Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17TH, 1888.

CHARLES CROCKER DEAD.

In the death of Charles Crocker all that is best in western civilization sustains a serious loss. A pioneer of the pioneers, with a soul unsullied by any taint of evil, he who lies dead to-day at Monterey leaves behind him as a precious inheritance to his children the record of an honorable, manly career, devoted to the best interests of those among whom he spent the larger portion of his life. Not alone was his enterprising spirit confined to California, for his adventures have extended along the whole Pacific Coast, even to this province. In conjunction with Hon. Mr. Dunsmuir, who was inexpressibly shocked upon receiving telegraphic intelligence last evening from Colonel C. F. Crocker of his father's death after three days illness, he has used his wealth in the development of British Columbia, and had he lived would undoubtedly have become a still more prominent figure in its successful building up. But he has gone in the fullness of his years to receive the reward of a well spent life—a life that was essentially Christian in its character, useful in its zeal for the public good and noble in the broadness of its charity and the sincerity of its friendships. Such a life has not been lived in vain.

THE GOVERNMENT'S STRENGTH.

It is very evident that Premier Mercier is *in extremis.* It seems to be quite impossible that he can hold his hybrid following together much longer, and the beginning of the end may be judged from the remarks of Mr. P. A. Choquette, M. P., to a press representative in Montreal recently. The member for Montmagny said, in referring to the dismissal of Mr. L. O. David, M.P.P., as advocate for the Turnpike Trust Commissioners, that it was "shameful," and such business must soon come to an end. Said he: "I never believed in the Nationalists, who are boodlers pure and simple, and they must either follow us or get out. The feeling amongst the Liberals of Quebec is most intense, and the position taken by *L'Union Liberale* is unanimously endorsed by the Liberal party in the district of Quebec." "If," continued Mr. Choquette, "people think that *L'Union Liberale* is directed by law students and irresponsible men, they are much mistaken. That paper is heartily supported by the leading men in the ancient capital, and it has never failed to speak our sentiments regarding our Nationalist allies. The Premier does not appear to realize what is going on around him; but I have no hesitation in saying that if the Nationalists continue as they are doing, Mr. Mercier will surely fall. I have nothing to say against Duhamel and Garneau, but it is the Nationalist leeches and boodlers outside the House who are killing the party." This is pretty strong language, and coming from so prominent a Liberal, means volumes. It was apparent from the first that a party which was built up on the Regina scaffold, in honor of one of the foulest traitors who ever disgraced the name of a "Canadian" could not last long—that, born in sin and iniquity, it must ultimately end in rottenness and decay. When one of the Cabinet, the Hon. Mr. McShane, "the people's Jimmy" as he is lovingly called, was thrust out through Nationalist influence, those conversant with Quebec politics could not fail to foresee that he would yet triumph. In the disruption which is now imminent he will have his victory. An eastern Liberal journal takes great heart because a majority of the provinces are *stated* to have Liberal g vernments. Well, as we look at it, Ontario is about the only sound Liberal province *locally* in the Dominion, and there is little doubt that Mowat's rule is fast drawing to a close. In Quebec and Manitoba plots and counter-plots are the order of the day, and the continuance of the present ministries in power is quite improbable. They are both fast going to pieces. The bye-elections in Nova Scotia for the Commons are a sufficient index of great Liberal-Conservative strength, while in New Brunswick a coalition government holds sway, a number of members of the Cabinet being ultra-Conservatives. Prince Edward Islands and British Columbia are Liberal-Conservative, as are the Northwest Territories, so that it will be seen that the party in power at Ottawa to-day holds a sway over the whole country to-day which is a sufficient augury of its future success. Canada is, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in accord with a system of government which has elevated one portion of Her Majesty's dominion to the proud position it now holds—the bright gem in the Imperial coronet.

A STRANGE CAREER.

The assiduous reader of newspapers is not long in finding out that the saying "truth is stranger than fiction" is being every day manifested in real life. He sees in the records of the courts and in the news of the day, the materials for romances, more wonderful and apparently less true to experience than even one written by Scott or Dickens or Thackeray. He finds in them incidents more strange and startling, and characters more "unnatural" and grotesque than the most vivid fancy of the boldest writer of fiction ever ventured to create. Any novelist who should introduce into one of his works a respected rector of an English parish who not only had no right to exercise the function of a priest, but who, base-born in the strictest sense, had by a series of frauds become a son-in-law of the aristocratic patron of the living he held would be ridiculed and condemned by the critics. They would be ready to show by arguments apparently irrefutable that it would be simply impossible for any impostor, no matter how specious he might be to become the rector of a parish in England. Even if he were clever enough to impose upon the patron he could not deceive the ecclesiastical authorities, who would not induct him into the rectorship without the clearest proofs of has ordination. But what would be so strange as to be considered incredible by intelligent people acquainted with the government of the English Church and the usages of English society has actually taken place. The Rev. George Frederick Wilfrid Ellis was for five years rector of the parish of Wetheringsett in Suffolk. The living, which is worth $4000 a year, had been presented to him by his father-in-law, and the presentation had been approved by the Bishop of Norwich. The Rev. G. F. W. Ellis had been received by the gentry of the neighborhood. He had directed the charities of the parish, superintended its schools, married lovers, baptized children and buried the dead. Yet it was at last discovered that he was nothing more than an impudent adventurer. Enquiry proved that he was the illegitimate child of a woman who afterwards married a dealer in rabbit skins. He was educated in the village school, and was apprenticed to a tailor. The boy was ambitious and clever. He became in course of time a teacher in a Roman Catholic School. He joined the Church of England, and after a while passed himself off as a clergyman. He officiated as such in various parts of England. He wound himself into the good graces of the patron of the rectorship of Wetheringsett. He represented himself to be a converted priest of the Church of Rome. He knew that Catholic priests are admitted into orders in the Church of England without any ceremony of re-ordination. In order to satisfy the Bishop of Norwich he produced certificates of ordination bearing the seal and signature of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford. They were in proper form, but on examination it was proved that they were forgeries. But they were at the time satisfactory to the Anglican bishop, and Mr. Ellis was inducted into the rectorship. He kept up the deception successfully for five years. Suspicion was at last aroused. Enquiries were made, and he was prosecuted for having performed the ceremony of marriage without due authority, and forging certificates of ordination, and sentenced to seven years penal servitude. Few things in fiction are at first sight more impossible than the career of this sham clergyman of the Church of England.

BY THE ATLANTIC.

Latest Turn in the Musquodoboit Murder Case—Sultry Weather on the Coast—Moonlight Excursions—Sad Drowning Accident.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

HALIFAX, N.S., Aug. 4.—During the past two weeks the weather has been warm, in fact hot—hot. One day last week the thermometer was up among the nineties. I think you will all agree with me in saying that the only adjective with which to describe such weather is HOT. I am afraid that if the temperature continues to seek higher levels, the poor mortals who remain in the city will be inclined to sing: "In the sweet by and by we shall melt on this beautiful shore." Great numbers of our Haligonians are off rusticating. The favorite direction seems to be westward. Some are enjoying themselves picnicking at Rockingham—better known to readers of Sam Slick as "The Four-mile House"—on the delightful shores of the placid Bedford Basin. A good many others, in whom the spirit of poetry mingles with the dislike of sweltering summer weather in the city, have gone to the valley of Grand Prè. Like her of old, they have "chosen the better part"—having selected a place where they are free from the heat and dust of the city, and where their minds can join in silent worship of the romantically poetic beauty of Grand Prè. To lovers of quiet rural beauty Grand Prè has great attractions. But the charm of Longfellow's pathetic love-story of Evangeline and the blacksmith's son has cast a sweetly solemn air of poetry over the spot—has made it a place "made sacred with sorrows unsaid." As one of our own Nova Scotia writers (the Rev. Arthur Wentworth Eaton) has said:

> "No sadder scene ever gave itself to story
> Than that scene of wreck and woe
> When the English ships weighed anchor
> In the mouth of Gaspereau,"

The latest turn in the many-sided Musquodoboit murder case is the statement going the rounds of the press that Preeper, the supposed murderer, has said that he did not do the shooting, but that it was done by Jane Doyle, his paramour, and wife of the murdered man, Peter Doyle. Surely this is a mystery in real life more complicated than the strangest tales of fiction.

We had a big fire at Bedford, about five or six miles from here, on the line of the I. C. R. The enormous works of Moir, Son & Co., confectionery manufacturers, which cost at their erection over $50,000, were totally destroyed by fire, together with the box factory adjoining. The insurance on Moir & Co.'s building and machinery was only $2,000.

A sad drowning accident occurred in the harbor last Monday. A man named Roach, with his son and another little boy started for a sail across the harbor. When close to a Norwegian bark anchored on the Dartmouth side a squall struck the boat which immediately capsized and sank, taking down with her Mr. Roach and his son. The other boy was seen on the surface for a minute when he too sank to rise no more. The sailors, as soon as they saw the catastrophe, hastened to the spot, but too late to render any assistance. A diver was employed and yesterday all the bodies were recovered.

The Ferry Co.'s new steamer Dartmouth is doing a great business in the moonlight excursion line. Every week she is out one or two evenings. On these occasions she visits Rockingham, Bedford, Dartmouth, Her Majesty's ships of war and the Northwest Arm. It is the most delightful way of spending an evening which could be desired. A band of some kind is always in attendance and those who are fond of tripping the "light fantastic" can have all the amusement wished for.

The military bands which have formerly been in the habit of playing in the Public Gardens every Saturday have "balked" (to use a western expression) and refuse to play unless they are paid $15 an afternoon, provided with a free conveyance to and from the Gardens, and also a free refreshment. It is needless to say that they haven't got their demand; the managers indignantly say that if they have to pay for their music they will hire one of the civilian bands, and so says the whole city. Consequently, for once, the soldier laddie will "get left."

F. W. H.

A Correct Statement

is made by Miss Jane Rutherford, of Nelles Corners, Ont., who writes—"I have used your Burdock Blood Bitters for Dyspepsia and find it to be the best remedy I ever tried." B. B. B. is sold by all dealers at one dollar per bottle.

tu-th-sat-dw

A FIEND INCARNATE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—William Bohan was arraigned to-day at Rockaway, charged with having plucked his wife's eyes out. His wife's story is this: "William Bohan, my second husband, two years ago plucked my right eye out and since then he has threatened to have my other eye also. When I returned from the hospital two years ago the doctor ordered me to wear spectacles. I had only one eye, and my husband used to hide and break my spectacles. On July 13th he succeeded in gouging out my remaining eye. I think it was with his thumb, but I am not sure. Anyway, I was caring for my grandchild when my husband attacked me. I raised my arm with baby in front of me, and he put his hand up under my arm and struck me. I screamed and the cook came in and took the child. Then I felt something on my cheek and could not see. I asked the cook what was on my face and she answered 'blood.' 'Oh,' I said, 'I'm done for; my eye is gone.' Then I felt my eye lying on my cheek."

THE FOSTER CHILD.

When love was first entrusted to my arms
I scarcely could contain myself for joy,
But fell a willing victim to his charms,
So glorious and so gracious was the boy.
But ah! as time went on and that fixed gaze
Became more fixed, it dawned upon my mind
That all those inconsistent headlong ways,
Those frequent falls, meant that my boy was blind.
Now from the sight I turned away my eyes,
And yet, "I shall not lose him," weeping said.
This most pathetic of infirmities
A child forever of my child has made.
What can he know of change or of decay?
To him one day is like another day!"

—Lucy C. Bull in Home Journal.

JOINING A CIRCUS.

We, two Illinois farmers' boys, had run away from home and joined a circus.

The circus hostler showed us a bunk where we could sleep and dream of the picnics we would have, and how they would miss us at home.

It was not what we had been accustomed to. It was a pile of moldy hay within easy reach of a mule that hadn't yet got acquainted with us.

About 2 o'clock in the morning we were told to make a hasty toilet and repair to the dining tent. As a matter of course, I was not hungry. The sight of that table made Frank turn pale and he wanted to back out, but I chided him for his weakness and we took a seat. I ordered the waiter to bring up a cup of coffee. It wasn't served in china cups and saucers either. Everything about a circus dining tent is made to prevent breakage, and of the plainest kind of tinware. The bread was stale, the meat tough and the butter—! That was our fare, but for dinner we had potatoes cooked in full dress.

After breakfast, when we were ready to start, we found, to our dismay, that our wardrobe had disappeared. What were we to do? Who could have taken it? I went to the hostler. He told me to keep still and he would find it in a day or two.

The boss told us how and what to do, and soon we were ready to start with the rest. You see we traveled by land, and by night and day as well.

My job was to drive the caravan containing the lion while Frank had a cage of wax figures. When I climbed up on my vehicle and pulled up the reins I thought myself the most important personage connected with the whole concern.

More than once I caught myself building air castles. "I have taken the right step," I said to myself, "to become famous as a great circus man. I have begun at the bottom round of the ladder, and am going to work my way up by degrees—that's the way to attain success. I won't have to drive very long. The boss will soon recognize my importance and promote me to a better position."

Just then I heard a cry of "all up" come down the line. Not knowing its meaning I paid no attention and kept on with my castle building. I received a shock that almost threw me from my seat. Awakening from my reverie I found I had run into the cage in front. This made the driver very indignant and he shouted back to me. "Here, what's the matter, you gawky son of a gun with hayseed in your hair? If you run into me again your pumpkin faced farmer girl won't know you." I turned around, and to my dismay Frank was getting a similar lecture. I saw them all climbing down from their perches. It was a chilly night and they were making preparations to warm up a little. They took down a rail by the roadside, and for a starter poured a gallon or two of the oil in lamps, or torches, on the rails and soon had a fire. Then each man was expected to tell some story. I told mine, in my own way, but poor Frank couldn't tell anything, so they let him off, provided he would pack enough rails to keep a good fire.

Well, everything moved along admirably until the next stand or camping ground was reached, and then I had trouble. It was not long until everybody about the whole concern was calling me Jack, John, Bob and every other name they could think of. This is a custom in circus politeness, but I did not know it, and modestly informed some of the smaller ones they would have to either whip me or stop their nicknames. One fellow said he could do both, and he pulled off his coat; but before we had commenced our duel the manager told the other fellow to go about his business, while he waltzed me off to work. I gave it my undivided attention, as I did not know but what I might own a half interest in the old trap in a week or two.

It was a warm day and I took my overcoat off to eat dinner. I thought it was warm enough to do so, and politeness rather demanded it of me. I laid it down on the seat beside me, and when I was done my dinner I was surprised to find my overcoat gone and no one had seen it going off or knew where it was at all. I never knew, or found out, for that matter. It was then that I saw the error of carrying any clothing along with a circus.

Every circus may not be as belligerent as ours was. I soon found out what a general "roundup" was. Along in the evening of the first day the boys succeeded in raising a racket, of course all hands had to join the melee, poor Frank and I, with the rest of them. Clubs and fists were the main instruments used, and for a while clubs were trumps beyond a doubt. After the battle I looked around for poor Frank, and found him bleeding. I got a comrade and we carried him into the museum and sent for the veterinary surgeon. He recuperated faster than I expected, and by time to start that night he had entirely recovered.

The next day, now that I was a member of that world famed aggregation, I concluded to go and hear the clowns' B. C. jokes, witness the riding, the vaulting, the wonderful feats of strength and skill. My associates directed me to go around and come in from the dressing room. I did, but I want to tell you I came out that way, too. I have thought since it was a put up job on me. As soon as I reached the inside I was suddenly turned around, and that's all I knew for an hour or two. When I came to my senses, or rather when my senses came to me, I saw the man who set me in locomotion. As he had a real nice apology I could do nothing but forgive him. It never occurred again.

By this time we had been out long enough for them to settle on some different and definite name for each of us. I was called the "dude" on account of my good clothes, which did not form a very striking contrast with the rest, and Frank—well, they just called him "Sleepy." Everything was moving along nicely as far as the circus was concerned, and one day I thought to vary the monotony a little by going up town to see the country boys come in with the girls. I had not been up there long when I was startled by a hand being laid on my shoulder. Turning around a policeman said. "Young man, you are my prisoner." "What have I done?" I gasped. "Yes, what have you done? Haven't you been fighting on the streets, have you?" "No, sir, I have not." "Oh, come along here and no foolishness, you can't monkey this chicken." And with that he walked me off despite my protestations of innocence. As he threw me in and I heard the click of the lock, strong as I was I was completely broken down. I was in a strange place with no friends. Oh, how I longed to see pa, the farm and home. Even Frank did not know where I was—not any of the circus people for that matter.

Pretty soon a small boy came around to take a peep through the bars. I told him if he would go to the horse tent of the circus and tell 'Sleepy' that the 'Dude' wanted to see him immediately I would pass him into the circus if I could get out of there. The boy fulfilled his part and "Sleepy" soon put in his appearance, surprised to view me as the city's guest. I explained as best I could. Frank heaved a sigh and whispered through the bars that he would try to get me out if I would go back to the old farm. I hesitated a while, but finally told him to go ahead and get me out and I would go any where with him. He went to the manager of the circus, but the manager would have nothing to do with me and said if I was fool enough to run up town and get into a fight it was none of his business.

I was about to give up, when the policeman came in with a fellow that looked something like me, begged my pardon, said it was a case of mistaken identity, and that if I would say nothing about my false imprisonment he would give me $2. I forgave him, though $2 was a small compensation for the shame of such a thing.

I just quit my day dreams of ever being as famous as Barnum.—"W. T. H." in Detroit Free Press.

The Electric Light in Burmah.

Maj. E. C. Browne, an Englishman, writing about the acquisition of Burmah by the British, describes the effect upon the natives of the first exhibition of the electric light. "A great ray of soft light," he says, "shoots across the heavens from horizon to horizon. A flood of light is cast on a spot in the village, but it is off with more than lightning rapidity to illuminate another. It leaps and bobs and bounces about the earth in most uncanny fashion. The village is illumined. It visits every portion of it and seems to enter at the doors and windows. At first the people rush away, but finding that in many cases the light follows they throw themselves down with their faces to the earth. In a few minutes the village and river banks are cleared, and the terrified people take refuge in the bush or at the backs of the houses.

"But this only lasts a very short time. Curiosity is stronger than prudence. So far the light has struck no one dead. Perhaps it may be harmless; so the children, clinging to each other, venture into the glare, then run to their mothers' arms screaming half with fear and half with delight. Some of the big boys then rush out, have a good stare, and having dared so much once more disappear. The ladies seem to gain confidence next to the children. Their curiosity cannot be restrained any longer, so they get together in groups and hide their faces and scream and giggle. Some of the more cheeky ones actually put out their tongues at us and begin dancing and gyrating about. The men, last of all, moodily emerge from their cover, and still not half liking it walk cautiously about, and gradually the village is gay."—New York Sun.

Soldiers' Bones for Fertilizing.

A disclosure exceedingly uncomfortable for the relatives and friends of the English soldiers killed in Egypt has been made by the captain of the Austrian vessel Dub, which arrived at Aberdeen the other day loaded with bones for fertilizing purposes. The captain said he had got his load from Alexandria, and that the bones all came from Cairo. He thought they were the bones of giraffes, buffaloes, antelopes, etc., but he was obliged personally to watch the loading of his ship and reject complete human skeletons that were brought to him. The natives were very indignant at his refusal to accept the bones of Christians, and said it was their custom to dig on battlefields and pull the bodies out of shallow trenches. It has been found that, in spite of the captain's precautions, the cargo of the Dub contains the bones of many English soldiers, the natives having resorted to the simple method of pulling the skeletons to pieces and presenting them minus heads and hands, when they found complete frameworks to be unaccepted.—Foreign Letter.

Gen. Butler and the Witness.

Ben Butler was retained as counsel for a Boston young man whose wife had sued him for divorce on grounds of cruelty. The wronged wife's sister, a young girl of 20, was the principal witness for the prosecution, and Gen Butler succeeded in angering her by a sharp and irritating cross examination. After many interruptions the witness said that the defendant had been seen to "shy a book at his wife's head." "Shy? Shy a book? What do you mean by that? Will you explain to the court what the word 'shy' means? The young girl leaned over the railing and asked her sister's counsel for a copy of "Cushing's Manual," which lay on the desk before him. She hurled the volume at Gen. Butler's head with all the force she could command. It was a good shot, and had not Butler divined her purpose in time it would undoubtedly have hit the mark. "I think the court now understands the meaning of the word 'shy,'" said the judge, and the girl was allowed to finish her testimony without further interruption.

The Man of Blood.

It is curious to see that for all Europe the one man who stands for peace, who quarrels and contends for peace, is the man of blood—Bismarck. There is literally nothing more for Germany to gain by war, very much to risk. France hopes to recover territory by war. Russia desires to enter the Mediterranean by war. England even is not so averse to a contest as Germany—meaning thereby Bismarck. The late emperor died counciling forbearance and peace, the present emperor is of the same opinion. It is the Saxon in Central Europe who desires stability. His safety rests in statu quo. So it is that time changes the relative characters of men. Bismarck, the man of blood, has for these past five years almost single handed sustained the peace of Europe.—Globe Democrat.

Wages of Agricultural Labor.

An investigation of the rate of wages of agricultural labor by the department at Washington shows that no material change has occurred since the last previous inquiry in May, 1885. There is a slight increase in New England, in the northern tier of states from Michigan westward and in some of the southern states. There is no appreciable change in the central states.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

To Excursionists.

Canadian Pacific excursion tickets will be exchanged to return over the N. P. R. R. on application at the Northern Pacific ticket office, No. 341, Government street, next door to P. O. This enables excursionists to see Puget Sound, the celebrated "Switchback" and to visit Yellowstone Park *via* the Palace Pullman and Dining Car route. *

STRIPED FLANNELETTES, 28 inches wide, from 12½c. per yard, at the CITY HOUSE. †

Strong, Stout Ribbed Cotton Hose for Boy's Wear, a special line at the *City House.* *

ABOUT RATTLESNAKES.

BY AN OBSERVANT WOODMAN WHO LIVES AMONG THEM.

A Remedy for the Dreaded Bite—Market for Snake Skins and Rattles—Rattlesnake Kings—Consumption Cure—A Popular Superstition—Antidotes.

"The splitting of a live chicken and applying the warm flesh to a rattlesnake bite," said a backwoods resident, who lives almost within gunshot of a rattlesnake den on the Upper Shohola creek, "is believed by nine out of ten of the old time dwellers among the mountains of northeastern Pennsylvania to be a never failing extractor of the venom of that reptile. I have never known personally of a case of fatal poisoning by rattlesnake bites in human beings. In fact, I cannot remember of a single person ever having been bitten within my knowledge, and I live within ten minutes' walk of a place where over 200 rattlesnakes were captured by one man in the spring of 1886, and where I can go any day and gather as many rattlers as a customer may desire. Within the past five years there has arisen a craze among city people who spend the summer in the Pike county and other North Pennsylvania mountains for specimens of rattlesnake skins and rattles, and I have myself driven a profitable business in supplying hides and buttons for that purpose for three summers. I know one summer boarding house keeper who buys these things on speculation to sell to his boarders. I furnished him more than fifty big skins and as many sets of rattles last summer, and have now a contract for 100 of the same this season. I have known as much as $2.50 to be paid for one rattlesnake skin. Some fanciers have the skins stuffed and mounted, and others have belts, pocketbooks, card cases, cigar cases and even slippers made from the skins, after a careful process of tanning, by which the colors and luster of the skin are preserved as they are when the snake is alive and ready to sink his fangs in his æsthetic utilizer.

"The person who caught the 200 rattlesnakes two years ago was Elijah Pelton, a big, double fisted woodman. He kept them all alive without removing a fang, and was the only person I ever really knew to handle live, fang whole rattlesnakes with impunity. He did this daily nearly all summer at Shohola Glen before hundreds of New York people who visited that place, and I always thought the performance a singular one to be made an attraction of a summer sojourning place, especially as Pelton did not conceal the fact that the snakes were captured within an hour's journey of the resort. He had the snakes in a large cage, which he entered and handled there at will, to the accompaniment of an almost deafening chorus of rattling from his vicious looking pets, as they darted here and there about the cage, or coiled themselves in the position they always assume when about to strike. Pelton asserts that he was bitten time and time again, but that he simply sucked out the poison, and did not stint himself as to whisky.

"There was once another rattlesnake king in Pike county named Sam Helms. He supplied himself with snakes from the same den that Pelton got his from, and was never known to be without his bosom and pockets filled with them. He died some years ago of consumption, and his death from that disease shook the faith of the old mountaineers in the efficacy of the rattlesnake as a curative power.

"The high value that is set on rattle snake oil wherever that snake is found is widely known. I have known as much as $5 to be paid for an ounce of rattlesnake oil, so great was the purchaser's faith in it as a cure for rheumatism, and many believe that the oil is infallible as an internal remedy in all kinds of fever, and in some places it is regarded as a never failing cure for fits. It is on record that many years ago, over in Sullivan county, the settlers on the east branch of the Delaware got together one fall and killed over 1,200 rattlesnakes at their dens for the purpose of trying out the oil for bottling.

"But the uses of the live rattlesnake as a medicinal agent are not so well known. The father of one of my present neighbors suffered some years ago from an ulcer on his leg. He did not seem to receive any benefit from rattlesnake oil, so he took the advice of an old resident, now dead, and carried a live rattlesnake to bed with him and kept it there three days. The old gentleman always insisted that he was bitten by the snake, and that the poison simply counteracted the poison of the disease that was in his blood and drove it out. How true that may be I do not know, but it is certain that the man's ulcer disappeared; and he got well and lived for several years. I don't know whether the snake died or not, but very likely it did.

"Then there was, and to some extent is yet, a belief that if a consumptive should bite deep into the neck of a live rattle snake at certain times the disease would be cured. When it was found that Sam Helms had the consumption the live rattlesnake treatment was tried on him. From all accounts he must have bitten the necks of a whole den of live rattle snakes, but consumption's hand was not stayed, and Sam was gathered to his non snake biting fathers.

"Another popular superstition among the old residenters, and one that some of their descendants believe in yet, was to carry a set of rattles in their hats to prevent or cure headache and render sun stroke impossible. It was also once believed that if a person bitten by a rattle snake should swallow a few drops of the poison itself the former would have no effect. Not a few woodsmen I have known always had a little vial of the poison, which they extracted from the sacs at the base of the fangs of rattle snakes they killed for their oil, to be used internally in case they should have the misfortune to be inoculated by a snake bite in their tramps through the woods. But I never knew of any of them having occasion to use the alleged antidote, although if some of them are to be believed they have taken pints of the venom during their lives. The antidote they took, I guess, was carried in much larger bottles, and was purchased at the nearest tavern.

"There used to be a man named Geer who lived near Long Eddy, Sullivan county, and who claimed to have an infallible cure for rattlesnake bites that his grandfather obtained from the Indians. The composition of the cure was a secret, but Geer would go any distance to doctor persons who were snake bitten. He claimed to have saved the lives of many people suffering from rattlesnake poison. Geer died a year or two ago, but the secret of the rattlesnake cure is still in his family. It is a singular fact that one of the alleged antidotes for rattle snake bites is effectual in case of poison by the copperhead or pilot.—Hawley Cor. New York Sun.

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way;
And whether you write on rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just a word of friendly advice—boil it down.

For if you go splurting over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through;
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend—
boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let it be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then—boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend—boil it
down.

A FRIGHTFUL SKIN DISEASE.

Sufferings Intense. Head nearly raw. Body covered with Sores. Cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

Messrs. STEVENS & BRUNER, Monroe, N. C.

Dear Sirs,—About two months ago, on your recommendation, I bought a bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, one box CUTICURA SALVE, and one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, for my son, aged thirteen years, who has been afflicted with eczema for a long time, and I am pleased to say that I believe the remedies have cured him. His sufferings were intense, his head being nearly raw, his ears being gone except the gristle, and his body was covered with sores. His condition was frightful to behold. The sores have now all disappeared, his skin is healthy, eyes bright, cheerful in disposition, and is working every day. My neighbors are witnesses to this remarkable cure, and the doubting ones are requested to call or write me, or any of my neighbors.

WM. S. STEPHENSON.
WINCHESTER P. O., UNION CO., N. C.

MONROE, N. C., Oct. 29, 1887.

THE POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.:

Gentlemen,—Mr. Wm. S. Stephenson of this county brought his son to town to-day to let us see him, and to show us what CUTICURA REMEDIES had done for him. This is the case referred to in our letter to you some time ago. To look at the boy now, one would suppose that there had never been anything the matter with him,—seems to be in perfect health. We have written and herewith inclose what his father has to say about the matter,—wrote it just as he dictated.

We are selling quite a quantity of CUTICURA REMEDIES and hear nothing but praises for them. We regard the CUTICURA REMEDIES the best in the market, and shall do all we can to promote their sale.

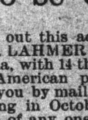
Yours truly,
STEVENS & BRUNER,
Druggists and Pharmacists.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c. RESOLVENT, $1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.



WEAK, PAINFUL BACKS,

Kidney and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses, relieved in one minute by the **Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster,** the first and only pain-killing plaster. New, instantaneous, infallible. 30 cents.

$9,999.00 in Gold To be Given Away!

CUT out this advertisement and send it to J. LAHMER & CO., Nurserymen, Toronto, Canada, with 14 three-cent Canadian, or 21 two-cent American postage stamps and they will send you by mail (post-paid), in good time for planting in October or November next, your choice of any one of the following collections of plants, and enter your name in competition for the $9,999.00 in gold that they are giving away in order to introduce their nursery stock.

COLLECTIONS OF PLANTS:

No. 1—2 hardy Roses. No. 2—2 hardy climbing Roses. No. 3—2 ever-blooming Roses for house culture. No. 4—8 very choice Hyacinths. No. 5—15 very choice Tulips. No. 6—25 hardy assorted flowering Bulbs. No. 7—5 choice Plants for house culture. No. 8—2 choice hardy flowering Shrubs. No. 9—3 hardy Grape Vines. No. 10—5 Cherry Currants (red). No. 11—5 Lee's Prolific Currants (black). No. 12—5 White Grape Currants. No. 13—10 Raspberries, 2 very choice kinds. No. 14—20 Strawberries, 4 very choice kinds. Nos. 3, 7 and 14 we will send earlier, if requested.

All letters with this advertisement enclosed along with stamps for any one or more collections of plants, will be numbered as they come to hand, and the senders of the first thirteen hundred letters will receive gifts as follows:

1st	$250	The next 20	$10 each
2nd	100	The next 40	5 each
3rd	50	The next 415	2 each
4th	30	The next 820	1 each
5th	20		

After 50 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next eleven hundred letters will receive gifts as follows:

1st	$225	The next 10	$15 each
2nd	125	The next 15	10 each
3rd	75	The next 40	5 each
4th	50	The next 470	2 each
5th	25	The next 560	1 each

After 100 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next one thousand letters will receive gifts as follows:

1 and 2	$100 each	The next 5	$20 each
3, 4 and 5	75 each	The next 15	10 each
6, 7 and 8	50 each	The next 304	3 each
9, 10, 11 and 12	25 each	The next 663	1 each

After 150 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next eleven hundred and nine letters will receive gifts as follows:

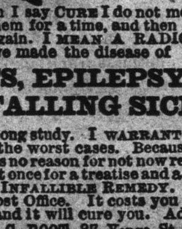
1	$100 each	The next 10	$20 each
2	75 each	The next 25	10 each
3 and 4	50 each	The next 585	2 each
The next 5	25 each	The next 479	1 each

Any person may send any number of times for any of above collections. If 5 cents in stamps extra is sent, we will send in December next a printed list of the names of all persons who are entitled to gifts. We make this liberal offer to the readers of THE COLONIST, knowing it will not pay us now, but our object is to introduce our stock and build up a trade. Our mailing points are Toronto and Shrub Mount, Ontario; Rochester, N.Y.; Louisville, Ky.; Painesville, O.; and Chicago, Ill.; and we will guarantee all stock to reach our customers in good condition. We employ no agents but deal direct with customers, and can sell and deliver stock to any part of the United States or Canada, at about one-half the price charged by other nurserymen through agents.

Remember, we will not be undersold by any reliable firm. Send us a list of wants and we will quote you prices, or 10c. for a handsome illustrated catalogue, which you may deduct from first order.

Address all letters to

J. LAHMER & CO., Nurserymen,
tu-sat-dw-jl 25 TORONTO, ONT.



I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address: Dr. H. G. ROOT, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

je28-w1y

ESTABLISHED 1875.

THE WEST SHORE

PORTLAND, OREGON.

The West Shore is the only illustrated magazine published on the Pacific coast, and aside from its excellent literary features, its object is to convey information, by both pen and pencil, of the great resources of this region, and the progress of their development.

Special illustrated articles appear in each issue; also, several pages of notes of the progress being made in every section. Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Alaska, Utah, California, British Columbia, and the Pacific Northwest in general, are being illustrated. The subscription price is only $2.50. It is not only the cheapest illustrated magazine in the United States, but contains articles and engravings of great interest to every resident of this region, which can not be found in any other publication.

Subscribers for 1888 receive a large supplement every month. The first one is a beautiful oleograph of the "Entrance to the Columbia River," printed in nine colors, and each of the others represents some feature of our sublime scenery. The supplements are alone worth more than the price of the magazine. Try it for 1888, and after reading, send it to your friends elsewhere. You will find it both entertaining and instructive.

L. SAMUEL, Publisher,
171-173 Second St., Portland, Oregon.

In the Matter of the B.C. Stationery and Printing Co. (Limited.)

IN pursuance of an order of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, dated 27th April last, to me directed, I hereby give notice to all persons having in their possession any property of any kind whatsoever belonging to the said Co., to deliver the same up to me forthwith at my office at the corner of Wharf and Fort streets.

J. R. ANDERSON,
Victoria, B.C., 9th May, 1888. Liquidator.
my10

TIMBER LICENSES.

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend making application to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 640 acres of land, situated in Sayward District and described as follows: Commencing at the north-east corner of land applied for by Ezra Cook, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement.

W. F. MADDEN.
Sayward District, May 30, 1888. my11

NOTICE is hereby given that, 60 days after date, I intend making application to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 360 acres of Land, situate in Sayward District, and described as follows: Commencing at the north-east corner of Lot 48; thence north 80 chains; thence south 30 chains, more or less, to Campbell River; thence west 30 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence south 30 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence north 5 chains, more or less, to the point of commencement.

Sayward District, W. F. MADDEN.
April 28th, 1888. my11-1d&w

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend making application to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 640 acres of land situate in Sayward district and described as follows: Commencing at the northeast corner of the land applied for by M. Stephenson, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

J. KING.
Sayward District, April 28th, 1888.
may-11

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 160 acres of land situated on the left side of the Nass River and described as follows: Commencing at a stake marked "B" near the bank of the river; thence south 20 chains; west 80 chains; north 20 chains; thence meandering the river to place of commencement.

A. J. McLELLAN.
March 22d, 1888.
my-11

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to make application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, for permission to purchase 160 acres of land, situated on the left side of the Nass River, and described as follows: Commencing at a stake marked "A" near the bank of the river, thence south twenty chains, east eighty chains, north twenty chains, thence meandering the river to place of commencement.

A. J. McLELLAN.
March 22nd, 1888. my-11

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of L. and W. for permission to purchase 320 acres of land, situate in Kootenay District (West Division), bounded as follows:—Commencing at a stake on the left bank of Columbia River, about one mile and a half west from the mouth of Kootenay River; thence N. 40 chains; thence W. 80 chains; thence S. 40 chains, more or less, to Columbia River; thence in an easterly direction 80 chains, more or less, to the initial point.

A. S. FARWELL.
Victoria, April 23rd, 1888. my20-w2mo

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend making application to the Honorable Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 640 acres of land situate in Sayward district, and described as follows: Commencing at the north-east corner of the land applied for by Mr. Stephenson, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

J. KING.
Sayward District, April 27, 1888.
may-11

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days afaer date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 640 acres of land in Sayward district, as follows:—Commencing at the south-west corner of land applied for by Wm. Lewis, thence running west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the place of commencement.

(Signed) JAMES McDONALD.
Sayward District, 9th April, 1888.

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend making application to the Honorable Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 640 acres of land situate in Sayward district described as follows: Commencing at the north-west corner of lot 48, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

MYLES STEPHENSON.
Sayward District, April 26, 1888.
may-11

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend making application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 640 acres of land situate in Sayward district and described as follows: Commencing at the south west corner of the land applied for by Wm. F. Madden, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement.

H. HAGUE.
Sayward District, my 11
April 28th, 1888.

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend making application to the Honorable Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, for permission to purchase 640 acres of land situate in Sayward district and described as follows: Commencing at the north-east corner of land applied for by W. F. Madden, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement.

Sayward District, H. HAGUE.
April 24th, 1888. my-11

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT I have made application to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 200 acres of land situated in Cariboo District and known to be occupied by me for the purpose of making hay, keeping stock, etc.: Commencing at a stake on the left bank of Little Deep Creek (or Knife River), about one and a half miles east of my N. E. corner stake, Lot 8, group 4; thence south 50 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence north 50 chains; thence east 40 chains to stake of commencement.

DENNIS MURPHY.
141 Mile House, 31st May, 1888. jun7-d1-w2m

NOTICES.

NOTICE.

A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING OF Shareholders of the Shuswap & Okonagan Railway, for the purpose of giving authority to the Directors to issue bonds and frame by-laws, will be held at the office of the Company, Government Street, Victoria, on Monday, August 20th, at 11 o'clock, forenoon.

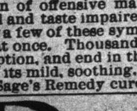
M. LUMBY,
July 19th, 1888. Sec. S. & O. Ry. Co.
jl20-wkly-4t

RARE BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Administratrix Estate Sale.

The General Merchandise Business of the late Wm. W. Dodd, of Stanley, B. C., is now for sale. The stock and fixtures of this old and well known establishment are offered by the Administratrix at a very low price and on most reasonable terms. The stock (which is such as is generally kept in a country store) is varied and new, and invoiced at something over $8,000. The building, warehouse, butcher shop and outhouses, with the lots, are offered low to wind up the estate.

Apply by mail to MRS. LAURA M. DODD,
Administratrix, Stanley, B. C.
jl14-6tw-1td



$500 OFFERED

for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Symptoms of Catarrh.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. 50c.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS. *Purely Vegetable & Harmless.*

Unequaled as a **Liver Pill.** Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. **One Pellet a Dose.** Cures **Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks,** and all derangements of the stomach and bowels. 25 cts. by druggists.

aug9-dth&sat-wk

NOTICE.

SITTINGS of the County Court of Kootenay will be held at the following places, viz:

At Farwell, on Friday, the 20th proximo.
At Donald, on Friday, the 27th proximo.

By Command,
JNO. ROBSON,
Provincial Secretary.
Provincial Secretary's Office,
27th June, 1888. je29

TENDERS.

Notice to Contractors.

CONCRETE WALKS.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the Honorable Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, up to Noon of

Tuesday, 21st instant,

for laying Concrete Side Walks round the New Law Courts, Victoria.

Plans and specifications can be seen and forms for tender obtained at the office of the undersigned.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. S. GORE,
Surveyor-General.
Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B.C., 10th Aug., 1888. 11-d&w.

Notice to Contractors.

FITTINGS —FOR— NEW LAW COURTS.

SEALED TENDERS, suitably endorsed, will be received by the Honorable Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, up to Noon of

Tuesday, 21st instant,

for certain Fittings and Furniture required for the New Law Courts, Victoria.

Plans and Specifications can be seen and forms for Tender obtained at the office of the undersigned.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

W. S. GORE,
Surveyor-General.
Lands and Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 10th Aug, 1888. 11-d&w.

Naval Contracts.

TENDERS WILL BE RECEIVED ON BEHALF of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, until noon of Saturday the 11th of August next, for supplying such quantities of Sugar, Tea and Flour as may be required for Navy purposes; likewise Stout, Milk, Butter, Eggs and Fowls, for the Naval Hospital; also for Washing, and Sweeping Chimneys at the Yard and Hospital for One Year certain from the 1st October next.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Forms of Tender can be obtained at this Office.

JAMES H. INNES,
Naval Storekeeper, &c.
Royal Naval Yard, Esquimalt,
21st July, 1888 jl22

Notice to Contractors, BUILDERS, &c.

WORKS AND REPAIRS.

TENDERS WILL BE RECEIVED ON BEHALF of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, until noon of Thursday, the 30th instant, for Works and Repairs to be executed at the Naval Yard, Naval Hospital and Powder Magazines.

Specifications can be seen at the office of Mr. John Teague, Architect, Victoria, to whom parties tendering will apply before going over the works.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Tenders to be endorsed "Tenders for Works and Repairs."

JAMES H. INNES,
Naval Storekeeper, &c.
Naval Yard, Esquimalt,
9th August, 1888. aug10-td

NOTICES.

NOTICE.

One Thousand Dollars Reward!

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a reward of $1,000 will be given by the Provincial Government for such information as shall lead to the apprehension and conviction of the persons concerned in the robbery of the British Columbia Express Company's Stage, on the Cariboo Road, on Saturday the 30th day of June last.

JNO. ROBSON,
Provincial Secretary
Provincial Secretary's Office.
11th July, 1888. jl13-1mo

DOMINION GOVERNMENT SAVINGS BANK.

DEPOSITORS are requested to present their PASS BOOKS at the Office on Government Street, for insertion of the accrued interest at the 30th June, 1888.

JOHN GRAHAM,
Assistant Receiver-General.
Victoria, Aug. 2, 1888. aug3-1m

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Percheron Horses and French Coach Horses. Savage & Farnum, Importers and Breeders of Percheron and French Coach Horses, Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Isle, Wayne County, Mich. We offer a very large stud of horses to select from, we guarantee our stock, make prices reasonable and sell on easy terms. Visitors always welcome. Large catalogue free. Address Savage & Farnum, Detroit, Mich.

nov27-6m