Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1887.

CANADA'S FINANCIAL POSITION.

Our grit friends have tried very hard to decry Canada's financial position during the past year. The fact that it was unpatriotic to do so did not probably occur to them, their only object being to make a point if possible against the government of Sir John Macdonald. What matter to them if by their disgraceful tactics they injured the credit of the country abroad. Only let us, say they, get our hands upon the fleshpots, what difference how. It is very fortunate that the efforts of these office seekers have not had the desired effect in the money centres of the world. Further, that our credit was never better. The United States press has ably assisted the Grits in decrying Canada's finances, and the most absurd rumors have recently been put in circulation by American journals. It was shown that the growth of the revenue of the Dominion was so far from being unsatisfactory as to be in excess of the expenditure, and the outlook showed that there was a good prospect of a surplus of about a million dollars. As the *Canadian Gazette* says, it is significant to observe that the entire net increase of the public debt of Canada, outside of allowances to provinces, is due to four special causes of outlay, causes which cannot recur. These are—Canadian Pacific railway and Intercolonial railway and connections, $163,964,071; purchase of Northwestern and Dawson route, $2,920,000; survey of territory, $2,566,689; deficits during 1874-79, $4,874,436; discounts and expenses on loans during 1874-79, $4,577,671; thus making a total of $118,902,817, while the total net increase of debt during 1876-86, exclusive of aid to provinces, is $116,687,396; or in other words the four items named give an excess of $2,215,421 over the indebtedness of the Dominion. In addition there is of course the cost of the enlargement of canals, subsidies to local railways, the payments on account of the Northwest rebellion, and the cost of public buildings, wharves, etc., all out of revenue. From this it is evident that the debt of Canada having been incurred for works not to be duplicated, ordinary works can now be proceeded with from revenue, whilst the increase of population and the operations of the sinking fund will rapidly diminish the *per capita* burden of the debt charge. On June 30th the interest reached its maximum figure, and will now diminish year by year. Surely such facts as these form a complete answer to any supposition as to the financial position of the Dominion being other than satisfactory.

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY.

The boundary between this province and Alaska is, as some one said, "almost as vague at present as the limits of the states in Central Asia." In 1825 Great Britain and Russia concluded a treaty when it was attempted to define the boundaries between Russia and British America. When Mr. Seward bought Alaska in 1867 he took it over with the boundaries specified in that treaty. The north presented no difficulty; it is bounded by the Arctic ocean; nor did the west and most of the south, on which sides it is bounded by Behring sea and the North Pacific. But the whole eastern boundary, and the boundary on the extreme southern point of the territory were laid down by guesswork in 1825, and are run by guesswork to this day. The eastern boundary begins at the meridian of 141° on the Arctic sea, and follows that meridian to a point near Mount St. Elias, nine marine miles from the Pacific ocean. Thence it swings eastwardly, and in the treaty to follow the summit of the Coast range to its intersection with a line drawn due east from the extreme southern extremity of Prince of Wales island to the centre of Portland canal. Where the Coast range is more than three marine leagues from the shore, then the line is to leave the mountains and keep just that distance from the sea. But the difficulty comes in here. In many cases the mountains are more than nine miles from the sea, and Americans are working mines on some of them. In some cases the mines are on the eastern slope of the Coast range and yet in the possession of the Americans. British Columbia unquestionably owns these properties if the treaty is to be construed strictly. We must, nevertheless, remember that the mines were discovered by the Americans, and worked by them believing the territory to belong to the United States—an impression which, we believe, they have never been disabused of. But a more serious difficulty arises with regard to the southern boundary. The treaty says it is a line drawn due east from the southern extremity of Prince of Wales island to the centre of Portland canal (which is Spanish for Portland channel). But a line drawn due east from the southern extremity of Prince of Wales island would not strike Portland channel at all, but would strike the coast several miles south of it. At the time of the treaty of 1825 there had been no thorough survey of the coast, and the Russian geographers were unaware that the south cape of Prince of Wales island lies south of the little body of water known as Portland channel. In 1886 this discrepancy between the United States government maps and the words of the treaty came to the knowledge of our government and it demanded a rectification of the frontier. It is most desirable that congress will adopt the amendment of the senate committee to the sundry civil appropriation bill providing means for the joint survey of the boundary between Alaska and British Columbia. Senator Sherman had no other object in introducing the amendment than to meet our demand for a settlement of the vexed question. The territory in question is not large, comprising two small islands covered with wood. We are glad to note the utterances of an American exchange on this question, which says that "under the existing circumstances the ill-defined boundary of Alaska is a standing source of danger. Any day the Canadians may act on their view of the boundary question and may drive off American miners from what they consider Canadian territory and forfeit their property. They may seize American fishermen in waters which they consider Canadian, but which we have always considered American. They might have the better excuse for doing so because our revenue cutters, only last year, acting on an interpretation of the law which has lately been abandoned by the treasury department, seized two Canadian fishing schooners in Behring sea, without warrant or justification. It is high time that the boundary be settled by a couple of cool, energetic engineers." There is little doubt that we would meet the American government half way in the matter in order to settle the difficulty. There ought to be no trouble in settling the ownership of "a few square miles of frozen territory," and the sooner the matter is adjusted the better for both parties.

CANADIAN GAZETTE: The Canadian government and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company are wisely taking steps to gain the friendly feelings of the Australasian colonists in regard to the new line of travel to Europe which Canada now affords. New Zealand and Australian papers just to hand acknowledge the receipt from Canada of a large amount of information bearing upon the overland route. One new Zealand journal, commenting on the particulars supplied, remarks:—

The railway line across the Canadian Dominion affords special facilities to travellers from the Colonies to the MotherCountry. The fares are lower than by the lines across the United States, and the time occupied is shorter. The line is also free from those high elevations which the United States lines have to ascend, which must make travelling on it more pleasant to those in feeble health than on the more elevated lines. We learn that the Canadian Government authorities are anxious to gain the friendly feeling of the Australian and New Zealand Colonists in regard to the new line of travel, and will be always willing to place the latest information at the disposal of public bodies and public institutions in the Colonies.

CALL and have a talk with FISHER, the ARCHITECT, before you order plans. *

POLITICAL NOTES.

The Winnipeg *Sun*, whose sentiments the Victoria *Times* endorses, is an independent newspaper of the grittiest kind. To read one of its political articles is like discussing a bivalve that is full of sand. The independent dodge will not go down in this quarter of the Dominion. Neither did it in Manitoba. Neither did it in Ontario where only two straddle-bugs were elected and they went immediately over to Mr. Mowat.

T. B. Humphreys is standing as a liberal-conservative. Is he willing to abide by a decision of the liberal-conservative party, or has he chosen that side because he deems it the most "taking?"

Among the new candidates who are mentioned as likely to be in the field is Alexander McDonald. He has had considerable experience in Dominion politics "back east," and believes he will poll a large vote. He has already been quietly canvassing, but has not yet publicly announced himself nor made his declaration of faith.

The only nondescript candidate is W. A. Robertson. He is neither an independent, a liberal, nor a liberal-conservative. Neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. Leastwise his card to the electors fails to explain. Mr. R. is a man of strong individuality, and when he fails to declare himself, rest assured that there is a "mouse in the meal-tub."

All the talk about being a slave to party is the veriest rot manufactured by the grit papers to carry Victoria "on the sly." The time has arrived when this province should take sides. She should show her gratitude to the party that has put the country on a sound financial basis by building the railway and adopting the National policy.

Free trade would be all very well if the whole world believed in it. But with every foreign port bristling with hostile tariffs and fenced in by customs officers to prevent the admission of Canadian and English goods, why should Canadian and English ports not be similarly protected? The liberals would throw wide open the Dominion's door to the free admission of foreign merchandise. Will the United States do likewise? Not by a considerable majority.

The success of the liberals would mean the ruin of every British Columbia manufacturer and producer. Free trade is an exploded theory on the American continent.

Dr. Chisholm will stand in New Westminster district in the liberal-conservative interest. He is not anxious to sneak into the Dominion house as a grit sheep in the garb of an independent lion (lying.)

The grit organ in this city propounds this sage conundrum: "In what position will the province be with the liberal party in power and the British Columbia representatives pledged to support their conservatives?" The cleverness of the conundrum exists in its overwhelming stupidity. We answer it by propounding another: "In what position will the province be with the conservative party in power and the British Columbia "straddlebugs" pledged to support the grits?"

The grit organ gives up the fight. It asks despairingly, "Who is the grit that can be elected for Victoria, so that we (it) can have him nominated?" Not a single grit, then, can be found to face the music. But the organ has got its pockets full of independents who will be good enough grits when their votes are wanted in the house. Let them be trotted out.

"In what position will the province be in with the liberal party in power and the British Columbia representatives pledged to support the conservatives?" *Times.* In what position would the province be in if the Russians were to effect a landing and find the people pledged to support the British flag at all hazards? We submit that there is as much reason in the last as in the first question, for both presuppose that the people must lay down their arms in the presence of an enemy without striking a blow.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A beautiful little volume adorns our table. It has just been received with the author's compliments. John Imrie is not a new name in Canadian literature, but this is the first volume he has published. It is entitled "Sacred songs, Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems," and its contents comprise sacred compositions, sonnets, patriotic songs, songs of love, home and friendship and miscellaneous poems. In his preface Mr. Imrie tells us that he sends forth his little volume with much diffidence as to its literary merit, that most of the poems have already appeared in the press and have only been gathered together at the earnest solicitation of friends. The public then owe a debt of gratitude to those admirers. The illustrations were contributed by "friends in the printing profession," and the copyright music by "gentlemen whose names stand high in the scale of musical authorship." Mr. G. Mercer Adam, of Toronto, writes the introduction, contrasting the busy whirl of social dissipation with simple joys and quiet domestic pleasures. To the lovers of these latter comes our poet "with his tuneful lyre and sings us gladsome lays of the home and fireside." The dedication breathes the spirit of the book:

Friends dead and gone—friends far and near—
Friends tried and true—friends ever dear—
Though sundered far yet all are here—
Close to my heart;
And all along life's rugged way,
The smile of friendship crowns the day,
And hearts are young, tho' heads be grey;
Friends never part.

The author in sending out his first volume to the public tells us that his only aim in the cultivation of the Muse was to spend his leisure hours in intellectual recreation, giving outward expression to his inward feelings of devotion, love, patriotism and pleasure. He expresses the hope that he has "made friends" for as he says,

The friendship of the good and true
Is more to me than gold,
And while I welcome one that's new
I'll treasure well the old—
Old friends are like the goodly tree
Whose leafy branches throw
A grateful shelter over me,
When adverse winds may blow."

Mr. Imrie's Muse halts occasionally, it is true, but like Father Ryan's poems the defects are forgotten in the high thoughts sweetly expressed which brighten every page. The publishers are Imrie & Graham, Toronto.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine and Floral Guide for 1887 is before us—a marvel of artistic excellence. The initial number of the tenth volume outstrips all its predecessors. The colored plates are superb, while the illustrations in black and white show the great care with which the drawings and engravings have been made. The letter press contains a valuable fund of information on gardening subjects, rendering the magazine invaluable to all interested in horticulture.

CIVIL SERVICE.

The *Canadian Gazette* this month contains the names of those candidates who were successful at the civil service examination held in November last. Following are those who passed: John O. H. Good, preliminary examination; Robert J. Butler, Hessy W. Graves, Geo. A. McCullough, Francis R. Sargison, for qualifying examination. We believe all who competed in Victoria were successful.

MR. ROBERTSON'S PLATFORM.

TO THE EDITOR:—Many friends of Mr. W. A. Robertson are anxious to know whether, if elected, he intends to support the present administration or the party of which Mr. Blake is the leader. By giving the necessary information through the medium of your valuable paper he will oblige OFE OF THE MANY.

A LOST CONTINENT.

The Evidence that it Was Engulfed by the Pacific Ocean.

Some Startling Revelations of Modern Science—Curious Facts Which Have a Bearing on the Question—Two Appalling Alternatives Presented.

Little as we know of the prehistoric adventures of the Atlantic ocean and the countries which bound it, we know still less of the Pacific and its antecedents. Reasoning upon the date of the earthquakes of 1854 and 1868, Professors Barbi and Hochstetter reckoned the average depth of that ocean to be 2,000 to 2,400 fathoms. The Tuscarora, which traversed the Pacific from California to Japan *via* the Sandwich Islands, taking soundings on the way—with a view to the laying of an ocean cable—found an average depth of about 2,200 fathoms, with depressions of 3,000 fathoms. The Challenger in the South Pacific found an average depth of about 2,500 fathoms; also with deep spots reaching occasionally to 3,500 fathoms. But in the northern Pacific a very different state of things is found. In Behring sea it is an exception to find a depth of 100 fathoms; twenty-five thirty, forty and fifty fathoms are the rule. Round the fur-seal islands—St. Paul and St. George—bottom is reached at twenty-five, thirty, forty and fifty fathoms; in the centre of Behring straits the depth marked on the coast survey chart is twenty-five fathoms. Again, at the south the average depth of the ocean between Chili and New Zealand is known to be about 1,500 fathoms. Thus, so far as we know—and that is a precious little—the basin of the Pacific is a circular bow about 3,000 fathoms deep in the deepest part, with a well defined rim on the western, northern and eastern sides, and with innumerable islands cropping up all over, like the peaks of the mountains of a submerged continent. On the southern side the rim is broken off and the bowl merges into the Antarctic ocean.

BASIN OF THE PACIFIC.

Assuming that this is a correct description of the Pacific basin—which, from want of adequate soundings, we are far from being sure of—it compares curiously with the Atlantic ocean, about which we know a good deal. The latter ocean has a bench or terrace, varying from 50 to 100 miles in width, and from nothing to 100 fathoms in depth, which borders the continents that inclose the ocean. Beyond this bench deep water—in places as deep as 3,500 fathoms—comes suddenly. The ocean basin is traversed from north to south by a plateau, extending from the Azores, or even further south, to Iceland, on either side of the plateau is a deep valley of water. On the plateau depths of 2,000 fathoms are rare; 1,500 fathoms is the usual average. But just outside the edges of the plateau there are places where no bottom is found at 3,000. The theory of cosmogonists is that this plateau was once dry land, and that it sunk to a depth of nearly two miles beneath the surface of the ocean in a convulsion of nature. It was by coupling this hypothesis with Plato's remarkable account of the lost island of Atlantis, from which, according to the Egyptians, they and the Greeks, and indeed all the enlightened people of ancient times, derived their civilization, that Ignatius Donnelly constructed his interesting theory of a lost continent.

Sir William Dawson has not furnished the public with the reasons that induced him to suppose that the Creator's work is finished in the Atlantic and uninished in the Pacific. It cannot have been that he argued that there had been no subsidence of the bottom of the latter, for the evidences of such a catastrophe are as strange as pointed out by Dana and Darwin. The coral insect will not build below 100 or 150 feet beneath the surface of the water. Yet coral *detritus* has been brought up from depths of 2,000 to 3,000 fathoms, and this throughout Polynesia, as far north as 2 deg. or 3 deg. above the tropic of Cancer, and as far south as Australia. Hence, it seems that what is now the bottom of a deep sea must once have been the bottom of a shallow sea, such as Behring sea is now.

SOME VERY CURIOUS FACTS.

Again, the colossal remains on Easter Island show that at some time or other that island must have been connected with islands now lying 1,000, 2,000 and 5,000 miles further west. They could not have been erected by the natives of an island which cannot feed its people, much less prove a home for art. The islanders could not have sailed to Easter from Polynesia, for they cannot beat to windward in their lightly built canoes, and the tradewinds blow from the east and southeast for eleven months in the year. Nor could they have come from the west of South America, for they are men of a different race from any that ever lived on this continent, being, in fact, obviously members of the Polynesian family. Hence, the former existence of a South Pacific continent, though not absolutely demonstrated, is rendered so probable that no man of science would be surprised at the discovery of absolute evidence of its having been.

Geographers have amused themselves by reconstructing the lost continent, as Donnelly reconstructed Atlantis. They have taken existing islands for the tops of mountain ranges, and imagined valleys between them, spreading from range to range. Thus, Dana imagines two principal mountain ranges, one starting from the Hawaiian group and running south to the Mendana, Society and Pearl Islands, and another starting from the Society group and running westwardly through the Navigators, the Fiji group, the Solomon group, New Guinea, the Spice islands, Celebes, Borneo, Sumatra, and joining the continent of Asia at Malacca. Perhaps this theory of cosmogony is as reconcilable with the facts as any other.

It involves two alternatives, each more appalling than the other. If there was a Pacific continent, how did it disappear? Did it fall crashing down through the waters, in an instant, in some mighty earthquake which hurled millions of human beings into eternity with such awful swiftness that no one knew what was happening to him? Or did it subside gradually, the area of cultivable land becoming less each year, so that men fled to hilltops to escape the inexorable advance of the surging sea, and while a few made their escape and bore to distant lands the story of the deluge, the great bulk perished miserably of hunger or in the battle for the food which was too scanty to suffice for all? Are such catastrophes likely to occur?

LATEST FASHION IN GIRLS.

They Must be Dashing and Strong, Not Romantic or Clinging.

The proper thing in girls this year is dashing and straight and strong. She greets mankind with an impressive stare, as she strides along the street with her chin in the air, her shoulders well back and her arms swinging to and fro. This season settled it. The opera brought society back, and the proper girl came romping home with flashing eyes and the ruddy glow of perfect health showing through the nut-brown tan of the summer's campaign. The clinging girl with tender eyes, the romantic girl with the yearning glare, the domestic girl with the purring voice, the "brilliant" girl with her turgid French, the smuggling girl with her artful smirk, and the girl who clung to the skirts of mamma—they are all gone. They went away in a flutter with timorous screams at the snort of the engine and the rush of the burly world.

Now the 've come back, but they're not the same. Instead, there's an army of lofty, gay, intrepid, meddlesome, dashing girls, who swagger abroad with delicious feminine audacity, and who have brought the breeze of the mountain top, the salty flavor of the ocean's edge and the buoyant air of the Berkshire hills into the very heart of dirty, dusty and stale New York. Of all the types that of the girl of to-day, with her high-bred look, her daring style and wintsome pasumion of manliness, is far and away the most fetching thing that the world at large can show.

A FULL supply of School Books, at Jamieson's.

LATE CANADIAN NEWS.

ONTARIO.

At the Toronto civil assizes H. D. Warrington, carpenter, of Hamilton, sued Wm. Sayer, farmer of Sombra township, for five thousand dollars for seducing his daughter Mary. The jury gave a verdict for one thousand dollars and costs.

Alex. McDonnell, a well known railway contractor, known as "Big Aleck," has died at Toronto, aged 50.

It is generally understood that Dr. Jacob Baxter, of Cayuga, M. P. P. for Haldimand, will be chosen as speaker of the Ontario legislature. Dr. Baxter has been in the assembly since it was instituted in 1867, he and the Hon. T. B. Pardee being the only two charter members that the house can boast of.

A premature explosion has occurred in the mines at Calabogie, and a young man named Bolderice was killed. Another man was badly injured.

Two Italians named Belcam and Dero, after imbibing considerable lager beer at a house on Chestnut street, Toronto, quarreled and fought with knives. Belcam was stabbed on the left shoulder and Dero in the lower left abdomen region. Both men were placed under arrest. Dero's wound is considered dangerous.

William Ince has been elected President of the Toronto Board of Trade, and W. D. Matthews first vice-president.

The most severe storm of the season prevailed in Ontario on the 14th inst. Reports from different localities show the storm to be general. Railway travel was much impeded, and some branch roads were entirely blockaded.

The statement that the Dominion Government has decided to revert to the old system of licensing foreign fishing vessels is declared to be without foundation.

A case of infanticide has been discovered at Toronto. On Tuesday morning a young woman called at Mrs. Hester's boarding house, and engaged a room for a week. Next morning she left and shortly afterwards the body of a newly-born infant was found in the yard in the rear of the house, which had been strangled by a piece of cashmere tied over its head and round its neck. An inquest was opened and adjourned to enable the detectives to trace the mother.

Jerome Haley, of Upper Woodstock, who was thrown from a load of hay in July last, after remaining paralyzed in his lower limbs from that time, the accident to the present and after suffering great agony, has died.

Ex-Judge Polette, of Three Rivers, is dead. He was one of the three commissioners that investigated the Pacific railway scandal in 1873.

During the last year, Bishop Cleary forwarded £608 9s 6d as a contribution from the people of Kingston diocese, for the support of the Irish cause in the British parliament.

QUEBEC.

At a recent meeting of the English speaking people of Montreal for the purpose of nominating a candidate for mayor, Hon. J. J. Abbott and ex-Ald. Geo. W. Childs were nominated. The meeting was very noisy. After considerable discussion the chairman decided that Mr. Abbott was chosen, although the show of hands appeared to favor Mr. Childs.

At a late meeting of the Montreal branch of the Irish national league the secretary read Hartington's telegram about the eviction crusade in Kerry. Resolutions were adopted condemning the Salisbury government and the system of eviction practiced by the Irish landlords.

Mr. Telesphore Rochon, of Montreal, has entered an action in the superior court to recover from A. E. Gervais the sum of $5,000 damages, on the ground that during the month of May, 1886, the defendant obtained from La Baie des Chaleurs Railway Co. a contract for the erection of a railway station at the new La Baie des Chaleurs, which contract, it is said, was to be divided between the above parties, and which for some unknown reason was not.

Traffic returns for the week ending 8th instant shows an increase of $37,857 over the corresponding period last year.

Peter Andrews, an employe of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in connection with the erection of the new bridge at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, was run over and killed by a train while proceeding along the track to his home for some tools he required. His body was horribly mangled his head being split open and his right leg severed from the body.

A woman named Lottie Ashton, of Montreal, has been arrested on a charge of having a boy christened under a false name. The accused states that she was an inmate of the Western hospital on January, 1885, and on being discharged she obtained an infant boy whom she had taken a fancy to from the matron, as she intended to adopt the child. She, though a Protestant, had it christened under her own name in St. Anthony's church on the 2nd of March, 1885. The case is a peculiar one, as it is alleged that the accused has made two different parties believe that he is the father of the child and has been receiving money for its maintenance from each. She was remanded to gaol, being allowed to take the little boy with her. She is otherwise known, it is said, as Carrie Pearce, alias Lottie Ashley, alias Mrs. Hamilton, and belongs to a good family in Ontario.

The engine and four cars of the westbound through express train run off the track at St. Paschal on the 12th inst. The tender rolled down the embankment, but the engine and cars remained close to the rails. Nobody was hurt, although the fireman had a fearfully narrow escape, being pulled out from beneath the capsized tender half an hour later uninjured. A broken switch is supposed to have caused the run off.

NOVA SCOTIA.

A prominent conservative politician from Halifax, in speaking at Ottawa of the political outlook in Nova Scotia for the approaching elections, said that the conservatives counted on securing eleven seats out of the twenty-one. If Sir Charles Tupper consents to run he will contest Halifax with the Hon. A. G. Jones. An effort has been made to effect a compromise in Halifax by allowing one of each party to go in unopposed. The fight in King's will be a bitter one, and possibly may, owing to a split in the liberal ranks, result in Mr. Woodworth's being returned. Doctor Borden, who formerly represented that constituency, and Mr. Roscoe are fighting for the liberal nomination. In Digby Mr. Campbell, the conservative candidate, will give Mr. Vail a strong fight.

The Halifax coal shipments from the Nova Scotia mines last year were 1,430,000 tons, the largest on record, being an increase of 176,000 tons over last year.

MANITOBA.

Mr. James Taylor, a well educated native halfbreed, is out as an independent candidate for Lisgar. It is said his chances are good.

Lone Man, one of Big Bear's Indians, who escaped over the line after the rebellion, and then returned and was arrested, again escaped and has again been recaptured. He was badly frozen when found by the police.

Sir Donald Smith expected to sail from England to-day, his business being presumably in connection with his candidature for Winnipeg.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

The department of marine and fisheries has been advised of the seizure near St. Andrews of two fishing schooners—"Jennette" and "Maggie Mitchell"—by Captain McLean, of the fishery protection cruiser General Middleton, on a charge of infraction of the customs and fisheries regulations. An investigation has been ordered.

The wreck at Harborville has been finally indentified as that of the missing schooner RoughDiamond. It is supposed the crew perished while trying to reach the shore.

The new fisheries cruiser Vigilant, formerly the Highland Light, has arrived at St. John harbor, where she will be at once fitted out and armed so as to be ready for the protection of Canadian fisheries in the Bay of Fundy.

Allen Balpinine, the young man who shot Mrs. Luke Lawson at Lake George, was committed for trial in the supreme court on a charge of murder.

The electric light will in a few weeks illuminate the streets of the town of Marysville, which will boast of the best cotton mill and one of the finest churches in Canada. Mr. Gibson, the founder and owner of the town, has, so rumor says, been offered and declined the honor of knighthood.

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES.

Richard Hardisty announces his candidature as an independent candidate for Alberta in the commons.

Sir A. T. Galt recently took down to Montreal some samples of coal from the Medicine Hat mines, of which concern he is the head. It is of excellent quality in several of the grades, emits a fine glowing heat and appears to be equal to any obtainable from the lower provinces. It is used largely by the Canadian Pacific railway west of Fort Arthur, and is finding a market in Winnipeg.

The interior department has received advices that the Dominion and Canadian Pacific railway lands around Calgary were being rapidly bought up by capitalists. During December the agent for the sale of the former sold at that place 640 acres at an average price of $3.50 per acre. During the same month applications were made for 3,840 acres more.

A MINER'S ROMANCE.

Going East to Find His Wife He Learns That She is in Juneau.

Several years ago there lived in a quiet little town in the province of Quebec, a young man named Thomas Boswell, who loved and married a *petite* French Canadian girl, famed in the parish for her beauty and lovely disposition. After a few years of married joys and sorrows, Boswell discovered that his wife was possessed of a somewhat mercurial temper, and after an unusually violent outburst the couple parted in anger. Boswell drifted westward and became a miner, and for some years has followed that occupation in the northwest and Alaska. Last spring, with a companion, he was the first man to penetrate to the Yukon and follow that river on the ice from its source to the Stewart river. He was lucky enough to strike several rich bars before the water rose, and took out about $6,000 in gold dust. Thus enriched he thought of the wife from whom he had parted, and resolved to return east, find her out, and having confessed his fault invite her to live with him again. He followed the Yukon to its mouth and took passage on the Bear for San Francisco. On reaching the old home in the east, he learned that his wife had left, and diligent inquiry failed to give him any clue to her whereabouts. Returning to Cleveland on a visit to a sister, he was there informed that the woman for whom he was searching had gone to Juneau with another man, and without waiting to pass the winter with his relatives, as he had proposed doing, Boswell at once started for the west again. He was a passenger for Alaska on the last trip of the Idaho. The woman is well known to the miners who arrived down last fall, and the meeting of the two after so many years of separation during which both have proved faithless to the martial vow, will be a strange incident in the lives of husband and wife. Boswell has thought the matter out and is determined if the wife of former years has not become altogether irreclaimable, to take her to his heart and home again and start afresh in the journey of life. He has got some money and believes that next summer he will be more successful so that it is not improbable that the woman may be wood and won a second time.

CONDENSED DISPATCHES.

Lord Chesterfield is dead at the age of 65 years.

The tail of a comet was visible at Melbourne on Thursday night.

E. S. Dale & Co., extensive timber merchants of London, have assigned.

Rain has at last put in an appearance in California and the crops are now looking well.

Four of Pinkerton's men were arrested on Wednesday night for the killing of Thomas Hogan, a 16-year-old boy.

About 300 Lorillard strikers have returned to work on the old terms and others are commencing to turn.

John Paton, Jr. & Co., managers of the Monarch line of steamers, ship-owners and ship insurance brokers have assigned.

Preston Valentine who murdered an old man named Vatie in order to conceal a robbery, was hanged at Augusta, Ga., yesterday.

Father McGlynn's parishioners will meet in the basement of St. Stephen's church to-night in spite of Father Donelly's orders.

Prince Alexander, of Battenburg, formerly ruler of Bulgaria, has started by way of Italy on a trip through Egypt. He will travel *incognito*.

Thomas H. Harvey, an engineer, who disappeared from his home on December, 31st last, has turned up in Honolulu. He had been shanghaied.

Policeman Adams in firing at a fleeing prisoner shot and killed Pontain Connell, aged 21 years, who was standing in front of his father's residence.

Dr. McGlynn gives as his reason for not attending the summons to Rome that his health has been such as to forbid the taking of so long a journey.

B. Jones, president of the Western Iron Association, says that the card rate on iron was not advanced because the market though firm would not stand it.

The president's dinner to his cabinet, the first of a series of state dinners this season, was given in the White House on Wednesday night and is said to have been a grand affair.

Capt. Dearborn was exonerated at San Francisco of all blame in the collision between the City of Pekin and the French steamer Saghalien in Hongkong harbor last November.

The budget committee of the Chamber of deputies have rejected the American budget presented to Mr. Dauphin, minister of finance, providing for the issue of bonds to the amount of 3,700,000,000 francs.

Negotiations for the sale of the Oregon and California Railroad Company to the C. P. Huntington interest, which has been pending for nearly three years, have been concluded, and the road will now be transferred to the Southern Pacific.

Geo. D. Gardner, who murdered Eugene Guindon in San Francisco, and Kanonhi Hagshi, the Japanese who murdered a fellow country-woman, have both been sentenced to life imprisonment, the former in San Quentin and the latter in Folsom.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Miss Johnson will lecture at Harmony hall on Sunday, the 22nd inst., at 7:30 p. m. Admission free.

Reformed Episcopal Church Services: In the morning Dr. Reid will preach, and Bishop Cridge in the evening.

Baptist Church services: Preaching at the usual hours by the pastor. Subject of the morning sermon: "The right road." Evening subject: "A warning cry to sleeping sinners."

IF THIS WERE SO.

O, Love, if I could see you standing here,
I, to whom the memory of a scene—
This lane, three-shadowed, with the Summer's light
Falling in golden showers, the boughs between,
Upon your upturned face—shines out as clear,
Against the background dark of many a year,
As yonder solitary scarlet bright
Gleams on the storm-clad bosom of the night,

If this were so—if you should come to me
With your calm, angel face, framed in with gold,
And lay your hand in mine as long ago
You laid it coldly, would the love untold,
Hidden within my heart, see my lips free
To speak of it and know the certainty
Of love returned or scorned—yes or no?
O, Love, I cannot speak if this were so.

But if you came to meet me in the lane
With your footsteps swifter than you used of yore—
And if your eyes grew brighter, dear, as though
They gladdened at my coming back once more—

If, when I held your little hand again,
Your calmness grew less still, then not in vain
My heart would strive to speak, for it would know
What words to utter Love, if this were so!

Kate Mellersh in Chambers' Journal.

SNATCHED FROM JUSTICE.

Some few years ago, at the close of an engagement in Washington, I took a brief vacation in order to visit dear relatives in Philadelphia, before going to Boston, in which city was my next date.

These relatives of mine were boarding with a Quaker family, and it was an ultra-pious and quiet household, even for one of that circumspect sect, and we all had a good deal of amusement in speculating as to what they might think of the presence of a play-acting woman "in their midst," and as to how I might like the quiet and prayerful routine of so religious a household.

Of this last I had no fears. I felt quite sure I should like it. I have passed many delightful hours within the walls of religious houses. I remembered, and the recollection always comes to me sense of rest and peace, that comes "like slippers after shoes," a week I once passed in a convent in Italy, the sisters in charge of which, many of them high born ladies, all of them sweet, pure and lovely women devoted their lives to the care of little children. The halt, the lame, the blind, the cruelly deformed were there, and—

But, dear me! What am I doing in Italy when I am due in Philadelphia!

I left Washington in the gray of the morning, true to a habit of mine, arriving at the depot a full half hour early. I found it almost empty, but I noticed in a casual way a young man walking up and down the platform and looking furtively about him and nervously biting the ends of his long, blonde mustache.

When he saw me he evidently recognized me and started forward as if he would speak, then stopped. A deadly pallor overspread his haggard face; he turned sharply away and walked rapidly in the opposite direction.

My idle curiosity was in an instant converted into interest.

Trouble—deep, agonizing trouble—was written in that man's face.

In that great trouble he had turned to me; but conventionality stalked between us, rustling her flimsy robes, flashing her pinchbeck jewels, and frightened him off.

After the hesitation of just one moment, I walked up to him and said: "You were going to speak to me. You are in trouble. You know me—trust me, tell me all about it."

There are supreme moments in all our lives when conventionality, social usages, a proper regard for appearances and such thin partitions put up by selfishness and hypocrisy fall in a crumbling little heap before the slightest touch of truth in its purity and night.

The man whom I addressed turned to me, his blue eyes filled with tears, he trembled like a frightened child, or like a woman when, after long hours of watching and listening, she hears her drunken husband's footsteps; he looked fearingly about him, and said, in a hoarse, trembling voice: "I am afraid any moment I may be recognized; but help me—for God's sake, help me, as you would the dying!"

I was quite determined to help him if I could; the great question was, how?

Fortunately, I had my return ticket had been purchased, there had also been procured a drawing room in a Pullman car, and the key of this drawing room had, as a special favor, been sent me, that I might on coming to the train retire at once, if I so wished.

I saw in this circumstance a gleam of light.

A glance at the ticket gave me the name of the car, and a survey of the depot showed me that car a few hundred yards off lying on a side track.

Telling my protege to watch me closely, and hold himself in readiness to obey any signal I might give him, I assumed a weary manner and making my way up to a porter near the car asked if it was ready to be, I showed him my tickets and key, and at the same time I showed him a dollar and asked him if he did not think I could get into the car at once. At first he was quite sure I could not, but a good look at the dollar as it lay in his palm induced him to reserve that opinion, and he thought that possibly I might be able to do so.

With the aid of his keys this was accomplished. Now I realized that the next thing imperatively needed was the absence of the porter from the scene for a few moments, for though by this time people begin to move about the depot on their several interests, I realized that, while my movements might escape their notice, this would hardly be the case with the porter, who would naturally keep his eye upon me, looking beyond the present one to the dollar of the future.

I now turned quite faint. I murmured that only a cup of coffee would revive me. This was a proposition fraught with much danger, and involving as it did a five minutes' absence from his post, he could not see his way to that.

Another dollar cleared his vision.

As soon as his back disappeared around the corner I signaled my suppliant, and in a moment I had him unobserved and safely locked up with me in my drawing room for a five hours' ride.

Could anything be more reckless, more shameless than my conduct?

I have only to plead in extenuation that never in a life of varied experiences had I seen a picture of more abject misery than that poor fellow presented.

In the hour of his need he had cried out to me for help, I know, I saw, that that help must be immediate, and with the means that I had at hand I gave it.

When the porter brought the coffee I received it through the smallest possible slit in the door, and at the same time I handed him my tickets and begged him to give them to the conductor and tell him I was ill and weary, was going to try to sleep and did not wish to be disturbed.

Then I sat down to hear my captive's story and to find in it, I hoped, some excuse for my own conduct that now began to loom up before me in very disagreeable colors.

And here, stripped of the hesitation, lamentation and despair of the teller, it is:

He was the son of respectable pious people in Philadelphia. He had been for the past two years in Washington, holding a position of trust in a bank, having been placed there through the influence of a relative who was a member of the cabinet.

The temptations of the capital had been too strong for him.

The last winter's poker playing had led him on, step by step, through losses till he had robbed the bank of which he was the trusted servant.

Detection had promptly followed, and for two days and nights he had skulked about the streets in momentary dread of arrest.

The night before he had wandered aimlessly into the theatre. That night I had played "Rose Michel."

The story had touched and moved him as nothing else had done.

When he saw in that mimic scene the picture of the devoted mother offering her whole life as a sacrifice to her child; when he saw her bearing in her pallid face; her trembling limbs, traces of the wreck to which she had submitted in silence rather than by a word betray her child to shame, for the first time in all his life he had realized the debt he owed his mother. He felt that he must go to her. At her feet, with bowed head and shame stricken face, he must confess his sins and then—let come what would, he would bear his punishment.

With that thought he had come to the depot, hoping to escape detection and arrest and go to his home in Philadelphia.

When I appeared he recognized me at once. An almost irresistible impulse drove him to speak to me, to beg me to help him, but his courage failed him. What followed I knew.

On my asking him his name and the address of his home in Philadelphia, what was my astonishment to learn that it was to the house I myself was going.

His story had occupied a couple of hours in the telling, and as we were speeding along undisturbed, it was clearly evident that thus far he was safe, and the question that presented itself to me was—how was he to leave the train?

I at last formulated a plan.

Bidding him to be quite silent, I left the drawing room. Locking the door and taking the key with me, I made my way to the conductor, and in the most insinuating manner I could assume I begged him to permit me to go to the baggage car to get something I imperatively needed from one of my trunks.

I might as well confess right here that in wanting to visit the baggage car I was going on what "Fagin," of dishonest memory, would have called a "prowl."

After a little trouble and talk I obtained my wish. When did a woman fail in obtaining kindness and courtesy from an American official, high or low, on an American railroad?

When I found myself in the baggage car my conduct was so capricious, uncertain and altogether idiotic that the baggageman would have been perfectly justified in throwing me out on the track.

Trunk after trunk did he drag down and open, only to be told that what I wanted was not there.

Of course what I wanted was not there! Because what I wanted was a "jumper" and a pair of overalls, and they were lying over in a corner on the floor in company with a lantern, that looked as if it might be blushing for me, so red was its face.

Down upon these only articles I flung my shawl, then I stubbed my toe, tripped and fell on the shawl. Before the good, patient fellow, who had for more than an hour been hauling my trunks around could reach me to haul me up, I had scrambled to my feet with that oily outfit safely bundled in my shawl and the whole closed close in my arms.

In a voice weak and shaking with fear of discovery, but which that misled baggageman mistook for fatigue, I gave up the search, begged him to lock the trunks and hastily made my way back to my own car, hugging that shawl as was never shawl hugged before.

There was no time to be lost in "making up" my comrade in crime, for by this time I felt like a full fledged burglar.

I produced my dressing case and I presented him with a pair of scissors, and demanded the sacrifice of that interesting blonde m