
The fair dauchter of Donald MacAulay.

There was singin' and dancin' and laughin' and pransin',
While some, wi' good whusky, grew squalin',
There was Gaelic galore, and of good things a store,
At the weddin' of Mary MacAulay.

When the sun's early ray cast its thats on the brae,
And the mist still hung low ower the valley,
Each started for hame, by the way which they came,
Frae the weddin' o' Mary MacAulay.

In the absence of the Lieutenant-Governor, who was down for the toast, Mr. Alex. Begg was called upon to propose the health of "The Army, the Navy and the Volunteers." Mr. Begg did so in a very pleasing speech, eulogizing each branch of the service for the splendid records made during the South African war, and the toast was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm.

In response, Capt. Fleet, R. N., amidst cheers, spoke of the great pleasure he felt at being present at the banquet, and referred to the open-handed hospitality which was a feature of life in Victoria—a city which the naval base on the Pacific was fortunate in so closely adjoining. He felt quite certain that if ever Vancouver Island should be attacked, a special effort would be made by the Army, the Navy and the Volunteers to defend so loyally and so loyal a city, and in this event no doubt the stubborn Scotch element would play no unimportant part. (Applause.)

Brief speeches in response were also made by Corp. O'Dell and Major Mutter, the former telling of the gallantry of the Canadians in South Africa.

"The Clergy and the Medical Profession" was proposed by Senator Macdonald, and responses were made by Bishop Cridge and Dr. R. L. Fraser. The former confined his remarks to an explanation of what the term clergy meant, and his brief speech was listened to with rapt attention.

In the absence of Rev. Dr. Campbell, Mr. Allan Graham proposed the toast, "The Land we Left and the Land we Live in." This was received with the greatest enthusiasm, John Mackay, in response to loud calls, singing "Scotland Yet."

Sir Henry Crease was to have proposed "The Senate, the Dominion Parliament and the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia," but being absent, this duty was assumed by Mr. E. V. Bodwell, who delivered an excellent speech, pointing out how important it was that tried men and true should be chosen as the people's representatives. Suitable responses were made by Hon. J. H. Turner and Senator Templeman.

Senator Templeman then proposed "The Mayor and Corporation of the City of Victoria." To this replies were made by His Worship Mayor Hayward and Ald. Williams and Stewart.

Other toasts—"The Press," "The Day, and All Who Honor It," "The Bench and Bar," "Sister Societies," and "the Ladies," were drunk amidst much enthusiasm, brief speeches in proposal and response being made.

AT WINNIPEG.

Winnipeg, Nov. 30.—(Special)—The St. Andrew's Society of Winnipeg held one of the best banquets in years at the Leland hotel to-night. Among those present were Lieutenant-Governor McMillan, Attorney-General Campbell, Hugh John Macdonald, Commissioner Chipman, Rev. Dr. Patrick, and also Private C. C. Thompson, of the R. C. R., Vancouver, who reached here to-day from Africa.

Canadians At Windsor

Her Majesty Reviews the Regiment in the Castle Court Yard.

Expresses Her Warm Thanks For Admirable Services In South Africa.

London, Nov. 30.—The members of the Royal Canadian Regiment who have just returned from South Africa were enthusiastically received by the people of Windsor this morning. The soldiers then proceeded to the Castle and were reviewed by the Queen in the quadrangle. Her Majesty, addressing the Canadians, thanked them for the immense services they had rendered to the Empire. The officers were then presented personally, after which the Queen summoned Private Armstrong, of New Brunswick, who had lost a leg during the campaign, but who joined in the march on crutches.

After the soldiers had been shown over the state apartments, they were entertained at luncheon in the royal riding school. The Queen's speech to the Canadians was as follows:

"I am very glad to see you here today, and to express my warm thanks for the admirable services rendered during the war by the Canadian troops. I wish you a safe and happy return to your homes."

The Canadians marched past to the tune of "Vive la Canadienne." The regiment was afterwards photographed at the special request of the Queen.

Ottawa, Nov. 30.—A cablegram to-day from Col. Otter states that the Canadian troops got an enthusiastic reception in England, and that they intend sailing for Canada by the steamer Lake Champlain, of the Elder-Dempster line, on December 11.

GENERAL ROBERTS

Capetown, Nov. 29.—Lord Roberts has left Johannesburg for Durban, and is expected to arrive here about December 7, and to remain in Capetown for a few days.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Brent Good
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION
Price 25 Cents.
SEE SICK HEADACHE.

WINTER NAVIGATION.

Quebec May Be Made an Open Port the Year Round.

From Montreal Gazette.

Mr. Frank E. Kirby, marine architect and engineer, of Detroit, Mich., is a recognized authority on questions of marine engineering, and is consulting engineer for the United States government. During the late war with Spain he did the purchasing of ships for the States. He is at present interested in the question of ice-breaking boats for the St. Lawrence, which project, if feasible, would render the port of Quebec open all the year round; indeed, there would in that case probably be no reason why the St. Lawrence should not be navigated as far as Montreal.

The system proposed is much the same as that adopted by the Russian government, with the Yrmack and other craft, which are used for the reclaiming of vessels in the Baltic and North seas, which have become fast in the ice fields, and for the keeping open of the harbors for traffic. The Yrmack is a boat of 10,000 tons and 12,000 horse-power, and was built in England at a cost of some $1,000,000. The Sample, a much smaller vessel of the same description, has a tonnage of about 2,000 weight and a 2,500 horse-power. It is used for keeping the harbors of Finland open during the winter. The same idea is being followed at Mackinaw and at the Soo, where there are two small ice-breaking boats. The boat is constructed with screws at the bow as well as at the stern. The bow screw is not strictly for propelling purposes, but may, and frequently is, worked in the reverse direction to the stern screw. The latter being the more powerful, keeps the forward movement, while the bow screw keeps the ice away from the boat and breaks it up into small pieces. There is also a kind of suction, which pumps the water from beneath the ice and allows the steamer to mount thereon, thus breaking the heavier formations. The steamer is, needless to say, very specially and strongly constructed, with a view to the obstacles which it has to overcome in its progression. That is, however, a question of detail. The scheme has proved eminently successful under Russian conditions and elsewhere. The great question is, will the special difficulties in the St. Lawrence route not prove insuperable? Mr. Kirby says no, and he is a man who ought to know, and who has no ulterior purpose to serve in pushing an impossible idea.

Two difficulties present themselves at once in the face of the proposal to winter navigate the St. Lawrence; first the currents, and next the narrowness of the channels in many parts. Below Quebec there are several places where the channel is comparatively narrow, while the river itself may be ten miles wide. In open season buoys and lights are used. This is admittedly out of the question in winter. There are no anchorages where boats could put in if caught in a snowstorm; and it is claimed that no anchor that could be put down could withstand the drifting jam that would float down upon the steamer. Once carried away from its moorings in such conditions, the plight of any craft would be an evil one. Mr. Kirby maintains, on the other hand, that there is no more reason why the scheme should not be practical under such circumstances than anywhere else. It is just as practical, he claims, that if the boat, by reason of fog or snow, should be prevented from advancing, it should keep there enough going to withstand and drive off the down-floating ice, as that it should make way through an ice field. The maximum current which would likely ever be encountered would not be more than six miles per hour; and there would be nothing to prevent the boat from keeping her anchor chains down where she was, and continuing to break the ice.

Such conditions are, however, admitted by Mr. Kirby only for the sake of proving the scheme feasible. There are seldom such conditions which last continuously for a serious length of time, without intervals when progress would be impossible, and, again, no skilful navigator would allow himself to be caught in such a predicament, but would make some harbor. There is not at present any definite proposal with regard to the experiment; but it is very possible that there may be in the near future. Mr. Kirby was accompanied by two Swedish gentlemen, who have large interests in Finland and who are much interested in the success of the enterprise. There is no doubt that the districts of Labrador must furnish, in time to come, pulp products for Europe, and it is claimed that an open port all the year round would be of great benefit to some lines, although not necessarily others. If Quebec can keep an open port all the year round, there will be room for probably for the most important developments.

THE MANY-SIDED VAN HORNE.

A Railroad President That Paints, Writes and Studies Music.

In the history of great enterprises the work itself must always take second place. Human interest lies in the man or men who planned and accomplished the work. It has already been said in this article that Sir William Van Horne, to give him his title, could rest his fame solely upon the building of the Canadian Pacific. But he is more than a general manager, or a president, or a railway builder. He has been compared to Cecil Rhodes, from the standpoint of marvellous versatility. He is an artist of undoubted ability, and a connoisseur in music. He reads Spanish, Italian and Japanese with facility, and has made an exhaustive study of the art, history and literature of Japan. His interest in the latter country has caused him to undertake an extended history of Japanese art which will be published in many volumes, illustrated in color by Sir William himself, with sketches of all the exquisite gems in his own collection.

In his palatial home in Montreal this product of Illinois soil has a magnificent collection of paintings, ancient and modern. The Dutch seventeenth century school is largely in evidence, while modern French, English and Spanish are represented. In addition to the engrossing cares of a railroad magnate, having under his supervision a gigantic corporation valued at two hundred million dollars, Sir William has found time to become a prosperous amateur farmer in two provinces, and to cultivate special species of mushrooms. To-day he is still comparatively young—only fifty-seven years of age—and from all appearances he has barely commenced to employ his talents.

A short time ago a special writer visited Montreal for the purpose of securing material for several magazine articles. One was on the Canadian Pacific. To obtain this he interviewed Sir William Van Horne. The next subject on the list was the paper pulp industry. He applied to a Canadian paper company, and met with this reply:

"If you want anything on that subject, see Sir William Van Horne. He is at the head of the largest paper pulp concern in the country."

The third item called for information about the new coal and iron developments at Sydney, Cape Breton. A visit to a Montreal trade review resulted in this response:

"Better see Sir William Van Horne. He has the largest interests there."

The special writer finally returned to New York. A commission from a prominent weekly figured in the mail awaiting his return. It called for an article on a new Cuban commercial syndicate, one recently organized on a stupendous financial scale. The letter from the weekly paper ended with these words:

"The information, in all probability, can be obtained from Sir William Van Horne. He heads the syndicate."—H. H. Lewis, in Ainslee's.

A SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON.

From Forest and Stream.

A vast expanse of prairie, dotted here and there with spots of darker green, where the rushes grow from the muddy bottoms of the ponds, and there are also a few squares here and there of dun-colored stubble lying alongside other squares of corn. The sun shines through the thin haze of smoke with a lazy warmth. The drowsy hum of a threshing machine comes from the edge of one of the big patches of stubble, and the cloud of dust it raises floats slowly away in the lazy drift of air. Away down near the other end of the stubble three brant are looking for shattered remains of wheat with one eye, and watching the threshermen with the other.

A man carrying a gun and followed by an old setter comes over the top of a knoll and sits down on the top to rest a little and take a look. He sees the three brant, picking wheat out of the stubble. He wants one of them, but how is he to get it? There is no cover except the foot-high stubble. It seems a hopeless case, but the more he looks at the brant the more he wants them, until it seems as if he just must have one of them. There is a big weed some 60 yards from the brant, and by making a detour of nearly half a mile the weed can be put between the man and the brant, so he goes back over the knoll and out of sight. Presently he peeps over the top of the knoll in another place, and lies down, not to crawl toward the brant, but literally to drag himself on his belly for 400 yards. His clothing matches the color of the dead stubble, and so does the color of the lemon-colored dog. As the man goes down he gives the dog a word of caution, and the dog gets down and crawls along his master's trail. When the brant are looking for grain the man drags himself along, and when they raise their heads he flattens himself on the ground and lies still, and this is very often, for the brant are suspicious, and if the men at the threshing machine were not attracting most of their attention the man would have soon been discovered. It takes over half an hour to get to the big weed, but at last it is reached, and he takes a cautious peep. It looks a long ways to the brant. All of 60 yards, and hardly worth while to shoot. However, he has some extra heavy loads of No. 4 shot, and will try them a couple of times for luck, and perhaps he can get a little closer before they fly, but the instant he pokes his head around the weed every brant head goes up. They are about ready to fly anyway, for the threshing machine has stopped, and the men are watching the man with the gun. As they are all bunched now is the time to shoot, so he suddenly rises to his knees and gives it to 'em. Whoop! Winged one, and one of the other two go off away as if it had been touched. The dog is sent for the winged one, but the man keeps his eyes on the two that are flying away. After they have gone half a mile one of them "lets go," and tumbles over and over, like a tipped-over plowed field. Then the men at the thresher give a yell of sympathy and approval, and resume their labors, and the man goes over the plowed field and finds the brant lying on its back with its feet in the air.

STRIKE FIGHT.

One Man Killed and Five Wounded in a Texas Town.

San Antonio, Tex., Nov. 30.—One man killed and five others wounded, one fatally, is the result of a clash last night between the union and non-union forces in the telegraph strike inaugurated here on November 3.

William Lacey, policeman, was killed, and the wounded are: O. D. Blanton, striker, will die; Martin Wright, president of the Electrical Workers' Union, will die; Sandy Smith, employee of the telephone company; and two others, names unknown.

Smith did the shooting. In company with other employees of the company, he started out to repair broken wires. The men had police protection. The party returned to the exchange. A little later Smith emerged and started to climb a pole on the opposite side of the street. A crowd of men surrounded him and began throwing stones, after which he ran into the Robin's stables to escape the crowd. The latter followed, and the fight continued in the stables, and a few afterwards three shots were heard. Lacey was the first victim. The second shot grazed Wright's chest and entered his left arm. The last shot struck Blanton. Lacey died in a few minutes after the shooting.

SAN FRANCISCO HORROR.

Fourteen Dead and Eighty-three Injured Is the List.

San Francisco, Nov. 30.—A revised list of the dead in yesterday's horrible accident to a crowd of men and boys witnessing the Stanford-California football game from the roof of a glass manufactory, shows 14 names.

The injured now being cared for in the hospitals or at their homes number 83, and of these several cannot live.

The dead are: Edgar Fairhaven, 11 years; W. H. R. Rickfelt, 12 years; William Malencia, 18 years; Thomas J. Rippon, 24 years; James A. Maloney, 40 years; Marquis Van Dura, 45 years; Virgil Neuby, 15 years; Charles Monahan, 34 years; Talleyrand Berawell, 16 years; Lemon Girard, 16 years; Will Rithstein, 12 years; Robert Miller, 17 years; Hector McNeil, 18 years; Moses Ottenstein, 15 years.

One of the bodies, believed to be J. A. Maloney, was also identified as E. C. Putney.

"He is considered a great man by his college classmates, I understand."

"Well, rather. Why, there's no one who ranks higher."

"He was a great scholar, I suppose."

"Oh, dear, no; but he invented the college yell that gives his alma mater the intercollegiate standing that it has."—Chicago Post.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I'm not going to scold you a bit about the money you lost on the election."

"That's very good of you."

"No; it's a relief to think that you had a good time with it instead of my wasting it, as I might have done, on a new dress or a grocery bill, or something like that."—Washington Star.

A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless, and who has cold hands and feet, cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

Must Stand Their Trial

Brooks and Maltby Committed for Trial by Magistrate Hall Yesterday.

Later Secure Bail Through a Judge of the Supreme Court.

Eugene Brooks, Zionite elder, and Willie W. Maltby, carpenter, an adherent of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, will have to answer, before a jury, the charge of causing the death of Claude Oliver Maltby, the 6-year-old son of the latter named accused, by omitting to supply him with a necessary, in the shape of medical treatment. The two men were committed for trial Friday by Magistrate Hall, after a very formal preliminary hearing. Shortly after the commitment was made out, counsel for the accused applied to Mr. Justice Martin for bail, which was granted, but considerably increased over the amount fixed by Magistrate Hall on Wednesday, when he adjourned the case. The amount named by the superior judge was $7,000 in each case, the men to give their own bond for $2,000 and one surety each for $5,000. Later in the afternoon they were released, John Jardine being the surety for Brooks, and James Morrison in $1,000, and Robert Semple and Thomas Horne in $2,000 each for Maltby.

The Attorney-General's department took charge of the prosecution Friday Mr. McLean, the deputy attorney-general, appearing for the prosecution, and having the assistance of Superintendent Hussey and the officers of the provincial police department. The official stenographer, Mr. Louis Seymour, was also present to take down the evidence, and this greatly facilitated the proceedings, which lasted by two hours. There was no defence, the counsel for the accused reserving the case for the higher court. Mr. McLean therefore had things very much his own way, except when Miss Hatt and Mrs. Maltby, hostile witnesses, were on the stand. Neither Mr. Yates, who appeared for Brooks, nor Mr. Powell, counsel for Maltby, cross-examined the witnesses, and the legal gentlemen agreed that there should be no address.

The court room was crowded, the few seats, as usual, being occupied by the women followers of Dowie, whose representative, Mr. Brooks is. Mr. Symonds, the Zionite elder from Vancouver, was also present.

The first witness called by Mr. McLean was Dr. Ernest Hall, who gave evidence similar to that given by him at the coroner's inquest. He added that when he asked the Maltby's why they had not called a physician, they answered that they had not considered the child sufficiently ill to call one. Doctors had recently been very successful in the treatment of diphtheria, which, from the symptoms described by the parents, he believed the child had. They said it was membraneous croup, which, as a matter of fact, was an old name for the kind of diphtheria which had prevailed in the district of the Maltby household. It was not a disease which could be treated lightly; at the same time, children suffering from it could be saved two or three minutes before death would intervene, even after they had turned black in the face, by an operation to allow of the insertion of a tube, through which they could breathe. He had treated five children in this way recently, and in each case they had recovered. The anti-toxine treatment was only effective in the early stages of the disease, an operation being necessary when a child had reached the stage described by the parents of the child in question. Nine children out of ten could be saved by proper medical attendance. From the symptoms described by Mr. and Mrs. Maltby, he would say that Claude Maltby's life could have been saved, had he had proper medical treatment three minutes before he died, at least his chances of recovery would have been good.

Sanitary Officer Wilson testified that on November 15, a week before the death of the child, he quarantined the house next to Mr. Maltby's, because of a case of diphtheria there, and at the time he warned Mrs. Maltby to be careful of her children. As far as he knew, Mr. Maltby was in good circumstances, and even if he had, he could have received medical attendance, had he reported the case. He had never known Dr. Fraser, the city health officer, to refuse attendance on any case reported to him.

Dr. Fagan, provincial health officer, gave the same evidence as he gave at the coroner's inquest, as to the post mortem and bactereological examinations.

The next witness was Amanda Hatt, a cripple, who, even with the assistance of crutches, has some difficulty in getting around. She testified that she had been a member of the Christian Catholic Church in Zion since a year ago last June, and had resided with Mr. and Mrs. Maltby since October 1, of this year. Answering a number of questions regarding the teachings of Elder Brooks, the witness said that anyone following his teachings would not use drugs nor call in a physician in a case of illness. The deceased child had been strong and active. Just before his death she went into his room, as one of the other children said he was dying. Five minutes before his death she saw that he was dying. Mrs. Maltby was holding the child in her arms and Brooks was sitting by, doing nothing. There was nothing said about calling a physician.

Having put in the deposition of Brooks and Maltby at the coroner's inquest, Mr. McLean called Mrs. Maltby, who gave the same evidence as she did before the coroner. She hesitated when asked whether she would call a physician under any circumstances, and then answered that she did not think she would. She believed, she said, in faith-healing before Brooks came to Victoria. Mr. Wilson had told her that there was diphtheria in the neighborhood, but when she examined Claude, she thought he was suffering from membraneous croup.

Mr. W. Scowcroft, assistant city assessor, having testified that Mr. Maltby was the registered owned of $900 of realty, and the accused having nothing to say, they were committed for trial.

IN HIS DREAMS.

Wearied with the labors of the day, which consisted chiefly in explaining to his wondering friends the causes that had contributed to the overthrow of the party and its candidates at the polls two or three days before, the member of the national committee had fallen asleep in the train on which he was travelling homeward.

There was a terrific jar.

The train had run into an open switch, and was bumping along over the ties.

The shock threw the committeeman from his berth.

Hardly half awake, he rose up, crawled back into the berth, and muttered drowsily:

"I wonder what state we're hearing from now."—Chicago Tribune.

Frightened Frenchmen

How Fashoda Fort Came to Be Built on the Island of Tahiti.

Two Voyagers From the South Seas Talk of Their Tour.

Among the passengers of the R. M. S. Warrimoo were Lord Osborne and Mr. Douglas Hall, two Englishmen who are returning to London from an extended tour through the Polynesian group. They reached San Francisco ten months ago and sailed thence for the Southern Pacific groups. Passage was taken from the Golden Gate in the barkentine Tropic Bird, which was 30 days on the voyage. Her arrival at the island of which the French have called the Paradise of the Pacific, Mr. Hall said, caused no small amount of consternation—all on account of the big black headline on an article in a San Francisco paper, the yellowest on the Coast—which was carried to Tahiti by the barkentine. The passengers had hardly landed and the mail been delivered when word came from Governor Gallett that the passengers and crew of the Tropic Bird were to be quarantined—and all on account of that story in the Examiner of bubonic plague at San Francisco. Lord Osborne and his travelling companion were given their freedom, but the remainder were sent up for twelve days in quarantine.

Lord Osborne and Mr. Hall bring a story from Tatiti which will no doubt be relished here. It dates