

The Colonist.

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 W. H. ELLIS, Manager. A. G. BARSTON, Secretary.

TERMS:
THE DAILY COLONIST.
 Published Every Day except Monday
 Per year, postage free to any part of Canada..... \$10 00
 Six months..... \$5 00
 Three months..... \$2 50
 Single copies..... 10 cts.
THE SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST.
 Per year, postage free to any part of the Dominion or the United States..... \$1 00
 Six months..... \$5 00
 Three months..... \$2 50
 Single copies..... 10 cts.
 Subscriptions in all cases are payable strictly in advance.

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A FEW WORDS TO MR. TEMPLEMAN.

Mr. William Templeman claims to be a public man. He has such right to the distinction as is conferred by the fact that on several occasions he has placed his services at the disposal of the public in a representative capacity, and been invariably rejected. He also controls a newspaper. The latter fact would not of itself be any warrant for personal references to him, but he has not only posed as a political leader but is to-day very industriously boomed by his friends for the office of Lieutenant-Governor of this province. For this reason it is impossible to dissociate Mr. Templeman the newspaper manager, from Mr. Templeman the candidate for the gubernatorial office, more especially as it is not because of his frequent defeats at the polls, but of his work done through his paper that the claim for political preferment is made on his behalf. We have nothing to say against Mr. Templeman's desire to fill the Governor's chair. It is a perfectly legitimate ambition. We have no right to say how the federal government shall decide between the respective claimants for the position. That is a question of internal party arrangement, concerning which the *Colonist* will not and has no desire to be consulted. We are concerned, however, to see that whoever gets the appointment, he shall not be a person, who is laboring in season and out of season to unfit himself for the position to which he aspires. We may add that it is with great regret that we feel called upon to say this. Few enough of the honors of public life go to newspaper men, the reason very often being of the same character as that which is rendering Mr. Templeman an improper man for the office in question, namely, bitter personal partisanship and gross, vulgar and libellous attacks upon those with whom they may be called upon to associate in the official position to which otherwise they might be appointed.

It is a peculiar thing about some newspaper men that they either make themselves or permit their party managers to make them channels through which all manner of abuse may be vented upon their political rivals. There is no more reason why a newspaper or its manager should become obnoxious to those on the other side of politics, than there is why political leaders should, and although we all, perhaps, can recall instances where political differences have led to bitter personal hostilities, to the honor of British politics generally it may be said that while men have differed on public questions it is rare that their differences lead to personal abuse. British public men have, as a rule, not forgotten how to be opponents and remain gentlemen.

If Mr. Templeman's ambition is gratified he will in a few months be lieutenant-governor, and as such he will be brought into contact with Hon. Mr. Turner and his associates. These gentlemen will certainly for a year to come, and beyond any reasonable question, during the course of his term of office, occupy the position towards him of advisers. There will be more or less intercourse between them and him. It will be essential that there should be more or less political confidence between them. That they are on opposite sides of politics cuts very little figure. The history of all the provinces shows that mere political differences do not prevent lieutenant-governors from dealing fairly by their advisers. But the instance has yet to occur where the commission of lieutenant-governor has been given to a man who took every public occasion to his command to vilify the men who were to

be his advisers, to treat them with studied contempt, to impugn their personal honesty and their integrity in office. We say that no instance of this kind has ever occurred, and we do not regard with equanimity the prospect of the experiment being tried at the expense of British Columbia.

One would have supposed that when Mr. Templeman's candidacy for the gubernatorial office was made known his newspaper would have ceased to make itself a vehicle for the gross personal abuse of the gentlemen who form the provincial ministry. One would have supposed that he would have developed a spirit in keeping with his ambition. He seems on the contrary to have assumed that the way to show himself fit for the non-partisan office of lieutenant-governor was to prove himself to be the most ultra of partisans, and that the way to convince the Dominion ministry that he is a proper person to be brought into intimate association with gentlemen of repute was to display the qualities of the loafer and scandal-monger. We believe that Mr. Templeman will find that he has misunderstood the character of the ministers at Ottawa. There are in the cabinet three ex-provincial premiers. They were never subjected to having the lieutenant-governorship of their respective provinces filled by men who had charged them with the grossest personal incapacity and the most shameless misconduct in office. They never knew what it was to be called upon to advise a lieutenant-governor, who had exhausted his ingenuity in discovering how to charge them with crimes and misdemeanors, and at the same time avoid prosecution for libel. We cannot think that Mr. Templeman is commending himself to these gentlemen, by the manner in which he is conducting himself in provincial politics. He has certainly chosen a strange way to show himself qualified for the head of the provincial government.

We make these observations because we think they ought to be made, and because we think the amenities of civilized life, the ordinary courtesies which one man extends towards another, ought not to be forgotten in public life, and because we believe a flagrant and persistent disregard of them is and ought to be considered a disqualification for an office of honor and dignity, and one calling for the exercise of impartiality and at least common decency. Mr. Templeman's treatment of the provincial ministers personally, that is through his paper, has been grossly indecent. It will be a novel thing in Canadian politics for gentlemen to be called to advise a lieutenant-governor on whose pen the ink is hardly dry after having been used in charging them, in the most public manner possible, with being thieves, hoodlums and corruptors.

ALIENS IN THE YUKON.

There could be no mistaking the sentiment of Friday night's meeting in regard to the rights of aliens in the Yukon. Every reference to the idea of barring all but British subjects from placer claims met with hearty approval. We submit that this ought to be done. At the same time we would not forget the instincts of British fair-play. Every alien now owning a mine or engaged in the work of prospecting or mining on the Yukon, no matter what his nationality may be, ought not to be deprived of any rights on the strength of which he went into that country. Let all such persons be required to register before January 1st, 1898, with the Mounted Police, and let them all be allowed the privileges, which they supposed they would have when they went there. But after the beginning of next year let the right to locate and operate placer claims be restricted to British subjects. There are several reasons for taking this position.

The greater number of those who are likely to go into the Yukon under the present regulations will be American citizens. They will buy as little as possible in Canada, and the gold they take out will be sent into the United States, where they will go and live, for no one will live in the Yukon after making anything, if he can help it. Three quarters of a million dollars came down on the Portland early in the summer. How much of this remained in Canada? Of what profit was it to Canada that this wealth was taken out of her soil? If these rich placers were further south, where, as in California, other interests would take the place of mining when the diggings were exhausted, we would not suggest that the mines should be closed to aliens. On the contrary, we should invite them to come in freely and help us develop the country. But it is a misuse of words to talk about developing placers on the Yukon. It is a good deal like talking about a spendthrift developing money that is left him. The right word to use is that recently Anglicized French one "exploit," which means to take and carry away. Canada will be none the poorer if aliens do not exploit the gold of the Yukon placers. Indeed, she will be better off if the gold is left there until her own people dig it out. Suppose rich placer gold should be discovered in Scotland, does any one suppose that the British government would permit Germans and Frenchmen to come and carry it away to Germany and France? British free trade notions would be quick to draw the line at such a performance as that. Our American neighbors, against whom, of course, such a policy would be

mainly directed, have set us an example. No Canadian can step westward of the 141st meridian of Alaska and operate a mine, and we fail to discover why what is done for the goose is not done for the gander. Let us keep our placer gold mines for our own people. Let us tell the birds of passage from the United States, who are willing to stop long enough under the Union Jack to fill their crops with Yukon gold dust, that they must do their scratching hereafter on their own side of the boundary line. Imitation is the sincerest flattery, the old proverb says, and so let us proceed to flatter our neighbors by imitating them in this respect. Such a step on the part of the Canadian government would be a popular one and be productive of vast benefit to Canadian interests.

THE LAW OF LIBERTY.

"So shall I keep Thy Law continually for ever and ever, and I will walk at liberty." David, King of Israel, came to this conclusion many centuries ago. Whether he wrote the identical psalm in which the line occurs may be open to question, but there is no doubt whatever that it expressed the result of the observations of his exceedingly eventful life. It is not the sentiment of a religious enthusiast or a dreamer of impossible things. To understand the Psalmist get your mind clear of the many-pampered pictures of the Psalmist, which so-called good books give us. To read them aright get the sanctimonious whine out of your voice, and with full, clear tone, such as Booth or some other master of dramatic art would give to the words of Shakespeare, speak these matchless sayings of a poet who saw deeper into human hearts, who probed nearer the secret springs of human action, who got clearer glimpses of the unknowable than any other since his day. Do this, or come as near it as you can, and you will catch in the language of the Psalmist the crackle and clash of action. Their sentiments may suit the privacy of contemplation or the subdued atmosphere of a cathedral, but they suit better the clear air where men stand with their clearest vision, for their belts buckled tight, their eyes glistening with the sensation of triumph won or heroic deeds to be undertaken. But this only by the way. We mention this only that the reader may get himself somewhat in the same mind as the author of the lines above quoted.

Liberty and law—freedom and restraint—these things seem the antitheses of each other; yet all agree that lawlessness is different from liberty. In illustration of the idea; take a modern perfecting printing press. The white paper is fed in from a continuous roll at one end and comes out at the other at the rate of many thousand papers per hour, printed, folded and ready for the reader. The fragile web of paper, has passed between ponderous rollers, been subjected to great pressure, been struck strong blows with sharp edges, passed rapidly near great fonts of ink, and apparently run a score of chances of being reduced to shapeless black pulp. But nothing of this sort happens, for the paper conforms itself to the law of the machine, and so moves at perfect liberty to its completed form. The slightest deviation from the law of the machine and disaster results. Let no one mistake this illustration for the affirmation of a principle, as is too often done to the confusion of many seekers after truth. The idea meant to be conveyed is not that the Universe of matter and spirit and man's relations to it are those of the web of paper to the machine, but only to show how freedom of movement towards a desired result must take account of the laws with which it must deal. But the illustration holds good in another sense, namely, that we are free to move only in such directions as are in agreement with the law of our environment.

What degree of truth there may be in the doctrine of evolution, as at present understood, it would be presumptuous for any one to say. The doctrine is only a tentative explication of phenomena, which seem otherwise inexplicable. But this much may be regarded as established, namely, that the universal tendency of all created things is towards the development of higher types. We suggest that it may be laid down as a law of universal application that freedom of movement only exists towards higher types. This, we know, is contrary to the teaching of many people, who tell us that the natural tendency is to baser conditions and that freedom of progress only lies in that direction. This is not true, for surely that is not freedom, which presents penalties to us at every step. It is the upward course only that is free. In this there is sound philosophy, for it stands to reason that if the tendency of universal existence is towards higher types, he who antagonizes this universal tendency is certain in the end to be defeated. This is not to say that it is easy for this to be in harmony with this universal law, and thus "walk at liberty"; for, to take a restricted view of the question, many a people have found it easier to remain slaves than make the effort necessary to gain and retain their freedom.

Some may say that this is directly in contradiction to the Scriptural teaching that "the gate to the higher life is 'strait' and that in the other direction it is 'broad'." But this is not so, unless we read into the "Saying of Jesus" something that he did not say. Rightly understood this means no more than that the way to the fulfillment of the law of our being is so simple that most people pass it by without noticing it; while there are a thousand ways in which one may make shipwreck of his life. Many a man has been led to despair of ever being able to live up to what his own consciousness told him was his duty, because he has been taught that to do so he must be strait-laced and narrow, must repress every feeling and instinct that make life worth living, and be devoutly thankful if, after a life of self-mortification, he manages to escape perdition by the skin of his teeth. What Jesus sought to teach was that the little narrow gate over which was written "The Law of Love," a gate so small that the priests with their noses in the air could not see it, and the scribes with their eyes full of the dust of centuries of learned tomfoolery could not discover it, led to the land of perfect liberty.

And so we reach this conclusion, that men have a perfect liberty to do right, but while they are free to do wrong, penalties attach themselves by the immutable laws of our being to wrong-doing. It is no more necessary to postulate the existence of a God of vengeance to make a man responsible for his transgression of these laws, than it is in order to account for one's burning one's hand by attempting to handle red-hot iron with bare fingers. It is not necessary to philosophize or quote authority to sustain the proposition with which this article opens. Every man knows the sense of perfect freedom that comes from the consciousness that no one can call any of his acts in question. Many a man came to this Pacific Coast to escape the burdensome restriction of his environment. He had done nothing wrong; but a hundred errors in judgment had hemmed him around with their consequences, and he struck out for the West to find that freedom, which a new country gives. Many of us would ask nothing better than to be able to get away from our mistakes. This is the sort of liberty of which David wrote, and which inspired him on another occasion, when he said: "As far as the East is from the West, so far hath Thou removed our transgressions from us."

SOMEbody has been finding fault with the Kootenai because "it has been having a little fun," according to its own ideas, with the Hon. G. B. Martin. Anyone who knows Mr. Martin will agree with us that he would be the last man to find fault with any man for having a little fun with him or to object to reasonable criticism; but some of the Kootenai newspapers have not kept within legitimate lines in their recent references to him. It is a mistake to make political discussions any more unpleasant than they need be.

MR. ESCOLINE has received word that on August 5 three men rode on horseback from Lake Bennett to Skagway Bay, 84 miles, in one day. This shows that the White Pass is open and in fine condition, so that miners and their outfit can now move as freely over it as loaded horses can walk. This intelligence will be very welcome to the friends of the people now at the passes, and to those who are about setting out.

The Seattle Times threatens that United States miners will resort to violence to escape the duties, and even recommends them to do so. Does the genial Colonel, who edits the Times, speak in a military capacity, or is he simply talking to please his advertisers? We would not like to stand in the shoes of the men who act on the advice of the Times. But then no one will.

The Times asks when it threatened a libel suit on account of anything that appeared in the *Colonist*. If it will look in its issue of August 10, page 4, third column, second paragraph, it will find one thing to which we referred. If this does not mean that the Times, or some one connected with it, did not contemplate legal proceedings we do not know what it means. Perhaps it does not mean anything.

In striking contrast with the abuse heaped upon Canadian customs officials is the following extract from a letter from Dr. Faulkner, of Seattle, to Dr. Kloeber of the same city: "The Canadian customs officers are polite and easy to get along with. The trouble is that most of the passengers tried to bluff the officers."

DEALERS in Seattle are persuading miners to take saccharine with them instead of sugar. Excepting for the taste they might as well take water. Sugar is essential in cold climates to produce heat and energy. Men using saccharine will break down on the journey.

WHILE it is altogether likely that very many of the miners will not get over the Passes this fall, they may do so during the winter, and they can stay at Lake Tagish quite as comfortably as they could farther down the Yukon.

EVERYBODY will sympathize with the unfortunate miners who will have to pay duties at Lake Tagish, but they have only themselves to blame. They were warned in time.

Gold! Gold! Gold!

HO! FOR THE KLONDIKE.

Parties intending to outfit should call and inspect our prices before purchasing. We are the only house in Victoria running two complete stores. In the one we have Mackinaw Shirts, Underwear, Mitts, Gloves, Caps, Hats, Etc., while the other store carries Shoes and Rubber Boots of all descriptions. We do not believe in selling cheap goods for the mines. You will find when you get there that the best is none too good. See our 13 pound Blanket for \$7.50. It is without exception the very best for the money. A liberal discount to parties purchasing complete outfits from us.

Gilmore & McCandless,
 85 AND 87 JOHNSON STREET.

OVER LOADED WITH SNAPS.



The hot wave has struck us and we are trying to keep cool. With rich quartz strikes on the Island, coal oil cans full of the yellow metal in the Yukon and the big clean-ups in our bargains, it is 90 in the shade.

Lime Juice, 25c.
 Ontario Cider, 20c.
 Root Beer, 10c.
 St. Louis Lager, 4 pts. 25c.
 Local Lager, 4 qts. 50c.
 Kops Cheer, 2 for 25c.

Dixie H. Ross & Co.

Young Man, Stop!



Don't make a machine of your brain. Don't use the gifts of nature as you would a grindstone. Your body won't stand the wear and tear. It will lose its "grit." Your nerves are sensitive, and every act of excess is bearing down your general vitality. It may not show now, but it will later on. Then it will be too late for regrets. You will be weak, nervous, wretched.

Middle-Aged Man, Turn!

Turn back the pages of your life. You can see how you have worn yourself out. You know the cause of your weakness. You know why you are getting so nervous, why little business worries seem like terrible calamities. You know you have lost your grit, your vim, push, energy. Your vitality is wasted. You know all this, and you must check the further waste which you see going on. You can do it only with Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt.

Old Man, Look Back!

Think of what you were 20 years ago. You might be the same to-day but for the wear and tear. It has been too great, and your body has lost the grit. You feel your old nerves giving way and the blood growing cold. The fire is gone from your nerves. Get it back. Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt has a wonderful reputation for restoring wasted vitality. How you would like to feel the warm blood coursing through your veins! You can. The blood is there. Give it the fire.

Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt

—That name carries a charm with it. There are 10,000 men who owe their health and happiness to it. So will you. Send for the book, "Three Classes of Men," closely sealed, free. Address

DR. A. T. SANDEN,
 855 Washington Street, PORTLAND, Oregon.
 Dr. Sanden pays the duty on all goods shipped to this Province.

BY WAY OF VARIETY.

"Dearest," said the summer young man, "you may not believe me, but I tell you that you are the only girl that I have loved this year."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Yes, George," she said as she fondly gazed upon the bearded face of the wanderer, "we have been very poor since you went away."

"Well, change all that now, little woman," said the smiling miner. "But, here, I'm as hungry as a wolf. Where is dinner?"

"Alas, George," she answered, "I have no money to buy the necessary ingredients."

"No money?" he echoed. "Here, where are your actions?"

"With steady fingers he rapidly snipped off his luxuriant beard."

"My darling," he said as he handed her the whiskers, "run with these to the nearest bank. Properly washed they ought to clear us a cool \$500 in the yellow dust. And—wait, my darling—if the debris doesn't yield a couple of thousand, I'm a howling kyote."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Teacher—What animal attaches himself to man the most?
 Jimmy—So's when fellers' mothers brought 'em to me I could say to keep 'em home from school a week or two.

The children had written compositions on the giraffe. They were reading them aloud to the class. At last the time came for little Willie Doran to read his. It was as follows: "The giraffe is a dumb animal, and cannot express itself by any sound, because its neck is so long its voice gets tired on its way to its mouth."

FORTIET

INDIA'S STAFF

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