THE SEALING AWARDS.

Details of the Claims Allowed and of Those Rejected. With the Reasons.

Expenses Granted in Each Case—No Award to Vessels Violating the Law.

Curiosity as to the division of the round sum of a hundred thousand dollars will be satisfied when the list, printed below, is read. It was received yesterday by Mr. A. R. Milne, Collector of Customs, and the news having rapidly spread among the sealing owners, the callers at his office on this business were very numerous. The awards will now be paid without delay.

In the early part of 1891, the British and United States Governments entered into an agreement for the suspension of sealing in Behring Sea pending a settlement of the question which had been raised as to the respective rights of these nations. Before this agreement—the now famous "*modus vivendi*" which is still in force—had been formally ratified, nearly all the sealing schooners had left for their season's work, and those that had not actually sailed had made all preparations for doing so. As it was evident that serious loss must result to the sealers through enforcing the prohibition at such short notice, it had been decided between the British and U. S. Governments that compensation should be allowed them, the awards to be paid in the first instance by the British Government, and the matter of liability to be determined in the arbitration of the general question. Notice of the *modus vivendi* was sent out from Victoria, and communicated to the sealers by the warships and otherwise wherever on their expeditions they could be met with. Upon the return of the vessels to port the masters and owners had prepared a statement of their claims for the losses sustained. Claims were filed on behalf of 44 vessels; the prospective profits in each case being determined on the basis of the catch of several preceding seasons by the vessels themselves, and others of like capacity, a great amount of labor thus being entailed. The counsel employed by the sealers were Messrs. Belyea & Gregory, who prepared and filed all the claims. The information on which they were based was obtained in most part from Collector Milne, whose advice and experience have been at all times available to the sealers, during the long period of trouble and anxiety, dating from the enactment of the *modus*

In the spring of 1892 the British Government sent out Mr. G. Y. Gleadowe, a prominent official of the Treasury, as commissioner to inquire into the claims made; and with him Mr. Arthur J. Rose, a leading marine claims adjuster. These gentlemen met the sealers' representatives and entered upon a minute examination of each claim, their stay here lasting from May to August, during which time the council for the sealers had produced before them vouchers in substantiation of every claim made. They returned to England with the evidence thus collected, and a couple of months ago the information came by cable that the substantial amount of one hundred thousand dollars had been awarded to the sealers. The papers giving the details, since then anxiously awaited, came to hand yesterday. These show that of the total of forty-four claims, twenty-five have been allowed, as given below. Thirteen have been rejected because the evidence showed that the earnings covered the outlay, those so classed being:

Winnifred,	Maud S.,
Ocean Belle,	Carmolite,
Wanderer,	Annie C. Moore,
Venture,	Penelope,
Sapphire,	Walter A. Earle,
Carlotta G. Cox,	Ariel,
W. P. Sayward.	

To each of these thirteen $100 has been allowed to cover the expense of promoting the claim, the same as in the case of the claims allowed. The claims of the Viva, Oscar and Hattie and Katherine, a memorandum states, were virtually withdrawn by the owners as unsustainable under the prescribed conditions. The commission rejected the claim of the E. B. Marvin because the vessel was seized for disregarding the warning conveyed to her; that of the Otto because she was seized for having improper papers; and that of the Ethel because registered as a foreign vessel.

The following is a detailed statement of the claims allowed:

Vessel.	Award to Owners.	To Captain Crew and Hunters.	Total.
Thistle	$ 6,972	$ 3,075	$ 10,047
Ainoko	2,595	1,143	3,738
Annie E. Paint	3,263	1,448	4,711
Maggie Mac	3,449	1,522	4,971
Minnie	2 256	998	3,254
Walter L. Rich	3,322	1,466	4,788
Sea Lion	2,827	1,248	4,075
Hesperus	738	327	1,065
Vancouver Belle	5,002	2,208	7,210
Eliza Edwards	3,767	1,665	5,432
C. D. Rand	4,408	1,947	6,355
Beatrice	496	218	714
Geneva	2,433	1,076	3,509
Beatrice	763	336	1,100
Teresa	2,185	964	3,149
Aurora	2,386	1,053	3,439
C. H. Tupper	2,790	1,230	4,020
Rosie Olsen	2,290	1,010	3,300
May Belle	2,975	1,313	4,288
Triumph	3,402	1,500	4,902
Mary Taylor	1,437	634	2,071
Laura	1,525	675	2,200
Labrador	894	398	1,292
Umbrina	1,388	615	2,003
Mary Ellen	3,324	1,467	4,791
Total	$ 66,896	$ 29,538	$ 96,434

Toward expenses of advancing twenty-five successful claims	$ 2,500
Toward expenses of advancing thirteen rejected claims	$ 1,300
Total award	$100,234

Though the total comes far short of the claim made, the sealers appear to be now fairly well satisfied with the awards, as they had long ago given up expectation of receiving the full amounts. One very gratifying feature of the whole business has been the active manner in which the Dominion Government has pushed the claims of the sealers, and the disposition shown by the Imperial authorities to carry out the promise of compensation on a fair and liberal basis. Collector Milne feels particularly gratified at the prospect of a harmonious winding up the business, as the results appear to justify the assurance he has all along held out to the sealers that, if they would patiently put up with the necessary delay, they would find everything set right in the end.

Inquiry at the Marine Department at Ottawa yesterday ascertained that certain formalities must be gone through before the sealers' indemnity can be paid over. Collector Milne is required to furnish certain data, and forms will be printed to enable him to take the necessary steps for their transmission to the Imperial authorities.

HAVE YOU HEADACHE?

Headache, which is usually a symptom of stomach trouble, constipation or liver complaint, can be entirely cured by B. B. B. (Burdock Blood Bitters) because this medicine acts upon and regulates the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

From the DAILY COLONIST, April 23.

THE CITY.

Promise of a Treat.

A successful rehearsal of the entertainment to be given on May 2, in St. John's schoolroom, took place yesterday. Everything promises a delightful evening.

The Appeal Abandoned.

Finding that legal technicalities interfere, Mr. S. Perry Mills has abandoned the contemplated appeal in the case of the young man David, convicted of the larceny of fruit trees at Plumper's Pass.

Calico Ball.

A grand calico ball, with supper, will be held in the Philharmonic hall on Monday evening, May 1. Good music will be furnished by the Brown-Richardson orchestra; the floor will be put in first class condition, and the ladies are requested to attend in calico. Gentlemen's dress optional.

The Board of Trade Banquet.

After a long season of hard work in the arrangement of details, the banquet committee of the B. C. Board of Trade have practically completed their labors. About 175 invitations, models of handsome engraving, have been issued, and the tickets are finding ready sale at $12 50, so that it is all but certain that fully two hundred guests will sit down at table. The banquet will, without doubt, be the finest ever provided in British Columbia; Prof. Pfeardner's orchestra will provide the music.

Vandals at Work.

The latest and by long odds the meanest form of sneak thieving is reported to the police, who are endeavoring to put a stop to it. Graves in the cemetery where flowers have been placed, have been visited and the offerings to the memory of the dead carried away. But this is not the worst, for not only have the out flowers been taken but in cases roots and all have been carried off, and pretty plots thus desecrated have been trampled all over. The person who is mean enough to steal flowers from a grave would do almost anything. An example will be made of the first culprit caught.

Death of Mrs. John Conway.

The death, announced last evening, of Mrs. John Conway, proprietress of the Four Mile house on the Goldstream road, will come as a personal affliction to all who know her, and her friends are many. The deceased was possessed of the kindliest disposition and her many acts of unostentatious charity will long be remembered.

The deceased lady was a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, where she was born forty-two years ago. She leaves a family of five young children, three girls and two boys, to mourn her loss. The funeral will take place on Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock at her late home and at St. Andrew's Presbyterian church at 2:30 p. m.

Cedar Hill.

The first entertainment this year under the auspices of St. Luke's Guild is fixed for next Friday evening, in the parish hall adjoining the church. Local talent has been called into active preparation for some time for that part of the programme devoted to theatricals, and former reputation on this occasion will be fully sustained. Besides theatricals, there is a long annex of vocal and instrumental music by Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Stair, the Misses Schroeder, D. Brown and Messrs. King, Godson, Boyd and Brown, to be followed by that well-known farce "Ill Wind Blows Nobody Good," and the charade "Phantom." Free 'buses leave the post office at 7.15, arriving in time at Cedar Hill, and visitors may calculate on the hospitality peculiar to the ladies of this suburban district.

NAKUSP ON THE COLUMBIA.

The Provincial Government, having guaranteed the interest on the bonds of the Nakusp & Slocan Railroad, the building of that line into the heart of the famous Slocan mines this year will be immedia ely undertaken by the C. P. R. R. Company. An all year round communication with the mines will thus be assured via the Canadian Pacific. The route will be from Revelstoke by railway to the head of Arrow Lake, which is open the year round. Steam ferries, capable of transporting a train of cars, will be put upon the lake between Nakusp and the Revelstoke line. The Nakusp & Slocan will complete the connection with the mines. It is the ultimate intention of the company to build south along the Slocan Lake and River to a junction with the Kootenay & Columbia Railroad, thereby completing the communication between the main line of the C. P. R. and the Kootenay Lake region.

Naturally this railway development will make Nakusp a very important shipping and supply point, and require the building up of a considerable town. The townsite was placed on the market last year and some buildings erected, but owing to lack of constant communication little progress was made. Now, however, that the building of the railway is assured investors are turning their attention to Nakusp. Mr. C. D. Rand, the general agent of the townsite company, was in Victoria yesterday and placed upwards of fifty lots among his friends, an indication that the shrewd Vancouver broker is satisfied that Nakusp is a good thing. As many more sales were reported to him from the Vancouver office.

Engineers are already in the field locating the railways, and as soon as the weather will permit contracts are to be let for the construction of the two lines. During the present summer it is expected that Nakusp will experience a boom equal to the remarkable Kaslo advance.

A Popular Competition.

The Publishers of the Ladies' Home Magazine present its great Bible Competition to the Public of America. This competition closes on May 30th, 1893 (15 days thereafter being allowed for letters to reach us from distant points):

QUESTIONS.—1. Which is the longest book in the New Testament? 2. Which is the shortest? 3. The longest verse? 4. The shortest?

HOW TO COMPETE.—Write the questions down, and follow with the answers. Mail this to us, together with $1 to pay for six months subscription to the Ladies' Home Magazine—one of the best Home Magazines of the day, and if your answers are correct you will receive one of the following prizes: $1,000 in gold; $500 in gold; $250 in gold; $100 in gold; 2,500 Elegant Silver Tea Sets; Organs; Pianos, etc. Everything fair and square. Send postal card for list of former prize winners. Over $10,000 distributed during the past two years. Address: THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, Peterborough, Canada. ja29-sa-wk

For Over Fifty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children when teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. nl d&w-ly

M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

How a Young Man Must Be Built to Climb Up in the West.

Merited Punishment of the "Devil" Who Meddled with the Sacred Office Towel.

[Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.]

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

IT DEPENDS.—A young man in New England, who signs himself "Anxious," writes to THE KICKER to say that he is 22 years old, healthy and enthusiastic, and wants a chance to climb up. He asks if he can get it out this way. While we are patriotic enough to want to see this locality add to its population, we cannot countenance deception. As to how "Anxious" can get along out here depends altogether on circumstances. Is he used to wearing a gun on his hip? Could he add a second one without inconvenience? Can he shoot right and left handed? Are his eyes plumb centre, so that he doesn't shoot over or under? Can he get the drop on a flash of sheet lightning? Has he got the nerve to walk up to a bar and drink alone with a dozen mule whackers sitting around and waiting for an invitation to step up? If suddenly confronted by a man like old Bill Hines, with two guns leveled at his breast and triggers ready to let go, has he the sense to keep quiet and admit that he is temporarily in a hole? In case he should suddenly turn into Apache avenue and find the Lone Jack crowd of cowboys trying to capture the town, would he look for a doorway to hide in, or range up alongside of a telegraph pole and do some fine shooting? Has he got the nerve to raise a man $200 with only one small pair in his hand? All these things and many others are to be taken into consideration in an eastern young man coming out west with the idea of climbing up. If he is built right, and if his early training and education have been shaped to the right point, his chances are A1. If he wasn't created to fill a niche in this wild, free and rather enthusiastic locality, our advice to him is to remain east of Chicago and try to make the best of his miserable existence. If he came, the chances are that he would climb downward into a hole in the ground instead of upward to the pinnacle of fame.

RATHER MIXED.—We went over to Turkey Bend Wednesday night to speak to the 200 patriots of that locality in favor

EAST. WEST.

of the admission of Arizona to the sisterhood of states. Last fall, when we were a candidate for the territorial council, something happened at Turkey Bend. We can't exactly remember all the particulars, but we recall that we left the hall by way of a back window, and that our mule had to let out an extra link or two to get away from the dozen men who followed us several miles on the return trip. We innocently figured that all political bitterness had died away, and that we should enter Turkey Bend with a whoop and leave it with an American flag draped about our ears. After we left home our horse editor looked up the November election returns and discovered that out of 198 votes cast at Turkey Bend we didn't get one, but it was then too late to overtake us. As soon as we were introduced we discovered a lukewarmness as to Arizona being admitted to the Union. Not one single soul present seemed to care a copper whether she took her place as a state or continued to slash around in the wet as a territory. We reached out after the spontaneous enthusiasm of 1876, but it was not to be had at any price. We held up the patriotism of Lexington and the gallantry of Bunker Hill, but not a man whooped in response. When we sprung the war of 1812, on that crowd not an eye winked. When we let go and went back to the landing of the pilgrims to get a better hold and melt the icicles hanging from the stovepipe, then the patriotic populace rose up and showered us with bouquets. They were not all bouquets of flowers, but we believe that most of the ingredients were indigenous to the county. We had made a hit, and it seemed best to retire. The overwrought patriots wanted to ride us around town to express their appreciation of our efforts, but we hadn't time. The hour was late, and we had a long ride before us. Such of the enthusiasts as could get hold of a mule sought to escort us home, but one after another was left behind until we were alone with our thoughts. We are not yet clear as to that meeting. Sometimes we think we carried everything before us, and again it strikes us that our efforts were not a howling success. We had contemplated going over to Turkey Bend next week and rustling for a list of 100 subscribers, but we have abandoned the idea. We've got all the subscribers we want, and it will take two long weeks to get the mud spots off our mule besides.

JUMPIN AG'IN A B'AR.

The woman in the seat ahead of me was dressed in deep mourning, and after we had entered into conversation on two or three commonplace subjects I ventured to ask her if her husband had died of the fever then epidemic in that part of the state.

"No, Pete didn't die of no sickness," she replied. "He died of deception."

"How was he deceived?"

"Waal, we'd bin a-missin things around the cabin—pigs, chickens, meat and so on—and Pete he allowed that it was niggers. One mornin I found a mighty cur'us track at the back doah, and I allowed that it was made by a b'ar. I reckon Pete sort o' reckoned so, too, but he'd said niggers and was bound to stick to it. Can't fool me on no b'ar track. I was brung up among 'em. Pete laffed at me, but from that time on I knowed it wasnit niggers."

"And you set a trap?" I queried.

"We hadn't any to set, and Pete didn't hev no gun. One night about a week after I diskivered that track we heard a great fussin out doahs, and Pete jumps out of bed and says:

"'Mary, that yere blame nigger is after mo' meat, and I'm gwine out and captur' him alive!'

"'Pete,' says I, 'don't yo' go and make no dratted fule of yo'self! Them hain't niggers out thar nohow. Them is a b'ar, and yo'll git tackled and busted.'

"But Pete would go. He'd said niggers, and I had said b'ars, and he'd die afore he'd give in to me. He picked up a hickory stick, kinder looked all around as

"HUGGED HIM ONCE, AND I WAS A WIDDER."

if sayin goodby to things and then opened the door and jumped out with a yell. Stranger, do yo' reckon he jumped ag'in a great big nigger with a suckin pig under his arm?"

"Hardly."

"Not much! I was at the doah afore he was off the step, and what he jumped ag'in was a hefty old he b'ar that was achin for a row with somebody. Pete yelled jest once. Mebbe it was a hoot of surprise and mebbe it was a sort of farewell whoop. Nobody will ever know. That b'ar jest spread out his arms and took Pete in and hugged him once—and I was a widder."

"Was he killed as quick as that?" I asked.

"He was. It wasn't half a minit afore Pete was a-lyin thar a squozen corpse, and the dodrotted old b'ar was knockin down 40 rods of bresh fence as he made fur the woods. I got a candle and run out to Pete, but he was dead."

"That was too bad."

"Yes, it was powerful hard fur him to be cut down in his prime and powerful hard fur me to be left a widder, but it couldn't be helped. He'd said it was niggers, and he was bound to come out ahead, even if he had to jump ag'in an old he b'ar with claws a foot long."

A CHANGE WAS COMING.

When we stopped in front of the dugout and cried "Hello!" a girl about 16 years of age, barefooted and hair flying, came out to see what was wanted. While we waited for her we noticed an old mule a hundred feet away on the prairie with his legs braced wide apart and his head slowly moving from side to side. About as far away in the other direction was an old yellow horse that was walking backward in a circle and acting in a curious manner. The old covered wagon at the door was evidently there to be loaded with the household furniture.

"What ye whoopin fur?" asked the girl as she got above ground.

"Can we get anything to eat here?"

"Noap."

"Any water for the horses?"

"Noap."

"Can you tell us how far it is to the river?"

"Noap."

"Ask your father to step out, please."

"Pop can't step. He's bin drunk fur a week."

"Is your mother home?"

"Yep, but she's singin hymns. That's her takin on down thar now."

"MY FELLER'S DOWN THAR A-TUNIN UP HIS FIDDLE."

"What's the matter with that mule out there?"

"Whiskey bran mash."

"And that horse?"

"Same thing."

"What's going on here anyway?" asked the colonel as the voice of a man who seemed to be delivering a speech welled up to us from the bowels of the dugout.

"The hull of us is goin to skit tomorrer and begin life over ag'in," answered the girl as she pulled at a burr in her hair. "Dad's goin to stop at White Plains and sign the temperance pledge, mam's goin on to Cloverdale and jine the Salvashun Army, Brother Bill's goin up to Thompsonville and go into politics, and this is a sort o' gineral celebrashun over bustin up. Such of us as hain't drunk are feelin happy and loadin up the wagin."

"But what's to become of you?" asked the colonel.

"Me? Oh, my feller's down thar a-tunin up his fiddle to play the 'Sweet Bimeby.' That's him you hear scrapin away. We git married in the mornin and sot up in a new dugout three miles away and are goin to make 40 acres of sagebrush land git up and dust or bust ourselves a-whoopin!"

SOMETHING AT STAKE.

I was in the editorial office of a weekly paper in the southwest when the office boy brought in the mail. Among the letters was a bulky one which proved to be a very interesting account of the finding of relics of an ancient race in a mound in another county. The editor glanced it over and chucked it into the wastebasket, and when I expressed my surprise he asked:

"Did the writer of that say he wished to take advantage of the extensive circulation of The Banner?"

"I think not."

"Did he refer to my valuable editorial time?"

"No."

"Did he leave it to my mature judgment to publish or not?"

"No, but you see"——

"I see that the dignity of journalism in the great southwest is at stake and must be maintained at all hazards!" he interrupted, and the manuscript remained "chucked."

SAVING A MOUNTAINEER.

On a rock by the roadside sat a white man who looked so lonely, and his voice had such a quaver in it as he saluted, "Day to yo', stranger," that I stopped and asked:

"Been having chills?"

"Noap," he replied.

"Breakbone fever perhaps?"

"Noap."

"Wife or any of the children dead?"

"Nary death."

"Lost your mule or been set off your land?"

"Noap."

"You are looking powerfully lonesome," I persisted, "and I thought something might have happened."

"No, it's jest the same old thing," he sadly replied. "The ole woman's been a-tellin me ag'in that I hain't fitten."

"You aren't fitten for what?"

"Fur nuthin. I've bin tryin fur over 20 y'ars to be fitten, but it's no use. I've tried to be fitten to farm, to hunt, to raise hogs, to work in town and to run a still, but it was no use. When a feller hain't fitten, what's the use of his tryin to be fitten? This mawnin the ole woman jest driv me right outer the cabin and told me I would never be fitten to be fitten in all my bo'n days."

"That's hard lines," I said as I noticed a tear on his cheek. "It seems as if you might hit something. I met a man the other day who had been in just your fix. Nobody thought he was fitten for anything, but one day he surprised them all and ever since has got along nicely."

"What did he 'un do?" cautiously inquired the disconsolate man.

"He turned preacher and is traveling around in these mountains."

The disconsolate man jumped to his feet as if hit in the back with a rock. The lines of sorrow and grief were replaced with beaming smiles. He leaped into the air and cracked his heels together and crowed like a rooster. Then he stepped out, grasped my hand, and as he shook and squeezed it he exclaimed:

"Dad rot my skin stranger, but yo' hev saved the hull family of us! Fur 20 y'ars I've bin tryin to be fitten fur sunthin and failed. Jest when it seemed as if I could never be fitten to be fitten yo' cum along and hit the coon plump between his durned ole eyes! Turn preacher! Why, dad durn it, that's me! That's what I was allus fitten fur and didn't realize it! Whoop! Cock-a-doodle-doot! Come along, stranger! Come up to the cabin and see the weepin and rejoicin and high jumpin bekase Sol Harris has at las diskivered that he is fitten to be fitten fur sunthin or other on the face of this airth!"

NOT TO BE FORGIVEN.

As I sat talking with the editor and proprietor of the weekly paper the office "devil," who was a boy about 15 years of age, came in and tremblingly said:

"Mr. French, wasn't I to stay for three years and learn the trade?"

"Why, certainly."

"But the foreman has discharged me!"

"He has! Why, what is that for?"

"Because I took home the office towel and had"——

"What! James, did you dare to meddle with that towel?"

"Why, sir, it needed washing, and I took it"——

"James, did you take that towel home and have your mother wash it?"

"Y-yes, sir!"

"Didn't you know that it hadn't been washed since THE EAGLE was established, 14 years ago?"

"Y-yes, sir!"

"And you took it home and had it boiled and boiled and rinsed and ironed and brought it back here fresh and clean?"

"Yes, sir, but I"——

"That will do, James! If you had pied our first page, ruined our hand press or used our subscription book for a diary, we could overlook the matter, but in this case—never! The foreman is right—you must go!" M. QUAD.

HIGHLY SPOKEN OF.

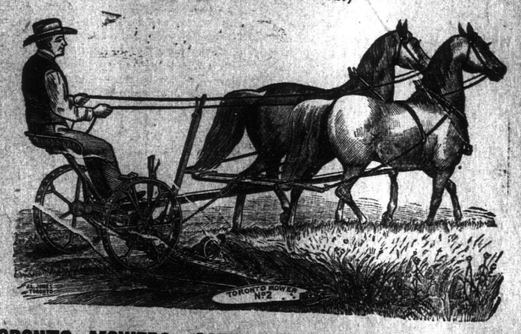
DEAR SIRS,—I have used your Hagyard's Yellow Oil for sprains, bruises, scalds, burns, rheumatism and croup, and find it an unequalled remedy. My neighbors also speak highly of it.

MRS. HIGHT, Montreal, Que.

H. H. Nagle, owner of Alexandra Park, on the line of the R. & N., returned from California yesterday.

E. G. PRIOR & CO.

(LIMITED LIABILITY.)



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Total Invested Funds, 1891	1,925,000
Surplus Over Capital and all Liabilities, 1891	1,400,000

HENRY CROFT,

Agent for Vancouver Island. No. 72 Government Street.

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MARINE MOVEMENTS.

The little sealing schooner Volunteer, Captain Wheeler, arrived in Seattle yesterday morning after a two months' cruise off the coast. Her entire catch during her absence was one solitary seal. The schooner experienced very rough weather, and though plenty of seals were seen it was too rough to lower the boats all the time. Captain Wheeler signalled several sealing schooners in his cruise, which extended from the mouth of the Columbia river to Nootka Island. Among them where the schooner Columbia with seven seals. At that time the Columbia had four feet of water in the hold, but she put in at Barclay Sound. Others spoken were the Alexander, of San Francisco, out since February, with only one skin, and the Minnie, of Victoria, with three skins.

ON REGULAR TIME.

The Great Northern steamer Island Belle, which, owing to some repairs having to be made to her boiler, was in port most of yesterday, is now running on schedule time, making three trips a week to Victoria, arriving here Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. The time-table which went into effect on Monday last is similar to that the steamer ran on temporarily last winter.

THE VICTORIA'S CARGO.

The N. P. R. steamer Victoria, due here from the Orient on Saturday next, has on board a full cargo, included in which are 100 tons for this port, 300 tons for San Francisco and 1,000 bales of silk for New York, besides several hundred tons for Sound and overland points. The steamer has a large number of Chinamen passengers on board.

THE FLYER ARRIVES.

Steamship City of Puebla arrived at Victoria shortly after 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, having made the trip up from San Francisco in the fast time of 52½ hours. She brought twenty-two cabin and eight steerage passengers for this port, in addition to over one hundred tons of freight.

THE PIONEER OF THE FLEET.

The British steamer Miowera, 1,191 tons, Capt. Stott, is on berth at Sidney for Victoria. The Miowera is one of three steamships which will run on the new line between Australia and British Columbia.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

In the ninth annual report of the Civil Service Commission, recently issued, the commissioners urge that the classified service should be extended as rapidly as practicable, to cover every position in the public service to which it can appropriately be applied; as, for instance, to clerks and writers in the navy yards, to almost the entire body of officials in the District of Columbia, to the internal revenue service, and to custom houses with twenty-five employes.

They earnestly desire that some such bill as that introduced in the last Congress, to take the fourth-class postmasters out of politics, may become a law.

The report continues: "Ultimately the system of promotions in the department must come under the immediate supervision of the commission in order to secure uniformity and the best results. Very serious harm, in our judgment, follows from allowing the chiefs of divisions to be excepted from examination, and we think that they should be put under the general rule and be appointed by promotion from within the service."

The report shows a very surprising growth of the number of employes as compared with the growth of the population. The percentage of the growth of the public service in ten years has grown nearly double that of the population, and the service classified for examination under the civil service rules has grown even faster in the same space of time, increasing at the rate of 130 per cent., so that whereas only about 11 per cent. of the public service was removed from party politics in 1883, about 21 per cent. in 1893 was so removed. The whole number of places subject to competitive examination under the rules is now 42,928.

THE BEST REMEDY.

DEAR SIRS,—I was greatly troubled with weakness, loss of appetite, restlessness and sleeplessness, and found B. B. B. the most strengthening and beneficial medicine I have taken. MISS HEASLIP,

34 Huntley St., Toronto, Ont.

WONDER IN WELLAND!

A Representative Farmer Speaks.

MR. C. C. HAUN.

The following remarkable facts are fully certified to as being undeniably correct in every particular. Mr. Haun is well known in the vicinity, having resided here over fifty years, and is highly respected as a man of the strictest honor, whose word is as good as his bond.

As will be seen from his letter, four physicians had attended him, and it was only after he had given up hope of cure that he decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters on the recommendation of a neighbor who had been cured of a similar disease by its use. Mr. Haun writes as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I think I have been one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of, having been six years in the hands of four of our best doctors without obtaining permanent relief, but continually growing worse, until almost beyond hope of recovery, I tried your Bitters and got relief in a few days. Every organ of my body was deranged, the liver enlarged, hardened and torpid, the heart and digestive organs seriously deranged, a large abscess in my back, followed by paralysis of the right leg, in fact the lower half of my body was entirely useless. After using Burdock Blood Bitters for a few days the abscess burst, discharging fully five quarts of pus in two hours. I felt as if I had received a shock from a powerful battery. My recovery after this was steady and the cure permanent, seeing that for the four years since I have had as good health as ever I had. I still take an occasional bottle, not that I need it but because I wish to keep my system in perfect working order. I can think of no more remarkable case than what I have myself passed through, and no words can express my thankfulness for such perfect recovery.

C. C. HAUN,
Welland P.O.

In this connection the following letter from T. Cummes, Esq., a leading druggist of Welland, Ont., speaks for itself:

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been personally acquainted with Mr. C. C. Haun for the last 20 years, and have always found him a very reliable man. You may place the utmost confidence in anything he says with regard to your medicine. He has on many occasions within the last four years told me that it was marvellous the way the Burdock Blood Bitters had cured him, and that he now felt as able to do a day's work as he ever felt in his life. Although quite well he still takes some B. B. B. occasionally, as he says, to keep him in perfect health.

Yours truly,
THOMAS CUMMES,
Welland, Ont.

The steadily increasing sale of B. B. B., the length of time it has been before the people, and the fact that it cures to stay cured, attest the sterling merit of this monarch of medicines, the people's favorite blood purifier, tonic and regulator.