The Colonist.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1892.

A BISHOP ON THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

The question whether the Chicago Exhibition shall be kept open on Sundays has been the cause of much controversy in the United States. Its discussion opened the whole question of Sabbath observance and gave the scoffers the opportunity they are always ready to avail themselves of to rail at and to ridicule Christians and Christianity.

Between the class that contended for having the Exhibition open during every day of the week and all day long, and the class which would have the gates of the Exhibition grounds closed the whole of Sunday, there was a number of persons who believed that the grounds and buildings might be open on Sunday afternoons simply for inspection. There should be no buying and selling, and the machinery should be inactive. It was contended that if the Exhibition was entirely closed on the whole of the Lord's Day the saloons would be open and would drive a roaring trade, for the thousands of visitors having nowhere to go would spend the greater part of Sunday afternoon in drinking places and pleasure haunts of one kind and another.

Chief among those who advocated having the Exhibition open during the afternoon of Sunday was Bishop Potter, a divine respecting whose piety as well as learning there can be no question. He gives the reasons for his opinions in the October number of the Forum. This is part of what Bishop Potter says of the Christian Sabbath. After quoting in favor of freedom the saying of the apostle Paul to the Colossians, "Let no man judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the new moon or *of the Sabbath*," he goes on to say:

There can be little doubt that while the Christian First Day, or Sunday, took over from the Sabbath its venerable conception of a rest day, with its scarcely less venerable traditions of religious worship, it dismissed on the one hand that earlier strictness that would not, on the Sabbath Day, pull an ox or an ass from the pit into which they had fallen, nor pluck an ear of corn even to satisfy the most urgent demands of hunger, while, on the other, it imported into the day an element of gladness and festivity, which made the Sunday of primitive Christianity, in many respects, not unlike our own Christmas or Thanksgiving Day. What we, who are native to America, are most of all familiar with—its asceticism of domestic usage, its absolute prohibition not merely of amusement but of recreation (the two are very different things) on Sunday, its dreary denial even of innocent occupations, its stern rebuke of the gayety and mirthfulness of children, its hard constriction of the domestic affections and of neighborly courtesies—by none of these characteristics were the Sundays of the first Christian centuries distinguished. A true picture of them may by anticipation be found in the pages of the New Testament itself, where Christ is found on one Sabbath day healing a paralytic, much to the disgust of a ruler of the synagogue, who roundly denounces him; or on another dining with a Pharisee and making this kindly intercourse the means of the loftiest teaching, thus expressively proclaiming that humaner law which was to govern men henceforth in their observance of all holy days, whether Sabbaths or Sundays.

Bishop Potter is of opinion that the visitors to Chicago might consistently with the scrupulous observance of Sunday as a day of rest be allowed to see "the great assemblage of the achievements of human art and industry" which thus "might wisely be made a silent school room of the progress of human civilization."

Let the Columbian Exposition, he says, proclaim by the hush of all its varied traffic and machinery—no wheel turning, no engine moving, no booth or counter open to buyer or seller, no sign or sound of business through all its long avenues, and better still, by its doors closed till the morning hours of every Sunday are ended—that the American people believe in a day of rest. But if there be those who would later seek its precincts to look, it may be more closely at the handiwork of man to study the progress of the race in the story of its artistic and industrial and mechanical achievements, and to recognize thus, it may easily be in the study of such achievements, with Job, that "there is a spirit in man, and that the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding"—that certainly can be no unworthy use of some hours of our America's rest day.

There are many, no doubt, who will declare that Bishop Potter suggests an unworthy compromise with the worldly and the ungodly, but it will be well, even for them, before they pronounce upon him definitely, to read what he says, and to examine closely the grounds on which his decision rests. The Bishop is a good man and, no doubt, spoke conscientiously and from a full mind.

THE MINER LAW.

The Legislature of the State of Michigan has passed a law which, when it goes into operation, will have the effect of modifying the calculations of the political arithmeticians with respect to the presidential elections. As our readers no doubt know, the electors of the States do not vote directly for the President. They vote for men to represent them, called electors. Each State elects as many electors as it sends members to Congress. Each elector votes for all the electors on one side or the other. He does not vote for the elector for his own Congressional district, but for all the electors sent by all the districts. The consequence is that the electors represent the majority of the whole State, and the minority, no matter how large it may be, is wholly ignored. In Michigan this was not considered fair, and its Legislature, at its last session, passed a law which provided that the elections for the electors of the electoral college should be for each Congressional district and not for the whole State. This would give the minority of the State a representation in the electoral college. For instance, if a majority of the whole state is in favor of Harrison, under the system now in vogue every elector from that state would be bound to vote for Harrison. Under the Miner system if six of the districts give a majority for Cleveland and eight a majority for Harrison, when the votes are taken in the college the vote of Michigan will be divided, six going for Cleveland and eight for Harrison.

The Miner law was declared by its opponents to be unconstitutional. It was submitted to the courts. It has by them been pronounced to be constitutional, and it will go into operation on the 8th of next month.

The new law seems to us to be fairer to the people than the old. Under the prevailing system it was quite possible for the candidate for whom the smaller number of votes on the whole was polled to be elected. This was actually the case at the last Presidential election. More votes were polled for Mr. Cleveland than for Mr. Harrison, still, a majority of the votes of the electoral college was for Harrison.

As the constitution gives each state the power to make laws regulating the mode by which the vote for the President shall be taken it is not improbable that other states will follow the example of Michigan. Large minorities naturally object to being powerless in the election of President, and their influence may bring about a general, or nearly general change.

"LOVELY WEATHER."

When enjoying such weather as we had yesterday, the sunshine cheering and the air balmy, it is impossible to avoid contrasting it with the dismal, cheerless, inclement autumn weather of other parts of the continent. The cold drizzle and the chilling sleet are unknown here, neither are British Columbians called upon to face the depressing dark days in which comfort and cheerfulness are to be found nowhere. They are not scared by the early frost or the unseasonable blizzard. From the beginning of autumn until winter sets in—if it is right to call the weather we have in December, January and February winter—the temperature is mild and the weather often very pleasant. There is no frost, no snow, and what rain there is is warm, and for the most part falls gently. Wind and rain do not often, in this part of British Columbia, come together. It will hardly be believed in the East and in the Northwest, both of Canada and the United States, that the late fall weather in British Columbia is most enjoyable, and that it is but the precursor of a winter that is nearly as enjoyable.

PERSISTENT.

We do not think that the Times will gain much by either its scurrility or its pertinacity. It published a contemptibly mean article about the COLONIST and one of its reporters. We proved beyond controversy that its accusation was false. But it had not sense enough to drop the subject, but continued its snarling. It accuses us of talking back at the Chief Justice over its shoulders. We had no such intention. Our remarks were evoked by the Times' editorial and by nothing else. If it had not impertinently and maliciously put in its oar and tried to injure the reputation of the COLONIST and its reporter we would not have said one single word about the matter.

Our polite contemporary accuses us of being "afraid" to take our own part. We do not think that the COLONIST has shown that it is in any respect backward in standing up for what it believes to be the right, let its assailants be whom they may; but we choose our own course and are not to be diverted from it by the sneers or the taunts of the Times.

We are taunted with not having the courage to notice the short discussion that took place between Chief Justice Begbie and Mayor Beaven on Friday morning. If the Times possessed ordinary discretion it would have taken good care to say nothing about Mr. Beaven's bootless errand; and if we were as fond of making much of little things as is our contemporary, we would have rejoiced over the Mayor's discomfiture on that occasion. Both the Times and the Mayor, as far as we are concerned, are quite welcome to all the comfort that they can extract from that discussion. If it were not for its length, we would have published every word of the Times' report of it. We hardly think that the Mayor will feel greatly obliged to his organ for its officiousness in this matter.

WINDS AND SEAS.

Fearfully Rough Weather off the British Coast—Vessels Driven Ashore.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—High winds and heavy seas are still reported along the coast. The steamer Gerona, Captain Cummings, from Shields to Montreal, went ashore in the fog, in Portland Firth to-day. Her crew was rescued by the life-savers. While the tender Jackal was trying to get alongside the Etruria, off the Point, to-day, so as to take off the mails, Master-at-arms Mudge, of Liverpool, in clearing the rails for the Etruria's gangway was thrown down by a heavy lurch of the ship and fell overboard. A tremendous sea was raging, and he could make only a feeble effort to save himself. Life lines and life preservers were thrown to him, but he seemed dazed by his fall, and hardly noticed them. Before a boat could be lowered, he disappeared. The Captain of the Etruria transferred only the despatches and the ship's papers to the Jackal, as it was too rough to allow anyone to leave the ship. All the passengers and mail were carried on to Liverpool.

MONTREAL, Oct. 29.—Abbe Dugas, the well-known advocate of Northwest colonization, in a letter to Le Canadien, says the annexation of Canada to the United States is only a question of time unless something is done to stop the exodus of French Canadians to the States. He suggests that means should be furnished to people to settle in the Canadian Northwest.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

An Adventure in India with a Strangler—Run Down by Bloodhounds.

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Three years after the Sepoy rebellion had been put down in India, and with the country under such military and legal discipline as it had never known before, I was at Hyderabad, a large town 500 miles east of Bombay, in the province of Dekkan. It was there that a band of professional thugs, numbering thirty-two men, was captured and executed in 1860. The vigorous search after and prompt punishment of criminals was having a due effect, and not a case of poisoning or strangling had been known about Hyderabad for several months. In fact these two classes of murderers were supposed to have become extinct in that province. One morning a ryot, or farmer, was found dead on the public square, and it was speedily discovered that he had been choked to death. The imprints proved it to be the work of a strangler. The thug used a cord, while the strangler used his fingers. His marks could not be mistaken. He brought his thumbs together on the "Adam's apple," while the ends of the fingers got their purchase just below the victim's ears. Sometimes the fingers clutched his ears or hair. The "mark" was always plain to be seen on the neck. Now and then a victim was attacked from behind. In such cases the strangler's thumbs were brought together on the back of the neck, and his fingers were locked together over the "apple."

Several suspects were arrested, but nothing came of it. About twenty days after the first case a woman was found dead within three blocks of the public square, and she had also fallen a victim to the strangler. Not only had she been choked to death, but her neck was broken. The police were again aroused, and bodies of cavalry scoured the country and brought in dozens of suspicious characters, but as in the other case nothing could be proved and all had to be released. At the investigation almost every suspect made the same reply, as follows:

"No, sahib, I am ashamed to admit that I am not guilty of this crime. We are no longer men, but slaves. I no longer have courage, but am a coward and dare not lift my hand."

Ten days later the strangler counted his third victim, and this time it was a European. Only at rare intervals before the mutiny had a European fallen a victim to the professionals of any class. It seemed to be an understood thing with all not to meddle with them in any manner. The victim in this case was a clerk in the civil service department attached to the tax collector's office, I believe. He had been ill for a week or two, and was occupying a room in a bungalow in the heart of the town. Ten or a dozen clerks kept "bachelors' hall" together, and there were half a dozen native servants to take care of the place. This clerk, whose name was Adams, had a native man for a nurse, but was almost convalescent. One night at 10 o'clock he sent his nurse with a note to a bungalow half a mile distant. The nurse was absent about three-quarters of an hour, and upon his return he found Adams dead. There was the mark on his throat, and there was no question about his having been the victim of a professional, and probably of the same fiend who had strangled the other two.

The police and the military now quite lost their heads. During the following week there were about 700 arrests, some of them being made 200 miles away. Nothing like detective work was attempted, and as a consequence every suspect had to be discharged for want of any evidence against him. The authorities seemed to go on the idea that if a sufficient number of people were arrested the guilty party would somehow betray himself. Strong efforts were made in three or four cases to convict on shady testimony, but after a few weeks every person who had been arrested was set at liberty. Being new to the country, and having taken a great interest in the work of exterminating the "professionals," I asked for information on every hand. One day, in conversing with a Major Burke on the subject, he explained:

"In my time I have inspected the hands of at least a score of stranglers. Their strength lies mostly in wrist and fingers. Before graduating as professionals they practise on dummies and resort to certain gymnastics to strengthen the parts I have named. This man now among us is certainly a professional. If arrested you will find his thumb flattened on the ball. If I were a detective I should go about looking at thumbs. In most instances the victim leaves scratches or cuts on the hands of the assassin, which would further help to identify him in case of suspicion."

From that time on I instinctively glanced at the hands of every native with whom I came in contact, but without the slightest hope of making any discovery of value. Five weeks after the murder of the clerk the strangler was heard from again. This time his victim was a sergeant of infantry, and he met his death on the highway between the town and the camp. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening when he started for camp, and it was known that he was considerably under the influence of liquor. He was almost a giant in size and strength, and it was reasonable to conclude that he had made something of a struggle, even though half drunk and taken unawares. Indeed, when the surgeon came to look him over blood was found in his finger nails to prove that he had lacerated the hands of his murderer. This was a point to go on, but was not even considered by the authorities. They followed the course previously pursued and made several hundred arrests.

On the third day after the sergeant's death I had a bit of chain work to do on a piece of land two miles east of the town, and my helper was a native who had served in the department for a year. He was a middle aged man, very slender, and his weight was not above 120 pounds. He had drifted into the town at the close of the war, and it was said of him that he came from the north and had been faithful to the English during the struggle. When not acting as a helper in the field he had the care of some horses belonging to the department. The only name that he was known by was Peter. When I sent him word that I wanted him he returned a reply that he was ill, but half an hour later he put in an appearance and explained that he was feeling better. We had reached the field and had fairly begun work when my attention was attracted to his hands. The backs of both were scratched and lacerated, though the wounds were half healed.

"It was the monkey at the stables who did it, sahib," he explained as he held up his hands for inspection; "I was teasing him and he got revenge. I will sell him if I can find a buyer."

I knew he had a monkey at the stables, and his explanation was perfectly satisfactory. The matter was forgotten in a moment, and it would never have occurred to me again but for what followed. It was a scorching hot day, and after an hour's work we sought the shade to rest. As I was lighting my pipe for a smoke Peter observed that he was very thirsty and would visit a spring he knew of about a quarter of a mile away. The field on which we were working had once been cleared, but was now pretty well grown over with bushes and small trees. He disappeared at my back, and I gave him no further thought for many minutes. I had out my book and was making some field notes when all of a sudden it struck me that Peter had a peculiar look as he explained how he had received the wounds on his hands. I remembered that his face hardened and that there was a cruel glitter in his eyes. Things of this sort never strike one at the moment, but are vivid when recalled. When I remembered his looks I wondered that he had not killed the monkey for attacking him, and I reflected that the man must have a hot temper when aroused. I do not suppose I devoted over five minutes to this train of thought. As time passed by I forgot my surroundings while busy with the pencil. Peter had been gone about thirty minutes, as I afterward figured up, when I was suddenly clutched by the throat. I was leaning back against a tree hardly larger than a man's arm, and was reclining to the left. My eyes caught no glimpse of anything, nor had my ears detected the slightest sound to put me on my guard.

The first sensation was exactly like that of falling. I remember a roaring in my ears and fireworks dancing before my eyes, and I was perfectly conscious that my throat was in the clutch of human fingers. What saved me was the tree and the position in which I sat. I did not realize that I struggled to break the clutch, but I did put forth a mighty effort. My right shoulder and arm were a lever against the strangler's right wrist, and as I heaved I broke his clutch and leaped to my feet. It was Peter, as you have suspected. He had only gone a few rods away and then turned and crept back on me like a serpent. His route was through bushes and vines, but when I came to go over it I could not find that he had broken a twig. My springing up threw him down, but he was on his feet like a cat, and with a cry like that of an enraged beast he sprang for my throat again. His eyes were fairly blazing, his face distorted with passion, and I realized in an instant that it was his life or mine.

Under the new laws no native was allowed to carry a deadly weapon. If one was found provided with knife or pistol he was sent to prison. On the other hand, all Europeans went armed. I had a revolver buckled around me, and if Peter had not been so sure of strangling me he could have secured the weapon as he crept up behind me. He sprang upon me like a wildcat, seeking my throat at every clutch, and we grappled and rolled over and over on the ground. He made a dash for my throat with his right hand as we rolled about, and I caught the ends of his first two fingers in my teeth and bit to the bone. That one bite gave me the victory. Still gripping his fingers, I struggled to my knees, reached for my revolver, and I had the muzzle against his body when the thought flashed across my mind that he was the professional strangler wanted by the police. Up to that instant I had no thought as to why he attacked me. When I dropped his fingers and covered him with the revolver he made no further resistance. The native of India, like the Arab, believes in fate.

"Sahib, you have won," he said as I stood over him. "It was to be, and so it is. Do as you will with me."

"Peter, why should you seek my life?" I asked, even yet half hoping there might be some mistake about it.

"Why did I strangle the others, sahib? A voice commanded me, and I obeyed."

"Good heavens! but you are not the murderer of the farmer, the clerk and the soldier—you who have been considered so faithful to the English?"

"Even so, sahib. It was to be, and it is. Take me to the police and I will admit everything and die like a man."

I drove him before me until we encountered a troop of cavalry which had been scouring the country for suspects, and which was then returning to town with no less than twenty-six prisoners. Had Peter denied his admissions to me nothing could have been proved, and he only would have been punished for assault. But he felt that fate had delivered him into the hands of his enemies, and he was willing to help convict himself. He gave the particulars of each murder with such detail that no doubt could exist. It was the sergeant who had lacerated his hands. He was keeping shady while he waited for them to heal. He would not have accompanied me that day but for the fear that he might be suspected, though as a matter of fact he would have been among the very last to fall under the ban.

"I had no though of strangling you when we started out," he said to me after his trial. "It was only after you had noticed my hands. While you appeared indifferent, I was afraid that you suspected. I could have snatched away your pistol and shot you dead, or I could have beaten you to death with a club, but my creed would not permit. I must either strangle you or let you live on. Had I been successful I should have made my way north as fast as possible."

He did not hesitate to tell the police that he was a professional strangler, and it was with considerable pride that he exhibited his flattened thumbs and illustrated the manner in which the deadly clutch was made. He had been a professional for upward of twenty years. He spent one whole day making out a list of dates, localities and victims, and the number of murders was appalling. The figures ran up to forty-two or forty-three, and there were seven Europeans among them. He begged no one's forgiveness—had no apologies to offer. He told me very plainly that he was sorry he had not succeeded with me, as he believed he could have safely escaped and lived to gather in ten or twelve more victims. He had "marked down" six different Europeans in the town, and but for the interference of fate would have strangled them at intervals of about four weeks.

Peter went to the gallows with the utmost indifference. He did not even betray the anxiety of a man walking about the street. He was, I believe, the last professional strangler executed in that province, although his class flourished elsewhere and were picked up one by one for many years after.

RUN DOWN BY BLOODHOUNDS.

In the gray of morning, as people began to move inside the stockade, an alarm was raised that a prisoner had escaped. A prisoner meant a state convict—a man overworked, underfed and treated worse than a decent man treats his dog. Life in state prison is ease and luxury compared with life in a convict camp. Men go out of prison to reform and hold up their heads again among their fellow men. Men leave a convict camp wrecked in body and soul—degraded until they abhor themselves.

"Who is it?"

"Big Jack Long."

"Get out the dogs!"

"Ah, now, we are to see a man hunt with bloodhounds! Man often hunts down man, but there is no fierceness in the pursuit, no longing for blood, no wild run across rough fields and through thick forests. Here the fugitive not only seeks liberty, but flies for his life.

Big Jack Long, who had been whipped only the day before—who had been worked like an ox when well and treated worse than a brute when ill—who had years yet to serve and had nothing to hope for—had slipped his chains during the night and found a way over the stockade. Two or three of the guards said they had expected something of the kind for several weeks; two or three others hoped he had got far enough away to give the dogs a good run and arouse their savage ire.

One—three—five of them—real bloodhounds, which have tracked down many a fugitive and wet their lips with his blood and torn his quivering flesh with their sharp fangs! They know what is wanted! As they are led out they tug and strain and go wild with excitement. A guard brings out the blanket from the rude bed on which Big Jack has slept so long, and the dogs tear it to pieces in their growing impatience. They have completed three-quarters of a circle around the stockade when they suddenly strike the scent. There is no holding them now. Their impatience has turned to fury.

The convict knew that bloodhounds would take up his trail. He knew the wonderful keenness of their scent, the appalling persistency with which they would follow on, their mad eagerness to overtake and pull him down. His flight was a hope born of despair. He ran straight away for half a mile. Then he doubled back and crossed his trail, bent to the right, bent to the left, zigzagged like a serpent making its progress. He forced his way through thickets, he sped swiftly through the pine woods, he crossed clearings and leaped ravines and clambered up rocky hillsides. Once he found a running brook and cried, "Thank God!" as he stepped into the shallow water and felt that his trail was hidden at last. But after a journey of a few rods the creek lost itself amid such a tangle of vines and bushes and drift that he had to clamber out again. He ran on and on, taking but little heed of his route, but feeling that each yard carried him nearer to liberty. He was miles away and still pushing ahead when the east grew red with the glory of the coming sunrise.

"Ou! ou! ou!"

Big Jack Long stopped dead in his tracks. Had the mournful tones of a funeral bell come down to his ears on the morning air he would have been astonished. Now he was appalled. The dogs had been let loose on his trail. The bloodhound bays only when he has lost the scent for a moment or when he sights his quarry. Big Jack had staggered through a swamp scarce heeding where his exhausted limbs were taking him, and the dogs were at fault for a moment. Did you ever see a bloodhound trailing a man? His eyes do not look for footprints; his nose is not seeking the scent on the earth. The scent rises to him, even though the trail be a day old. He runs through it as if it were a mist. No matter who has followed over the trail or how often it has been crossed he cannot be confused. Should the fugitive double back the dog will run both trails at the same time. Should he circle the dog will cross the circle and pick up the scent on the far side. Nothing but water can baffle him, and there must be miles of it to make him give over the hunt.

"Ou! ou! ou!"

The sounds have a note of triumph in them. The dogs have found the scent again. Big Jack can escape the fury of the beasts by climbing a tree. After the dogs the hunters, after the hunters the stockade—a beating—further degradations. Good! He draws himself up and his eyes flash defiance. He is going to fight for his life. No! He is going to die fighting! Better to die at once than week by week and month by month. Better to die with a weapon in his hands than with clanking chains on his limbs. He breaks a stout limb from a tree and sits down to recover his breath and summon up all his courage. The morning sunshine is pouring into the forest. The joyous notes of the birds reach his ears from every direction, and as his eyes gleam and his lips compress a ground squirel playfully approaches and retreats as if challenging him to marth.

Down there in the underbrush something moves! There is a rustling and crashing—the dogs are here! As they cry out in chorus at sight of him he stands up and takes a firm grip of his club. Of what use that a mighty blow stretches one beast dead at his feet? That another breaks bones and another leaves him but two enemies to conquer? He is weak and exhausted, and two are enough to pull him down. When the man hunters ride up the dogs have done their work and lie panting with their red tongues touching the earth. Big Jack Long has made good his escape from the horrors of a convict camp—that is, he is lying dead among the fiends who have run him down.

M. QUAD.

Drink Phoenix Lager Beer.

NEWS OF THE PROVINCE.

Nanaimo Electric Light Works Sold at Auction to a Westminster Agent.

Cessation of Salmon Shipments to the East—Coal Mining at Union.

(Special to the COLONIST.)

VANCOUVER.

VANCOUVER, Oct. 29.—There are two theories in regard to how Mrs. Campbell, the last victim, became affected with smallpox. One is that she contracted the disease in Seattle, where she was three weeks ago, and another that she may have contracted the disease from Edith Lyle, the woman who so heroicly nursed the smallpox patients throughout the scourge, and also acted as nurse to Mrs. Pyper, who died last week, and who was a daughter of Mrs. Campbell. Mr. Perer, the other patient, who is an office janitor, is an aged man. He is said to have contracted the disease by cleaning out the office of a person recently recovered from a severe attack of smallpox.

Harry Clark, of the Fountain Hotel, has come into a legacy of $60,000.

It is understood that the Finance committee of the City Council made up their minds to invite City Attorney Hammersley to resign.

WESTMINSTER.

NEW WESTMINSTER, Oct. 29.—The British Columbia cannery, the last at work on the river, closed down to-day.

Mrs. James Keary, mother of Alderman Keary, fell down stairs last night and broke her arm, besides sustaining other serious injuries.

Professor Wilson is inspecting the public schools throughout the district.

Salmon shipments to Montreal have stopped, owing to the close season in Quebec coming into force.

The fog has rolled away, but shipping is badly tangled up yet.

Joseph Magnone, a well-known Italian, was, yesterday, removed to the Insane asylum, having been found to be out of his mind.

NANAIMO.

NANAIMO, Oct. 29.—H. Whitehead, a miner of East Wellington, narrowly escaped serious injury. He had lighted a shot, but it did not go off soon, so he returned to investigate, when it exploded, almost burying him in the coal. He escaped without injury.

John Dick and A. Galloway left this morning on a prospecting trip to Jarvis Inlet.

The men who were burned in the powder explosion in No. 1 shaft, yesterday, are progressing favorably.

The Nanaimo Electric Light works were sold this afternoon for $25,040, $40 more than the incumbrances. The purchaser was A. Morrison, of New Westminster, who represented a client.

Three suspects from the Montreal hotel, Vancouver, came across last evening on the Cutch, and are now quarantined at Wellington. Another returned to Vancouver this morning, not being allowed to land here.

At the drawing of the Building Society, last evening, Mrs. L. Gough held the lucky number.

Sailed, s.s. Costa Rica, San Francisco.

UNION.

UNION, Oct. 28.—In North Comox, the school trustees have resigned and an election takes place Monday.

An electric pump has been taken from here to Wellington for No. 5 shaft.

An improved Shepherd coal washer, capable of washing 350 tons of coal per day, is to be sent up from Wellington for use when the mines re-open.

Capt. Salmon, of the Wellington, now loading at Departure Bay, is visiting here.

Tom Weeks, well and favorably known here, has been killed while working in the mines at Canmore.

S. Milne, Nanaimo, has finished painting the school house and hospital, making in every way a first-class job.

DUNCAN'S.

DUNCAN'S, Oct. 29.—James Shopland, the smallpox patient at Shopland, near Maple Bay, died at 9:30 yesterday (Friday) evening.

CANADIAN NEWS.

TORONTO, Oct. 29.—In a letter from Sault Ste Marie the Globe correspondent says: "The construction of the Canada ship canal is being pushed ahead with a vigor which would seem to indicate that some understanding had recently been entered into between the Government and the contractors for hurrying the work to completion as rapidly as the immensity of the undertaking will permit.

MONTREAL, Oct. 29.—The C.P.R. train from Vancouver to Halifax, with 360 sailors and 20 officers from the Pacific squadron, reached Montreal this morning. Fresh supplies were put on board and the train went on its way. It will return with 420 men and 28 officers, who have arrived at Halifax from England, to take the places of those on the way home.

TORONTO, Oct. 29.—At a committee meeting of the Canadian Paper Makers' Association, the subject was the price of brown wrapping paper, which will hereafter be sold at a higher rate to the trade.

QUEBEC, Oct. 29.—At ten o'clock this morning Messrs. Mercier and Pacaud walked together into the court and sat down side by side, looking over the documents before them. Mr. Mercier wore his inseparable rosette, betokening the decoration of honor that had been conferred on him in the golden days of his political career. Mr. Stuart, one of the Crown solicitors was not in his seat to-day, having left last night for Montreal toa tend to the funeral arrangements of his brother, Mr. D. G. Stuart, who died yesterday. Judges Bosse and Wurtele ascended the bench and the proceedings began. E. E. Webb, manager of the Union Bank, was the first and principal witness of the day.

MONTREAL, Oct. 29.—The factory of Miller Bros. & Co., manufacturers of linen faced collars, paper boxes, etc., a large five story building, was badly damaged by fire this morning. The loss on stock amounts to $20,000.

HALIFAX, N.S., Oct. 29.—The troopship Tyne, Commander Pollard, from Portsmouth, Eng., has arrived. She brought new crews for the warships Hyacinth, Nymphe and Daphne, on the Pacific coast. They number 23 officers and 420 men.

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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE—The Right Hon. Earl RUSSELL communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in Cholera was Chlorodyne.—*See Lancet*, Dec. 31, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course it would not be thus singularly popular did it not "supply a want and fill a place."—*Medical Times*, Jan. 12, 1885.

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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special licence to cut and carry away timber from the following described tracts of land in Alberni District:

Two River Arm, Sproat's Lake, Alberni Disrict, commencing at a post on the shore at the southeast corner of the Arm marked B. C. P. Co.; thence west along the shore 80 chains, south 20 chains, east 80 chains, north 20 chains to the point of commencement, containing about 160 acres, more or less.

South Shore of the Sterling Arm, Sproat's Lake, Alberni District, commencing at a post on the shore of the Arm, marked B. C. P. Co. thence east along the shore of the E. & N. Ry. Co's boundary post, about 40 chains, more or less; thence along the boundary line south 20 chains, west 40 chains, north 30 chains, to the point of commencing containing about 80 acres, more or less, for the British Columbia Paper Manufacturing Company, Limited.

H. CARMICHAEL, Secretary.

Victoria, B.C., July 1, 1892. jy2-d&w

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