

## ABOUT BRITISH COLUMBIA

### A DECIDED IMPROVEMENT IN ITS FARMING AFFAIRS.

Interesting Interview With Prof. Robertson—Work of the Travelling Dairy in the Western Province—Appearance and Quality of Some of the Fruits Most Creditable.

Professor Robertson, Dominion Dairy Commissioner, returned to the Experimental farm at Ottawa on Tuesday afternoon, after being absent for six weeks in British Columbia and the North-West Territories. To a press representative he said that he found a decided improvement in the farming and business affairs of the Western provinces since the time of his former visit. On the Pacific coast, where everything except floods have been discouragingly pacific for a few years, things have taken a turn, and the better times and hopeful spirit which pervade Vancouver, Victoria, and New Westminster are spreading into the agricultural districts.

How do you account for it? Well, the travelling dairy has been abroad in the west, and the people are getting better butter to eat and more of it. Did you ever notice what an antidote to depression, despondency, and pessimism there is in exquisitely good butter. No! Then you need to eat more of it on bread from No. 1 hard, and find that it is materialized sunshine. The newspaper writer and every other man should then spread it about as humanized, materialized sunshine.

Are you doing any special dairy work in the West?

Yes; one of our travelling dairies has been visiting nearly all the agricultural districts in British Columbia. The meetings have been well attended by farmers and their wives, and great interest has been shown. As yet there is only one co-operative creamery in the Pacific Province, and two comparatively small cheese factories. The dairying has been carried on chiefly in home dairies, similar to the practise in Great Britain. The farmers of the province do not produce enough butter, cheese, eggs, bacon, and other concentrated foods to supply the demands of the population. The imports are mostly from Manitoba and the North-West Territories. In the spring of the year and early summer, low-priced inferior butter is sent in in considerable quantities from California and other States, notwithstanding the duty. Next season I expect to see much enlargement of the production of butter in the province.

### EXCELLENT FRUIT.

Did you stay with the travelling dairy in the West?

Only a short time at three different places. I visited the Agricultural Exhibition at Victoria, Mission, Chilliwack, Kamloops, Vernon, and New Westminster. I also addressed meetings of farmers at several other places. At these exhibitions and meetings I had opportunities of seeing the quality of the farm products in the different localities. Potatoes, carrots, and other vegetables were raised in great quantities and in fine, agreeable flavours. I am convinced that the prevailing opinion, current eastward of the Rocky mountains, is an erroneous one. The fruit in the interior of the mainland gave them a superb appearance. The like of them I had never seen before.

What kind of weather did you have in the West?

Fine, warm, and agreeable nearly throughout. I met only two wet days, and one of these was when I had a chance of a holiday to go fishing on a lake in the mountains. It rained as early as a British Columbia fisherman. Never mind how many fish I caught. It rained hard enough to drown some of the trout that slipped off the hook into the bottom of the boat.

### RISE AND FALL OF A GOD.

Lived in a Cave and Was Pulled Out by the Arm—Disaster in Seed.

A Swiss magazine tells a strange story of a new god eagerly worshipped at Date, on the British Gold Coast. Date is one of the stations of the Basel Mission. The town contains 6,000 inhabitants, of whom nearly one-fourth are Christians. A number of years ago a rod took up his abode in a cave near Date. A kid was given to him every few days, and he was consulted as a wise oracle. All that the worshippers had ever seen was an arm stretched out of the cave to seize the offered kid. One day some of those who came to present the usual sacrifice resolved to see more of the god. When the arm appeared, they seized it, and dragged out of the cave a man, a wretched-looking object, his nose eaten away by ulcers, his body covered with sores. The men who had dragged him out were terrified and fled to the town. No one understood that they had been deceived. The monster was a god, the mightier because so hideous. And they came out of the cave to appease him. Full of wrath at the affront put on him, "the god" commanded his devotees to destroy their crops and their provisions, persuading them to take their backs to the altar and save them from hunger. The infuriated people did as he commanded; but he then disappeared and left their backs to the altar.

The god betook himself to a town not far off—Kraika, in German territory. To the people of Kraika he told his tale of woe, and the power, and indignity and of revenge. They believed him, assigned him a cave as a dwelling, and became his worshippers—they had the inhabitants of a wretched district round the town. The heathen of Date, learning what had become of their missing god, earnestly sought by sacrifices and enchantments to bring him back. At last, by the instruction of a girl, instigated by the heathen priests, a human sacrifice, a slave brought at a distant market, was offered up to propitiate the offended god. The slave was strangled, then set upright in a trench, earth heaped up round him and over him, and an altar thus constructed. The horrid murder leaked out. It came to the ears of the British Governor, who had the altar demolished and the body exposed, and then the priests concerned in the sacrifice executed. The Christians in the town, who had meant to bring a good end to a bad superstition at the hands of their heathen neighbors, breathed freely once more, and the cult of the god Konkom (as the heathen man had called himself) was abolished in Date. This was in 1877; but up to a few months ago the god was still worshipped in Kraika, and his priest possessed great power. Some crime of which he had been guilty—probably some arrogant deed of revenge—brought him within reach of German soldiers, tried and shot. The worship of Konkom will not survive this catastrophe.

The Hint Direct.

He (at 11 p.m.)—Well, misery loves company, you know.

S. (repressing a yawn)—Not at this hour, I think.

Children Cry for

## SHIPS OF BATTLE IN ACTION.

### A Sailor Tells of His Experience in China—Japanese War.

Such is the account given by Capt. McGiffin, who commanded one of the Chinese battleships at the Yalu. He says that during the latter part of this engagement there was an ominous silence in the military foretop of his vessel. A modern warship has masts, not for sails, but to support elevated turrets, from which machine guns are operated. In this case the foretop was not silent for lack of ammunition, but because a shell had entered through the steel wall and killed every one of the six men inside. Accordingly, military experts are now inclined to think that light steel protection is a failure. On the other hand, the recent war in Eastern waters proved the great value of armor. The ten-inch conning tower of McGiffin's ship at the Yalu was struck by such showers of projectiles that he was almost deafened by the banging of them upon the steel walls, from behind which he directed the movements of his vessel. Yet not one of them penetrated, and the four-ten-inch armor belt that protected the vital parts of the man-of-war was practically unharmed.

The use of solid shot in warfare has been given up practically. The projectile of to-day is a conical shell, hollow and sometimes loaded with powder so as to explode on striking. It is a time-fuse. It is wonderfully different from the shell of twenty-five years ago. In those days one could watch the projectile as it sailed through the air in a graceful curve, at length bursting. There was even time to get out of the way under favorable circumstances. But the new style of shell moves at the rate of a little over half a mile a second. On striking a metal target, its energy being transformed instantaneously into heat, it becomes red hot and a flame is actually seen to burst forth from the point struck. Such a projectile moves, one might say, in a straight line, and its impact at a distance of a mile seems almost simultaneous with the discharge of the gun.

Such a shell, passing near a man, will tear his clothes off, merely from the windage. If it comes near, though without hitting him, it will kill him. He drops dead without the sign of a wound. Whereas an old-style shell would burst into a few pieces, the modern projectile flies into a myriad of small fragments, each of them moving with tremendous velocity. It may easily be imagined that half a ton of pound Hotchkiss shells finding their way into a vessel would scatter death and destruction in every direction.

### PROTECTIVE ARMOR.

owing to its great weight, can be placed only over the ship's vitals—that is to say, along the middle part of the hull, near the water line, so as to cover the machinery. In future naval battles gunners will direct their fire against the unarmored ends of the opposing vessel.

Commander McGiffin speaks of an extremely novel method of gun fire adopted by the Japanese of the Yalu fight. Every gun on board a ship being aimed at an enemy's vessel, the entire battery joined in one electric current, was fired by the pressing of a key. The shock of so many projectiles striking simultaneously is fearful, and fires are started at once in many places by the exploding shells. But the most thrilling incident described by the Captain was where the Chinese ship, mortally wounded by a shot below the water line, dashed with desperation upon the foe with intent to ram. Immediately several Japanese vessels concentrated their fire upon it, and just before it could reach the adversary that was its target it plunged nose downward into the depths of the sea, its screws revolving in the air as it disappeared.

### A CLEVER TRICK.

Fire Eating Not So Extraordinary When You Know How to Do It.

Recent exhibitions in Paris theaters by two young men, said to excel in their line anything of the kind that had been seen, attracted the attention of the French press. Standing on the open stage, without any apparatus in sight, they caused long and brilliant flames to dart from the tips of their fingers, and also, apparently from their mouths, for a considerable length of time—certainly half a minute. The method of producing these startling appearances was kept secret by the conjurers, and had so far defied all attempts at explanation. A solution, however, purporting to be furnished by a well-known expert in legerdemain, appears in a recent issue of *Le Naturel*. It shows conclusively that the whole business depended upon a simple, but very nicely adapted mechanical arrangement.

During their performances the "fire eaters" stood upon a large, gaily carpeted box, seemingly designed to lift them into plainer view, but really concealing two rubber bags filled with illuminating gas, and compressed by weights. To the heel of each man's right shoe was affixed an ingenious contrivance, terminating in a spout. This was the point of entrance for the gas. It was attached to a very slender tube of vulcanized rubber, which being of the same color as the conjurer's was invisible to the spectators. The tube was carried up the leg and the back, and inside both sleeves next to the skin. On reaching the wrist, it was connected with a still smaller flexible tube, flesh colored, and running along the palm to the tips of the fingers, where it ended in an opening hidden under the nail. A similar branch passed up the neck and under the chin as far as the lips.

By placing his head, and bearing down accurately over a tube which projected slightly at a certain spot in the carpet, the performer could bring his body tube into communication with the corresponding reservoir within the box, and send the gas circulating upward until it reached the finger tip, where it was instantly ignited by an electric spark from a machine concealed under his short cloak, producing a stream of fire. Just as he was led to escape beneath his lips, the flame then appearing to issue from his mouth—an effect which was aided by the performer's opening the latter very wide, and throwing his head back. The stage was always dimly lighted, and but slightly veiled, making it still more difficult to distinguish the tubes. Thus a number of these clever tricks removed from the domain of wonders.

## CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

### Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for infants and children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In its Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

- Castoria destroys Worms.
- Castoria allays Feverishness.
- Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
- Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
- Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
- Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.
- Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
- Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
- Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels giving healthy and natural sleep.
- Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
- Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."
- See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of *Dr. J. C. Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

### Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



STREET GOWN FOR EARLY AUTUMN.



SILVER GREY CREPON GOWN.



WOOL GOWN IN PRINCESS STYLE, CREPON GOWN, RIBBON TRIMMED.

# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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### SAVED MUCH SUFFERING.

Rev. Father Butler's interesting Experience.

Suffered From an Abscess in the Side Which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Failed.

Calcutta, N.S., Gold Hunter.

Faith leads many to believe, yet when one has experienced anything and has reason to rejoice, it is far stronger proof than faith without reasonable ground. About four miles from Calcutta, along a pleasant road, passing by numerous farms, lives Rev. J. J. Butler, the parish priest of this district. Recently having come to the ears of our reporter about a wonderful cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he called on Mr. Butler to seek information on the subject. Mr. Butler spoke in very high terms of the Pink Pills, and said they had saved him untold suffering, and perhaps saved his life. The reverend gentleman came to the assistance of giving a public testimonial at first, but after our reporter remarked that if one was really grateful for a remarkable cure, he thought it was his duty to give it publicity for humanity's sake, he cheerfully consented. His story in his own words is as follows:—"I was led to take Pink Pills through reading the testimonials in the papers. I was troubled with an abscess in my side and had tried many different medicines without avail. I took medical advice on the subject, and was told I would have to undergo an operation to cure it which would cost me about \$100. At last I determined to try Pink Pills, but without a great feeling of faith in their curing me. One box helped me and I resolved to take a three months' course and give them a fair trial. I did so, and to-day I am completely cured of the abscess in my side through using Pink Pills, and I always recommend friends of mine to use Pink Pills for diseases of the blood. As Father Butler is well known throughout this county his statement is a clincher to the many wonderful testimonials that have appeared in the Gold Hunter from time to time. On enquiring at the stores of J. E. Cushing and N. F. Douglass, it was found that Pink Pills have a sale second to none. Mr. Cushing on being asked if he knew of any cures effected by them, replied that he had heard a great many personally say Pink Pills had helped them wonderfully. If given a fair and thorough trial Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases of the blood and nerves, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of a grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

### Six Persons Burned to Death.

A despatch from Brooklyn, N.Y., says:—A family of six persons were burned to death in a tenement house fire at 311 Vanburn street, shortly after one o'clock on Thursday morning. The dead are Charles Ryan, 39 years old, his wife Ellen aged 45, and their four daughters, Johanna, Sarah, Maggie and Lizzie, aged respectively, 20, 17, 14 and 12 years. The cause of the fire is not known, but there are indications that it may have been started by the explosion of a kerosene lamp.

### Jinks' Joke.

Jinks—To-day I pleased a pretty woman by telling her that a certain red-faced, snub-nosed, bald-headed mortal looked like her.

Winks—Get out!

Jinks—The red-faced, snub-nosed, bald-headed mortal was her first baby.

Rev. G. Neville. At its conclusion the female system and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

### Keep It Quiet.

Now, professor, said the ambitious young man, you have tried my voice. I want you to tell me frankly what it is best adapted to.

And without a moment's hesitation the eminent musician responded:—

Whispering.

We are ruined not by what we really want, but by what we think we want; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants; for if they be real wants they will come in search of you.—Colton.

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