The Colonist.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1890.

WHAT JUSTICE REQUIRES.

The citizens of Victoria consider that they have not been treated well by the Dominion Government in the matter of public buildings. The Post-office is altogether inadequate to their wants, and it is besides by no means an ornament to the city. The Custom House is even worse. It is small and inconvenient, and in every way unfitted for a city of Victoria's commercial importance. Victoria deserves well of the Dominion from a mere business point of view. Its contribution to the Dominion Treasury every year is a very large one. If the public buildings of Victoria were anything like proportionate to its revenue-producing capacity, they would be as commodious and as handsome as its inhabitants would desire. Citizens of nothing like the commercial importance of Victoria, present and prospective, are provided with public buildings of very fine proportions, indeed. We have shown that Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Quebec, St. Thomas, Windsor, and even Charlottetown, are far more generously dealt with by the Government in the way of public buildings than is Victoria. The Dominion buildings in those cities are a credit to the Government and ornaments to the cities in which they stand, while those in Victoria are a reproach to the Dominion and eyesores to all who are compelled to behold them. Yet not one of the cities we have named, from a business point of view, has as strong claims on the Central Government as has Victoria. Charlottetown, the revenue from which is somewhere about $180,000 annually, has a public building erected at a cost of $98,000, and this was built to replace a structure which cost the Dominion $67,000, that was destroyed by fire through sheer carelessness and improvidence, while Victoria, whose contribution to the revenue from the post office and customs is over $800,000 a year, must be content with two shabby buildings inadequate to its wants, which cost the Dominion a little over $80,000. Hamilton has a new custom house costing the government $348,000, while the revenue derived from it is not equal to that contributed by Victoria. London's custom house alone cost the Dominion $120,147, while it pays into the treasury $547,076 against Victoria's $789,165. Surely the custom house which pays by far the larger sum into the revenue deserves, at least, a proportionate share of the expenditure. The more this matter is looked into the greater appears Victoria's cause of complaint.

We say nothing of the political support which Victoria has cheerfully accorded to the present government, for we do not wish it to appear that Victoria is seeking for political favors. She bases her claim for more liberal treatment on purely business grounds. She needs greater Post Office and Custom House accommodation. She contributes largely to the revenue, both of the Post Office and the Customs Department, therefore she is fairly entitled to all the accommodation she requires. To refuse or to neglect to supply her wants in these respects is to deny her justice—to treat her unfairly.

The citizens of Victoria should not be neglected or slighted by the Dominion Government because they live at a long distance from the seat of government and do not enjoy the opportunities that cities more favorably situated have of pressing their claims. The very fact of their living in a remote part of the Confederation should cause the authorities to take measures to prevent their being neglected. Their wants, and the wants of the province generally should be carefully enquired into, and, what in justice they should have should be given to them promptly and without solicitation.

INACCURATE.

It is becoming more and more evident that the United States census just taken is not to be relied upon. It has been proved that the grossest blunders have been made by the enumerators, and that systematic fraud has been practised in some places. In Minneapolis, for instance, enterprising citizens who were determined to boom their city, and to make it appear that its progress has been much more rapid than that of its sister city, St. Paul, fraudulent returns were sent in. Recounts have been demanded in many places. Even the citizens of New York complain that the census of their city has been taken in the most careless manner. The complaint of the New Yorkers is that thousands of its citizens, and some of them very prominent persons, have been passed over by the enumerators. Stupidity, laziness and fraud have done a very great deal to make the census inaccurate, but, according to the New York Sun, other causes have been at work to make it unreliable. It says:—

"The failure of the eleventh census is primarily due to the preposterous attempt to collect statistics with which the United States Government has no concern. The original and only constitutional purpose of the census, the enumeration of the inhabitants of the country as a basis for apportionment and taxation, has been almost buried out of sight under the multitudinous queries suggested by cranks and approved by too facile legislators. Nobody doubts that such a census as is prescribed by the constitution could have been taken last June, even by Mr. Porter, with promptness, accuracy and to the satisfaction of the country. But in loading the schedule with fool questions, some of them obnoxious in the extreme and sure to generate friction, the bureau diverted the energies of its agents from the purpose to which they should have been exclusively devoted. Where it was so difficult a matter to get through with one family according to instructions no wonder hundreds of thousands, if not millions of people were missed altogether, or passed over in weariness and disgust, with an entire indifference alike to the verities of arithmetic and the two cents premium. Thus the attempt to compile an encyclopedia of general statistical information resulted in a failure even to count the people of the United States. Mr. Porter is partly, but by no means wholly, responsible for this. The main responsibility lies with Congress, and especially with those Democratic Senators and Representatives who lent their votes to a ridiculous project of meddlesome paternalism."

The experience of the United States in this matter of taking the census may prevent the Dominion Government from falling into similar errors next year. Precaution should be taken against fraud. None but honest and intelligent men should be appointed as enumerators, and the authorities should be careful not to attempt too much. Accuracy should be the principal thing aimed at, and anything which has been found in the United States to stand in the way of getting a true count should be carefully avoided.

SQUEAMISHNESS.

It was Sydney Smith who think who said that "very nice people were people with very nasty ideas." This shrewd saying is applicable to a class of persons who see suggestions of evil in things that are in themselves not only innocent but in the highest degree beautiful. The lady who draped the legs of her piano and the exceedingly modest gentleman who would not allow the public to see an art collection until the statues were supplied with coats and trousers showed very clearly, indeed, that they were not the most pure-minded persons in the world. But the prudery of these very nice people may be regarded as loosenes compared with the squeamishness of a school committee in Brooklyn, New York—of all places—who objected to some passages in Longfellow's poems as unfit for young persons to read. Longfellow, as all know, is one of the finest as well as the sweetest of poets. He never wrote a line that the most modest of women could not read aloud to her children. The discerning reader will be able to form an estimate of the kind of minds possessed by the Brooklyn critics and censors when they read the passage which they insisted should be expunged from Longfellow's Building of the Ship before they allowed the mutilated remnant of that beautiful poem to appear in one of their school books. These are the passages to which the very moral school committee took exception:—

She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that *press*
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!"

We wonder what books this very peculiar committee would allow the young people to read. They must certainly, to be anything like consistent, taboo the Bible and Milton and Shakespeare and, in fact, nearly every standard work in English literature, including, if our memory serves us, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. And would the pupils educated under that system be better able to resist the temptation and to bear the trials of life than men and women whose teachers were neither prudes nor hypocrites?

JUDICIAL PREJUDICE.

The Press is evidently one of Sir Matthew Begbie's pet antipathies. He has more than once spoken of the newspapers and those connected with them in a way that has been studiously offensive. His allusion to the newspapers and their editors in his address to the convicted miners on Tuesday was peculiarly contemptuous. When he told the men that they read nothing but newspapers which are edited by men just as ignorant as themselves, every one must see that such an utterance could only be the expression of an absurd prejudice. It is very unfortunate when judges on the bench permit themselves to say things which every one must know are exceedingly foolish and altogether inaccurate. The respect for the Bench is not increased when men at the street corners repeat its utterances, intended to be serious, as the latest joke.

We are quite free to admit that editors, like judges, are not always judicious and discreet in what they say and publish, but it is absurd to assert that they are, as a class, ignorant, or that they only publish what they know the lowest and least intelligent class of their readers will buy. It may appear strange to Sir Matthew Begbie, but it is nevertheless true, that there are judges on the Bench who possess neither the intelligence nor the ability successfully to conduct a daily newspaper.

THE FRETFUL OPPOSITION.

The Liberals in Eastern Canada are pursuing a singular course with respect to the trade between the Dominion and the United States. They scout the good advice and refuse the encouragement given by Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Thompson, Lord Stanley, Lord Aberdeen and the Minister of Finance and insist upon advocating reciprocity with the United States after that country has contemptuously repelled their advances. They are doing their best to convince the people of this country that there are no new channels of trade available and that since it has pleased their very dear friends, the Americans to bar their doors against the introduction of Canadian farm products all that they have to do is to sit down and sulk, grumbling the while at the Conservative Government and the Conservative majority in the House of Commons. When Sir John Macdonald tells Canadians cheerily to make the best of a bad job, they abuse him and declare that nothing can be done. They would fain throw the responsibility of the McKinley tariff on Sir John Macdonald and his supporters but they find that they are laughed at as often as they venture to do so. They have therefore given up the attempt but they refuse to be comforted. The attitude of those who speak for the Liberal Party is undignified and unreasonable. They persist in crying over spilt milk.

We are quite sure that when sensible Liberals contrast the cheerful and courageous utterances of the Leader of the Dominion Government with the vain and purposeless complaints and the unmanly whinings of their own organs, they must feel ashamed. It is observable that no prominent Liberal has addressed the public on the commercial situation since the reciprocity proposals have been rejected by Congress and the passage of the McKinley tariff has become certain. The leading men of that party appear to be undecided. They have not come forward to encourage and advise those who look to them for guidance. They are silent, while their newspapers waste their space in trying to make the situation look blacker than it really is. What is Mr. Laurier doing? Where is Sir Richard Cartwright? Has Mr. Mills' philosophy failed him? Are they all paralyzed! Has the McKinley tariff struck them dumb? Are they so convinced that the existence of the Dominion depends on the favor of the United States that they are in the depths of despondency now that those with whom they have been carrying on a political flirtation during the last three or four years have shut the door in their faces and left them in the lurch? By and by, perhaps, they will get over their disappointment and take heart. They will see that Sir John Macdonald's cheerful philosophy is the one for the people to adopt, and they may aid him in devising ways and means to meet the difficulty which the loss of so large a proportion of the trade with the United States will be sure to create. This may be hoped, but it is hardly to be expected. The probability is that the spirit of faction will prevail, and that they will spend their time and exercise their talents in endeavoring to decry and to frustrate the remedial measures that may be devised by the Government.

We gather from the speeches of the members of the Government that the course they intend to take, and the one which they advise the people to pursue, is to do what they can to prove to the world that Canada, in matters of trade, can prosper, no matter what policy it may please the Government of the United States to adopt, but that, although they are prepared to assert and maintain their commercial independence, they are always ready, when the Americans desire a fair measure of reciprocity, to meet them more than half way. This policy is, it seems to us, dictated by common sense and self-respect, and we are much mistaken if the great majority of the people of Canada will not support it heartily.

AN ENVIOUS NEIGHBOR.

The Vancouver World, of the 1st instant, contains an article on "A Dry Dock," in which there are some extraordinary assertions. Our contemporary, of course, claims that, if a second dry dock is to be built, Vancouver is the place for it. If it had stopped there those who read the article might have imagined that there are some grounds for the claim, but the reasons that it gives to substantiate it have conclusively shown that the dry dock should not be at Vancouver.

It states in the first place that Vancouver is "the greatest shipping port in British Columbia." This is ridiculously untrue. Vancouver is very far, indeed, from being the greatest shipping port of British Columbia. Victoria occupies that position, and the indications are that it will long continue to occupy it. It is the port nearest the Pacific. It is easy of approach. The ship bound for Victoria is not obliged to navigate a strait thickly studded with islands. She has not to thread her way through narrow channels, in which the slightest deviation from her course would cause disaster. The harbor of Esquimalt, in which the dry dock is situated, is one of the finest in the world. The anchorage in it is good and the shelter perfect. Vessels needing repairs can get to it readily and without incurring the slightest danger. If then the dry dock is to be situated near the greatest shipping port of the province as well as the safest and most convenient in every respect, Esquimalt is the place for it.

Our contemporary waxes eloquent over the prospects of Vancouver. When the trade to Australia and South America is opened up it is to become very important indeed. Hard-headed business men have very little sympathy with those who are perpetually building castles in the air. They want something more substantial on which to base their calculations than baseless dreams and flimsy theories. Besides, experience has shown every one that as the trade of the province increases that of the port of Victoria increases in equal proportion. It is, in fact, the increase of Victoria's trade by which the general increase is measured. It is so far ahead of all the other ports that the trade of any of the others, Vancouver included, sinks into insignificance when compared with it.

The World is not wise when it jeers Victoria with having no more connection with the China and Japan steamers than to hear the toot of their whistles as they steam past. Victoria has been treated with injustice with respect to those steamers in the past, but she has the word of the President of the C.P.R., that the steamers of the Company's line will call at Victoria, and we have no doubt that the promise which he has made will be performed, so that the time is not very far off when Victorians will receive a direct benefit from the Pacific steamship lines. And it can be seen that when any of them needs repairs it will be much more convenient to have those repairs done at Esquimalt than at Vancouver.

The World is kind enough to say that "the action of the Victorians should be carefully watched. Their scheme is a deep one, and if successful would prove a black-eye to the maritime and commercial supremacy of the Terminal City." Victorians are pretty well used to being watched by certain busy-bodies in the "Terminal City," but they have pursued the even tenor of their way perfectly indifferent to the watching. And in this matter of the dry-dock they will do what their own interest, and the interests of the province, demand without caring in the least whether the sharp and envious eyes across the gulf are watching them or not. As to giving Vancouver's "maritime and commercial supremacy" a "black-eye," it would be very hard indeed, to do that, for the supremacy does not exist. That supremacy is nothing more substantial than a creation of the imagination of a few Vancouver boomers and bounceers. The maritime and commercial supremacy of British Columbia has its seat on the Island of Vancouver. Victorians are not in the habit of bragging about it. They leave offensive self-assertion to a few citizens of Vancouver, who seem to have the idea that they can make themselves and their city rich and important by indulging in tall talk. But these inflationists should read the fable of the frog and the ox. If they have wit enough to find out its moral its perusal would benefit them greatly. If the World can give no better reasons for having the dry-dock in Vancouver than are set forth in the article we have been considering, it will certainly be constructed in Esquimalt.

A NEW CHANNEL.

The Toronto Empire, in looking about for new channels of trade, has come to the conclusion that the Canadian pig can be used with advantage to neutralize to a considerable extent the effect of the McKinley tariff. The American foreign trade in hog products is very large. The Empire asks, in effect, why Canada cannot have a large share of it? European and South American markets are as free to Canadians as they are to Americans. The hog is, or ought to be, as easily raised in Canada as it is in the United States. What, then, is there to hinder Canada increasing its export of pork, bacon and lard to an indefinite extent? The Empire's reasoning appears sound, and, as far as we can see, its figures are encouraging. Here are some of them:

"Let us look at the trade figures for a few moments and learn from them the enormous demand which exists in other countries for the products of the hog. Take, in the first place, the imports by Great Britain in 1889, and see, at the same time, how much of that demand was met by the United States and how little by Canada. The figures are as follows:

	Total lbs.	From Canada.	From U. S.
Pork	43,310,400	205,360	21,306,352
Bacon & Hams	602,220,096	33,296,144	384,130,096
Lard	133,577,248	4,108,720	128,821,840
Total	679,107,744	38,210,704	534,258,288

But that is not all. Not only does Canada supply a small proportion of the British demands for the products of the hog, but she has imported a considerable quantity from the United States. Last year the imports were: Pork, 15,205,972 lbs.; bacon and hams, 3,653,758 lbs., and lard, 8,287,761 lbs. Thus it will be seen that we imported almost as many pounds of pork, bacon, ham and lard as we exported to Great Britain. The Hon. Mr. Carling has already called attention to this fact, and is now doing all he can to induce our farmers to take up hog raising on an extensive scale. As we said, a moment ago, there is a very wide market. For the purpose of illustrating this point, we take, for convenience, the figures of United States exports. Last year the shipments abroad were:—

	Number of lbs.	Value.
Lard	318,342,000	$27,359,173
Bacon	357,271,269	22,572,231
Hams	42,817,247	4,772,016
Fresh pork	22,434	1,626
Salted pork	64,110,345	4,633,415
Total	782,601,275	$59,716,101

These figures show the magnitude of the trade; but it is of equal importance to notice the distribution of this class of exports. Leaving out the smaller sales, the countries which made the purchases of bacon alone were as follows:

	Lbs.
Belgium	17,461,504
Brazil	1,651,774
Denmark	208,250
England	288,679,791
Scotland	11,116,075
Germany	661,367
Canada	29,007,296
B. W. Indies	198,540
Netherlands	839,781
Dutch Guiana	104,085
Cuba	3,319,936
Porto Rico	340,193
Sweden and Norway	3,632,824

We have selected bacon for the purpose of this illustration, because it is the chief item of export in this regard. Here, then, is a wide distribution, and if the smaller sales had been included it would have been seen that the West Indies and the South American States are large consumers of the products of the hog. To all of these markets Canada has easy access.

British Columbia, from its situation and its circumstances, could not take part in this foreign pork trade, but it could, with very little extra exertion, raise its own pork. A very considerable proportion of the pork which was, in 1889, imported from the United States came to British Columbia. Under the new state of things, caused by the enactment of the McKinley tariff, the pork consumed in this province ought to be raised at home, and we trust that the time is not far distant when British Columbia farmers will be looking abroad for a market for their hog products.

NO USE FOR CHICAGO DUDES.

How a Trio of Bright Maidens Worsted a Presumptuous Masher.

"I had the rare pleasure of seeing a presumptuous dude put to rout yesterday afternoon on a South Side grip car," remarked Gen. Cunningham, of Indiana, at the Palmer House to a Chicago Post reporter.

"I myself was on the car with one or two others, and at Thirty fifth street three pretty little female buds, each of about fourteen or fifteen Summers, got on, reversing the front seat so that they sat face to face.

"This left a vacant seat, but one which, while another seat remained, few men would have thought of taking. The charming little trio, dressed in the purest of white gowns, to which was given a dash of color by small bunches of red roses pinned on their breasts, were evidently out for a lark and their tongues flew like birds before a storm.

"As they were enjoying themselves to their utmost, testifying to the enlivening spirit of their talk by their bursts of musical laughter, a nattily attired dude about twenty-five years old hailed the driver with his cane and getting on the tail-end worked his way up to the trio and plunked himself down into the vacant seat.

"He had passed two empty ones, but neither was what he wanted. He was a stranger to the girls and his presence froze them for a moment. Their fun was apparently spoiled; but he didn't mind that. In fact, by the way in which he straightened out the kinks in his spine and smiled at the trio he evidently thought he was honoring them.

"I was tempted to give him a pointer, but the actions of one of the girls told me to wait. She at whom he was staring returned his stare. She took him in from top to toe, then bending forward whispered in the ear of the girl facing her. She in turn communicated to the one beside her, whereat all three broke into laughter.

"Then another took an ocular inventory of the chap and whispered to her friend, upon which out poured another flood of merriment.

"The dude greeted the first with a look of profound astonishment; the second with abject dismay; a third, which immediately followed, with terror; but as the three pretty heads went together for a fourth time he feigned to see some one on the sidewalk he desired to speak with, and without waiting for the driver to slow up he jumped off, followed by the laughter of every man on the grip.

HE HAD NO TIME TO FOOL.

The Farmer Wanted a Doctor in a Hurry and Got Him.

Some startling stories are told at the City Health Department by the incumbents of the physician's office and by sanitary officers, says the Kansas City Times.

Dr. Salisbury, one of the young district physicians, was almost startled into real excitement the other day by a violent ring at the telephone. He answered and heard in excited tones: "Come to —— street quick! child almost dying! Come right away, or you'll be too late!"

The doctor grabbed a case of medicine, a stomach pump and a lot of bandages, pulled up his left suspender, put on Dr. Record's hat, and jumping into his buggy, got there as quickly as possible.

He reached the place breathless, but, composing himself as much as possible, asked to see the boy.

"Be you the city doctor?" drawled a ragged-looking man, presumably the father.

"Yes, don't you see I am? Where's the boy?"

"Set down, doc; I'll fetch him."

The man went out, and after bawling for a minute or two at the top of his voice, "fetched him," a young man of about six Summers came in covered with mud from a recent engagement as a manufacturer of mud pies.

"See here," said the doctor. "I've struck the wrong place; some one telephoned me a boy was dying."

"Set down, young feller, I done the telephonin' and that ar is the boy."

"Well, how did he come to so quick, and what was the matter with him?"

"Oh, he ain't done no great things comin' to—he didn't have ter. He had a stomach ache yesterday and felt like he was agoin' to have it to-day, and I thought a doctor better see him. I didn't have no time to fool with you nor him, so I said he was dyin' to bring you quick."

The doctor left in disgust.

SMALL DOG AND BIG MAN.

How a Poor Little Canine was Mauled with a Policeman's Club.

With all these hydrophobia patients coming to New York to be treated the popular mind has been alarmed and excited over dogs of all sorts and of all conditions of bad temper and irritation. So yesterday, when a pet dog at 343 West fifty-ninth street began to foam at the mouth and bark and snap, the two women in the house tied him with a piece of twine to a washtub and yelled out of the window for the police.

Sergeant Chapman, of the Forty-seventh Street Station, happened to be passing at the time, and, undaunted by the conflicting cries of "murder!" and "Mad dog!" ran into the house and up the stairs. He found the two women in two corners, and the dog greatly excited and endeavoring to pull the washtub over in it efforts to get free.

Sergeant Chapman is not only a brave man, according to the Evening Sun, but he is a thoughtful man, and though he could have shot the dog, if the dog would have held still long enough, or clubbed its brains out, he refrained because he did not want to scatter blood and portions of dead dog over the apartment. So he told the frightened owners of the flat to wait, and went out for a bottle of chloroform, which he obtained at the drug store on the corner.

He dosed a sponge with this and approached the dog cautiously with the sponge held out invitingly before him. "Here, doggie; good doggie," he said in a conciliatory tone.

The dog sniffed at the chloroform, and seemed to like it immensely. Then the sergeant shoved it closer, but this angered the dog, who barked louder and more violently than ever, and finally with one superior effort broke the string which held it and dived at the obnoxious sponge with its mouth open to receive it.

The sergeant is a large man, but he can move quickly on occasion, and he moved very quickly yesterday. He reached the sofa with one bound, and drawing his club, prepared to sell his life dearly. If he went to Paris he wanted to see other things there than M. Pasteur's laboratory. The two women jumped upon two chairs and wrapped their skirts around their ankles and screamed while the dog raced around and around the room and yelped and barked in a frenzy of anger and excitement.

It was getting very feverish, indeed, when Sergeant Chapman reached down and hit a clip at the dog's head with his club. The dog stopped and offered battle, and got a blow on the side of the jaw that silenced it and two more on the head that killed it. Then the sergeant washed his club in the tub of water, and the two women came down from their perches and paid a boy 10 cents to bury the dog in a vacant lot.

HIS WATCH HAD STOPPED.

Otherwise the Company Would Have had a Big Suit to Fight.

A big man having a big bundle under either arm, hustled into the Third street depot yesterday, and was rushing for one of the gates when an official asked him where he wanted to go, says the Detroit Free Press.

"To Flint," was the reply.

"Train's gone."

"When."

"Half an hour ago."

"Then I'll sue the company! It lacks a minute now of train time."

"You are off, sir."

"Bet you a million dollars. See here."

He pulled out his watch and triumphantly pointed to the hands, which backed his statement. The other took the watch and held it to his ear, and smiled and said:

"No tick here. That watch stopped last night."

"Kick me for an old cow if it didn't!" exclaimed the owner as he held it up. "It is a narrow escape for this railroad, though and I hope you'll receive it as a great moral warning. I'd a peppered you for a cool $50,000 sure.

HOW TO SELL CARPET SWEEPERS.

A man who sells carpet sweepers was asked how it was that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he never failed to make a sale, says the Boston Globe.

"Easy enough," he replied. "You see this simple sweeper here. Well, its full of dust. I approach the lady of the house with it, and while she is saying doesn't want anything of the kind I just run over the carpet several times. This done I open the sweeper and show her that, although she may think they have, the servants' brooms have not done their work properly. See!

"You can imagine her surprise when she thinks that her dear Brussels, swept only that morning, still contains buckets of dust. And I do it so gently. A push, no noise, and lo! lots of dust! Who would be without one? Worth their weight in gold, sir!

"But I've got to be lively or get caught. Some women will stop you at the door and attempt to examine the sweeper before you have a chance to run it over the carpet. Don't allow 'em to. Push in, and while you are praising the machine set it moving briskly.

The Sense of Smell Becoming Blunted.

Smell is the most acute by far of the five human sense. Take an ounce of musk—most powerful of scents—and leave it where the atmosphere is still open on a table for a year. At the end of that time, having for full twelve months rendered odorous the whole air in its neighborhood, the most delicate scale can not detect that it has lost a particle in weight. Yet the smell has been infinitely distributed, microscopic portions of the musk floating off and exerting impressions upon the nerve papillæ under the delicate lining of the nasal passages; for this is what smell means. The sense has grown almost rudimentary in human beings, through want of necessity for its use under civilized conditions but it is highly probable that the cave men it quite as well developed as the sharpest-nose beasts.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

Spots in British Columbia Waters to be Avoided.

William Smith, deputy Canadian Minister of Marine, has issued the following, of interest to navigators sailing in British Columbia waters:

A wooden can buoy painted black has been bolted to the rock at the westernmost extremity of the reef off Reef Point, Moresby Island, off the south-east coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia. Latitude north 48 degrees 43 minutes 50 seconds; longitude, west 123 degrees 20 minutes 15 seconds. Between the buoy and the point is a rock with only 1½ feet, leaving a channel 75 feet wide between that and the point.

Vessels using this channel must keep close alongside the point.

Information has been received from Rear-Admiral Glass, H. Hotham, R.N., Commander-in-Chief on the Pacific station, of the discovery by H.M.S. Espiegle of a rocky patch with sixteen feet least water on it, off Crocker Point, Saturna Island, Plumper Sound, off the southeast coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia. Latitude north 48 degrees 45 minutes 35 seconds; longitude west 122 degrees 12 minutes 50 seconds. The patch lies about west by north 2¾ cables from Crocker Point, in a spot where the charts indicate 13 fathoms. It is of small extent, steep-to on its western, southern and eastern edges, but shoals gradually from 8 fathoms on its northern edge. Between this patch and Saturna Island the surroundings are irregular, from 8 to 23 fathoms.

The western extreme of Fane Island touching the north-east extreme of Pender Island, clears this patch in coming from the southward, and Lizard islet open of Elliot Bluff, clears its western edge.

The above information was obtained by personal examination by Lieutenant C. E. Pritchard, R.N., on August 27th, 1890.

CHINAMEN SENT BACK.

The Collector Determined to Strictly Enforce the Provisions of the Law.

Two Chinamen accompanied by a United States Marshal and a lawyer, on their arrival by the City of Kingston from Port Townsend last evening, were at once sent back by Collector Milne, because they were not possessed of the certificates provided by law. Under the statute Chinamen who arrive here, after complying with the conditions of the law, by the payment of the usual fee, receive a certificate permitting them to reside here which in their leaving is surrendered, a certificate giving permission to leave and return being granted in its stead. The Chinamen in question appear to have left Victoria only a short time back; but neglected to obtain a permit to leave and return, the certificate which they showed to the American authorities being one of permission to reside here, and which was utterly valueless. They were, in consequence, sent back in the custody of a marshal. The lawyer they had brought with them was to support their side of the case. They seem to have obtained transportation to Kansas City. Collector Milne held that having left the country without permission to return they had forfeited their claim to such a document, and it was now for the United States authorities to deal with them, as under the law they have no claims upon this country.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE TURF.

G. W. Cook, Ed. Corrigan's fast sprinter, proved an expensive disappointment to the western plungers on his debut at Sheepshead Bay last week. The money was piled up on him until he became an odds-on favorite. Joe Ullman went on from Chicago to back him, and is said to have placed $25,000 in the ring, and this very naturally attracted the crowd and they followed his lead. The horse looked well, and had been sent to the post by that astute horseman Green B. Morris, but he was never dangerous in any part of the race.

The famous old race horse Helmbold died September 5th at the True Blue Stock Farm, Avoca, Steuben county, N. Y., the home of True Blue, Volney and Harrison Clay. Helmbold was foaled in 1866, being by imp. Australian, dam Lavender, by Wagner; second dam Alice Carneal (Lexington's dam), by imp. Larpedon; third dam Rowena, by Sumpter.

The yearling colt Merill, that went a half at Bangor, Me., in 1.24¼, last quarter in 40½ seconds, is by Nelson, 2.14¼, dam by Watchmaker, 2.31¾, son of Winthorp Morrill.

CYCLING.

The English cyclists lowered several records in England last week. The records from 6 to 22 miles were cut down, the latter distance being covered in 59 m. 6½ s. The 50 miles was ridden in 2 h. 38 m. 3 s., being 54 seconds faster than the record. The 100-mile tricycling record was reduced to 6 h. 40 m. 22 s., while in twelve hours continuous riding 104 miles were covered, being 5½ miles better than the previous record.

THE RING.

Jack Fitzpatrick, the Canadian featherweight, has sent a challenge to England, offering to fight Fred Johnson or any man of his weight in that country.

THE TURF.

Potomac's earnings this season now amount to nearly $75,000, making him the largest winning two-year-old in the history of the American turf. Proctor Knott, with $66,550 in stakes and purses, have been relegated to second place, and Chaos, with $63,550, to third. Both Proctor Knott and Chaos started oftener than Potomac has.

A report comes from Lexington, Ky., that M. Beamer, of Blackburn, Mo., while in Kentucky declined an offer of $12,000 for a one-half interest in his four-year-old filly Blaze Berry, 2.24¼, by Roseberry. Mr. Beamer paid $1,50 for her when she was two years old.

SPRINTING.

A foot race at Beacon Hill, yesterday afternoon, distance 100 yards for $150 aside, between Peck, of Nanaimo, and Haywood, of Vancouver, resulted in a victory for the latter by one foot; time, 10.4-5 seconds. Peck is anxious to arrange a return race for $500.

THE OAR.

TEEMER DEFEATS HANLAN.

EAST LIVERPOOL, O., Oct. 2.—The race to-day between Teemer and Hanlan was won by the former. The race was for $1,000. No time was given.

What is a Day's Labor?

ONE day's work for a healthy liver is to secrete three and a half pounds of bile. If the bile secretion be deficient, constipation ensues; if profuse, biliousness and jaundice arise. Burdock Blood Bitters is the most perfect liver regulator known in medicine for preventing and curing all liver troubles.