

FROM ALL OVER THE EMPIRE.

United Meeting of the Intercolonial Representatives at Ottawa Friday Next.

The gathering of the colonial clans at Ottawa will be on Friday.

Sundry representatives from various parts of the globe, usually denoted on the maps for easy identification by a larger or smaller blot or dot of crimson, are hieing to the Dominion's capital—Ottawa—by steamship and rail. These are the delegates to the Intercolonial Conference.

The selection of Ottawa as the meeting place is a tacit acknowledgement of the standing of Canada among the colonies, a gracious recognition of the fact that, as Canada has been the chief mover in the ambitious projects to be discussed and considered, the projects should be discussed and considered on Canadian soil.

Of course the delegates, by choosing the Capital as the place of deliberation in preference to Montreal, have deprived themselves of several "real good things." Ottawa has the parliament buildings, but it has no fire brigade to show off, nor a Champe de Mars on which to show it; neither has it a Mount Royal where aldermanic entertainers may take the honored guests to the "look-out," point proudly to the city "neath its brow and ejaculate in tones that convey the idea of proprietary rights, "There you are; this is Montreal." But Ottawa is the seat of government, and that is saying everything. So Ottawa gets the Conference.

It is no ordinary mission that brings the representatives to this meeting, so many thousands of miles from their native heath—from Australasia, from South Africa, and from the heart of the Empire—London.

Questions fraught with the deepest interest to the Empire in particular, and to the commercial world at large, are to be discussed.

This is the order of business that has been outlined: Closer trade relations between Canada and the Australian colonies; second, the laying of the Pacific cable as of an exclusively British character.

The delegates will also discuss an agreement whereby the constitutional bar to preferential tariff treatment of other countries may be removed.

This programme, while not occupying much space to relate it, covers a great deal of ground, involves an enormous sum of money and also involves points, particularly in regard to the preferential tariff treatment that will tax the resources of British diplomacy. For instance, should the delegates to the convention "resolve" on tariff concessions to one another, there is the "most favored nations" clause to be considered. Then take the Pacific cable. Apart from the necessary guarantee of four per cent. on a capital expenditure of £1,800,000, there are a multitude of other questions relating to this project to settle. Perhaps one of the greatest magnitude is the extension of the submarine wire to the Cape. But there are others that will tax the minds of even the clever men who will assemble at Ottawa. The Wellington Conference recently held proposed that the cable should touch at both the Sandwich Islands and Samoa. But Mr. Sandford Fleming, the chief Canadian promoter of the scheme, who has suggested five different routes, urges that no places should be touched at where British influence is not supreme. The matter, therefore, calls for earnest thought, but a quick decision, as the French government is beginning a new line from Queenstown to New Caledonia with the object of connecting via Honolulu with America. Either Vancouver or San Francisco will probably be the point of the North American continent to be decided upon as the termination of this line. Certain disadvantages, from a British point of view, would attach to a cable touching at French territory, and this competition of the French will doubtless stimulate still further the energies of those who promote the British scheme.

Incidentally and in connection with this cable scheme is the race reported the other day as taking place between the British warship "Champion" and the Hawaiian coasting steamer "Iwalui," the goal being Necker, an island which is four hundred miles to the northwest of Honolulu, but over which Hawaii has never formally asserted its claim. The "Iwalui" left for there, with the Hawaiian minister of the Interior in command, in order to prevent the island—which is believed to belong properly to the Hawaiian group, falling into the hands of Great Britain, who wants to get it in order to use it as a station for landing the projected Pacific cable between Sydney and Vancouver. If the "Iwalui" wins the race against the "Champion"—and she had a two hours' start—the British will lose a very convenient spot for their proposed submarine undertaking. The island is a mere rock, about 500 yards long by 360 feet high. It may be observed that on some maps the island lies outside the limits attributed to the Sandwich group and within a boundary assigned to France.

The first item in Mr. Bowell's programme—closer trade relations between Canada and the Australian colonies—involves what is now very much talked about, the fast Atlantic and Canadian-Australian steamship lines. Without a line to Australia there can be no business done. There is no guarantee that the present service between Australia and Canada would be permanent. Anyway, it is capable of being improved upon. The trade already seems to warrant the assertion that it should be improved upon, in order to lead to further development of our commercial relations with the antipodean colonies. Australia, says Mr. Bowell, in a recent report, has a larger foreign trade than any other British possessions, and he thinks some of this foreign trade should be diverted to Canada. The exports last year from Canada to Australia amounted to \$436,603; while our imports from there reached more than double that amount, namely, \$881,028. In agricultural machines alone there were 2072 sent from Canada to Australia. This is but one item of the trade for which it is proposed to provide a strictly first class line of steamers. Canada can point proudly to the connecting link between the two oceans, the Canadian Pacific Railway. But the fast steamship lines question is going to give the colonial delegates as well as the Earl of Jersey, the Imperial delegate, some hard thinking before they can evolve a scheme that would be practicable.

Mr. James L. Huddart's scheme is well known in Canada already, but in view of the Conference it will bear repetition. In February, 1884 it was first propounded in a letter to Sir John Thompson, the Canadian Premier. Mr. Huddart pointed out that the governing idea is to make the Dominion of Canada an imperial highway, not only

to its own people and for its own mails but to many points of the United States of America, to and from parts of Europe, Australia, New Zealand, China, and Japan to Fiji, Hawaiian Island and to India, around the world. In his judgment the statesmen of Canada could never reach the potentialities of the patriotic and historic railway, the C. P. R. until this idea was accepted. Mr. Van Horne, in the most cordial manner, on behalf of his Company, had assured Mr. Huddart of their willingness to co-operate, so as to bring about a traffic worthy of Canada and of its great Pacific railway. Previous to this, however, Canada had entered into an agreement with Mr. Huddart for a Canadian-Australian service, subsidized with \$25,000 yearly, and the steamers "Milowera" and "Warrimoo" were put on the route between Vancouver and Australia, and subsequently a third ship, the "Arawo," was also put in commission there. Mr. Huddart's proposal to the premier of Canada included both the Atlantic and Pacific services in its terms. It was decided at Ottawa to let well enough alone on the Pacific for the present, and Mr. Huddart was asked for a proposal relating exclusively to the Atlantic service. Accordingly, on February 28, at the request of Mr. Bowell, Mr. Huddart submitted a modified proposition confined to the Atlantic, leaving the Pacific contract undisturbed as it is. He then proposed a subsidy of \$750,000 per annum for the Atlantic service. On March 3, Mr. Bowell wrote to Mr. Huddart a letter which at the time was described as a provisional contract. He stated that the government was prepared to enter into a contract (subject to the approval of parliament) with Mr. Huddart, or a company to be formed by him, for an Atlantic service of four steamers of 800 to 10,000 registered tonnage, capable of steaming twenty knots an hour at sea, for passengers and freight, to be fitted with refrigeratory machinery for the transportation of beef, fish, game, and other perishable articles in a chilled or frozen condition.

Trips to be weekly from Quebec and Halifax to a terminal port in England, to be hereafter agreed upon. The contract to be for ten years, renewable upon such terms as may be mutually agreed upon. The government agreed to pay \$750,000 per year for ten years and to pay for the ten years subsequent out of the subsidy earned, the interest upon a capital sum of £1,500,000, at three and a half per cent annum. Contract to be entered into within three months of authority from parliament. Mr. Huddart accepted this with a provision that the rate of interest should be four per cent. Sir John Thompson, on March 6, concurred that the renewal of the contract should be for another ten years period, and that the guarantee of interest for the second term of ten years should be at 4 per cent. on £1,500,000, to be paid out of the subsidy earned, if the service was satisfactory. In reply to a letter from Mr. Bowell on the subject, Mr. Huddart wrote from England on March 28, 1894, that he was designing the steamers to carry about 4000 quarters of beef in a chilled condition. This would require the co-operation of the Canadian railways, as they would have to provide for its carriage in winter in warmed trucks and in summer would have to convey it in a cooled state.

But, according to Lord Mount-Stephen, Mr. Huddart has not yet made his financial arrangements in London for the equipment of the four fast steamers, although the cable has from time to time informed the Canadian public that Mr. Huddart had elaborate specifications drawn up for his ships on the lines of the "Lucania" and "Campania," and he was daily being implored to speak out as to which port he was going to decide on in Great Britain, by interested parties from Liverpool, Southampton, Milford Haven, Queenstown, etc.

Siberian Exile Life.

A Russian political prisoner in exile in Siberia wrote to a friend in European Russia depicting the miseries of his life in "this forgotten and God forsaken arctic den, beyond the boundaries of civilization." The letter, which was published in a recent number of Free Russia (American edition), took six months in running the gauntlet of the Czar's argus-eyed officials. It is dated June, 1893, at Kolymsk, a Siberian town of 600 inhabitants located far to the north. "During the first period of my life here," write the exile. "I thought it would be an interesting work to send to my friends more or less detailed accounts of the peculiar conditions of life into which we, a handful of Europeans, have suddenly been thrown—conditions to which we are as unfit to adapt ourselves as a little body of civilized travellers, shipwrecked on the coast of Greenland, would be to arrange their lives in accordance with the habits and circumstances of the native Esquimaux. But most of my manuscripts never reached the persons to whom they were sent, and now even the desire to write them is gone. My own amazement at the extraordinary surroundings here has grown fainter and fainter. Life in Kolymsk sucks every one down into itself. It seems to me now like a far-off dream that somewhere in the world there are big towns, filled with people, with large shops, with houses in several stories, with pavement on which great crowds of people go to and fro; that there are lands where the rivers begin to flow in February and do not freeze till November; where, instead of snow-covered swamps there are fields with thick, standing corn and grass; lands where there are woods and gardens, with green leaves on the trees, where the people live on bread and varied vegetable food. "For us reality consists of a perpetually frozen desert covered with little hillocks and overgrown with stunted larches, which can hardly force their roots through the eternally frozen soil; a cold and filthy yurt, hardly fit to be called a human habitation even by people accustomed to poverty-stricken cabins of the Russian peasantry; for food rotting fish; for clothing, such rags as are left of European dress and rough native garments

of half-cured skins; for the rest, solitude, silence, and lifelessness. I think the ghosts that have wandered mournfully along the banks of Acheron, lamenting aloud for their lost earthly life, must have felt what we feel, dragging out our lives alone on the banks of the River Kolymsa. The utter lack of all aim or interest, forgetfulness of the past and indifference to the present are steadily taking hold upon us all."

Here and There.

"I don't know what she saw in him to fall in love with him. He isn't handsome, and he has no money." "That is true, but you must remember that he has the reputation of being wild."

"Paw, is there any difference between a cold and an influenza?" "If the doctor calls it a cold, the bill is about \$4. If he calls it influenza, it's about \$18. The difference is \$14, my son."

Some queer things happen out in Iowa says the National Traveller. Last week the safe in the police station at Cedar Rapids was burglarized and the fire engine house at Sioux City burned down.

A young man said to Sophocles, "If you could coin all the silver in your hair, how rich, old man, you would be!" "Not half so rich as you would, young man," answered Sophocles, "if you could only sell all the brass in your face."

Bonaparte asked Madame de Stael in what manner he could best promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said, "Instruct the mothers of the French people."

"Socialism.—Watts.—"Now if I understand correctly, the first principle of socialism is to divide with your brother man." Potts—"Then you don't understand it correctly. The first principle of socialism is to make your brother man divide with you."

Officer: What are yes standin' here in the rain fer? Convivial Party: I live two blocks up or streets. Officer: Well, why don't you go home then? Convivial Party (in deep disgust): What yer take me for—think I'm goin' walk all thatsh distance in this hard rain?

"Thank heaven," sighed the weekly editor, "for one day's rest in seven!"

"What do you do on Sunday?"

"Nothing—only split the wood and light the fire and milk the cow and draw the water and whip the children and swear around at leisure!"

Canadian machinery is finding its way to strange places. A Toronto firm has shipped a 45 horse power traction engine to Smyrno. The purchaser has the fine sounding Athenian name of Socrates Sefferiades. He farms 4,000 acres of land in Asia Minor and found the machine he wanted at the world's fair.

According to the annual report issued the last of May the Salvation army is now established in forty-two countries. It has 1,997 corps, numbering 6,443 officers, 10,328 local officers, and 3,331 bandsmen. The number of "soldiers" is not stated but "Gen." Booth claims that the army converts to Christianity 200,000 people every year.

A Greek countryman, who marked his oyster shell with the name of Aristides, and thus signified his wish to have him banished, when asked his reason for so doing, exclaimed: "Oh! I am tired of hearing him called the Just." We fear there is in Ontario to-day in certain quarters, a similar feeling of foolish impatience, a desire for change without any good reason being manifested against the present Government of Ontario.—Huron Express.

The queen glanced haughtily about her. "What, ho," she cried, "where tarrieth my lord?"

"Your highness," answered the chamberlain, bowing low, "his majesty is in the throne-room treating with the foreign ambassadors."

The royal consort sneered.

"Treating, forsooth," she said wearily, "and after all the money it cost him to get the gold cure."—Detroit Tribune.

Rev. Mr. Harps (pausing in the midst of the sermon)—What is the matter, Brother Isaac?

Akali Ike (a new convert)—Since I j'ined the church, a month ago, I've been tryin' tu be meek and humble and forgivin', but, brethern and sisters, I'm no rabbit; and if them two fellers over in the corner don't quit winkin' at my girl, burcussed if I don't shuck off my coat and my religion at the same time, and give 'em a great big taste of the quality that used to distinguish me when I was in the bonds of sin and iniquity!

Belgium is the one country in which learning counts for more than wealth as a basis of citizenship. According to the late constitution, senators in that country were required to have property of \$800 and to be 40 years of age. The revised constitution reduces the minimum age to 25, and the property qualification to \$200. It also contains the provision that 20 of the senators must be men who have distinguished themselves in some branch of learning. These need no property qualification. In the next election for the popular chamber universal suffrage will prevail. Every man over 20 will have one vote; proprietors will have two votes, and those who hold certain positions for which learning is required are to have three votes.

A young man stood at the foot of Griswold street gazing steadily into the river when a policeman who happened along inquired:

"Looking for anything in particular out there?"

"Well, no," replied the gazer. "I was just a-thinkin'." It is almost three years ago to a day since my brother Jim was drowned right here.

"And you thought you might see his hat floating around?"

"Oh, no. I was thinkin' how curious it all came about. Jim went right off the wharf here. They said he just gave one yell before he struck the water."

"It was a case of suicide, then?"

"Straight case. You see Jim and me were both in love with the same girl. Jim was the best looking, but I had the most land."

"And the girl preferred you?"

"She did. Jim and me didn't have no fuss about it, but as soon as he found out how things was he come into Detroit and walked down here and jumped off. Poor old Jim!"

"There are many sad things in our lives," said

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the policeman as he tapped the head of a pile with his baton.

"You bet, and this is one of them, though Jim can't complain."

"Complain of what?"

"Why, he suicided because he couldn't git the girl, and now I want to suicide because I did git her. On the whole, I think Jim is about a year and a half ahead of me."

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