

REVERSING PRECEDENT

The Salmon Are Now Waiting for the Outset on the Western Island Coast.

Sealers That Will Spend the Season Swinging Idly on Their Anchor Chains.

Salmon are running plentifully on the West Coast, and a net set a few days ago to determine whether any were entering the sound at Clayoquot, entrapped over 180 in a very short time. This important and highly satisfactory information to cannermen in particular was the principal news brought by the Teas. Capt. John Irving, which returned from the West Coast yesterday morning, after a delightful trip in sunny weather. Unfortunately the cannery at Clayoquot was not yet prepared for the advent of the fish, but it is understood that preparations for their handling are now being pushed forward. The condition of affairs are quite the reverse of last year. Then the canners were in waiting weeks for the fish, whereas now the fish appear to be waiting for them. At Kyquoy when the Teas was there the schooner Penelope, City of San Diego, Dora Stewart, Otto and Arietas were all at anchor and were experiencing difficulty in getting their Indian crew to the sequence the captains of all of these vessels have petitioned Collector Milne for the Quadra's services. They believe that if the steamer makes a trip down the coast now as she did last year the Indians whom they engaged some weeks ago will be ready to start on the present and also as of old, the natives are indifferent to adhering to any arrangement, and are holding back for more pay. The Teas and the schooner E. E. Manton, Capt. Mayer, a minor; Mrs. Spain, Capt. Hackett, D. Kirkwood and A. Elliot. The steamer's freight are something like 150 sealskins secured by Indians off the Coast.

Three or four years in succession of discouraging operations, with prices even below water mark, will be the cause of every dozen sealers laying at anchor for the remaining part of the year. The craft are grouped in the upper harbor and represent a great bill of expenses and loss to their owners. The seal, according to a well known captain, is made up as follows: The Annie O. Moore, Carrie O. W., Louis Olsen, Libby, Diana, Edna, and Hattie, Kate, Rover, Mascot, Oscar and Hattie, Kate, Sassy Lass, Walter E. Rich, and Killmorey. Some of these are new vessels that have only been to sea once or twice and some are as fine sailing craft as can be found in the sixty odd that make up the fleet of the coast. The Annie O. Moore, Capt. E. E. Manton, Capt. McLean, whose Indian crew awaits her on the coast, will leave to-day, and another, the Minnie, is almost ready to sail. The Gull, Capt. E. Belmont, left yesterday. All, however, will be early away, for the Behring Sea does not open for sealing operations until August 1.

NEWS FROM THE NORTH. The steamer City of Topeka arrived at Departure Bay yesterday from Alaska. She had about forty passengers. It brings news that the Italian Prince Luigi and party took schooner at Sitka for Yakutat Bay, from where they will start inland for the purpose of sealing. The heights of Mount St. Elias. No recent word has been received from the Yukon. The steamer Bertha, which has been running between Juneau and Cook Inlet, arrived from the Inlet last week. Included in the dead bodies of the three miners and prospectors and their dog had been found frozen in the snow and ice on top of the glacier above the Inlet. The name of one of the men was Potcher, and a diary said to have been found in his pocket is supposed to have been written up to the time of his death, which was fairly recent.

TWO BUSY TUGS. Victoria's two big tugs, the Lorne and Caar, are doing all the work they can handle, and have been for some time past. The former left for Vancouver last evening, after towing the lumber laden ship Annie Thomas from the Terminal City to sea; she is now to take the coal hauler Robert Kerr to Departure Bay. The Caar this week escorted a boom of 750,000 feet to the Chemist's mill on Wednesday, and on her return from Vancouver, where she takes the ship Florence Stella, from the Royal Roads, she leaves again for another such boom for the same mill.

THE WAR OF BATES. The steamer Cleveland, which sailed on Thursday from San Francisco for Puget Sound ports, carried passengers at \$5 and \$2.50, which price included meals and berths. This is the final reduction in the rate war apparently, and Goddard & Perkins & Co., announce that their rates will not go below \$5 and \$4. The Cleveland is the lowest ever given on the Puget Sound steamer line. The freight rate has been lowered to \$1 per ton.

MYOUI SALMON, HALO SEAL. At the customs yesterday the clearing of three Sitwah schooners for the Fraser bore a notable significance. Each of the boats had been in the sealing business for years, but their owners, together with their friends, believe that more money is now to be made at fishing and they are going thither in consequence.

Wearily, mothers and daughter-aided nurses, washers and help-tired women of all classes should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the kind they need to give pure blood, firm nerves, buoyant spirits, and refreshing sleep. There is no tonic equal to Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

THE CITY

It Gave a Delightful Conclusion to the Jubilee Festivities of the Week.

Assembly Hall a Blaze of Beauty and All the Arrangements Perfect.

Ever since it was decided a couple of weeks ago to tender the Navy a workers' ball, the committees have been working away with such enthusiasm that a brilliant success had been expected, but it was not till last night that people could readily see how much had been accomplished and how far any efforts in the past few years at giving a public function of this kind had been passed. Above all the delightful harmony of the decorations was wholly pleasing to the eye—a bright effect with plenty of color and yet an avoidance of heaviness made the old Assembly hall far handsomer than it ever looked before. The Admiral had kindly placed at the disposal of the decoration committee a host of flags and also allowed a squad of blue-jackets to put up the decorations under the supervision of Mr. J. C. Richards, and they made splendid use of the opportunity. The hall was the most beautiful at the ball last night, admitted to be the best general design that would cover up the walls with bunting, festoons, and other decorations. The decorations were of various sorts, such as lacrosse, cricket, golf and tennis, while at the end of the promenade with the upper room was hung a Peterboro white. An additional touch was given by gracefully arranged designs of sword bayonets on the walls, while the lower room was naturally turned round a number of rifles, that gave a military touch to the decorations. The corners having been turned into a most attractive resting place for those who did not dance, and the Fifth Regiment orchestra were engaged in a bowler's game on the stage, which, with the Japanese ambrellas, made a very pretty effect.

All this was charming enough, but there was something prettier still, when one entered the supper room and saw the dainty decorations there. Facing the entrance was a large painting of Her Majesty, and on this the royal coat of arms and the happy jubilee of the Queen's reign that royal subject have just celebrated. The decorations were the next impression caused by the hundreds of red poppies used with delightful effect to deck the supper room. The poppies were so arranged that they were seen from every angle. The poppies were so arranged that they were seen from every angle. The poppies were so arranged that they were seen from every angle.

SHE COULD NOT EAT.

THE STATEMENT OF A LADY WHO WAS A DYSPYPTIC.

Afflicted With Pains in the Stomach, Nausea and Vomiting—Constipation, Headache, and Other Distressing Symptoms Followed. (From Le Sorel's, Sorel, Que.) Dyspepsia and kindred disorders of the digestive organs are becoming alarmingly and it is not only among the people of all classes, but among the most refined and cultivated, that they are becoming more and more prevalent. It is said that the highest and a good disease and a good medicine that will cure dyspepsia is a blessing to mankind. It is a promoter of human happiness, whose good effects are generally admitted. It is a promoter of human happiness, whose good effects are generally admitted. It is a promoter of human happiness, whose good effects are generally admitted.

ALTHOUGH very little has been heard of late in regard to the Burns memorial fund, which was organized to decorate Beacon Hill park, the fund for its construction grows steadily. The Scotsmen have already secured upwards of \$1,000, while double this amount will be realized by the time the Victoria Jubilee memorial will be ready for formal dedication by the time the Victoria Jubilee memorial will be ready for formal dedication by the time the Victoria Jubilee memorial will be ready for formal dedication.

Brush the hair daily through to the scalp and occasionally apply Huxley's Hair Dressing, and a luxuriant head of hair will be maintained of a natural hue.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mineral Companies' office stationery & specialty at the Colonist's office.

BALL TO THE NAVY. IN THE BARREN LANDS.

An Explorer's Adventures Among the Musk Ox and the Wood Buffalo.

Mr. Hanbury Returns After a Long and Arduous Trip of Discovery.

After an absence of more than a year exploring and hunting in the far northern part of Canada, away up towards the Arctic circle, Mr. David T. Hanbury has again reached Victoria. Mr. Hanbury is an Englishman, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and his object was to explore a portion of the country north of the Liard river and west of the Mackenzie, which up to the present has remained a big blank on the maps, with the word "unexplored" marked across it. He did not succeed in accomplishing all that he set out to do, which was to find out how far the Mackenzie at the sixty-second parallel, incidentally some terrible hardships were experienced in the thousands of miles he travelled on snowshoes, existing for months on meat alone, then with a period in which starvation stared his party in the face, and later for a time flour only was the mainstay for the dogs that for days sustained life.

Mr. Hanbury, undeterred by the hardships he has gone through, is determined to make another trip to the North next year to accomplish his aim of wiping out that word "unexplored," and in place of it marking in the mountains, rivers and lakes on the map. He speaks of his adventures in a series of papers to be published in the next issue of the "Geographical Magazine." He says that he has not really accomplished as much as he had hoped to do, but that he has not been very much to tell about the first part of his journey, "said Mr. Hanbury in conversation yesterday. "I left Wrangell on June 10 last year, taking with me on the coast one white man. We took the steamer up to the mouth of the Liard, and then crossed the trail to Dease lake and secured a small steamer to take us to the mouth of the Liard. From there we ported to McDames creek and secured a young man named James Smith, who was working for Mr. Scott Simpson, we fixed up a canoe and then proceeded to Liard river, the Liard river, as I then found out it was late to ascend the Frances river that season I had to abandon the idea of crossing the country by the Liard and Mackenzie down the Liard, and cross, if possible, the unexplored territory in March. When I was told there would be no snow on the snow, which would make good travelling for snowshoes and dogs. We left Wrangell on July 26, after engaging an Indian to accompany us on the first part of the dangerous portion of the trip. He was unfortunately paid him \$100 before he started, and on the second morning, on waking up, found he had left his gun and the rifle. The distance was not far from the junction of the Mackenzie was about 500 miles. The Liard has been described as the most dangerous part of the journey, but I am not sure I believe it, as there are a number of rapids and whirlpools to encounter. We nearly came to grief in the first rapid, but we got through safely. Guns had been fired to attract attention long before we got in, and so when we arrived at the mouth of the Liard, the natives were waiting for us. We were not long in getting on our feet, and we were not long in getting on our feet, and we were not long in getting on our feet.

When they had anything to eat the Indians have wonderful appetites, for in 38 days one family of three women, a lad and six children, ate up 96 caribou, a few days rest for men and dogs the rest was made to Fort Resolution, and we reached on January 11. Here I found I had a very long and arduous change of plans to put in seven or eight months in this district, and so decided to leave on a hunt for musk ox. Leaving my protection, I crossed the Liard, a Great Slave lake, I went to Fort Smith, 150 miles up the Mackenzie river, to see Mr. McKinty, the Indian Commissioner. He gave me information about the barren grounds. Delayed at Fort Smith, I did not get back to Resolution till September 10. When we got to the Yellow Knives, two Dog Rib Indians, came in and arrangements were made with Henry Vail to be the chief of the tribe, and to be the chief of the expedition. All being ready we started in canoes for Rond du Lac, the head of Slave lake. When we got to the north side of Slave lake, which took us ten days paddling, the whole character of the country changed from low, flat lands and muddy water, to clear water, a hilly country and granite rocks. From Fond du Lac we packed for two days to the edge of the woods, where the Indians left us, and we were left to make our own migration of the caribou to the south. We struck the caribou a few days after, and a wonderful sight it was; the whole country seemed covered with them. The Indians kept up a tremendous fusillade of them with their guns, mostly double barreled muzzle loading shot guns, 28 bore, which they prefer to Winchester's. They are capital shots at short range, and hundreds of the caribou were killed. This hunting went on for a month and were I not for the supply of meat these Caribou give it would be impossible to make the trip to the barren grounds after the musk ox.

In November we started out for the grounds after preparing snowshoes and sleds. There was a big feast a day or two before we left with the usual Indian dance to the sound of rattles and drums. Seventeen sleighs of dogs were taken, and as the provisions it was possible to carry could only last ten days owing to the difficulty of taking them, it is a pretty risky trip this way. On some occasions the musk ox are sighted by hunting. Unless the musk ox is sighted by hunting, it will go hard with the Indians, but we have had a couple of musk ox on our journey, we reached the head of Slave lake in a supply of tinned provisions, but we managed to get a couple of days later to get some scrubby stuff for a stock of fire wood.

The day's travel is a short one, starting at half-past eight in the morning and then camping before dark. The Indians will never travel at night, but it can be avoided. Sleighs, dogs and men all crowd into the tents, and the only satisfaction is that the dogs in that count never have fleas, though the men beings are not altogether free of insects. A movement in the night means a dog fight, as the brute pich into each other on the least provocation. A few Caribou were killed now, but after ten days, provisions got so low that anxiety began to be felt. However, two musk ox were found and then there was plenty of food for men and dogs.

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We were now in the vicinity of a large river, and I feel quite sure it must be a tributary of the Great Fish River. The banks are wooded, and, favored by the country, we soon got within a short distance of a large herd. Twelve of us and twenty-eight hungry dogs made speed in chase, the dogs were close to the herd before they saw us, we had a good chance to get them. The herd was an experience of a kind I never had before, and never wish to take part in again. There were twenty-three animals in the herd, and as the dogs are fairly fast, sooty the musk ox were rounded up in a bunch, the dogs tearing at them and the Indians firing into the huddled mass. There is no more excitement in shooting a musk ox than in killing a cow. A few of them got away for a short distance, but the rest were soon rounded up again and slaughtered. The distribution of the game was made by the chief on some unknown principle of his own. I got two, some got one and some five or six. But all the Indians appeared quite satisfied with the result. The game had been skinned at once, as owing to the cold the pelts would freeze on the carcasses and it would be impossible to remove them. Then a stock of meat was laid in for the turn journey, but the Indians were so full of the game that they let the dogs spoil a lot. On the whole expedition we got 38 musk ox in all. We were now 850 miles from where the women and children were, so a move was made to return after a few days more hunting. With sixteen days' travel before us, we had so little meat for provisions that a return had to be made to the spot where the big slaughter was made, and what still remained from what the dogs had left of the musk ox was gathered up. In a few days' rations were shorted, and the dogs will have no game in sight, the rations grew less and less, till a little bit of moose was made two or three mouthsful, was all that was left. To add to the privations, there was no wood to melt snow for drinking purposes, and the snow had to be melted in the hands. The wind was bitterly cold and everyone suffered from frost bites, strange to say Smith and myself the only two white men, not faring as badly in this respect as the Indians. It was a welcome sight to see the weather when, without either food or fire, we were in the open. That evening we had a rousing fire, even if we had nothing to cook over it. Next day, however, we were once more among the caribou, and several were killed, and on the night of the following day the camp was left. Guns were fired to attract attention long before we got in, and so when we arrived at the mouth of the Liard, the natives were waiting for us. We were not long in getting on our feet, and we were not long in getting on our feet.

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When they had anything to eat the Indians have wonderful appetites, for in 38 days one family of three women, a lad and six children, ate up 96 caribou, a few days rest for men and dogs the rest was made to Fort Resolution, and we reached on January 11. Here I found I had a very long and arduous change of plans to put in seven or eight months in this district, and so decided to leave on a hunt for musk ox. Leaving my protection, I crossed the Liard, a Great Slave lake, I went to Fort Smith, 150 miles up the Mackenzie river, to see Mr. McKinty, the Indian Commissioner. He gave me information about the barren grounds. Delayed at Fort Smith, I did not get back to Resolution till September 10. When we got to the Yellow Knives, two Dog Rib Indians, came in and arrangements were made with Henry Vail to be the chief of the tribe, and to be the chief of the expedition. All being ready we started in canoes for Rond du Lac, the head of Slave lake. When we got to the north side of Slave lake, which took us ten days paddling, the whole character of the country changed from low, flat lands and muddy water, to clear water, a hilly country and granite rocks. From Fond du Lac we packed for two days to the edge of the woods, where the Indians left us, and we were left to make our own migration of the caribou to the south. We struck the caribou a few days after, and a wonderful sight it was; the whole country seemed covered with them. The Indians kept up a tremendous fusillade of them with their guns, mostly double barreled muzzle loading shot guns, 28 bore, which they prefer to Winchester's. They are capital shots at short range, and hundreds of the caribou were killed. This hunting went on for a month and were I not for the supply of meat these Caribou give it would be impossible to make the trip to the barren grounds after the musk ox.

In November we started out for the grounds after preparing snowshoes and sleds. There was a big feast a day or two before we left with the usual Indian dance to the sound of rattles and drums. Seventeen sleighs of dogs were taken, and as the provisions it was possible to carry could only last ten days owing to the difficulty of taking them, it is a pretty risky trip this way. On some occasions the musk ox are sighted by hunting. Unless the musk ox is sighted by hunting, it will go hard with the Indians, but we have had a couple of musk ox on our journey, we reached the head of Slave lake in a supply of tinned provisions, but we managed to get a couple of days later to get some scrubby stuff for a stock of fire wood.

The day's travel is a short one, starting at half-past eight in the morning and then camping before dark. The Indians will never travel at night, but it can be avoided. Sleighs, dogs and men all crowd into the tents, and the only satisfaction is that the dogs in that count never have fleas, though the men beings are not altogether free of insects. A movement in the night means a dog fight, as the brute pich into each other on the least provocation. A few Caribou were killed now, but after ten days, provisions got so low that anxiety began to be felt. However, two musk ox were found and then there was plenty of food for men and dogs.

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THE BARREN LANDS.

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