The Colonist.

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CAPITAL NOTES.

"Gatling Gun" Howard Makes a Statement Regarding the Bremner Furs—The Premier's Return to the Capital.

(From Our Own Correspondent).

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 26.—The Premier returns to Ottawa next week, when regular council meetings will be resumed.

"Gatling Gun" Howard acknowledges finding the furs at Batoche. After retaining some, he handed over a large quantity to Gen. Middleton, of which no account has been given.

A HIGH CLASS INSTRUMENT.

The First Grand Piano Manufactured in British Columbia by Messrs. Goodwin & Co. at their Victoria Factory.

For a long time British Columbia has been advancing in the direction of promoting her manufacturing interests and in every case substantial success has attended the departure, as is evidenced by the augmentation of the volume and value of its exports and in the quality of home manufactured articles that are consumed locally. Among other directions in which a successful move has been made is that of the production of pianos, which Mr. Goodwin of Fort street has, during the last years, produced many upright instruments that have not failed to give the highest satisfaction for their tone, their appearance and the manner in which they have borne every test to which they have been subjected. Over a year ago Mr. A. G. McCandless of this city being desirous of patronizing local manufacture intimated to Mr. Goodwin that should he construct a grand piano that was satisfactory in every respect he would buy it. The short or semi-grand piano having become so popular it was decided that the instrument should be 5ft. long, with a full scale of 7⅓ octaves. The design, working, drawings and patterns were commenced at once, but owing to other work in hand, and the extraordinary care taken in its construction, the instrument was not completed until a few days ago. Its handsome case is of fine rosewood, double veneered, and the bracings and iron plate are extra heavy: the action is the very best that money will buy, and in conversation with the various workmen it is learned that the whole has been, as it were, "a labor of love," with a result of which all may be proud. Several leading pianists, both professional and amateur, have already tried it and are profuse in their expressions of praise as to its excellent points often looked for but not always found in semi-grand pianos. These are an easy action, of unusual repeating quality, an even scale with surprising volume of tone and singing capacity. The instrument is to be used at the Jubilee hospital concert this evening and will then be taken home to its purchaser Mr. McCandless who is more than satisfied with this purchase which, as has been said before, is an instrument of the highest order and capacity, fully demonstrating the ability of the factory to turn out such an instrument as had been arranged for.

SAN FRANCISCO FULL OF SALMON.

Strike of Sacramento Fishermen Lowers Prices More Than One-Half.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 23.—Salmon are at present a drug on the San Francisco market. The canneries of this city and along the Sacramento river have mostly only limited capacities, and are at present unable to handle the salmon, as they are kept busy night and day canning fruit. Another cause is that the fishermen on the Sacramento river have formed a union, which is at outs with all the factories on the river, and members of the union refuse to sell any fish to canneries. The firm of A. Lusk & Co. has taken advantage of this state of affairs, and yesterday commenced to buy salmon. Isadore Jacobs, president of the firm, said:

We have concluded to take advantage of the low prices and extra quality of this season's salmon and to commence canning it earlier than usual. We are now consuming 300,000 pounds of fish daily, and will continue to do so until September 1st, when the season will close for one month. We are paying 1¼ cents per pound for salmon that at any other time is easily worth 3½ cents.

In the up-town markets householders pay a bit a pound for salmon. Down at the wharf a whole fish can be bought for 30 cents.

ADJUT VIVISECTION.

Its Practice Necessary for the Good of Humanity.

A movement is set on foot by some well-meaning, humane, yet supersensitive persons, to stir up public sentiment against the practice of vivisection. In the pamphlets which they scatter broadcast over the land they describe how the professors of physiology are treating the poor dumb creatures, who, being deprived by nature of language, can not even give expression to their pain or accuse those who so unfeelingly cause them to suffer.

Reading these descriptions, which undoubtedly are based upon facts, a heart of stone must melt in pity, and people whose imagination permits them to put themselves in the place of the dogs, cats, rabbits and frogs are easily induced to petition legislation to prohibit such a practice.

Yet, says the Boston Globe, the whole subject has another aspect. If any of these humane and sensitive persons should be inflicted with a disease the cure of which should require not alone a well-learned physician, but one who could perform an operation with a skillful and steady hand, would they not wish that such a man was available? Would they not travel from one end of the world to the other in order to find the person who, by his knowledge and skill, could prolong their lives for a couple of years? But whence shall that knowledge or practice come to a physician if he is not allowed to experiment? It shocks as yet the sentimentality of people that the bodies of deceased friends should be dissected, and the students of medicine can obtain no other specimens than the bodies of people who died friendless in prisons or poor houses, or such as grave-robbers would offer them for sale. Yet such corpses are without great value to science, because they either do not show that special disease which the professor is treating in his lectures, or the information is lacking in regard to the progress of the sickness which caused the death. Post-mortem examinations will have a much greater value to science when people permit the body of a friend to be dissected whenever the physicians who treated that person in life desires it.

Even then, however, the study of medicine can not reap the full benefit. The hand of the physician who is to perform the operation must be trained on subjects in which there is life in order that it may remain steady at the time when a deviation of a millimetre from the right line might cause the death of the patient.

If the professors of physiology were men who took a vulgar delight in the agonies of dying animals, or if the students were men who for the sake of pleasure crowded around the dissecting table, or if, finally, vast classes of people would become infected with the spirit of cruelty by the practice of vivisection, the objectors would be right; but while their objections show a laudable tenderness of heart, they go too far, and forget that those who practice vivisection are but very few in numbers, that they are earnest men who have a warm heart for their fellow-creatures, and whose desire to relieve suffering is the motive of their apparent disregard of pity.

There are two more points which need to be answered. It is claimed that without any use to science animals are maltreated, and that, if vivisection is to be permitted it should be resricted as closely as possible. The accusation and proposition are both utterly false. The result of a thousand experiments does perhaps not bring about the cure of one disease, but these experiments lead towards the discovery of the principles which underlie a disease, and nobody can tell whether the next experiment will not be followed by a more brilliant success. As every year new scholars enter the various schools of medicine, the same field must be gone over by the professor again and again. The student must be shown by illustration how a muscle or a nerve in life will act when irritated, and his hand must be trained to operate upon a living being. From the moment that we shall endeavor to limit the amount of experiments science will come to a standstill.

The second point is: Why should these poor animals be made to suffer for the benefit of the human being? To this I answer: Why are they killed to be eaten by the human being? In this world of ours man takes first cognizance of himself and measures all that is right and wrong by judging how it will affect him. If we should ever go so far as to give the same rights to all creatures which we give to man we would have to starve and go naked, because even vegetarianism would be cruelty. For all we know, even the plant may suffer pain while we are destroying it.

It is humane to avoid as much as possible all useless cruelty to animals, but when human welfare can be promoted through vivisection, and human suffering can be relieved through the suffering of some animal; when, furthermore, only scholars, men who are earnest in their endeavors to aid humanity, are allowed to conduct such experiments, we ought not to let our sensitiveness slop over or our sympathies to shoot beyond the mark.

A Washerwoman Princess.

Pope Sextus V. was, as all the world knows, of the very humblest origin. He had been a goat-herd and one of his sisters was a washerwoman. When, however, he became Supreme Pontiff he brought his kinswoman, the laundress, to Rome, made her a Princess and installed her in a magnificent palace. The next day the statue of Pasquin was found to be indued with a shirt, the cleanliness of which left much to be desired. The inimitable Marforio asked, in a placard which was read with a universal grin, the why and the wherefore of the grimy undergarment, and the next morning Pasquin replied that he could not get his linen washed because his washerwoman had become a Princess.

Prices at Buenos Ayres.

IN Buenos Ayres an opera box for sixty nights cost $7,000. Coal for range or fire-place is from $38 to $40 per ton. You may go to the circus for $5.50. Shoes are worth from $10 to $12.

THE SERPENTS GIFT.

An Old German Legend Which Is Popular Even Unto This Day.

When the German Kaiser, Karl, lived at Zurich, according to an old legend retold by the Jewelers Weekly, he dwelt in a house called "The Hole," in front of which he caused a pillar to be erected with a bell on the top of it, to the end that whoever demanded justice should have the means of announcing himself. One day as he sat at dinner in his house he heard the bell ring, and sent out his servants to bring the claimant before him. But they could find no one. A second and a third time the bell rang, but still no human being was to be seen. At length the Kaiser himself went forth, and he found a large serpent, which had twined itself round the shaft of the pillar, and was then in the very act of pulling the bell rope.

"This is God's will," said the monarch. "Let the brute be brought before me. I may deny justice to none of God's creatures, man or beast."

The serpent was accordingly ushered into the imperial presence, and the Kaiser spoke to it as he would to one of his own kind, gravely asking what it required. The serpent made a most courteous reverence and signaled in its own dumb way for him to follow. He did so, accompanied by his court, and the creature led them to the shores of the lake where it had its nest. Arrived there the Kaiser soon saw the cause of serpent's seeking him, for the nest, which was full of eggs, was occupied by a hideous tangle of monstrous proportions.

"Let the toad be flung into the fire," said the monarch, "and let the serpent have the possession of the nest restored to it."

Three days after, as the Kaiser again sat at dinner, he was surprised at the appearance of the serpent, which this time glided into the hall unannounced.

"What does this mean?" thought the Kaiser.

The reptile approached the table, and raising itself on its tail dropped from its mouth into an empty plate which stood beside the monarch a precious diamond. It then silently disappeared. This diamond the Kaiser caused to be set in a costly ring, which he presented to his wife, the much beloved Fastrada.

Now, this stone had the virtue of attraction, and who so received it from another, so long as he or she wore it, received also the intense love of that individual. It was thus with Fastrada. For no sooner did she place the ring on her finger than the attachment of the Kaiser, great before, no longer knew any bounds. In fact, his love was more like madness than any sane passion. But though the talisman had full power over love, it had no power over death, and the mighty monarch was sent into despair over the sudden demise of his wife.

He was inconsolable. He would not listen to the voice of friendship, but sorrowed in silence over the dead body of his once beautiful bride. He would not allow her to be buried. At length Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, being made aware of the cause of the Kaiser's inconsolable grief, contrived to engage his attention while he removed the magic ring.

Immediately that the talisman was removed the spell was broken. The esteem, however, that he had held for Fastrada was now transferred to the possessor of the ring, Archbishop Turpin. The pious ecclesiastic was so persecuted by the Emperor's affection that he finally cast the talisman into a distant lake which surrounded one of the monarch's castles.

An immediate transference of the royal liking took place, and the monarch thenceforth and forever after during his life-time loved this castle and lake as a man might love his wife. So much did he become attached to it that he directed that he should be buried there, and there accordingly his remains rest until this day.

GOT HIS OWN SPOONS.

A Wealthy Bachelor's Experience in Buying Wedding Presents.

The amount of shopping for wedding gifts that is going on is something tremendous, and the man who at the club the other day remarked that he had concluded to be married, so that he could shift to the shoulders of his wife the responsibility of making dinner calls and of buying wedding gifts, was answered by a groan of sympathy from all the bachelors present, says the Boston correspondent of the Chicago Tribune.

And the mention of wedding gifts recalls one of the bits of light but somewhat amusing gossip floating here. "The tale tells," as William Morris says in beginning his volume, "that in times" not "long past" there was a wealthy and artistic bachelor in Boston who sent to an acquaintance as a wedding gift a set of berry spoons of a fashion peculiar and unique. They pleased him much, but they did not please the bride at all, and she, therefore, quietly took them back to the house where they were bought and exchanged them. In the course of the winter the gentleman went to the same jeweler to procure a wedding gift for another friend, saw and recognized the spoons, bought them and presented them, still unmarked, to the second bride. She liked them no better than did her friend, and, like her friend, she took them back to the silversmith. But in the fullness of time the original donor of the spoons took unto himself a wife, and then one of his friends who had not heard of the first repurchase went to the jeweler and said to him:

"You know what Mr. J. would like. Tell me what to give him as a wedding present."

"I think," answered the jeweler, with a smile, "that he must like these spoons pretty well, for he has bought them twice."

"Then he shall have them," was the reply; "but I really think it will be well to have them marked this time, so that they shall not come back again."

And so it came about that the unique and most artistically ugly spoons came into the possession of Mr. J., who declares that they are the handsomest berry spoons that he ever saw.

SOME FAMOUS HYMNS.

Nearly All Great Religious Songs the Result of Inspiration.

It is more true, perhaps, of hymns than of any form of poetry that they owe their origin to some sudden inspiration that seldom is repeated, says the Chicago Tribune. The great "Te Deum," that pean of Christianity, is said to have been first sung at the baptism of St. Augustine. Certain it is that it was the first hymn which Columbus and his sailors sang when they set foot on the New World and planted the flag of Spain.

Thomas di Celano, a scholar of St. Francis, of Assisi, wrote "Dies Irae." One of the best versions in English is that of Lord Roscommon, who died with two lines of it on his lips.

The "Veni, Sonate Spiritus" came from King Robert, of France.

They still show in Cornwall those features of the landscape which proved an inspiration to Wesley. He wrote many hymns, however, and this article has to do only with those who were obscure and had but one or two great moments of inspiration.

"Rock of Ages," a hymn which has been a great comfort to Christians, was written by Augustus Toplady in 1778. The author's life was a troubled one; his creed underwent changes; his temper was fiery. The better part of his nature seems to have blossomed forever in this hymn.

Bishop Heber wrote much besides the missionary hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains;" but it is by that that he will be chiefly remembered.

Joseph Hart, a native of London, where he was born in 1712, was the author of "Come Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy."

Sir Walter Shirley, an English Knight and preacher, who died in 1796, composed the beautiful hymn, known as "Sweet the Moments Rich in Blessing."

Dr. Timothy Dwight, one of the early presidents of Yale, wrote many ponderous and learned works on theology; but the reason why he will be longer remembered than many another theologian is that he was the author of "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord."

"Nearer! My God, to Thee" was composed by Sarah Fuller Flower. She married a civil engineer named Adams in 1834. She died in 1849 at the age of forty-four, and lies buried near Harlow, in Essex.

John Keble, the eminent English divine, wrote many learned volumes. He lives in the affections of his countrymen, however, as the author of "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear."

"Just as I Am, Without One Plea" was written by Miss Charlotte Elliott, of Clapham, Eng. How she came to compose it was curious. A clergyman asked her one day if she were a Christian. She replied that she felt unworthy to approach the Lord. "But come just as you are," suggested the clergyman. The words touched her and she put them in the form by which they are known to Christians all over the world. Miss Elliott died in 1871.

"I Would Not Live Alway" was written fifty years ago by Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg. It is a hymn which has comforted many mourners and given its author a lasting fame.

"Ninety and Nine," a hymn which was a great favorite with Moody and Sankey congregations, was written by Miss Elizabeth C. Clephane, a Scottish lady. Mr. Sankey supplied the music.

The "Lead, Kindly Light" of Dr. John Henry Newman (now Cardinal Newman) was written during a voyage to England. This hymn is said to be a great favorite with Queen Victoria. It seems to be loved equally by all Christian sects. Its venerable author is still living.

The late Matthew Arnold severely criticised those hymns of a Salvation Army order in which, however commendable may have been the intention of the author, the language descends to a vulgar plane. "Bad music and bad poetry in the end are dangerous," said Mr. Arnold. Among hymns that have been degraded to common-place uses is the "Sweet By and By." Its history is a curious one:

Prof. Joseph P. Webster, the author of the music, was at times subject to deep melancholy. Entering his office one day in one of his blue fits his partner, Bennett, asked him:

"What is the matter now?"

"No matter," was the answer; "it will be all right in the sweet by and by."

"Sweet by and by!" echoed Bennett. "That's a good sentiment for a hymn. I'll try it."

He turned to his desk, wrote three stanzas rapidly, and handed them to Webster. The latter was surprised and moved. He immediately made a draft of a musical staff and began to fill it with notes.

"Bennett," he said, "I've set music to your words; come, let us sing it."

And in a few weeks, throughout the length and breath of the country, old and young were singing "Sweet By and By."

Not Fallen So Low as That.

An English magazine, in an article on restaurants, tells of a New York speculator who came to grief and went to work as waiter in a cheap eating-house in that city. To this waiter's table came a broken-down, seedy-looking individual of an aristocratic, Fifth avenue, brown stone front type, sneaking in with every sign of being very much ashamed of himself. When the waiter arrived to take his order there was mutual recognition, and the new-comer murmured: "Great Scott, Thompson! you here?" The attendant showed no sympathy at all, but, drawing himself up haughtily, drily replied: "Yes, Jones. I wait here, but I don't *dine* here."

Diamonds Departing.

The most prominent jewelers now admit that even the diamond solitaire earring has almost departed. Many fashionable women with earrings worth a fortune no longer wear them, but have the stones reset in hair ornaments, brooches or bracelets. Possibly the fashion will never be revived. The antiquarian in the twenty-fifth century may note, as a distinct advance in civilization, the date when women ceased to bore their flesh to insert ornaments.

PAWN-SHOP PICTURES.

How People Get Loans at Three Per Cent. a Month.

Behind a long counter, worn smooth and greasy by many a threadbare sleeve, is a short, fat man, with a drooping mustache and small gray eyes—eyes that are like a ferret's; they never look directly at a man, but the person who stands before them knows instinctively that they have taken him in from head to foot, have shown the pawn-shop keeper how sorely money is needed, how much spirit is left in the "borrower." "Sizing a man up," is the pawn-shop phrase for it.

Don't say any thing by way of introduction, advises a New York Tribune reporter. There is no need to say any thing. He knows that you have not come there to lend money to him. Take out your watch, say, and lay it on the shining counter.

"How much?" he asks indifferently.

He has picked it up and is looking at it contemptuously, so that you see that he does not consider it worth $7. And that watch cost you $250, perhaps.

"Thirty-five dollars—about," hazarding a guess.

"Can't do it," shortly; "thirty."

"Very well, then, we can't make a bargain."

This gives him a cue. He takes a little "coupon" and begins to write on it.

"Thirty?" he asks as if there were no doubt about it.

"No."

"Thirty-two?" softly.

"Oh, no, not thirty-two."

He has finished his writing. Going to a drawer he pulls forth four bills, one five and three tens. Laying the "coupon" on them he pushes them toward you, reaching for the watch.

"Wait a minute. I think I want $40."

"Oh, pshaw, $40. It isn't worth $35, but I'm willing to accommodate you with thirty-five. No more."

A young man is at your side, nervously tapping the counter with a pair of opera-glasses, and the small eyes shoot swift glances at him.

"How much?" gruffly

"Five dollars."

"Five nothing; two."

"I got five for them last time."

"Fifteen time I've heard that to-day. Never were here before in your life."

"Three, then," doubtfully.

"Two," is the sharp response.

"Oh, very well," says the cowed young man in despair. "Two."

But he is so confused that he seizes his coupon and darts through the door, leaving his $2 on the counter.

"Humph," grunts the man behind the counter; "first experience at this sort of business."

The young man rushes back, crying breathlessly; "My $2! I left it on the counter; where is it?"

"What $2?" says the other, looking at him with his restless gray beads of eyes.

"Oh, give it to me," cries the poor wretch almost with a wail.

"Here's your money, young man," says the pawnbroker with a smile which is almost good-natured. "I thought you might miss it, so I took care of it for you. You ought to be more careful about money matters." And the young man goes out shamefaced as if he had accepted alms—alms at 3 per cent a month.

A young girl who has quietly slipped in drops a ring on the counter. She carried it in her closed hand. Perhaps she entered the front door. She keeps her eyes turned from every one; her hands tremble and her lips are bloodless.

"How much?"

"Oh, any thing," she says, in a low tone.

"Three dollars?"

"Yes," as she nervously twists the ring in her shaking fingers. You can almost hear her catch her breath as she reaches the door.

"Well? (The ferret eyes have flashed over you again). Thirty-five?"

"No, I think I said forty."

"Thirty-seven?"

"No."

"Well, forty," suddenly, for you have started for the door.

"No, thank you."

"Forty-five," a cry follows you into the narrow hall-way. But you are near the street, and the air ahead of you looks bright and inviting, and as you step on the sidewalk your lungs feel refreshed. It is pleasant to see people in the street. They seem more like men and women than the unfortunate creature who trembled before the pawn-shop.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

Why a Smart Dog Took the Place of a Setting Hen.

"Speaking of the dog show," said the man in the slate-colored trousers to a New York Tribune reporter, "reminds me of an astonishing proof of canine intelligence which came under my observation in the year 1879. I was at that time residing in Binghampton, Broome County, N. Y., and had a considerable amount of live stock, some poultry and a superb setter dog. I tell you he was a fine animal. I never see a dog with such gentle ways. Gentlemen, you could have pulled enough hair out of that dog to stuff a sofa pillow and he wouldn't 'a' bit a bald-headed baby. One day he was runnin' around the yard and somehow he playfully snapped the head off a hen. Gentlemen, I never knowed how he did it, but somehow or other the dog found out that she was a settin' hen and blamed if the critter didn't go and set on them eggs himself till he hatched out nine chickens."

There was a significant silence as the man in the slate-colored trousers finished and toyed suggestively with his glass.

"How do you explain such a remarkable occurrence?" at length inquired the man on the end.

"Setter dog, gentlemen," and then the man in the slate-colored trousers strolled away.

General Grant's Widow.

Mrs. U. S. Grant leads a very quiet life in New York. Her eyesight has become poor and she seldom appears in public except to drive in the park. General Sherman is a frequent and welcome guest at her house.

CHOOSING A BUSINESS.

A Serious Question for All Young Men to Consider.

"The question of choosing a business is a serious one. As a rule, a young man should adopt the calling for which he has a preference. If he has no particular choice, it would be well for him to try different occupations, until he finds one that suits him. I do not counsel changing about to gratify a spirit of uneasiness, for once a young man is installed in the business that he is suited to, he ought to stick to it," writes Russell Sage to the New York Herald. "I have known young men who entered employments reluctantly and, after a trial, became fond of them. A young man must be determined to succeed. After all, there is one great lever, and that is will-power. Without it very few men succeed.

"It depends on the circumstances whether failures betray incapacity in a man. If a failure is due to a cause not general, then it may be attributed to a lack of foresight and understanding. A shrewd merchant will not stock up with unsalable things; a shrewd farmer will not plant his ground to raise unsalable crops. Both the merchant and the farmer must find out what is most salable and act accordingly. There are exigencies, to be sure, like contagions, disasters, combinations, strikes and boycotts, that can not be foreseen. The prudent man of business has prepared himself to stand losses from such causes, and when the troubles have passed the fact of his having weathered them makes his financial position in the community stronger than ever. The present condition of the coal trade well illustrates the uncertainty of things. The mild, open winter could not be foreseen, and has caused great dulness and loss in the trade. Then there is the miracle of improvement. This is an age of competition, and it requires energy and perception to meet it. It used to take 90 days to find out the condition of the tea crop in Japan or the coffee crop in Brazil. Now an inquiry can be sent and an answer secured in a single day.

"The young man should start out in the world by the time he is 21. If he is qualified to begin life for himself at an earlier age he should do it. I began as a clerk when I was 12. At 18 I was in business for myself, and I have kept my sign up ever since. I should say that the average boy could take a clerkship at the age of 16 or 18. A wrong start need not mean a permanent failure. Many of the most successful men have started wrong and afterward righted themselves. There are many instances where men educated for the pulpit have gone to the bar and been conspicuous successes. Then, again, men educated for the bar have gone to the pulpit and achieved success."

WORKING THE TAILOR.

Original Scheme of a Philadelphia Swindler to Obtain a Suit of Clothes.

An ingenious swindle was recently worked successfully upon a Chestnut street druggist and a Chestnut street tailor, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The criminal was a young man of intelligent address, whose somewhat shabby clothes were brushed clean and his boots polished. Entering the pharmacy he informed the proprietor that the tailor, whose name he gave, was suffering with dyspepsia, and had requested that some medicine be sent to him. The druggist ordered a prescription, and while it was being compounded entered into a chat with the stranger, who paid for the bottle of medicine, and, before taking it away, asked the druggist to have another vial ready, and said that the tailor would call for it in a day or two. Then the swindler went to the tailor and ordered a suit of clothes, the price of which was fifty dollars. He wanted the garments made up in a hurry, and they were ready for him two days afterward. He put them on in the store and left his back-number suit to be sent to a fictitious address. "My friend," he said to the tailor (giving the name of the druggist) "has some money of mine, and if you will walk down there I will pay the bill." The tailor and the artful dodger reached the pharmacy. "I perceive that we all acquainted," the swindler said as they shook hands. "Now," he continued, speaking to the druggist, "give Mr. —— what I left here for him and excuse me for a moment." With that he slipped out of a side entrance and the druggist handed the tailor a vial wrapped in the customary white paper. "What do I want with this?" asked the sartorial artist. "That," responded the master of the pharmacopœnia, "is what your friend said you were to get here." "Not at all!" the tailor ejaculated. "I understood that you have the cash for the clothes that he got from me." They stared each other in the face for thirty seconds and made a simultaneous break for the door through which the mutual friend had disappeared. But he was not in sight.

That Which Is In a Name.

General Sherman is looking into a show window. Out comes the proprietor and says: "How do you do, General?" "Very well, sir; but I don't remember you." "General," says the proprietor, as the General tells it, "I made your shirts." "Ah!" says the General, "I am happy to meet you." Then comes up an old friend of the General and introduces the two. "General, let me make you acquainted with Major Schurtz." "Ah!" says the General, with a new light to his ears and understanding.

In a Cow's Stomach.

In the stomach of a cow which was butchered at Washington Court-House, O., the following articles were found: Several nails two and three inches long, screws, brass nails, carpet tacks and a number of small stones. There was fully a quart of these articles in the cow's stomach. The cow was apparently in good health before being butchered.

Execution by Boiling.

The English law formerly prescribed boiling where the culprit had committed a crime extremely revolting in its nature. The last person to suffer death by boiling in England was Rouse, cook to the Bishop of Rochester, who had poisoned seventeen persons.

FAMINE IN KANSAS.

Seeds Failed to Sprout in the Soil of the Desert—Farmers Must Beg For Help.

DENVER, Aug. 21.—The effect of the summer's drought in Eastern Colorado and Western Kansas begins to look gloomy. The cool weather of the past few days causes settlers in the dry districts to wonder where their supplies are to come from, as a great many of them have only their claims, and not all of these proven up, so that they have nothing to sell and nothing to borrow upon. A committee reached Denver to-day from the eastern part of Arapahoe county, sent by settlers of that district in quest of aid which no doubt will be generously furnished them, as Colorado as a whole has been blessed with unusually good crops, so that this state will be amply provided to take care of those who have not been so lucky in the eastern portion.

But Western Kansas, which comprises a much larger area, and where not even vegetables have grown the past year, will no doubt have to call upon the people of the East for assistance before the winter blasts are over. Already hundreds of families have gone to Colorado from Western Kansas, where they report that the corn, wheat and oats that have been planted in some districts were lost. There was not enough moisture in the ground to sprout it until the fall rains set in a week or two ago.

At Colorado Springs quite a number of families are living in tents. All seem to be thriving and in good health, having secured work since their arrival.

THE WARSHIP CHARLESTON

Will Probably be Ordered to Return to Honolulu as Soon as She Can Re-Coal.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—The state department is in apparent ignorance of the threatened revolution in Hawaii. Assistant Secretary Wharton said this morning that the department had received absolutely no information foreshadowing trouble on the island. The navy department is in the same condition, nothing official having been heard. Assistant Secretary Saley said that the department had sent its orders to Admiral Brown to come east with the Charleston on July 15, in the belief that she would not be needed there any longer. It took the orders two weeks to reach the Admiral, who started in obedience almost at once, and reached this coast before the letter from him to the department could get here. He will probably be ordered to return as soon as he can re-coal.

A COWARDLY MURDER.

Richard Daly Killed in the Kettle River Country by one Jenkins.

Word was received in Kamloops last week that Richard Daly, a well-known rancher in the Kettle River country, was on Friday the 15th inst., shot and instantly killed by an Indian reserve in Washington, south of his home.

It seems that Daly and Jenkins got into an altercation over some business matters, and as Daly was about to enter a cabin, toward which they were walking, Jenkins, who was a short distance behind, drew a revolver and shot him in the back, killing him instantly.

A chum of Jenkins who was present rushed toward the men, asking Jenkins what he meant, when the murderer turned upon him, shooting at him five times. Some other men hearing the shooting came on to the scene and secured Jenkins. It was found that all the shots fired by Jenkins at his partner had taken effect, and that both his arms were broken and one hand shattered.

Jenkins was taken to Spokane Falls and lodged in jail, and there lies awaiting trial.

Richard Daly was well known and highly respected throughout the district in which he resided.—Inland Sentinel.

B. F. Schwartz, first president of the National bank at Port Angeles, is in Victoria. He is accompanied by Mrs. Schwartz.

It Saved My Life.

GENTLEMEN,—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was dreadfully ill. We have used it in our family when required ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age. FRANCIS WALSH, Dalkeith, Ont.

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitudes of low test short-weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 107 Wall Street, New York. aug29

LECTURE.

PROF. JAS. W. ROBERTSON,

Dominion Dairy Commissioner and Professor of Dairying at the Dominion Agricultural College at Guelph,

Will lecture under the auspices of the B. C. Agricultural Association at the Philharmonic Hall on

Saturday Evening, Sept. 13th, 1890,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

SUBJECT:

"ANIMAL HUSBANDRY," with a view to the development of the Dairy interest in the Province.

A large attendance is especially requested. Admission free. C. E. RENOUF, Sec. B.C. Agricultural Association. au26-eod-d&w