

IN CONGRESS.

The house of representatives yesterday commenced the work of considering the Wilson tariff bill in detail, the bill being read by sections and left open to amendment, under the rule limiting speeches to five minutes. Amendments almost without number will doubtless be offered, not only from the Republican but from the Democratic side as well. The friends of the bill evidently fear that some of the hostile amendments will be successful, for Chairman Wilson is reported as saying: "It is of the utmost importance that every Democratic member be present in the house from this time until the passage of the tariff bill. From this time forward actual voting on amendments will proceed from day to day. It will be necessary to maintain a quorum, as the absence at any time of a sufficient number for a vote might involve the loss of a day or two for the consideration of the bill. What is of more consequence is that amendments will be made while friends of the measure and a majority of the house are present to express preference, for it would be most unfortunate if amendments were made through the absence of a sufficient number of Democratic members to prevent them. For this reason it is essential that a Democratic majority should attend the session until the debate closes. Committee amendments necessary to correct imperfections discovered in the bill will have right of way. The bill will first be read by sections under the special order, and thereafter be open to amendment in any part." The great danger to the measure lies in the sectional interests arrayed against it. Free coal and iron are wanted by New England, but they do not at all suit Pennsylvania and Alabama, while the proposal to remove the lumber duty is opposed by a number of states. Then the reduction of duties on manufactured goods of different kinds is disagreeable to as many different interests, which have been most active in their efforts to keep Congressmen to the protectionist faith. Altogether the bill will have to run a very severe gauntlet in the house, to say nothing of the senate. Its way has been made slightly clearer by the decision to deal with the income tax proposal and internal revenue changes in a separate measure, for these have perhaps more opponents than the provisions relative to the customs tariff. There is much room for surmise as to the probable fate of the Wilson bill, and as to its final shape in the event of its passage through both houses, but a few weeks' action of congress will indicate the outcome pretty clearly. In the meantime Canadians will have to await the decision at Washington to learn what their own solons intend to do in tariff lines.

THE DELAY AT OTTAWA.

Parliament is not to meet till the beginning of March, say different Ottawa dispatches, which may apparently be accepted as quite correct. The excuse for the delay offered on behalf of the ministers is a desire to know what Washington will do with its tariff problem before deciding on the changes to be made in our own tariff. This excuse has every appearance of a sham. For one thing, it is at best very doubtful whether congress will have so far advanced with its revisionary work as to give the Dominion government and legislators the amount of guidance they seek. Then there is a very plain inference to be drawn from the large numbers of manufacturers' deputations which have of late visited the capital to talk over tariff matters with the government. The woolmen, the cotton men, the iron men, the sugar men and others have gone in force—some of them more than once—to persuade the ministers against any reduction of the duties which affect them. Not one of the industries can stand the smallest lowering in its own particular line, if its advocates are to be believed. But the ministers cannot close their ears to the demand for reform to which the country at large has so earnestly given expression, even though the mass of consumers have not the privilege of being represented before the tariff committee by skilled advocates. To avoid offending the manufacturers, whose help is so necessary at election times, while at the same time appearing to yield to the popular injunction, is the difficult problem which the government has before it. No wonder, then, that it decides to take more time for the work, and the story about waiting on congress comes in as a very plausible pretence. That it is merely a pretence no one need doubt; the real reason for the delay lies in the circumstances we have noted. The government certainly needs time, for it is no easy task to devise a scheme of tariff revision that will appear to reform while it does not in reality reform the objectionable system under which the country now labors.

THE PREMIER'S MISTAKE.

In one of his mainland speeches Premier Davies rashly expressed a wish that he might hear from J. C. Brown, M. P., in regard to provincial politics. Mr. Brown has responded with a letter in the Columbian, and Mr. Davies must regret having extended the invitation. After a complete exposure of the premier's bumptiousness and verbal jugglery, Mr. Brown concludes: "I am not a musician, but I think I have heard musical performances in which a sort of monotonous accompaniment runs along, as it were, under the

main current of the tune. We have the same thing in Mr. Davies' speeches. Whether he is extolling his own services or denouncing his opponents—adding 'proof' of his own marvelous popularity, or pouring contempt upon the opponents as hunted outcasts, ashamed to lift their faces to the light of day—insisting that an adversary meant one thing when he said another, or himself endeavoring to say a thing that he shall hereafter be able to assert that he meant something else—through it all there runs the under-note of assertion or assumption that everything he has done or said was, and simply because he did or said it, must have been, always and altogether and undeniably, right. The demand made upon us by this advocate of the crofter scheme—this apologist and defender of the Canada Western—this author of the Parliament buildings bill—this administrator who went to St. Petersburg for the provisions of a school act, and to times antedating magna charta for those of his municipal bill—this hero of the 'contentment' case—this tender sympathizer with the 'difficulties' of syndicates—this arrogant sneerer at the claims of labor—his demand is that we shall accept him as he is and has been, without repugnance, amendment or apology. He makes large promises of wise and just administration—but it is to be distinctly understood that his administration in the past has been wise and just; his promises include no change of policy, except it be a change in the direction of going back to the methods of former years in such matters, for example, as the free selling to speculators of the remaining public lands of the province.

The Revelstoke Star gives its opinion of Mr. Mara as a representative in the following words: "The Tribune thinks East and West Kootenay should be amalgamated in one constituency, with three representatives in the provincial legislature and one in the Dominion parliament. Not a bad idea; but until the Ottawa government decides on a redistribution of seats we are of opinion that the two Kootenays must continue to be planned on to the coast tails of the member for Yale, much as he would like to be rid of such an ungenial constituency. It is wrong, all wrong, that Mr. Mara should be compelled to represent two districts whose interests are in some respects antagonistic. Yale would certainly have the preference over Kootenay in all matters where their interests clashed. Mr. Mara may be a good enough representative for Yale. But we want a Kootenay man, first, last and always; a man that can give the postmaster-general pointers on the disgraceful mail service prevailing in the interior of the district; a man that will lift up his voice in an effort to settle the various disputes between the Dominion and provincial governments—more particularly Revelstoke townsites dispute; a man who will tell the minister of the interior that the Columbia river is every year eating away acres of valuable town land; a man who will bring the needs of Kootenay prominently before the powers that be at Ottawa. Mr. Mara does not seem to care enough about Kootenay to do this. We want a Kootenay man. Let Mr. Mara represent Yale." There are good reasons for believing that other parts of the Yale district have as little use for Mr. Mara as Kootenay has, and as soon as all the dissatisfied get a chance to give their feelings expression at the polls that gentleman's reign will stop short.

Nelson Tribune: The chief owner of the Vancouver World, in a late issue of that paper, says the World "contended for the immediate construction of any system of railway that would give an outlet to Kootenay." As a matter of fact, when D. C. Corbin applied, in 1890, for a charter for a railway system that would give Kootenay an outlet, the World bitterly opposed the granting of the charter. As a matter of fact, when G. B. Wright and his partners, in 1891, applied for a charter for the Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway, the World as bitterly opposed the granting of it as it did the Corbin charter, and its main owner was instrumental in getting up a "fake" meeting of the Vancouver board of trade, at which resolutions were adopted opposing the granting of the charter, he (the main owner of the World) going so far as to make a speech in which he said that it would be time enough to grant charters for such railways when it was proved that Kootenay had a paying mine. If the World has ever favored railway building in Kootenay, it was the building of some railway liberally subsidized and bonused by the provincial and Dominion governments. Out of his own mouth is the chief owner of the Vancouver World a convicted liar.

It seems that parliament is to be asked to increase the subsidy to the proposed fast Atlantic steamship service from \$500,000 to \$750,000 a year. Parliament will, of course, comply with the request, but it seems there will still remain a doubt whether the amount will be sufficient. Some experts talk of a round million being necessary, and next session there will probably be a proposal that a million be voted. What would Canada gain in return for this expenditure? The question seems well worth considering carefully.

Jerry Simpson, the "sackless" congressman from Kansas, has turned his attention from socks to overcoats. His contribution of an object lesson in this line in the house the other day is thus related: "At this juncture Mr. Simpson created great applause and amusement by treating the house to the spectacle of a dilapidated overcoat. He proposed to show the house exactly what the poor people of the country did wear. Reaching down under the desk, he seized a tattered old overcoat, fringed at the sides and belted with great patches. He held it up high, while the house and the gal-

leries cheered. I bought that of a farmer," said he, "who told me that he left home at 12 o'clock at night and had driven 25 miles to sell his product to your honorable body. The market for overcoats in Kansas is an object lesson. (Laughter.) There is a sample of what men wear under the beneficent system of protection. It is made of shoddy and rags. See?" Here he ripped it up the back. "Yet," he added, "I can find its duplicate on the backs of a million men in this country."

Mr. Simpson may be short on footwear, but his head is evidently "all right."

Official returns of the United States consulate show that the lumber exports from Ottawa district to the neighboring republic increased by about \$100,000 in the last three months of 1893, compared with the same quarter of the preceding year. This would indicate that the Ottawa district has a lively interest in securing free trade in lumber between the two countries.

At last evening's meeting of the city council it was adjudged that the reading of communications took up too much time and that they should be dealt with practically as they were under Mayor Beaven's presidency. Ald. Baker sat by, saying never a word in protest! Perhaps his breath was for the moment taken away.

It is proposed to hold a convention at Nelson on April 12 for the nomination of a candidate (or candidates) if the redistribution bill so provides for West Kootenay. The progressive mining country is evidently determined to furnish a good example for the other parts of the province.

COWICHAN RIVER TROUBLES. To the Editor: The Cowichan river is giving us great trouble of late. The destruction of property is caused partly by the loss sent down from Cowichan Lake, owned by Hught & McIntyre. Injunction after injunction was served on the company. Complaint is made of the lumbering industry. The finest lands in the province, washed by the river, are fast being lost to the sea, with not the least signs of anything being done to rectify matters—in this condition we have found ourselves, and still find ourselves. A week ago Mr. Lomas, Indian agent, called a meeting of the settlers to take the matter in hand. At that meeting it was resolved that we ask our members for the district to meet us at the earliest date possible to make the matter into consideration, as it was of vital importance to this district and the province at large. Hught & McIntyre, some years ago, bought out the saw mill and timber limits belonging to Mr. Sutton, paying for the same a large amount of money. Since then they have enlarged the mill and placed therein the finest of modern machinery, and it is considered one of the best equipped, though not the largest, on the coast, and does a foreign trade. It has, I believe, already loaded the largest sailing vessels known. After spending their fortunes, and being about ready to reap some of the benefits of the money invested, they meet with dull times in the lumber trade, financial embarrassment and injunction after injunction on the Cowichan river, which no doubt has greatly discouraged them. They have certainly had the sympathy of the people of this district.

Our members sent word that on Saturday, Jan. 13th 1894, they would meet their constituents at Duncan's. At the meeting held in the Agricultural hall, at which the Hon. Theo. Dyer, Mr. Gray and Mr. Haslam attended, they being the audience and the people of the settlement the speakers, Mr. D. Holmes took the chair and Mr. Blythe was secretary. Mr. W. C. Duncan was the first to address the meeting. He told us about the river, the immense amount of lumber that would eventually have to come down the stream, the importance of the lumbering industry to this district, the expenditure of the Dominion grant, and so forth. The Premier of the day, Mr. Laurier, in a speech, gave us some idea of the immense amount of lumber that the company owned, something like two billion, six hundred million feet, and all would eventually have to come down the Cowichan and Kootenay rivers. He said that he would not come to the rescue of the company, but that he would carry on for years on second-class lumber. He gave us an insight to the amount of money that would be required to handle that amount of lumber by injunction. He had tried to do the fair thing, but was asked to do unfair things, such as removing log jams at unreasonable times, and he concluded by saying that logging was doomed under the present state of the river.

Mr. Haslam, M. P., said that he was in a peculiar position, being our representative although he had never yet represented us. He told us he was a practical lumberman, and explained the difference of the rivers back from what we had here. He spoke of the logs, the different surroundings, etc. He promised to do his best to advance our interests in the Dominion legislature. Dr. Watson told us that he had suffered the most any white man on the river. He said let bygones be bygones and get down to business and try to remedy the evil. It is a mystery how the poor man was not crazy long ago at seeing his fine farm washed into Cowichan bay, acre after acre of the finest land in this province.

Mr. Hught, Sr. of the Cowichan mills was the next to address the meeting. It was evident he felt his position keenly as he has cast his lot amongst us with a large fortune and spent it all here trying to buy up the best lumber trade. The unjust treatment he had received in getting his logs down the

river, he said, was the cause in a great measure of his financial embarrassment. A few others expressed their views on the subject, then a resolution was passed asking that our members take action in the matter. I may say our members make a good audience. They made no disturbance whatever. I noticed the attorney-general had a very small pocketbook and a short lead pencil, which he would flourish rapidly at intervals. We all hope those words dotted down will bring forth fruit, and that speedily. With a vote of thanks to the members, the chairman and the secretary, the meeting closed.

Mr. Editor, I know I am trespassing upon your valuable space, but think I am justified when you consider the vast importance of the subject under consideration. The lumbering industry of the Cowichan Lake country is something that most people can't comprehend. The next question that arises in the mind is going to put the Cowichan river in order? The Dominion government so far have done it; that is, they have spent about a thousand dollars a year for some time past, but that seems utterly useless. We are told it will take quite a sum of money—in fact so large a sum that we were afraid even to breathe it to our members at the meeting. It is generally conceded in this district that the provincial government should assist the Dominion, and in doing the B. & N. Railway Co., who own half the island and have the railway bridge to protect, would also assist. Then there is the lumbering interest, which no doubt would give a helping hand; they are all equally interested in the river.

PIONEER.

MIDSHIPMAN ADDISON A HERO

He Plunged Into Equilant Harbor and Rescued a Seaman. Midshipman Addison, or H. M. S. Garret, at Esquimaux this morning, plunged into the bay and at the risk of his life rescued Seaman Brown, who was almost drowned. Despite the fact that Esquimaux is a very cold place, there was a heavy sea on there this morning during the height of the gale. Orders were given to get a boat ready, and Brown was on the lower boom. He had an oilskin coat and heavy boots on, and was either blown off or lost his footing, for into the sea he went. He struggled to sustain himself, but lost his presence of mind and was drifting aft. There was no way to render him any assistance, and he seemed to be sinking. The admiral, on the quarter deck when he saw Brown in the water. Instantly he threw off his coat and hat and plunged into the sea. Reaching Brown, who was then utterly helpless, he sustained him until two boats were lowered. Both men were thoroughly exhausted when taken from the water, but with a little care neither will feel any bad effects from their experience. Addison was generally congratulated for his heroism, and settlers to Admiral Stephenson and the Royal Humane Society, commending him, have already been mailed by Captain Harry Hughes-Hallett.

General News. Cape Town, Jan. 15.—In a battle between the forces of Commander Sigismund and Umizizi, in Pondoland, the former was defeated and was compelled to retire with a loss of 250 killed and wounded.

City of Mexico, Jan. 15.—An invention of an explosive which is attracting large attention in Mexican military circles is by Lieutenant Alfredo Gomez, a young officer in the army. The new shell adds a number of features, increasing "Scenery," as you mean? Wildest you ever saw. Great rugged mountains of porphyry and slate, desolate enough looking to give a sociable man the chills. But there is some great rock in there. Some of it runs high in silver; so high in fact that there can be no two questions about the country's future. "I do not hesitate to make this statement," said Mr. Lowery, making a circling sweep with his finger on the map of British Columbia, the chief taking in all Southern Kootenay, "that this region is the richest silver district in the world."

"Great thing for Canada?" innocently interjected the interviewer. "Canada," vehemently replied Mr. Lowery, "Canada, nothing. The whole country up there is pretty nearly owned by Americans. They are swift people, those Americans, and they have swept in there and are holding down the fastest things in mines—our friend the silver sees on his daily trips."

"No Canadians there at all?" "Oh, yes; there is a little Montreal and Ottawa capital interested, but by far the largest part of the country—that is the heart—is in the hands of the Americans."

"How do you get about the country if it is so very rough?" "Well, I guess we have as trim a stage road between Kaslo and New Denver as anywhere you want to ride over. It is an excellent service, too. And the country has changed wonderfully in the last two years. On every side you can see improvements and developments. There is any amount of mining machinery going on now, and the world will hear from us ere long."

"The stuff is there, eh?" "Why, sir," exclaimed Mr. Lowery, adjusting his spectacles, and fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the coast scribe, "just listen to this. If every boy the country's got peters out; if everything else forsakes us, there's enough silver in sight in the Slokan to uphold an empire. Why, on the Slokan Star alone there's a cool million right in sight. It is high grade concentrated ore, too. We only need railways and machinery. The country's there, the richest on earth. I have seen the country grow. I was there before there was any Kaslo or Nelson, Nakusp or New Denver, but this is only the beginning of the development."

"How is Nakusp getting along?" "Nicely. By the bye, there are some hot springs about 15 miles from Nakusp, and an enterprising gentleman is putting up a big hotel, and no doubt the spot will be a great resort in a short time. Yes, I am thoroughly satisfied with the country and with its prospects."

Mr. Lowery will probably remain in town a few days before returning to Nakusp.

When Senator Tabor received the plans for his beautiful theatre at Denver he was proud as a boy reporter with his first story in type. It was the culmination of his ambition, says the Chicago Dispatch, and he was so overjoyed that he immediately set off for Europe.

SLOKAN'S SILVER STORES.

A Noted Pioneer Tells of a Wonderful Region.

GREATEST SILVER DEPOSIT ON EARTH

Wild, Rugged, Barren and Mountainous But Rich—Kaslo's Gateway and Entrance to the Great Silver Stores of the West.

R. T. Lowery, a pioneer of the Slokan country, and also one of the best known newspaper men in the province, editor and proprietor of the Nakusp Ledger, late of the Kaslo claim, is visiting Victoria. Mr. Lowery was seen by a Times man and "wi sma" persuasion" gave an account of his favorite stamping ground with evident pleasure.

"The mines in the Slokan," said Mr. Lowery, "are busy at present, and they are doing a \$15,000 a day business. Yes, it is a big sum, but it is rather under-estimated. These mines are 25 miles from Nakusp, and almost the same distance from Kaslo. There are 16 claims working, and they are turning out the lead and silver at a fine pace. No, sir, mining is not all we have to back up Nakusp. Within easy reach of town are some fine farming lands, and lots of settlers are now flocking in. There is a good piece of fairly level ground adjacent to Nakusp, and we'll have some pretty farms there shortly."

"How about the railway there has been so much talk about?" "That's all right. They have ten miles of track laid already, and they will start again in March. They intend to get into Three Forks by May, if possible. The Forks is 38 miles from Nakusp. It will be a big thing for that settlement. They have 40 log houses there and things are fairly flourishing. It is prettily situated in a big canyon and is a coming place. The Forkites are storing any amount of ore and waiting for the road to come along. A lot of the ore is drawn to Kaslo, there are 40 teams so employed, and they are all kept bustling. The smelters, as you know, are all on Uncle Sam's property. The Pilot Bay smelter is not in use. Prospects? Oh, everybody is hopeful. They all feel confident better times are at hand, and they have great faith in the country. The receipts for the immense quantities of ore despatched some months ago will soon be coming in, and every thing will be merry again in the Slokan."

Mr. Lowery smiled and looked as if this was one of the questions he had been waiting for. "Kaslo," he said slowly and with an emphasis he seemed to enjoy, "is large, and Kaslo is decidedly lively. In fact it is a gay burg and has citizens who are full of the right kind of enterprise. It has one staid on its character, though; it possesses something unique in Canada—a Theatre Comique. It is a very tough spot that. There are ten or twelve females who help the boys to spend the cash they make at the mines. When the miners come to town and feel as if they would like to go in for a wild mad whirl of metropolitan life the Theatre Comique offers them the opportunity. They drive takes the bulk of Kaslo's floating cash. Drunks and women are everywhere, and the women are there to make the boys drink as much as possible. The good people of the town are down on the place, and there are prospects that it may have a struggle to keep its footing in Kaslo."

"What is the general appearance of the Slokan country?" "Scenery, do you mean? Wildest you ever saw. Great rugged mountains of porphyry and slate, desolate enough looking to give a sociable man the chills. But there is some great rock in there. Some of it runs high in silver; so high in fact that there can be no two questions about the country's future. "I do not hesitate to make this statement," said Mr. Lowery, making a circling sweep with his finger on the map of British Columbia, the chief taking in all Southern Kootenay, "that this region is the richest silver district in the world."

"Great thing for Canada?" innocently interjected the interviewer. "Canada," vehemently replied Mr. Lowery, "Canada, nothing. The whole country up there is pretty nearly owned by Americans. They are swift people, those Americans, and they have swept in there and are holding down the fastest things in mines—our friend the silver sees on his daily trips."

"No Canadians there at all?" "Oh, yes; there is a little Montreal and Ottawa capital interested, but by far the largest part of the country—that is the heart—is in the hands of the Americans."

"How do you get about the country if it is so very rough?" "Well, I guess we have as trim a stage road between Kaslo and New Denver as anywhere you want to ride over. It is an excellent service, too. And the country has changed wonderfully in the last two years. On every side you can see improvements and developments. There is any amount of mining machinery going on now, and the world will hear from us ere long."

"The stuff is there, eh?" "Why, sir," exclaimed Mr. Lowery, adjusting his spectacles, and fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the coast scribe, "just listen to this. If every boy the country's got peters out; if everything else forsakes us, there's enough silver in sight in the Slokan to uphold an empire. Why, on the Slokan Star alone there's a cool million right in sight. It is high grade concentrated ore, too. We only need railways and machinery. The country's there, the richest on earth. I have seen the country grow. I was there before there was any Kaslo or Nelson, Nakusp or New Denver, but this is only the beginning of the development."

"How is Nakusp getting along?" "Nicely. By the bye, there are some hot springs about 15 miles from Nakusp, and an enterprising gentleman is putting up a big hotel, and no doubt the spot will be a great resort in a short time. Yes, I am thoroughly satisfied with the country and with its prospects."

Mr. Lowery will probably remain in town a few days before returning to Nakusp.

When Senator Tabor received the plans for his beautiful theatre at Denver he was proud as a boy reporter with his first story in type. It was the culmination of his ambition, says the Chicago Dispatch, and he was so overjoyed that he immediately set off for Europe.

leaving everything in the hands of his trusty lieutenants. The building went up rapidly after his departure, and all was assumed as he left the train to be welcomed home again. His first business was to go through his theatre, and until he arrived before the proscenium arch. The frescoing and painting were beautiful and artistic to a degree. Right in the centre was a splendid painting of Shakespeare.

"Tabor stopped. 'I'm,' he grunted as a frown crossed his face. 'Who the devil is that?'" "Why, that is Shakespeare, the immortal bard of the Avon," replied the manager, with assurance.

"What did he do?" asked Tabor. "Why, he did nothing more than the drama than any person who ever lived."

"Did he ever do anything for Colorado?"

"Why, he lived 400 years ago." "Then he never did anything for Colorado, did he?"

"Well," uneasily drawled the other, "he may never have done anything directly for Colorado, but—"

"No, but about a year or two ago I put up a painting of me. I did something for Colorado."

And this is why Tabor opera house patrons look into the smiling ugliness of Senator Tabor every night.

As a piece of theatre another good one on the dramatic Colorado senator. He dropped into his theatre one night, the orchestra was playing a soft melody from the "Bohemian Girl." He stood in the foyer and looked over the house. Suddenly he noticed the drummer was idle.

"Why don't that fellow play?" he abruptly asked the manager.

"There is no occasion for him to play. His drumming would ruin the music."

"That don't make no difference; ruin or not, he is paid to play, and if he won't I'll get some one that will."

"But he cannot possibly play now," urged the manager.

"Well, then, I don't want him," said in a rage he rushed down the aisle and discharged the poor drummer, who required a week's arguing by the leader to get the unoffending fellow back again.

WITH ONE HAND.

How Editor and Major Sam Hughes Disposed of an Adversary.

The following appears in the Toronto World of a recent date:

Major Sam Hughes, M. P. of the Lindsay Warder, was in Toronto on Tuesday with a "barked" nose. He told a World reporter that he got it splitting wood, but his own paper of this week gives a much more vivid and picturesque account of the cause. If picturesque is not descriptive of it, then perhaps we might say it is told after the manner of the exploits of the editor of the Arizona Kicker. Here is his story:

There was considerable bad blood aroused in town on learning of the style of canvas carried on by George McHugh, John Brady and others for Mr. Kyle, the new member for the riding of the Yukon. We were all with an angry remark that we had not succeeded in defeating him. Our retort was that he had not polled a majority nor nearly a majority, and that the triangular fight elected him. Words were said until Mr. Kyle said: "You are a ————," and in a lower tone, "———." Thereupon we slapped his right cheek. At once he advanced to us and began hitting out. Seeing he meant business, after passing up on the veranda and put down all the time using only the right hand and wearing a long heavy overcoat and holding a big pair of mitts in the left hand. As he was falling we gave him a kick. Then we stood quietly and let him get up unmolested, when Mr. Kyle came between, saying it must stop. Kyle stopped, and so did we, until a man with dark whiskers said: "Let them fight. Thereupon, without a chance to guard, we thought the quarrel was over, a fair clip was landed on an old lacrosse cut on our proboscis, the thumb rasped the skin and making a nasty bark. That was the only blow given us. We closed ranks in front of the house, and Kyle drove him across the front of the livery and opposite the first house to the west. A few blows were given him by us on the nose, cheek and mouth, so that he bears an abrasion as well as us. Finally he jumped up on the veranda and put up both his hands open towards us. "This is always understood to mean a cessation of hostilities. Perhaps he only meant to shove us back, but no sooner was our side turned to go away than he grabbed our overcoat tail and swung us off the sidewalk into the deep snow, where we fell on hands and knees. While our back was turned he tried to hit us, but we were on the sidewalk in a twinkling. Then Mr. Kyle interfered and stopped the quarrel. Kyle showed the manly part by hitting us during a truce after he got up, and by catching our coat and swinging us off the sidewalk when we turned after he had raised his hand, which is always a sign of cessation of a fight. He again came out, when he tried to hit us in the back as we got from the snow to the sidewalk. On the contrary, when we knocked him down we quietly awaited his setting up, and made no effort to pummel or throttle him to prevent his rising, as we easily could have done. From the start until he seized our overcoat we used only one hand, all the time holding the mitts in our left and wearing a big overcoat. However, there is no glory in quarrelling with such creatures. No sooner was it over when the whole brigade, McHugh, Brady, O'Riley, and a dozen more of the crew, were rushing up and down telling boy Kyle had won. Well, the above are the facts, as several spectators can prove. From the outset we sought to avoid a quarrel, only punishing the fellow for his insulting remark. As it was we received our clip given unexpectedly, when all thought the quarrel had been ended; while he bears the marks of several given in open attack. He was in a light working coat and had both hands open. If that is the best exhibition he can make, our one hand would, even though we are laid up with a gripper be ample for such as he. We bear but one mark, a slight cut from his thumb, not the least discoloration or swelling anywhere, while we learn Kyle wears plain evidences of the fray. We left the same afternoon for Toronto to attend a meeting of the board of audit of the Grand Orange lodge of Canada.

ROYALTY'S

Yates Discourses on the Perils of the Prince of Wales

PRINCE OF WALES

Wales Himself Goes to the Meddles

Permanent Lodging. Clarence Fells—His Rights—Announced—Young Lord Melita of Col.

New York, Jan. 19. In his London cable to the Princess of Wales after her recent severe fever and much illness, the Prince of Wales himself goes to the Meddles.

The Princess of Wales, who has been away from England since the Prince's illness, is expected to return to the palace at Windsor. The Prince of Wales, who has been away from England since the Prince's illness, is expected to return to the palace at Windsor.

The official announcement of the death of the Duke of Coburg, which took place at the palace of Coburg, was delayed until it was communicated to the Emperor and the Empress and their marriage, according to arrangements, is to take place during the last week of the year.

The recent visit of the Duke of Chartres to the Waldemar of Denmark was connected with the marriage between their Princess Marguerite, then the eldest son of the Emperor, and the Duke of Chartres, who is the son of the Duke of Chartres.

The Duke of Connaught, who is the son of the Duke of Connaught, is the son of the Duke of Connaught, who is the son of the Duke of Connaught.

I have had such a cold, which has reached the point of being a serious illness. I have had such a cold, which has reached the point of being a serious illness. I have had such a cold, which has reached the point of being a serious illness.

The German Emperor, who is the son of the German Emperor, is the son of the German Emperor, who is the son of the German Emperor.

The condition of the Emperor, who is the son of the Emperor, is the son of the Emperor, who is the son of the Emperor. The condition of the Emperor, who is the son of the Emperor, is the son of the Emperor, who is the son of the Emperor.