Weekly Colonist

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1886.

HIS WORSHIP OF WINNIPEG.

This gentleman visited this province some three weeks since and remained a day or two. During that extended period of sojourn he took in every point of interest, carefully investigated the social, moral, mineral and agricultural capabilities of the country and returned with his mind overflowing with valuable information concerning the province and people. Upon his return to Winnipeg he is represented as saying that he "would not give five cents an acre for the whole province," and that "there cannot be over twelve townships of good land in the province. Beyond the Rockies everything is dead—there is no verdure." At Kamloops, his worship was informed, "no rain had fallen for three years." His worship of Winnipeg has been badly "stuffed." He is the victim of graceless wags who took advantage of his greenness to hoax him. It is surprising that His Verdancy, who would seem to have opened wide his ears to silly yarns, but to have closed his eyes to palpable facts, should have allowed himself to become the receptacle and disseminator of the nonsense we have quoted. If the country west of the Rockies is "dead," how can Mr. Wesbrook account for the great bands of live stock that are raised and maintained there? How does he account for the flour mills? Were there "no verdure" there would be no wheat. And how does it happen that the Northwest is at this very moment drawing upon British Columbia for its supply of beef and fruit? Acre for acre there is reason to believe that this province will compare with any other in the Dominion—especially Manitoba, where the country is so level that an ant-hill is considered a mountain and a collection of half-a-dozen saplings is called a dense forest. That British Columbia will never be a great wheatgrowing country is true; but it has many things the world is in want of that Manitoba has not. It has timber of the finest description. Manitoba has none. It has fruits of every variety. Manitoba has none. It has minerals and fossils of illimitable extent and incalculable value. Manitoba has none. It has sea food on one side of the world night feed and there would still be sufficient left to provide the mayor of Winnipeg with a "square" for breakfast every morning. Such, then, is British Columbia—a country teeming with all the resources and elements that contribute to build up and maintain a great nation—for which Winnipeg's mayor solemnly declares he would not give a plooy une an acre. Poor mayor! Poor Winnipeg! It is hard to say which is to be pitied most.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The force of his intellect and fascination of his eloquence would still seem to be possessed in an unabated degree by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher who has been lately preaching in England with the same success that distinguished him in past years. He possesses the faculty of holding his hearers spell-bound no matter in what vein he addresses them, whether seriously, reverently, or humorously. One who was present at the City Temple in London on the occasion when the Rev. Mr. Beecher held forth, says that it was instructive to watch the gradual growth of the assembly during the hour preceding the service. From the select group of "early birds" it grew moment by moment into a vast throng, filling every available space in the capacious edifice, with the exception of one or two distant corners, of which all but the latest comers, influenced, perhaps, by sinister rumors as to deficient voice-power, fought shy. There was the typical devout old lady who is always *there* and always *early*. There were dissenting parsons of every sect and every shade, with a considerable sprinkling of clergymen, including the acetic High Churchman, who during the sermon must have had rather a warm time of it, and the sleek and dapper curate. Popular divines were there, men at whose feet crowds of Sunday admirers are wont to sit, as well as brethren who fulfil the "necessary," if "harmless," function of pulpit supply. The journalist was there, the London merchant was there, the unmistakable American, bewrayed both by speech and physiognomy, was there. Shortly before the service commenced a leading popular actress entered. But why that fluttering beneath the clerical waistcoat at her approach? Whence that instant buzz of pleased recognition on the part of an assembly consisting for the most part presumably of ecclesiastics, if not lineal descendants of the stage-denouncing Puritans? Surely those esteemed divines and exemplary church members had not seen the lady before; or, at least, only in the albums of worldly acquaintances in the cabinet portrait form. But was there any incongruity in the presence of an actress at the City Temple? Remembering at the time the histrionic powers of the pastor, and somewhat of imitable acting that I had witnessed in that pulpit, and recalling, as I write, the dramatic style and force of the preacher for the occasion, it seems to me only an allusion of the adage, "Birds of a feather," etc. Who can tell! Was there just the shadow of a shade of passing disappointment as the veteran ascended the platform of which he and Dr. Parker was the sole occupant? Was he rather more of the old man than my imagination had pictured him, more senile and less leonine? Was there a slight touch of the gentleman-farmer detracting for the moment from the awfulness of the divine? Did it seem, just for a passing instant, as though leathern gaiters and a cattle market were neither irrelevant nor irreverent ideas to associate with the fresh-coloured face and that portly form? Only for a moment did these suggestions of the Evil One find a place in my mind. It was "first and natural, afterward that which was spiritual." Presently all bucolic suggestions faded away, and the ideal Beecher loomed grandly forth. He is a fine animal, but on that animal—to use again his own phrase—is superimposed the spiritual, and the spiritual is regnant supreme. Mr. Beecher's physique would mark him out in any assembly as a man of unusual strength of character and intellectual power. That full brow, like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form; that serene, massive mouth, automatically eloquent; those slightly prominent eyes, capable of vivid fire flashes, only needed kindling to show themselves the sanctuary of a lofty inspiration, the temple and organs of a God-given genius. The entire service was conducted by Mr. Beecher, who announced the familiar hymn, "Not all the blood of beasts," and read the whole of it in accents tremulous, as it seemed, with suppressed emotion. It was recited with a fine elocution, though nearly inaudible amid the noise of movement within the building, and the roar of the traffic outside. This was followed by a reading of the 23rd Psalm, characterized by a tender pathos that threatened ever and again to break into a sob, especially in the verse beginning, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death." On the word "comfort," in the last clause of that verse, a whole soul of emphasis was laid. Then came a short prayer, more conventional and less marked by originality of sentiment and expression than that of Mr. Beecher's published prayers. Who can describe that sermon so as to convey any adequate impression to the minds of those who did not hear it? So full of racy humor and philosophic elevation; so replete with double-distilled common sense; so original in its structure and ideas, enforced with so much felicity of phrase, fervor of delivery, and dramatic force; so alive at all points; so fresh and breezy; so full of light and shade; a strain of high reasoning, suddenly passing into a vein of playful satire, impassioned declamation, softening down into the most moving pathos; or a bit of logical analysis, culminating in a poetic image of exquisite beauty—the whole so telling and interesting, so manly and so human. If any critic chooses to pick out an Americanism here and there, or to scent any occasional violation of the strictest canons of good taste, he is welcome to his congenial but unsavory task. For myself, having heard the man, I feel constrained to pronounce him one *Nunc Dimittis*. It was a great treat to sit in the presence of powerful and moving public address. It was a healthy sermon, such as even dyspeptic could have preached—robust in its thinking, sinewy in its logic, with flashes of wit, like the violet summer lightning, playing continually around the theme. One did not wonder that such preaching, so intellectual in its quality, and yet going home so straight to all the actual experiences and necessities of human life, should be the attractive force it is to hearers of every type—merchants, statesmen, and men of all the professions. If we could graft a bit of Beecher on to the present race of theological students the pulpit would become a power in our generation with which philosopher, statesman, and journalist alike would have to reckon. There is no difficulty in accounting for Mr. Beecher's popularity. He is a combination of qualities, each of which is in itself attractive. He is eloquent, he is humorous, he is tender. He is intellectual, but never dull. His audience receives the compliment of supposed intelligence. One could as soon expect to see Jupiter playing chuck-farthing as to hear Mr. Beecher twaddling. He has a fine voice, when he chooses, and a noble figure, whether he chooses or not. He is broad in his views and charities, and yet the accent of profound conviction runs through all he says. He is playful, but never flippant. His sympathies are with social and political, as well as theological ideas. He is tribune and prophet in one.

EXTENDING THE ISLAND RAILWAY.

Elsewhere in this issue we give space to a correspondent's views respecting the future of the island railway. He expresses the firm opinion that so far from being completed when established between Nanaimo and Victoria the island railway is only just commenced; and that its future extension should be to the north of the island, thence to Queen Charlotte's Islands and from there to Fort Simpson by a sort of water stretch policy. Without pooh-poohing such a proposition in these days of enterprise, one cannot fail to remember that among the first requisites to the success of such a line would be the existence of a trade, or the reasonable certainty of one springing up of an extent to warrant such a large outlay as would of necessity be required. Whether the prospects held out of a paying northern trade on this basis are sufficient can be left to those who can find out by trying; but to our mind, and doubtless those of many others we think that the day for such a line is premature, an aching want is not yet, and that discussion as to its construction and route can safely be left to a mercifully dim future.

STRANGE THINGS HAVE HAPPENED.

Queen Charlotte's and Port Simpson Involved.

A Scheme for the Extension of the Island Railway.

VICTORIA, Aug. 17th, 1886.

TO THE EDITOR: It is a mistake to think the Nanaimo railway completed, it being in reality only the end of the beginning. The railroad must be continued to the northern end of Vancouver Island, and to obtain this prolongation is the duty of the present—duty and enterprise belonging as well to the local as the Dominion government.

About one hundred and thirty miles from the north end of the island, are the Queen Charlotte's islands, and opposite to these, on the mainland, distant one hundred miles, is Port Simpson, and beyond Port Simpson is Alaska. Given a railroad to the water and steamboats at its terminus plying to these places, the traffic and trade thereof could be commanded. A trade exists at present—and it will grow into one. Who is able to say how much?

There are fisheries, too, on these coasts east and west, as also fur seals.

Queen Charlotte Islands require to be settled and will be as soon as communication with them be rendered easy. The same perhaps may be said in a less degree of the mainland opposite, and the same, without reservation, of Vancouver Island and archipelago. That a railroad can be built through the length of Vancouver island is scarcely open to doubt,—that this road would pass through much good land, as also that containing abundance of coal, iron and other metals, is undoubtable. Such a road would have short branches at well to the west and east coast and thus offer to those places, and the innumerable adjacent islands, manifold advantages and facilities for settlement, production and commerce that would not offer unless the road be built, but also the Canadian and Northern Pacific railways. Tourists come by thousands now—they will come in thousands crying—sweet bye-and-bye—settlers, also.

Not only would this road facilitate commerce and save time and accidents in travel, but would render unnecessary to a great extent the navigation of the intricate, narrow and, for various reasons, dangerous channels between Vancouver island and the mainland.

There are still vacant lands to build this road with, and if a little money be required it will be better spent in making this than a wagon road. The owners of the road will settle the lands on per agreement.

The chief points only have been indicated in this note—the filling up, if worth while, is left to those interested.

J. S. H.

The Bylaws.

TO THE EDITOR: The retrogressionists with the assistance, afforded them by the great "I am," the editor of the Standard, are making every effort to defeat the bylaws which are to be submitted to the ratepayers on the 24th, and in order to attain their purpose, hesitate not to make false and misleading statements.

I am a loyal Canadian, and the cause of opposition to these progressive measures. Surely, Mr. Editor, there are few ratepayers who have not sufficient common sense to perceive the necessity for an extension of the water works system. It would be a mere waste of time to reiterate the arguments in favor of having an adequate supply of water when it must be evident that a great conflagration will sooner or later overtake us unless the present condition of affairs is remedied.

It is mere claptrap to contend, as Mr. DeCosmos does, that the sole object of extending the present system by high and level reservoirs is to give a few who live in the elevated portions of the city a supply of water, when there is not a householder in town who does not complain that he can obtain sufficient water to keep his garden green or nourish his flowers, and when there is not a business man on Government, Fort or Yates streets who does not find his goods covered and destroyed by dust, alway excepting the proprietor of the Standard himself, who seems to revel with luxuriant delight in the dust, and who, forsooth, "thinks it will do him good." Surely, if anything can be done to induce the retrogressionists to vote with rather more than a remote chance of having his "back slightly increased." But what can we expect from a paper conducted as the Standard is? Can we expect the gentleman interested in that sheet to advocate anything this progressive? No; it isn't his nature, for although he has had simple means of comfort derived from other sources, fortunately for himself, what enterprise or progressiveness has he shown in conducting his paper during the past thirteen or fourteen years? Always a day or two behind the others with telegraphic news, no local news at all, and even and use made of the scissors. Such being the case, it is not to be expected that he will support anything that has a tendency to advance the welfare of his fellow citizens. I am, however, astonished that there should be others, although I believe few in numbers, also opposed to borrowing money for public improvements, fearing, I believe, in the dread of increased taxation. I would ask those who take this stand, will not the expenditure on the contemplated works of a large sum of money return to your pocket good interest upon your investment? Won't your property be enhanced in value? And won't the circulation of this money, all of which remains in our midst, benefit you indirectly? I venture to say that every ratepayer who will calmly consider the effect of passing these bylaws and figure carefully the possible increase of taxation on his own property, will conclude that borrowing the proposed sums cannot, under the most adverse circumstances, touch their pockets to the extent that a few pessimists would have them suppose.

CITIZEN.

Mrs. Beecher Hears Gladstone.

We remained in Liverpool until Monday evening to hear Mr. Gladstone's speech, and accordingly, two hours before the meeting was to open, we started for the large hall where the "Grand Old Man" was to address the populace. Even at that early hour we found entrance very difficult. As Mr. Beecher's ticket placed him on the platform, we parted company at the door, and, committing us to the care of Major Pond, he left with no fear that with such a stalwart attendant we should have any difficulty in reaching the seats our tickets called for. But at the first step we were hemmed in by a crowd such as we never met before. Every one has read and heard of the densely packed English crowds which can be gathered on special occasions, and of the compact and irresistible power which an English mob can show. We thought we knew something of its meaning. But our poor gifts at description utterly fail us here. Heaven defend us from being ever so closely wedged in again! No room to take one step; packed so crushingly that the chest had not room to expand sufficiently to enable us to draw one full breath. But the crowd behind pressed with ever-increasing power on those who were held immovable in front, and inch by inch bore them forward, utterly powerless to resist. It is well for all that the packing was so effectually done that there was no room to fall, or hundreds must have been crushed to death. Major Pond's great height and broad shoulders alone kept us from suffocation; and at last, when well nigh exhausted, we were lifted over the rope that barred an entrance and dropped into our seat, where for an hour and a half we sat, before the meeting was opened, watching the terrible struggle of others, less fortunate, vainly attempting to force their way to some resting place. Once inside the building, there was no escape, it was just as impossible to return as to go forward.

At last the surging mass of human beings became partially stationary. There was no longer room to move, resistance was in vain. Then, one by one, those who were to occupy the platform emerged from their well-guarded waiting-room and came on the platform. With each fresh arrival that huge assembly broke out into cheers and shouts. We had just passed the ordeal of a British crowd, now we were to learn the strength and endurance of British lungs. We have in our day heard some cheering and shouting in America, but we must humbly yield the palm in this particular to our brethren across the water. We have certainly at last seen and heard all that can be accomplished in an enthusiastic English gathering. If satiated by angry, disordant passions, how fearful must have been the results!

Promptly at the appointed hour Gladstone entered. Mistaken mortal, to suppose that we had heard all that an enthusiastic English audience could accomplish! Words fail in describing the scene. The immense crowd arose tumultuously. Those wedged into their proper places by the pressure managed to struggle to their feet, and in the selfish enthusiasm of the moment, hoping to catch a full view of the grand old man, mounted on to the seats, thus preventing all back of them from seeing anything. Then shout after shout, cheer after cheer, rose louder and louder; hats, umbrellas, handkerchiefs, and even the coats of the men were shaken overhead; the stamping of feet and cases was deafening; anything, everything was resorted to that could increase the volume of sound, until one almost feared the walls of that tremendous hall must crack and demolish the building.

When at last the tumult partially ceased, we think from sheer lack of strength to continue it, Mr. Gladstone, who had stood bowing to the worshipping multitude which surrounded him, began to speak. Although constantly interrupted by "Hear, hear!" and other assenting exclamations, he went on without showing the least annoyance from these ejaculations, which seemed sufficient to distract all connected thought from his subject. That, to be sure, was one to which he was giving his whole soul. The papers furnish but a meagre idea of its strength and eloquence. It would be the height of folly to attempt even the faintest description. No such sublime rhetoric and eloquence can be described by pen; it must be heard to be understood and appreciated. England should listen to his appeal and bow with reverence to his wonderful power. Will she! The Best and Holiest left heaven to do good to erring man, and in return they crucified him! How will England show her estimate for all the strength that Gladstone is endeavoring to give her in the last days of his ripe old age!—*Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn Magazine.*

A QUEEN OF THE AIR.

Little Vic, the Trapeze Performer's Death Down South.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 7.—Victoria Grace "Little Vic, the queen of the air," as she was called, was recognized yesterday among the bodies in the dissecting room of the Charity hospital. She had died in the hospital without any one knowing who she was, and was about to be buried in Potter's Field, when some of the members of the profession stepped in and gave her decent burial. Victoria Grace was 36 years old, and a native of Philadelphia. She went on the trapeze when quite a child, and travelled in late years with Barnum's, Forepaugh's and Howe's great London circuses. She made a trip to Mexico with the Oran Brothers, to Cuba with Leon De Leon's troupe, and to Central America with Clifton & McMann. She made plenty of money, and was reputed to be well off, but spent money even faster than she made it, and, being addicted to the use of opium, gradually drifted into debt and poverty. Originally a very handsome women, she became worn and old. Two days ago she came to this city in destitute condition, was taken ill, and carried to the Charity hospital delirious. There she died without anyone knowing her, and thence she was buried.

Nanaimo.

(Westward, Ho!)

An immense racket was heard in the vicinity of the High school yesterday evening. Upon rushing out to investigate, it was discovered to be the avant courier of three stage loads of Chinese on pleasure bent. The Chinese band was there, also Old Joss, together with several other minor gods. It is said that a picnic will be given to-day, and that a Joss house is to be established. Who says that Nanaimo is retrograding?

Wm. Wetherell was burned by a shot in the East Wellington Colliery on Thursday.

The Island Railway—Correction.

In the account of the island railway published in *The Colonist* on Sunday morning the name of Mr. R. C. Ridge, C. E., was omitted from the list of gentlemen who composed the engineering staff. Mr. Ridge was one of the first engineers employed on the great work, and remained there until it had been brought to a happy consummation.

BEARS.—Mr. J. Gordon shot a she-bear and two cubs in the "burnt timber" district, Sooke, on Thursday.

THE BIG BEAR COUNTRY.

Its Capacity for Development.

A Glorious Field for Its Future.

FARWELL, Aug. 14th.

TO THE EDITOR.—I have been reading your papers of late, and not seeing any special communication from this point, I conclude you would not object to printing in your valuable paper now and then a short article touching the mineral resources of that portion of this district north of us and embraced between the two crossings of the Columbia river, by the great Canadian Pacific railway, and the Columbia river—known as "the Big Bend," and submit the following to your approval:

I came here several weeks ago to visit this country, with an eye to investing. On the morning of July 28th I mounted my pony and set out, feeling as though I would have a hard trip—but on the contrary I had a pleasant one. I was absent twelve days, camping out most of the time, which seemed to benefit me. At all events I had a good appetite and could sleep well at night. The first mines inspected were located on

CARSON'S CREEK

about thirty miles north of this point, and to my surprise I found claims started from its mouth for four miles up almost uninterruptedly. The work is being pushed ahead vigorously, and almost in all cases, pays enough to cover expenses in taken out. I regard this as a rich section, and at no distant day my words will be verified by the big returns the discoverers will get. On crossing Gold Stream about forty miles further north, I met Mr. James Gray, a most genial and courteous gentleman, and perhaps known to you and many of your readers, who entertained me for the night, took great pains in the following morning to show me the claim of his company, and to explain the manner in which it would be worked. Mr. Gray's company is composed of four members only, and his claim embraces considerable ground running one and one-half miles up McCullough creek from where it empties into Gold stream—the same being a five years' lease from the government. Their company is called

THE OPHIR RED ROCK FLUME COMPANY,

and they have experienced Californians at big wages in their employ, and are already putting out pay beyond working expenses. They have hydraulic machinery bought to put on the ground, and are only waiting for transportation, the want of which is a big drawback. I do hope the government will make a good wagon road from Downie creek to the Ground Hog Basin. This done and you will see the country full of enterprising add go-ahead men, for it is rich in gold and only awaits development.

Mr. Gray informs me that the hydraulic will do the work of 100 men. Adjoining the Ophir is the Barrel claim, from which $27,000 was taken twenty years ago. This company is composed of good and experienced men. They have a tunnel 700 feet long, parallel with bed rock, and they confidently expect to strike it rich. The water is too high, and there is too much dripping (surface) to allow them to go down very deep. I have no doubt as to the final result.

Passing on up the creek, I came to the grounds of the Selkirk company, who have struck bedrock and are ready to take out pay. There are several other creek claims before reaching the celebrated Ground Hog Basin, which are being developed.

The quartz claim of the McArthur company shows up well. The McKay mine shows up well. The Bonanza King, the property of the Columbia and Big Bend company, shows up well, as also do many others. While in the country the Hoskin's creek placer discovery was located and your correspondent, Chas. Kerr, Drs. Orton and Brett and S. W. Lobb became members thereof. This company have eighteen hundred feet of ground in length and a thousand feet wide. The claim is on a branch of French creek, and, in my opinion, a bonanza. I did not visit the McMillan mine on French creek proper for want of time, knowing that no shares of this company could be bought. I heard they had struck bedrock and were taking out pay. Since my return to Farwell, the company members here have received over a pound of the finest gold I have seen, and with it comes the report that the mine is rich and

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS PER DAY

can now be taken out. With proper machinery this company would soon be on the road to a fortune, to be made in a few months.

Our little town is feverish with excitement, and shares in the different mines are rapidly bought up. The time is not far distant when mining property here will be valuable, and it will be difficult to purchase shares except at very high rates.

I am glad to have invested so early, and shall cast my fortune with the country

WITHOUT FEAR AS TO THE RESULT.

One word about the trail and our little town before I close. The trail is a most excellent one, but freight (packing) rates are high. I would be glad to have you bring the matter of a wagon road from Downie creek to the notice of your readers, and urge the government to consider the matter. Private enterprise will put a boat on the Columbia to Downie. I do not hesitate to say that the country is rich in gold, and awaits the time when it will have the advantages of easy approach, machinery and capital, to show up in its development the vast beds of gold it contains. Farwell is destined to become of much importance and of much larger size. The country is healthy and the water good.

MEDICUS.

Farwell, B. C., Aug. 14, 1886.

Eastern Canada Mail.

(Per Canadian Pacific Railway.)

OTTAWA, Aug. 11.—A telegram from the Admiralty office in England to the Marine and Fisheries Department here, announces that Admiral Lord Clanwilliam, Commander-in-chief of the North American squadron, has been ordered to Canadian waters to confer with the Canadian and Newfoundland authorities regarding the present difficulty. He will be accompanied by two British men-of-war, which will also take a hand in protecting the fisheries.

A daughter of Mrs. Sarah Meyer, in the Forest River region, accompanied her demented mother to the asylum at Jamestown, D. T., but on reaching there the daughter was found to be even more insane than the mother, and both were held. The mother is quite weathy.

Captain Baker has investigated the alleged robbery of bodies from the wrecked steamer Algoma, on Isle Royal, Lake Superior, and says there is no foundation for the story.

MANGLED BERRY-PICKERS.

A Lehigh Valley Train Strikes a Party of Seven.

BROWNSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 7.—A berrying party of seven persons was struck by a train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad near here yesterday. Mrs. Wilkofski, aged 60, was cut in pieces. The other six, one of whom was her son, were scattered beside the track all unconscious. They were taken to their residences in Smoky Hollow, and all may die from their injuries.

QUICK DESPATCH.—The first consignment of tea from Yokohama for Toronto which left Port Moody on the 1st was delivered to Toronto consignees on the 9th August.

THE EQUIMALT WATER WORKS.—Mr. Lebbe, secretary, calls for tenders for the supply of iron piping, etc., for the Equimalt water works.

DRIVEN POLITICS.

The Argument of Parliament.

About Land Legislation News.

NEW YORK, August 12.—The Tribune's cable special from London says: No intimation was given to the House of Commons, which yesterday adjourned till autumn, how long the session would last. The Times to-day speaks confidently of the collapse of the threatened obstruction on the estimates, but admits that there must be a debate on the Belfast riots, probably more vehement than instructive. Its prediction of a very short session is not new, but it makes no mention of a possible concession to the opposition, in the shape of a meeting in November. This, if adopted, will be explained as necessary in order to give time for passing the new rules of procedure. Lord Randolph Churchill is, or lately was, in favor of this plan. Being the leader of the House, he will have his way, if he persists. London, in spite of all attempts to keep the crisis alive, has rapidly relapsed into a stagnant condition.

August is King. The streets are empty; most of the theatres are closed, and the clubs are closing right and left. The House of Commons made believe to keep open the last two days for administering the oath. The club bulletin-boards were placarded with appeals to legislators to go down and qualify themselves to serve the State. Most of them preferred to rush off to Scotland to qualify themselves for killing grouse to-morrow, when the annual massacre of these innocent birds begins. Mr. Gladstone is rusticating with one of his oldest admirers and newest Knights, Sir Algernon West, near Guilford. The Liberal leaders, with scarcely an exception have left town; nor will they return unless compelled by the prospects daily diminishing, of the resumption of active hostilities on the meeting of Parliament. Most of the new Ministry remain in London, devoting themselves to mastering the duties of their departments. This is the more necessary as the majority of them are wholly new to their offices.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—Labouchere thus sums up British politics in a cablegram to the World: The effrontery of Lord Hartington and of his friends must excite the jealousy of Lord Randolph Churchill. They put themselves forward as the exponents of Liberal opinion outside of the House of Commons. That opinion has pronounced itself by an overwhelming majority against them. They have seats in Parliament owing to the Conservative voters having come to their rescue. The Liberals who have seats owe them to having overcome the endeavors of these gentlemen in alliance with the Conservatives to oust them. The discredited and diminished dissident rump now calmly informs the World that the Liberal party can only be united by throwing Mr. Gladstone and accepting Lord Hartington as its leader, and I presume dividing the spoils of office between the fry of the Hartington gang and a dozen Radicals who acknowledge him as their chief. It is understood that Lord Hartington was not in favor of taking his seat on the front opposition bench, but that he was induced to adopt this step by Mr. Chamberlain, who, in consideration of having his way in this, joined the Unionist League from which, during the elections, he held aloof.

I have been analyzing the list of ministerial appointments, and I find forty-seven members either of the peerage or of families of peers, or of the united landocracy, who have received places carrying with them fat salaries. Besides these appointments a number of peers are given additions to their incomes by their wives receiving salaries for acting as lay figures in court tom-foolories. A total amount of £110,000 is paid to the peers and sons of peers. The more, says John Bright, you examine this matter the more you will come to the conclusion which I have arrived at, namely, that this is neither more nor less than a gigantic system of outdoor relief for the aristocracy of Great Britain.

I presume the Tories and Unionists are well satisfied that their wretched dupes in Belfast have so well responded to the advice tendered them. The bright particular star of Orangeism, Toryism and Unionism, Mr. Decaban, M. P., is now engaged in encouraging these wretches to continue to resist the constabulary by asserting that the reign of terror in Belfast is the result of a deliberate plan of the constabulary, who are known to have given pledges to kill Orangemen whenever they get the opportunity.

Landlords have said to me, "My land costs me more than it produces." My reply has always been, Then give it to me." This they invariably decline to do, which proves that either their land has a value or they are silly enough to hold property which is owned at a loss. Why should we waste our pity on persons who have a salable article and refuse to sell it? "But we cannot sell," they reply. This, however, only means that they cannot sell the article for more than its real value. Of course they cannot. No more can any one else.

There will be an autumn session. The sole choice which the Government has is whether they prefer that it shall commence at once or in October or in November. If they insist upon its commencing at once, there will be no holiday. Dissenting Liberals may pass resolutions expressing their confidence in the Government, but this, however, will hardly alter matters, for so far as regards the autumn session we are absolute masters of the situation.

LONDON, Aug. 11.—Edmund Yates says in the World: The more violent Gladstonians and Parnellites are threatening to obstruct, but I do not believe that Gladstone will encourage this policy. Not that he desires to accept the Government, but because he knows the policy of obstruction would injure his own party in the country. There will probable be weeks of debate on the address. It is expected the estimates will take a fortnight. In that event Parliament will rise about the middle of September. Gladstone's followers are much puzzled about his future course. The great man, himself, still talks in a mysterious, oracular vein. Sometimes he speaks as if he intends to remain in active leadership of the opposition, and at other times his language seems to point to an early relinquishment of political life. I suspect that Gladstone, himself, does not yet know what he will do.

A Dangerous Condition.

One of the most dangerous conditions is a neglected kidney complaint. When you suffer from weary aching back, weakness and other urinary troubles, apply to the back a Burdock Form Plaster, and take Burdock Blood Bitters, the best system regulator known for the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. fn-th-sat-dw

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Absolutely Pure.

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 multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in Cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 107 Wall St., N.Y. ja5dwly

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Mr. Frank Hendry, writing from Seaforth says: "I purchased one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters to purify my blood. It did purify it, and now I have excellent health." As a blood purifying tonic and system regulator the result of taking B. B. B. is always successful. tu-th-sat-dw.

Just the Thing.

W. J. Guppy, druggist, of Newbury, writes: "Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is just the thing for Summer Sickness. I sold out my stock three times last summer. There was a good demand for it." Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is infallible for Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach and Bowel Complaint. tu-th-sat-dw

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's own true Laxative. This pleasant liquid fruit remedy may be had of Langley & Co. Sample bottles free and large bottles at 75 cents and $1 25. It is the most pleasant, prompt and effective remedy known, to cleanse the system; to act on the Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels gently yet thoroughly, to dispel headaches, Colds and Fevers, to cure Constipation, Indigestion and kindred ills. dw13

It Never Fails.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will never fail when taken to cure Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach or any form of Summer Complaint. Relief is almost instantaneous; a few doses cure when other remedies fail. tu-th-sat-dw.

Do Not Delay.

Do not delay, if suffering from any form of Bowel Complaint however mild apparently may be the attack, but use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is the old, reliable cure for all forms of Summer complaints that require prompt treatment. Ask your druggist and all dealers in patent medicines. tu-th-sat-dw.

A Pleasing Duty.

"I feel it my duty to say," writes John Borton, of Desert P. Q., "that Burdock Blood bitters cured my wife of liver complaint, from which she had been a chronic sufferer. Her distressing, painful symptoms soon gave way, and I can highly recommend the medicine to all suffering as she did. tu-th-sat-dw.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind. apd-eod-dw

NOTICE.

TAKE NOTICE THAT H. N. COURSIER AND A. G. JOHNSTON, carrying on business at Granite Creek, under the name of Coursier & Johnston, have this day made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors to Wm Heathcote and J. L. Retallick, of Victoria, to whom all accounts duly verified must be sent in.

Dated 9th August, 1886.

THORNTON FELL,
Solicitor for the Assignees.

au16dwlm

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For terms address PROF. J. TAIT, Principal.
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IMPORTANT.
HAVING IMPORTED FROM MR. GLOVER Cheshire, England, a fine specimen of
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I have now some fine birds for sale $5 each; also, some eggs $5 per dozen. WM. DEAN, Highland District.
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LORNE ESTATE.
TENDERS FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF about eight miles of Ditches will be received by the undersigned, or Mr. J. S. Harris, Ladner's Landing, up to noon on FRIDAY, 27th August, 1886. Specifications can be obtained from Mr. Harris, or at the office of the undersigned. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
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Sal-Muscatelle is Nature's own product; it supplies to the weary system the want of sound, ripe grapes and fruit; it keeps the blood pure and brain clear; is a natural blessing to the fagged-out and weary, an imperative companion to business men, ladies and children. Have it in your homes, travels, summer resorts and sea-side cottages.
THE TOPIC OF THE DAY.
Sick Headache and Dyspepsia Cure.
Sal-Muscatelle is the best preventative and cure for all functional derangements of the liver, biliousness, sick headache, temporary congestion arising from alcoholic beverages, giddiness, oppression, vomiting or feeling of melancholy, ERRORS IN DIET, EATING OR DRINKING; for all accidental indigestion arising from hasty meals, nervousness, impure blood, nettlerash, itching, or any other over-acid state of the blood; boils, skin eruptions, commencement of diphtheria, the effect of mercurial poisons and at the beginning of all fevers; measles, chicken pox, prickly heat, rheumatic and gouty poison due to impure blood, and sourness of stomach.
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TAKEN INTERNALLY MIXED WITH A WINE GLASS OF HOT MILK AND SUGAR, IT WILL BE FOUND A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR
SUDDEN COLDS, CHILLS, CONGESTION OR STOPPAGE OF CIRCULATION, CRAMPS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, SUMMER AND BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SORE THROAT, &c.
APPLIED EXTERNALLY, EXPERIENCE HAS PROVEN IT THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND BEST LINIMENT OR EARTH IN REMOVING THE PAIN ARISING FROM
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