SEE OUR DISPLAY OF : CHRISTMAS : GOODS.

GLOVES. GLOVES. GLOVES. GLOVES.

TIES, GLOVES, CARDIGAN JACKETS, SILK MUFFLERS, SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, FINE HATS, CUFF BUTTONS, SCARF PINS, ETC.

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INDIAN TRADITIONS.

The Mythology and Legends of the Northern Indian Tribes,

Which Are to Them What Novels and Romances are to Civilized Society.

The material for the following Bella Coola legend, together with several others, was derived from Mr. P. Jacobsen, who has spent a number of years with that tribe. He is now engaged in making a series of collections for the Berlin Museum in Germany, and for the World's Fair at Chicago. Mr. Jacobsen has in his possession a mass of rare and interesting information regarding this peculiar people.

SCHNA-NIK THE BODY SNATCHER.

Once upon a time in that dim and misty past to which nearly all the Bella Coola legends revert the people of a certain village found that the bodies of their dead were in some mysterious manner being stolen away. No sooner would a person be buried than the body would disappear together with all the skins, blankets and miscellaneous weapons, tools and implements which it was the custom to bring with the dead. This unaccountable disappearance of the bodies of their dead naturally caused much grief among the people of the village, and the sounds of wild lamentation were often heard as relatives and friends gathered around the empty grave of some loved one.

Now at the time during which these things were taking place there dwelt in this village two men who were fast friends, so much so that they were hardly ever separated. One day one of these friends said to the other:

"Come, let us try to find out who or what it is that is stealing from their graves the bodies of our beloved dead."

They both agreed to this and after some discussion a plan was fixed upon which they proceeded to put into execution. The next day one of the friends fell sick and before night died in great agony. His comrade with many words of grief wrapped the body in a dark blanket, placed weapons in his hands and around all wrapped a huge bear skin. Then was heard the loud wail of the mourners and the funeral procession moved slowly to the grave.

The burial custom of the Bella Coolas at that time was to place the body in a box in a sitting posture with the knees drawn up to the chin. This box was placed on a stump high enough to be beyond the reach of any ordinary animal. The face of the corpse was turned to the east. In many respects the ceremony resembles that of the ancient Peruvians.

In this manner the supposed dead man was disposed of and the mourners retired, with the exception of the friend who remained to see what would happen to the "body."

Along about the middle of the night the friend heard a loud noise in the forest and suddenly there appeared a huge animal somewhat resembling a bear but with much longer hair and glaring eyes, the glances of which brought death to anyone upon whom they might chance to fall. This was the monster Schna-nik, the devourer of the dead.

Upon his back he bore a huge basket and into this he tumbled the box containing the supposed dead man. The watcher by the stump caught but a glimpse of the frightful beast, for his movements were so swift that in a moment he was out of sight. Schna-nik proceeded up the river to the forks and then started to climb a high mountain with his prey. The man in the basket did all that he could to retard the progress of his captor and by catching at the branches of the trees in passing was often able to trip up Schna-nik without the latter knowing the cause of his troubles.

At last after severe toil Schna-nik succeeded in reaching the top of the mountain. Here was an opening covered with a stone slab like a door. This opened of its own accord at the approach of the animal and with his burden he entered a larger chamber in the rocks. Around the room were stone benches, and from the walls and roof hung fragments of bodies which had been previously stolen away, and the various contents of rifled graves. By the fireside sat a hideous hag, the wife of Schna-nik, and a brood of impish children. Throwing the basket on the floor Schna-nik wiped the sweat from his brow and commanded his wife to get some supper. At this the wife and one of the daughters seized their stone knives and approached the body to slice off some choice bits.

"Hold on," said Schna-nik, "you had better let me attend to that job. This is a different man from any of the others. He gave me a great deal of trouble in coming up the mountain."

Saying this Schna-nik took up his stone knife and proceeded to make an incision in the neck of the man. As soon as he felt the touch of the knife the man sprang to his feet and sent forth the Bella Coola war cry "Weeh-hai" so long and fierce that Schna-nik and his entire family fell senseless to the floor. The Bella Coola thereupon seized the knife with which he was to have been cut up and took to his heels.

He succeeded in reaching the river before the eater of the dead recovered from his fright and started in pursuit. Diving into the water just in time to evade the claws of the monster, he managed to finally elude pursuit.

In the meantime the watcher by the stump had seen the flight of his friend, and returning to the village reported that the man was dead sure enough this time, and soon the sound of genuine mourning was heard.

The next morning the friend who had remained behind, went out into the forest to gather some wood, when suddenly there appeared the supposed dead man, bleeding with the wound in his throat, and spent with toil. Explanations followed and together they returned to the village. His return from such an adventure at once made a hero of the Bella Coola. Investing himself with the robe of a doctor or enchanter, he called upon the braves of the tribe for help, and with a company of warriors proceeded to the home of Schna-nik. The stone door was opened by means of incantations and the monster and his family slain with enchanted bark rings.

Since that time the spirit of Schna-nik is supposed to haunt the mountain and the river, and many subsequent legends have sprung up regarding his evil deeds.

THE SCHNA-NIK ROGIE MAN.

For a number of years an Indian family consisting of several men, a woman and a child were accustomed to go forth to a certain place in a cedar canoe, for the purpose of fishing. One evening as they were returning home a head wind sprang up and the water grew so rough that it was only by the utmost exertions on the part of all that the canoe could be kept afloat. Thinking that it would be safer to lighten the load the men put the woman and her wailing infant on shore, and told her to make her way back to the village. The canoe, much lighter, now proceeded without difficulty, and the men soon reached home.

It was far into the night when the woman reached the village, and without her child. To the eager questions as to what had happened, she replied:

"After I had reached land and was proceeding through the forest, I heard a succession of frightful yells. Before I had time to escape Schna-nik burst through the bushes and seizing my child disappeared with him into the darkness."

From this legend has grown an expression among the Bella Coolas when any person begins to cry, whether young or old.

"You had better look out, or Schna-nik will come and take you away never to return.

THE SEA GOD'S DAUGHTER.

The Bella Coola Indians have a legend regarding one of the inlets on their coast which is of interest not only for the sentiment displayed in the story, but for its resemblance to various Old World traditions. The legend runs, that many years ago this inlet was the abode of a water god, who for some reason had forbidden the throwing of clam shells into the water. On the shore of the inlet dwelt an old chief who had two fine tall sons, both of an adventurous turn of mind. One day the brothers were sitting on the shore of the inlet, and in the course of their conversation fell to discussing the matter of the sea god's edict against the throwing of shells into the water.

"To my mind" said the elder, It would be a good idea to try the matter and see for ourselves what the result will be."

"I quite agree with you" said the younger, "Let us try it."

So they collected a canoe load of shells and the elder brother paddled out into the middle of the inlet and proceeded to unload his cargo. In the meantime the younger man had taken to tall timber, and from the top of a lofty pine was watching the result of the daring experiment.

No sooner had the shells sunk out of sight than a fierce squall sprang up. The waves dashed over the daring mortal in the canoe, and in a twinkling he found himself sinking to the bottom. When he recovered consciousness he found bending over him the most beautiful maiden he had ever beheld. Taking him by the hand the young girl bade him rise and together they proceeded along the rocky bottom of the inlet until they came to an immense carved stone totem pole. This the girl said was her father's house. Entering they found an old man seated before a blazing fire. The stranger guest was made welcome, and after some conversation the old man told him he could remain four days.

At the end of that time the sea god, for it was none other, told the young chief that he might have his daughter to wife, but on one condition, that of constant fidelity. Should he fail in this he would instantly lose his wife.

The conditions were agreed to and the maiden having closed the eyes of her lover with the juice of a certain berry took him up, and when he awoke he found himself on shore near the spot where he had embarked on his strange adventure. By his side was the lovely young woman. Looking about he spied in a tree the skeleton of a man. In answer to his questions the water sprite explained that these were the remains of his brother, and that instead of days, years had elapsed since he had paddled away to stir up the sea god.

The grief of the brother was so touching that the sea-maiden promised to see what could be done. Collecting the bones in a heap, she procured a flute and proceeded to play a wierd tune. Up sprang the dead man and began to dance, but in a very lame manner. An investigation showed that a knee cap was missing from the collection and hence the stiff leg. As they were discussing how to get out of the difficulty a raven flew past and perched on a branch to listen. In answer to the questions of the sea woman the raven admitted a dim recollection of having assisted in devouring a man some years before near that spot.

Did he have the missing bone? Well, he might have it kicking around somewhere at home. The result was that the bone was found and the young man now on two sound legs was sent ahead to tell the father of the coming of his long lost sons.

Great was the rejoicing when the young chief and his bride arrived in the village.

For a time all went well but so handsome a man could not be without admirers. He often noticed that when he brought water for the house his wife dipped her fingers into the vessel. The young chief though a model husband was only human, and one day on going for water the most persistent and beautiful of his many admirers succeeded in winning words of love from him. On his return the wife dipped her fingers as usual into the vessel. Suddenly the water became black and thick, and the treason was made plain. Casting upon her recreant husband a look of reproach which filled his future with remorse and other unpleasant things, the sea woman eluded the outstretched arms of the repentant man, and rushing down to the sea threw herself into the water. The husband tried to follow, but in vain. The sky grew suddenly black and the angry waves dashed him back upon the shore.

J. F. BLEDSOE.

W. R. GRACE

Foresees wonderful Commercial Developments.

I look for very great changes, all of them in the direction of business prosperity in American commercial development, in the next century. I expect to see a great merchant marine, although I am one of those who believe that this cannot be procured by us until there are changes in our navigation laws. The substitution of iron and steel for wood and of steam for sail power, which has been going on with great rapidity in the past twenty years, accounts, I think, for the decadence in American shipping partly, and if Congress shall so legislate that Americans can compete with foreign shipowners, there is likely to be a revival of American shipping interest and shipbuilding and the development of a race of American sailors like those of former times, who were as fine sailors as trod the decks, and who were at the same time really distinguished from all other seamen by their business ability.

The development of the great west, and especially of the south and southwest, will, I think, be as prodigious in the early part of the coming century as has been that of the states of the Ohio valley under the influence of railway construction. I am inclined to think that American farmer must either find new wheat lands by a well considered and elaborate general system of irrigation or special methods of cultivation, or else the American people will be compelled in the next century to import instead of export wheat. On the other hand, the active men of the twentieth century are going to see a magnificent development of corn and other cereals in the fertile lands of the great Southwest, and American genius is going to show Europe how nutritive and desirable American corn is for food purposes when it is properly cooked. For that reason we shall probably find that our exports of corn will more than make up for the falling off in the exports of wheat.

But I think that one of the greatest commercial developments is going to be so far as the United States is concerned, in the relations between this country and those of the South American continent. The Andes mountains are already surmounted by a railroad which is going to open up that magnificent plateau, or montana, which stretches to the eastward from the Andes. As fine a cotton country as is in the world is there, and with the opening of this railroad a particularly fine grade of cotton will be developed. There are millions of acres suitable for tobacco culture, and higher up there is a wheat belt of virgin soil almost as large as is the great wheat belt of the United States. Besides, there are the great silver mines of the Cerro de Pasco, known even from the time of the Incas, which history has so many romances about, and by record for taxation have produced since the conquest over $420,000,000.

Now men are living who will see this enormous country brought under development. It will bring the South American countries into closer relations with the United States. There, of course, will be competition, but competition of this sort ought not to be unhealthy, and I presume that in the next century there may be built a railroad reaching so far that it may be possible to enter a palace car in New York city and ride in it to Lima, Santiago, Rio Janeiro or Buenos Ayres. Now railroad development will do for South America what it has done for the United States, and the activity of our commerce will bring the United into very close alliance with the southern continent and cause a development of commercial relations the consequence of which cannot be realized to-day. The twentieth century is going to be a great era for South America, and that continent cannot flourish without benefiting the United States.

I am one of those who believe that the commercial and manufacturing development of this country during the twentieth century will be such that the genius of the American people will make it perfectly possible for this country to compete successfully with all the great manufacturing centres of Europe in a great majority of the classes of goods that are now being marketed by England, France and Germany, not only in South America, but in all the great centres of commerce throughout the world.

W. R. GRACE.

THE LAST EXTREMITY.—The recent utterances of Boston clergymen in reference to the statement of Mr. Moody that the steamer Spree was saved by prayer, recalls an incident that happened many years ago on a steamer running to Prince Edward Island from Halifax. There were a large number of clergymen on board going to a church synod. The weather became so rough that the greatest anxiety was felt by all on board as to the safety of the boat. When the storm was at its worst one of the clergymen approached the captain and asked him if the danger was very great. "My dear sir," was the answer, "all we can do is to put our trust in Providence." "Good heavens!" said the parson, in the greatest dismay; "has it come to that?"

BRONCHITIS CURED.

GENTLEMEN,—I suffered four or five years from bronchitis and a severe hacking cough, and could get nothing to do me any good. A friend told me to get Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and I did so with good results. Two bottles cured me and I hardly know what a cold is now.

ARTHUR BYRNE, Guelph.

Estimates given on interior hard wood work, office fixtures, etc., by Weiler Bros. *

CHILDREN YET UNBORN.

Who Shall Rejoice if Alive a Century From Now—A Prophetic Symposium.

Dr. Talmage, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Manager Palmer and Others Who Say So.

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When you thrust me with about twenty sharp interrogation points about what will be the condition of the world a hundred years from now, I must first say that there is a possibility that the world by that time may be a heap of ashes or knocked to flinders. All geologists agree in saying that the world is already on fire inside. All that Chicago saw of her big fire some twenty years ago was not a spark compared with the conflagration now raging in the hulk of this old ship of a world. And then the earthquakes—witness Charleston and San Francisco and Java. And then the comets shooting recklessly about, and the big chunks from other worlds falling in Kansas and Iowa or picked up by the British museum on the other side of the sea.

The fact is that our world needs to take out a policy in some astronomical fire insurance or accident insurance company. From the way the world goes on it is certain something is the matter with it. The volcanoes are merely the regurgitation caused by internal cramps. I am not apprehensive about the world, and I sleep well nights, and I do not want to frighten nervous people, but considering what is going on down in the depths of the earth and what is flying all about us I am surprised the world has not long ago gone out of business. But suppose it lasts—and I hope it will, for it is a grand old world and worth saving—what, then, will be its condition in 1993?

In medicine? Well, cancer and consumption will be as easily cured as influenza or a "run round."

Theology? Far more religion than now. The technicalities nothing. The spirit of religion dominant. Minister's war hatchet buried beside Modoc's tomahawk.

Condition of capital and labor? At peace by the prevalence of the golden rule, which enjoins us to do to others as we would have them do to us.

Treatment of criminals? Prisons will have ventilation and sunlight and bathroom and libraries and Christian influences which will be reformatory instead of damnatory.

Educational methods? The stuffing machine which we call the school system, which is making the rising generation a race of invalids, will be substituted by something more reasonable. No more school girls with spectacles at fourteen, their eyes having been extinguished by overstudy, with overwrought brain, and no more boys in their dying dream trying to recite something in higher mathematics.

What American now living will be the most honored in 1993? By that time longevity will be so improved that 150 years will be no unusual age to reach.

So I answer your last question as to what American now living will be most honored in 1993 by saying that American now sleeps in the cradle on the banks of the Hudson, or the Alabama, or the Oregon, or the Ohio, a rattle in hand, gum swollen with a new tooth, and will soon undertake a course of measles and mumps. But he will pull through and advance until I see him in 1993 presiding at a banquet, and as he rises to speak I hear him say: "Gentlemen, I was born in the latter part of the Nineteenth century, and here we are in the latter part of the Twentieth, and the world has been improving all the time, and I now offer the toast for the evening. Charge your glasses with apollinaris water and lemonade and drink deep to this sentiment:

"The newspaper press. May its influence in the Twenty-first century be as happy and prosperous as in the Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries!"

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

MANAGER PALMER ON THE AMERICAN DRAMA.

[From Our New York Correspondent.]

Mr. A. M. Palmer, who is generally esteemed the ablest of the men identified with the drama and is also a man of great cultivation and most artistic sense, in speaking of the future of the drama in this country, said:

I presume that the Americans will create a drama as artistic, as perfect and of as great an influence as that which has characterized the national drama of France. The indications all point that way. Hitherto we have had almost no distinctively American drama. We have had artists, some of whom are quite as impressive and talented as some of those who have made the fame of the French stage. I do not need to mention them; every one knows who they are.

We have learned already how to mount a play how to give it all those accessories which combine to furnish the perfect representation, and yet, after all, we have been compelled to depend, if not entirely upon the greater dramatists of Europe, at least upon the methods and the suggestions indicated by the work of those who are esteemed the greater dramatists.

Until recently I may say that we have had no distinctively American play. Some of the American dramatists have written plays which have been great successes and are models of dramatic workmanship, and yet, after all, these plays have been written and constructed in imitation of the best European examples. By an American play I mean, of course, a play perfectly constructed, whose dialogue while natural is yet suitable for the stage, but whose motive is essentially American. An American play should depict American life; it should breathe the atmosphere of the United States, or at least that section of the United States which it paints.

Human nature is undoubtedly the same in all countries and in all ages, but the manifestations or developments of it have the flavor of locality, and it is the art of the playwright while setting forth human nature to set it forth so that while its truth is recognized its environment is also suggested faithfully. That is what the coming American playwright must do and, I believe, will do. American life furnishes every material for the perfect drama, the exquisite pure comedy or the more amusing and yet necessarily less faithful low comedy. Recently we have had one or two plays of this kind. The tendency of to-day unquestionably is for amusement, and that broad amusement which evokes hearty laughter.

It is quite likely that in the next century the demand may be for higher ideals than this, and when the demand comes I have no doubt that the American playwright will be found who will meet it. In the Twentieth century the American drama ought to rank with those of the golden days of the drama of the Old World.

THE ENGAGED GIRL'S DILEMMA.

She Should Have Bought Her Jack a Pair of Wings.

She dropped wearily into a seat in a Broadway car, and the girl who accompanied her said, sympathetically:

"Are you all tired out, dear? It's awful work, isn't it?"

"I should say so," groaned the "dear." "But, Helen, you don't know anything about the misery of it all. You aren't engaged!"

"No; but Jack is so nice I shouldn't think you'd mind choosing him a present!"

"I know he's nice. That's the trouble. He doesn't smoke and I've always been glad until now. But I can't get him a pipe, a cigarette case, an ash receiver or anything! He doesn't drink, and I can't get him a traveling flask. He wears an inconspicuous watchchain made of his mother's hair—and I always thought it so sweet and thoughtful, but I can't give him watch things, you see. He hasn't a single vice, Helen, and you can't give Christmas presents to men who haven't. Why, even a photograph frame would be useless, for he has only his mother's picture and mine out, and they're already framed. What shall I do?"

And Helen replied tersely:

"Break it at once."—New York World.

A "BLACK GHOST" STORY.

Sir Richard Owen had two remarkable ghost stories, and one of these, perhaps the better of the two, is related by a Daily News correspondent. In his early days, when surgeon to the prison at Lancaster, a negro died therein. After the inquest the young surgeon saw the body put into the coffin and the lid screwed down, to be ready for the funeral next day. Owen had at the time been already attracted to the study of comparative anatomy, and negroes' heads were not plentiful; so he made up his mind that this one should not be lost to the cause of science. In the evening he returned to the prison with a black bag containing a brick—from his official position he had no difficulty in getting admittance to the mortuary, where the coffin lid was unscrewed and screwed down again. During this process the brick and the negro's head changed places. The ground outside the principal entrance to the jail has a considerable descent; and the time being winter, with snow and frost, Owen had scarcely passed out when he slipped and fell all his length—the bag went from his hand and the head tumbled out and rolled down the paved way. He jumped up, caught the bag, and, following the head, clutched it just as it finished its career in a small shop where tobacco was sold. Pushing it into the bag again, he vanished out of the shop with all the speed he was capable of. Next morning, when Owen was going to his usual duties at the prison, he was called in by the woman at the shop where the accident had occurred on the previous evening. She wished him to see her husband, who was very ill. He had had, she said, a fright the night before that caused him to look wild and dazed-like. The man, it turned out, was a retired sea captain, who had been in many adventures among the West India islands when deeds were done that did not at that time require to be accounted for. Among these had been the killing of a negro in which he had a hand, and the transaction had left a touch of trouble on his conscience. After giving these details the old captain told of the horrible event that took place the night before. He was sitting in his shop, all was quiet, and it so chanced that he had been thinking of the negro, when suddenly he saw his very head roll into the shop in front of the counter, and it was followed by the devil, all in black, with a black bag in his hand. The devil snatched up the head and both disappeared through the earth like a flash of lightning. The description was perhaps not quite complimentary to the young anatomist, but it was satisfactory so far that it showed that his identity had not been recognized.

ON A SHOPPING PLAN.—"Is this where I can send a telegram?" asked the lady of the clerk in the telegraph office.

"Yes'm."

"How much does it cost?"

"Where to, ma'am?"

"To Aurora."

"Depends on the number of words, ma'am."

"And will it get there sure?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"The same day?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And if I sent it day after to-morrow morning would it get there that afternoon?"

"Certainly, ma'am."

"Well, I wanted to be sure about it if I send one, that's all. Good-day."—Chicago News-Record.

Enameled iron ware, blue, grey and white, at Weiler Bros. *

OLD AND UNSAFE.

The Boiler Responsible for the Tumbo Island Fatality Was Unfit for Service.

Facts Developed at the Coroner's Inquest—The Finding of the Jury.

The inquest on the bodies of J. N. Harris and Murdoch Morrison, killed by the boiler explosion at Tumbo Island on Sunday last, was yesterday held before Coroner Walkem and the following jury: Messrs. Thomas Shaw (foreman), Richard Penketh, J. Dempster, Charles Hawkins, Wm. Robinson and W. H. Derby. There was a large attendance of the friends and relatives of the deceased men.

P. Watelet, prospector and manager, was the first witness. He deposed that on the morning of January 29 he was in the boiler house of the Tumbo Island Mining Co., and three or four minutes after leaving heard an explosion. He was then apprised that the boiler had burst, and that two men had been killed. The dead bodies were brought to his house.

"Two hours afterwards," added the witness, "I left in an open row-boat, and at 6 o'clock boarded the Islander for Victoria. It being Sunday I could not telegraph to the coroner at Nanaimo. I had nothing whatever to do with the works, they being in the hands of contractors. I bought the boiler from Mr. W. P. Sayward, second hand. When the boiler reached the grounds, in September last, it was tested by a Japanese superintendent up to 120 lbs. This man has since left for Japan. About a month ago a new injector was supplied. At the time of the accident, or at least twenty minutes before the accident, I was there, and the pressure was at 55 lbs., and the water stood about the middle of the glass tube."

"When you bought the boiler," asked the Coroner, "was it examined by any person for you except the Japanese?"

Witness replied in the negative. He was present about three weeks ago when the boiler was cleaned out by the chief engineer. The Japanese by whom the boiler was inspected produced papers showing his qualifications, and worked the engines for some time. Both the engineer and his assistant were Japanese before white labor was introduced.

To the Foreman: I was not the owner of the boiler, as it belonged to the old Tumbo Island Co. I cannot say how long it was in use. It was a horizontal tubular boiler. I have not brought down any of the parts of the boiler with me.

Mr. Edmond Harris: How was the boiler tested—had they any pumps?

Witness: We tested the boiler with a hand pump and raised the indicator up to 120 lbs.

Mr. Morrison: Did you agree with the contractors to supply good machinery for the work?

Witness: According to contract, if the water came in too fast for the machinery, there was to be new machinery furnished.

Mr. Morrison: That is not an answer to my question. What I want to know is: Was the machinery to be supplied of good quality, and safe for use?

Witness: The contract read, that in case the contractors should quit work the machinery should be returned in good order.

The Coroner: That is not the question. Was it in the agreement between you and the contractors that the machinery should be proper and safe for the work?

Witness: We supposed it to be safe.

W. P. Sayward was sworn, and when asked his occupation replied, "I am a debt collector. I have been out of business for some time." (Laughter.) The boiler referred to by last witness had been in my possession for four or five years. It came into my possession as a second hand boiler, and had been previously used in Bunster's flour mill on Johnson street. I have no idea how long it had been in use there. The boiler was subsequently sold to the Oriel Pipe Co., and having been used by them for about a year, it again came into my hands. Then Mr. Gabriel wrote down from Tumbo Island asking me to ship the boiler up there. That's all I know about it.

To the Foreman: When I sold the boiler to the Oriel Pipe Co. I said I would take for it whatever the engineer said it was worth, but I never got any settlement. I never had it inspected by a competent man. I was to have got $300 for the boiler from the Tumbo Island Co. This boiler lay for a long time in the saw-dust pile, close to where the old bridge was. I do not remember having had any previous offers for it.

The Coroner: What would be the value of a new boiler of the same make and capacity?

Witness was unable to answer the question.

Mr. Morrison: Did you sell the boiler as a good one or as old iron?

Witness: I sold it for $300.

To the Coroner: I understood that new tubes had been put in the boiler by the Oriel Co.

Louis Brule, partner with the deceased, Morrison, in the sinking of the shaft, deposed that on Sunday morning last he was in the boiler house, and shortly after leaving it heard the explosion. On investigation he found that the boiler had exploded and that Harris and Morrison had been killed. Witness knew nothing about the boiler, and considered the men in charge competent and careful.

Mr. Morrison: Who engaged Harris?

Witness said that he had been engaged by Morrison, deceased, and himself. They were to get the proper machinery from the company to prosecute the work.

Dr. Hanington deposed to having examined the bodies of the deceased men in Lockhart's undertaking parlors. The bodies were frozen, but there were numerous marks of scalds and burns, and the heads were badly fractured. He considered that death must have been instantaneous in each case.

Cyrus A. Dean, the engineer in charge of the works at Tumbo Island, swore that he was in his bed at the time of the accident. Witness had been a third class marine engineer.

To the Foreman: I am not aware that Harris, the deceased, held a certificate as engineer. With him, I examined the boiler and we agreed it was safe to run her with sixty-five pounds of steam. I believe the boiler gave way over the furnace.

"Do you think," asked the Foreman, "that the accident was due to shortage of water or the weakness of the boiler?"

Witness declined to express an opinion. In further examination he said that the boiler was somewhat crystalized, and being crystalized was not altogether safe except at low pressure. A boiler inspector would not consider a boiler safe if crystalized and fifteen or twenty years old. Witness was not aware that the boiler had been inspected by any competent person.

Wm. Henry Peddle, the blacksmith engaged at the works, gave evidence as to the accident. He was in his workshop at the time the boiler exploded, but prior to this he observed that the gauge showed between 60 pounds and 70 pounds of steam. Immediately previous to the explosion he heard Harris say to Morrison, "She has sprung a leak."

Witness explained the finding of the bodies and their subsequent removal. The boiler had a bad reputation on the Island.

The Foreman of the Jury was put in the witness box and some pieces of the exploded boiler handed to him for inspection. As a practical boiler maker he expressed the opinion that a boiler of such material would be unsafe, and ought to have been condemned years ago. The sample produced was crystalised, and had the boiler been inspected it would unquestionably have been condemned. There was, however, no compulsory inspection of boilers on shore, and thus many faulty boilers were in use.

This concluded the evidence and the Coroner, in summing up, pointed out that the jury would have something to say as to the responsibility of those who passed off a defective boiler as a safe one, and thus deprived two men of their lives.

The jury, after a brief consultation, returned a verdict setting forth that the deceased died from the effects of injuries received from the explosion of a boiler; that the boiler was one which, owing to decay and crystalization, was not capable of bearing the pressure; and that for the better protection of the public it would be desirable to have an inspector appointed, without whose certificate no boiler should be used.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR

Indigestion, Want of Appetite, Fullness after Meals, Vomitings, Sickness of the Stomach, Bilious or Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Lowness of Spirits, and All Nervous Affections.

To cure these complaints we must remove the cause. The principal cause is generally to be found in the stomach and liver; put these two organs right and all will be well. From two to four Pills twice a day for a short time will remove the evil, and restore the sufferer to sound and lasting health.

Wholesale Agts. Evans & Sons, Ld. Montreal.

For sale by all druggists.

MAIL CONTRACTS.

Sealed tenders addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 24th day of February next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails on proposed contracts for four years in each case, between

Ashcroft and Ashcroft Station.
Cloverdale and Railway Station.
Duck and Pringles and Grand Prairie.
Glenwood and Langley Prairie.
Golden and Railway Station.
Hazelton and Hazelton Prairie,

from the 1st April next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contracts may be seen, and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the above Post Offices, and at this office.

E. H. FLETCHER,
P. O. Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
Victoria, B. C., 13th January, 1893. ja27-3t

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next session, for a private bill to amend the "British Columbia Southern Railway Company Act, 1888," by making provision for an alternative line from Cranbrook by the St. Mary's River to Pilot Bay, on Kootenay Lake, or to the Lardeau River; and also to further amend the said Act by extending the time for the completion of the railway from the Summit of Crow's Nest to the International Boundary, and all branches thereof, for the period of one year beyond the time authorized by the said Act, and by extending the time for the completion of the Railway from Cranbrook to Kootenay Lake, and all branches thereof, for two years beyond the time authorized by the said Act, and by extending the time for the completion of the railway from Kootenay Lake to the coast, and all branches thereof, for the period of three years beyond the time authorized by the said Act; and also, to further amend the said Act so as to authorize and empower the Company to erect and maintain all necessary works for the generation and transmission of electricity or power within the area of the operations of the said Company, and with power to the Company to work minerals, coal and petroleum, and to erect and operate saw mills.

Dated the 14th day of December, A.D. 1892.

BODWELL & IRVING,
dec24 Solicitors for the Applicants.

UNDER instructions of the managers of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, I hereby give notice that I will offer for sale by Public Auction on Monday, the 20th day of February, next, at noon, at my salesroom on Broad street, the lands and premises known as Victoria Town Lot number seventy-six (76); also all that piece of land commencing at a point formed by the corners of Gordon and Courtney streets, where they adjoin on the east, thence running northerly in a straight line along the easterly side of Gordon street one hundred and twenty (120) feet, thence at right angles easterly seventy-three (73) feet, thence at right angles southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to Courtney street, thence at right angles westerly along the northerly side of that street seventy-three (73) feet to the point of commencement, being Town Lot market number five hundred and twenty-five (525) and the adjoining portion, consisting of twenty-four (24) feet in length along the said Gordon street by the total breadth, to wit: Seventy-three (73) feet of Town Lot marked number two hundred and thirty-seven (237) on the official map of Victoria aforesaid and the brick building thereon known as the old St. Andrew's (Presbyterian) Church. D. JOHNSON, Auctioneer.

Victoria, January 25, 1893. ja26-w4t

$50 FOR A CHICKEN.

To create an interest in the breeding of high class poultry, I will award a special prize of $50.00 cash to the person raising the heaviest Plymouth Rock chicken hatched from eggs purchased of me.*

Plymouth Rocks are unquestionably the best breed of fowls known for the Canadian farmer. Send for descriptive Circular of this valuable breed of fowls.

Eggs for hatching, guaranteed fresh and true to name, carefully packed in baskets and delivered to Express Company, $2.00 per sitting of 13. Address T. A. WILLETS,

Breeder of Plymouth Rock Fowls,
ap23 Weston, Ont.