Weekly Colonist.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1885.

THE FARWELL DIFFICULTY.

The report of the proceedings in the magistrate's court at Farwell, which we publish to-day, shows that the action of Mr. Sproat and the Provincial authorities has been sustained by the special commissioner sent from Ottawa by the minister of justice to report upon the recent trouble at Farwell. The commissioner is Colonel J. F. McLeod, C. M. G., a barrister, formerly commanding the mounted police in the Northwest and now judge of the McLeod district, which is south of Calgary, between the Rockies and Medicine Hat. The offending commissioner of police, Mr. Johnston, and all other offenders who were apprehended appeared in Mr. Sproat's court, withdrew their former pleas of not guilty, and pleaded guilty and made full submission. In Mr. Johnston's case Colonel McLeod, with Mr. Sproat's request, sat with the latter on the bench, Mr. Sproat, however, presiding. The submission of the offenders made leniency possible, and further reasons therefor are stated in Mr. Sproat's judgment, which we feel sure will commend themselves to the good sense and generous feelings of the public, though some may have desired a sterner punishment. It is sufficient, however, that the law and the dignity of the court was vindicated. In this province the law always has been supreme, and its authority seldom has been attacked. The incident at Farwell is the first occasion in the history of the province in which peace officers have been attacked by peace officers. The outrage was of such a character that Mr. Sproat, whose conciliatory temper is well known, had to take decisive steps to assert the law. He has had throughout the support of the Provincial government, and we congratulate the public on the successful termination of the difficulty. It is believed that Colonel McLeod and Mr. Sproat have agreed upon a *modus vivendi* for the future, subject to the approval of the two governments. Farwell is now the centre of a railway population of over 6000. Mr. Johnston had 24 special constables, and Major Steele also has a detachment of about 20 of the mounted police. The Provincial authority is represented by Mr. Sproat, Mr. John Kirkup and one constable. Under these circumstances our evening contemporary, in entire ignorance of the facts and the law, deemed it decent, in a scurrilous articlet, to attempt to hamstring our slender Provincial contingent, contending against such odds, to assert the supremacy of Canadian law and to uphold the dignity of our Provincial institutions. Our evening contemporary sided with the lawbreakers, but, unlike them, we fear that our e. c. is too graceless to make confession and submission.

Sanitary.

To THE EDITOR:—After the report by the committee on the sanitary state of the city, published in this morning's *Colonist*, do the city councillors require any further incentive to immediate action? Truly, the condition of the city, *at least* a part of it, is indeed filthy. It is deeply to be regretted that the ratepayers on Tuesday last threw out the bylaw for raising $6000 for cleansing the gutters, etc. It seems strange that the majority of the votes, *rather of those who see it to be their duty to vote*, should "see it to be their duty" to save a few dollars at the expense of the public health. I think that the time has now come when the city council should approach the legislature for power to deal with civic matters without *undue* interference on the part of the ratepayers. What is the good of appointing a city council at all if they are to be heavily handicapped in every occasion of needed reform? Let the mayor and councillors bester themselves in this direction and they may rest assured that they will have the support of every right minded citizen. We are highly favored in having some of the most influential and conscientious citizens as component parts of the council, and we rest assured that, at least, a good majority will waive all personal matter for the public weal. Let the ratepayers strengthen their hands in every good work.

Yours truly,

ARGUS.

McCULLOUGH'S CONDITION.

The Insane Tragedian Visited by His Wife.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24.—John McCullough was visited at the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum yesterday by his wife and William F. Johnson, his secretary. McCullough was lying on a lounge, sleeping as usual. He arose wearily, but recognized his visitors readily enough. Mrs McCullough is a little slender woman, with a pleasant motherly face and an engaging smile. "Ah Lydia," said the actor, "is that you dear?" At the first glance one would think McCullough unchanged, but when he lifted his eyes the light in them, the weird shining of a mind disordered, told how terrible the change really was. He sat quite still, buttoning and unbuttoning his coat, and again gazing vacantly around the cozily furnished room. After a while he turned to his wife and said, "What are you doing here? What pleasure can you find in a mad-house?" He rose abruptly, tottered across to the wardrobe, took out a white summer hat and said, "Well, I must be going now." He walked once or twice around the room, then he sat down again and went on very busily with the old work of the buttons. He did not notice the visitors for a long time after that. When they were leaving he shook each one by the hand kindly and said "good-by"; but when one of them, a moment afterward, went back to say another word, the actor's eyes gazed glassily up into his face; only the wild light was in them—the visitors were already forgotten. The inventory of all his possessions was completed by Mr. Sohnson and Captain Conners in New York yesterday. They valued them at a trifle above $42,000; against that there are recorded debts of about $3,000. When the tragedian dies he will be buried in this city.

Healy's Onslaught on Bantry.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—Healy's recent violent speech at Glengarriff appears likely to get him into trouble, because of his onslaught on landlords and agents in County Kerry, and especially on the Earl of Bantry. "Now I ask," said Healy, "who was Lord Bantry? He who owns every foot of ground as far as the eye can reach, is a person who was drummed out of the British army for disgraceful conduct, a person of such low and miserable disposition that having enlisted as a common private in the Guards, he had himself expelled by order of the Commander-in-chief for being a ruffian. Such is the man who has exercised power and spread terror over this district for years past, and he is one of England's sacred idols. It will be remembered that at one time Walsh and myself were arrested by Bantry's agent, and that my lord had the audacity to sit upon the bench of magistrates and to send us off to prison. [Groans.] Although dismissed from the army, Bantry had been immediately appointed to the Commission of Peace. He is now unable to show his nose in this vicinity. He was in Australia bushwhacking, while his agent here was carrying out his commands." Healy will probably be prosecuted.

Eastern Canada Mail.

(Per Northern Pacific Railway.)

MONTREAL, Sept. 22.—The trial of Mr. Sheppard, of the Toronto News, for libel upon the 65th regiment, was in progress here to-day. Major Dugas was the principal witness for the prosecution, but several other witnesses were examined as to the character of the libel. For the defence Mr. Louis Krbbs, city editor of the News, and other witnesses gave evidence, after which Mr. Sheppard, in a masterly and eloquent speech of nearly two hours, addressed the jury on his own behalf. The Crown prosecutor will deliver his address to the jury to-morrow morning, and the court will have the last word.

Just as Mr. Krbbs, city editor of the News, was leaving the court, the high constable arrested him on a warrant charging him with having written an article containing the alleged libel. He was taken before Police Magistrate Desnoyers and pleaded guilty. His trial was fixed for Thursday afternoon. He was admitted to bail.

The special corps organized in the Northwest territory during the insurrection have all been released with the exception of Lieutenant-Colonel Scott's battalion at Winnipeg, and that of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith. The detachment of A and B batteries and C company of infantry, at present in the Northwest territory, will, it is understood, be detained until the mounted police are in a position to take over the duties at the posts which they hold.

Dr. Alfred Wright was found dead tonight in his house, where he lived alone. He had not been seen since Tuesday, and the house was broken into, with the above-mentioned result. He was in the habit of taking chloroform for headaches.

A Mr. P. B. McGee, a native of Hampstead, London, England, who was stopping at the Windsor hotel, attempted suicide by shooting himself in the breast with a pistol in Mount Royal park. The wound is not considered fatal. He states that he was en route to Niagara, and came to Canada for his health.

Mrs. Wand, *nee* Darrach, who was said to have absconded after attempting to poison her husband, intends returning immediately here to enter an action, as she considers she is the victim of an infamous conspiracy, and will vindicate her innocence against all the wealth that may be employed against her. She emphatically denies a liason with Dude Smith, and charges her husband with cruelty and drunkenness.

KINGSTON, Sept. 23.—Col. Geo. A. Kirkpatrick had four teeth knocked out and sustained a severe mental shock, by his horse, which he was riding to parade, throwing up his head and striking him in the face.

PETERBORO, Sept. 24.—The Scott act was carried in Peterboro county to-day by 400 majority.

MONTREAL, Sept. 23.—The trial of Sheppard, of the Toronto News, for criminally libelling the Sixty-fifth regiment, was concluded to-day, the jury returning a verdict of "guilty of publishing the libel without knowing it to be false." The defendant was fined $200. As he was leaving the building Lieut. Normandeau, 65th battalion, who accompanied the 65th here as an attached officer, forced his way through the crowd and attempted to strike Sheppard with a whip. Sheppard parried the blow with his umbrella and Normandeau followed him up, when he drew a revolver. At this juncture Major Dugas seized Normandeau and forced him away, while Captain Girone of the 65th counseled Sheppard to put the revolver in his pocket, which he did. The policemen present arrested Sheppard for carrying a revolver and hurried him to the central police station, and then before Magistrate Desnoyres, who, considering the circumstances, dismissed him and allowed him to keep his revolver. A howling mob followed the party from the court to the central police station.

LONDON, Sept. 23.—Col. Williams, of the Seventh Battalion, has requested Captain Reid to tender his resignation as adjutant, and the captain refuses. A court-martial will likely be held to enquire into the conduct of Col. Williams while on duty in the recent campaign, and some dirty linen will probably be washed before e the matter is settled.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 23.—Wm Devey, formerly a sergeant in the 62nd Regiment, and well known throughout the province as an infantry drill instructor, accidentally shot himself dead Friday evening. He was working with some rifles, when one of them which was loaded, was discharged in some unknown manner, and the charge entering his mouth penetrated the back of his brain. When found by his wife, who heard the report in an adjoining room, he was in the agonies of death. Deceased was fifty years of age, and obtained his discharge from the 62nd Regiment nearly twenty-five years ago.

GUELPH, Sept. 23.—Dr. Tiare, professor of chemistry at Agricultural college, died yesterday morning of apoplexy.

BARRIE, Sept. 24.—Geo. Sewrey, aged 65, father of Mayor Sewrey, was caught in the shafting of his son's foundry to-day and had his arm torn from his body and his head and body badly bruised before rescued. There is little hope of his recovery.

TORONTO, Sept. 25.—At the preliminary examination of Wm. Kyle, a wholesale liquor dealer, charged with forgery, Wm. Cooke, manager of the Merchants' Bank of Canada, deposed that the bank held $58,000 of Kyle & Co.'s paper, $47,000 of which was worthless. Mr. McCuaig, accountant, testified that Kyle & Co. struck for making on January 1, which showed the firm to be worth only $250, yet they had made returns indicating themselves to be worth $12,560. Mr. Donovan, the firm's bookkeeper, testified that he knew of the forgeries ten months ago.

Some people have issued a circular calling a meeting of citizens to-night to form an anti-French association, with branches throughout the province, one of the objects being to fight the French vote in counties where they have a majority.

The lacrosse team positively refused to go to Montreal to-morrow to play the championship match there with the Shamrocks, owing to smallpox, but offered to play here or at Ottawa. This the Shamrocks declined, and the matter was referred to the executive. If the Torontos are treated like the Ontarios they will be out of the championship.

Sheppard, of the Toronto News, who was fined in Montreal for libelling the Sixty-fifth regiment, received an ovation on his return home to-night. A subscription list was opened to defray his expenses in the case. The petitioners who asked Mayor Manning to call a public meeting to discuss the Sheppard-Dugas case are not satisfied with his worship's refusal and are to apply for a mandamus to compel him to call a meeting.

The grand jury at the general sessions in their presentment, referring to the Scott Act agitation in the city, said it was neither logical nor just to deprive ninety-nine thousand of their rights and privileges enjoyed from remote times because one thousand indulged too freely in liquor, and they saw no reason why the city should be made into an inebriate asylum. The clause was objected to by eight out of eighteen jurymen.

MONTREAL, Sept. 25.—The Montreal rolling mill and nail factory was damaged to the extent of $2,000 by fire last night.

Since Saturday the nuns have discovered 116 families with 241 cases of smallpox in them.

The Canadian Pacific traffic returns from the 14th to 21st September show an increase of twenty-three thousand dollars for the current year.

The libel case, Dixon vs. Toronto Mail, ended in a verdict of one dollar for the plaintiff, each party to pay his own costs. The Mail a year ago to-day called Dixon an abecedarian.

Justice Baby sentenced Alfred Camfel, justly characterising him as a brute whom he felt dishonored to confront, to seven years' penitentiary for a criminal assault on his thirteen-year old daughter.

The Citizens, Imperial, London Assurance, Commercial Union and Northern Insurance companies have taken action for slander against Alderman Mooney, owing to his severely criticising those companies and moving to have corporation policies taken from them.

Plummer, assistant general manager of the Merchants' Bank, says that the bank will not lose more than $10,000 by Kyle & Co.'s forged notes. The bank holds real estate security, which will aid materially in making up any deficiency.

HALIFAX, Sept. 26.—Bertram and Ira Bowers were passing through the woods near Shelburne yesterday with guns over their shoulders. The gun barrels were taken by other hunters for moose horns, and the Bowers were fired on. The ball was extracted from Bertram's back. Ira was shot in the chest, and lies in a critical condition.

Wars and Rumors of Wars.

LONDON, Sept. 27.—Europe has been in a state of excitement almost chaotic during the whole week, with armies mobilizing, war correspondents flocking to the Balkans, the clangor of alarm bells ringing in every ear from the Black sea to the Baltic, and all because young Alexander of Battenberg got what would be called in the Bowery "a swelled head." At the outset everybody ascribed the thing to Russian management, so perfect were all the arrangements and so noiselessly and instantaneously did the state which Beaconsfield and Bismarck built up slip out of sight. Then gradually evidences accumulated that the czar's diplomats, so far from being responsible for it all, were surprised and chagrined at the action, until most of the chronic believers in Muscovite duplicity did not doubt the fact. And now the floodgates of wrath have been opened on all sides on the young prince, and Berlin vies with St. Petersburg, Paris and Vienna in calling him a morganatic adventurer, traitor and fool. The theory is that he got magnified with an idea of his own importance from the courtesy shown him in England last July, when his brother was married to Beatrice, and the civil treatment of various continental courts which he visited en route, and so was emboldened to strike out for himself as the founder of a dynasty. He probably will be punished for his temerity in attempting to obtain kingly honors on his merits. It lies in no man's mouth to say whether peace or war will be the issue. The complication is so intricate and vast, and no one country can dominate it. The peace of Europe is literally at the mercy of chance happenings, in which a dozen Macedonian brigands, a handful of Servian students or a drunken sergeant of Bazouks may play as potential a part as a congress of nations. But this much is true, that day by day during the past week the optimists have been losing heart and the clouds have been growing blacker.

A Tea Clipper Race with the Ships as a Wager.

The burning of the clipper ship Besult at Sandridge afforded the Melbourne Argus an opportunity to give the following history of the ship, which illustrates the rivalry that has existed from an early date between American and English ships.

The Result is stated to have been acquired by the late Mr. Green of Blackwall as the issue of a successful wager. There had been great competition in the China and London tea trade by the clipper ships. The Result, then called the Challenger, was built in America, especially to race the English clippers in that service, and a challenge was thrown out to race her from a Chinese port to London against any English ship, the owner of the vessel which won the match to receive "the beaten vessel as a prize. Mr. Green accepted the challenge with a new vessel named the Challenger (if we remember rightly), won the race by some days, and gave to the ship he thus won the name she afterwards bore, the Result. Half of Mr. Green's interest in her was disposed of to Messrs. Phillips, Shaw & Lowther, owners of the Hamsedale, Reigate and other vessels, and it is not known authoritatively whether she was insured on this voyage or not. Capt. Stewart and Mr. Felgate, his chief officer, with Mr. Newcomb and Mr. Lickson, second and third officers, acquitted themselves admirably during the trying scene. We must add that valuable aid was rendered by Capt. Cruichshank of the ship Gen. Lee and his crew.

Revolutionizing the Map.

According to recent advices, a country has disappeared from the map of South America. Patagonia, a name familiar to every student of geography and ethnology, and which appears in the most widely read books relating to navigation, whether historical, narrative or fictitious, has ceased to exist.

A year or two ago both the Argentine Confederation and Chile began to make aggressive movements to the southward. These forces of the two republics came in contact, and there was at one time imminent danger of war. Some collisions did actually occur, and only the greatest forbearance on the part of the two governments prevented the outbreak of hostilities between them. They at length came together and agreed to a peaceable division of the plunder which each had manifested a desire to monopolize.

In the settlement of the dispute between these two nations, Chile took all the western coast of Patagonia to the extreme southern point of the continent, including also a strip across the southern coast, the Straits of Magellan, the island group called Terra del Fuego, and all the islands on the Pacific Coast. The Argentine Confederation seized the balance of the country, from the eastern slope of the Andes to the Atlantic.

The islands on the western coast which fell to the possession of Chile are said to contain valuable mines of coal and metals. The sections which are occupied by the Argentine government consist of broad, elevated pampas, on which vast herds of cattle, sheep and horses graze, and which are regarded as very valuable. Chile, by occupying advantageous points in the Straits of Magellan, can also command entirely the commerce between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, or drive it beyond and around Cape Horn.

This material modification of the territorial divisions of South America has taken place without being noticed, and is one of the quietest as well as one of the most sweeping revolutions that has recently occurred in the geography of the world.—Chicago Journal.

Steering Clear of Sin.

Milkman—"Johnny, did you put water in the milk this morning?"

New Assistant—"Yes, sir."

"Don't you know that is wicked, Johnny?"

"But you told me to mix water with the milk."

"Yes, but I told you to put water in first and pour the milk into it. Then you see, we can tell people we never put water in our milk.—Chicago Daily News.

THE CRUISE OF THE MERMAID.

The Plain, Unvarnished Truth.

BY NEIL MORRISON.

(Written for The Colonist.)

CHAPTER IV.

As this chapter will necessary be a short one, I shall devote part of it to that which has been deferred rather long, an introduction to the principal characters who composed the Mermaid's crew. I'm neither poet nor painter so there will not be a glowing description.

The captain was rather tall, but built in proportion with a face that once seen would hold its impression, especially with the opposite sex; his bearing was more *militaire* than seafaring and he would soon be remarkably well known in any community where fate might chance to place him; his heart was of the truest, while his kindness, sociability and frankness brought him many friends and a hearty welcome wherever he went. There wasn't a man on board who wished for a better master to sail the world over with.

Our mate was a jolly, devil-may-care sort of a man, happy under all circumstances, and a great debater. He would dispute whether the ark had copper or wooden fastening for the sake of argument but his heart was always sympathising for the suffering of others; there's not a diamond in the rough was his height—like a spinster of age—was hard to guess at the first glance, and he soon got dubbed the Alderman from his physical proportions trying to develop in breadth as much as in length, that supposed by some to be an aldermanic feature.

In his wanderings on shore he picked up a companion in the shape of a dog which he designated by the name of Punch; but as Punch was'nt on the articles, but only taken on as an extra, I'll refrain from laying his character open to criticism; he was assigned a berth below to prevent his getting washed through the scuppers; but he could perform some astonishing feats in eating for a dog of the watch charm species.

The cook or "doctor" as he is generally called at sea, was the tallest man on board the Mermaid. He was given to sad reflections often verging on the poetical, by the number of persons he had consigned to premature decay by trying to digest his mysterious compositions. The remaining two, a man and a boy, who completed the crew, were first-class sailors, the man from his zealous piety was often shocked at the reckless behaviour of the others so they lost no time in bringing him under the title of "the Parson." The boy was a promising youth, being an apt scholar; he will some day tread the quarter deck as master.

The twenty natives who done the hunting, were mostly church members, but I don't feel like venturing on a chronicle of their characters just yet; we will get better acquainted with most of them by-and-bye.

I will ask the kind indulgence of the reader to diverge a little from the vessel to the anticipations of those directly concerned in her welfare. It was supposed that by pitting triple the number of Indians against the whites ship would catch as many seals, so the average of twelve canoes which the Mermaid carried for the season was to outnumber in their catch four boats with white hunters.

Though not going to explore in the Arctic circle, the Mermaid was bound on one of the biggest expeditions than ever came in contact with the native Icelanders on the west coast of Vancouver. It seems strange that this warlike race of Indians are afraid to trust themselves beyond the the sight of their native shores. Whether they scruple to leave their homes in an unprotected condition, or are in dread of their own personal safety, I know not: it might be that the matrimonial bark don't glide along as smoothly when they absent themselves for a few weeks as when they are at the helm. I can't solve the problem, therefore, I'll do the bidding of the schoolmaster of my youth—"always shoot police when you meet with anything you can't master."

It took a great deal of diplomacy to get a native crew to trust themselves on this expedition, so it will be handed down from father to son for the next few generations. I felt brave and put on an important air every time I approached a council of the reds; a feeling of reckless daring pervaded my whole system—except when I saw in the distance a glimmering of the old seasickness. Though arriving in this world at too late a period to help discover the American continent, or the nutriment that beans afford as food, here was I, ready to throw myself at the mercy of the elements to help lead the noble red man to a clime where the white man was known only for the last two or three centuries. I felt like a "Cossack" and my heart was as high as the mouth of my alpenpes when we weighed anchor at 11 a. m. on the 15th of June and bid good-bye to Kyuquot.

CHAPTER V.

We had on board ten canoes and twenty as brave Siwashes as ever took big bail before five bluejackets, when we cattied our anchors on the day of sailing; they seemed in good spirits, although casting many a wistful glance towards the spot where they thought their Klootchmen were during the habiut and fish eggs for winter provender.

We had a nice breeze until we got outside the harbor when—like my good fortune—it left us to our own resources, and we found ourselves at the mercy of a heavy swell which kept setting us in towards the labyrinth of reefs, that as a good substitute for torpedoes, lining the west coast. We kept shearing from one bad spot into a great deal worse after another, so when the doctor called out supper we went down to supply the inner man with something, as a variation, to our monotonous hard tack.

While enjoying my evening weed—and watching Punch performing some very acrobatic feats, in his attempt to get possession of the contents of the milk pitcher—I heard the head sails getting lowered, and going on deck I saw preparations made for camping for the night, and not having thoroughly recovered since the ball, I thought I'd try the comforts afforded by my berth. When I turned in that night our health was in the keeping of a fifty fathom kedge line, with five hundred weight of forged iron at one end and our vessel on the other.

I was awoke the next morning by the alderman shouting in my ear to change cars and thinking there was no time to lose, I sprang from bed with a suddenness, the force of which carried me into the centre of the cabin where I came in contact with the breakfast table. After picking myself up and listening to a consoling speech of Mac's, I went on deck and found out for the first time we were under full sail, which surprised me greatly being a very light sleeper. I knew then what was the cause of my grand *debut*, so I went below and apologized, laying the blame to the quick movements of the Mermaid. It was accepted—they said the helmsman was steering too quick. We were beating up against a head wind with Cape Cook peeping over our weather cathead.

Nothing worthy of note happened during the day, except my trying to hang on to the atmosphere every time the vessel went down in the trough of the sea, or not being able to support a state of equilibrium by that means, I used to sit down on deck too sudden for my own comfort, but generally to the delight of the others who told me to try it again, I might do better next time, etc., etc., but in the evening the wind hauled aft so we winged out and soon were registering eleven and a half of the rail. The weather continued favorable all that night, but when Scott's Islands hove in sight the next forenoon we were beset with a calm which continued until the evening.

That night the minstrel portion of our siwashes entertained us with a specimen of their operatic performances. They were dressed in as near a resemblance to His Satanic Majesty as their imaginations could possibly invent. The musicians kept whining a dirge which, to my unprofessional ear, sounded like a band of coyotes serenading at a kitchen door on the praries of Dakota. One of them beat time with a tambourine-shaped instrument of torture, a remembrance gift from the chief of the Kyuquots. Those who "tripped on the light fantastic toe" displayed some wonderful steps of stiff-kneed hornpipes. The medicine was a success. We got a fair wind and then following morning could just discern with the naked eye Triangle isle, in the Scott group.

The doctor seemed to be carried away so much by the preceding night's entertainment that he soared aloft amongst the muses, and as the words fell from the lips of our poet I took down a memorandum on the cuffs of my—what once was—a white shirt. They ran something like this:

"FAREWELL TO OUR ADIEU."

Farewell, farewell, my island home,
For awhile I'm away from thee,
To the clime where the mighty storm doth roam,
Or the north Kamschatka sea.
Scott's isles are fastly sinking,
In the horizon, from our view,
And its been some hours, I'm thinking,
Since we bid them Cook adieu.
The summer sun is past and gone
Ere again on thy shores we'll sleep,
And it may be never, for God, alone
Holds the fate of those on the deep.

Even now I feel the icy chill
Of the Pale King's hoary breath—
When many a hardy brother lies still
In the cold embrace of death;
And he laughs unconquered in his palace of snow
As they venture on his domain,
He allows them to come, return, alas, no,
Many seldom return again.
And still unconquered by mortal man,
Though the war has been urged for years;
Yet our hatchets have gallied since first began,
Are our widows' and orphans' tears.

When he reached thus far a peculiar odor of somewhat scorching reached his nostrils, and he came from the muse to beans with lightning rapidity. When he emerged, later on, from his sweat box the spell was broken, so we'll have to charge the abrupt close of this composition to a fate of beans.

(To be Continued.)

SAVING A MILLION LIVES.

A Funny Man Gives a Bit of Information Worth Remembering.

(Peck's Sun.)

Recently this paper has made a discovery by which the lives of millions of people can be saved, and other millions can be prevented from taking cold, and when it is once in operation, and the people realize the benefits derived, they will ship in readily for a bronze statue of a red-headed bald-man enlightening the world, so quick it will make his head swim. Thousands of people take cold every day in the year, and they don't know what is the reason. Many of them die of consumption from the cold thus taken, and that settles them.

All this can be prevented. Reader, that is, male reader, did you ever notice, when you have a suit of clothes made, that though you paid extra for a warmest woolen goods, and had them made up regardless of expense, that the tailor makes the vest, with a back of some thin slazy material, like cambric, while he affixes to the front of the vest with cotton batting? Did you ever stop to ask what the back of the vest was made so thin for? If you did you were told that there was no use of wasting good cloth for the back of a vest, that is never seen. If you ask the tailor what he pads the front of the vest for, he will answer that it is to protect the lungs and keep you warm. He may put in wadding an inch thick in front, to keep your lungs protected, and you will go out doors and the chill winds will run up your back, where that cambric vest back is, and you will have a cold on your lungs too quick. Why?

You know why, now that your attention has been called to the matter, and so does your tailor. Because in front the lungs are protected five times as much as in the back, by clothing, ribs, flesh, muscle and fat, while in the back the lungs almost come to the surface, and you cover them with cambric or silk. Now that you think of it does it not strike you as foolish to bank up your house in front where no frost can get in, and leave it unprotected at the back where frost can get in and nut half, up? Does it not look foolish that for hundreds of years tailors have made vests with practically no backs, where warmth is most needed, and nobody ever kicked about it? Well, all you have got to do to prevent taking cold, is to order your tailor to build the back of your vest of the same material as the front, or at least as warm, and after you have worn a vest made in that way one season you would shoot a tailor who would make a vest for you in the old way, and you will feel like returning thanks to The Sun for steering you on to the great scheme.

It would be just as sensible to buy a woolen undershirt with a back made of muslin bar, as to have a vest made of that with a back of cambric. The man who should order a beaver overcoat, with the back made of an old linen ulster, would be looked upon as a crank, and yet it would be on the same principle as the vests are made now. We could get the idea patented, and charge a royalty on all vests made with good woolen backs, and make a fortune. Millions of dollars, as every man will wear the new style vests after this season regardless of price, but what do we care for a paltry million or two when there is a chance to do good by suffering humanity, and may be get a Bartholdi statue? The writer got this idea about vests in studying over a corduroy hunting suit he have had for several years, and has worn and repaired with good warm backs, and after wearing these vests the last winter are all enthusiastic, and say they will never have to wear, under any other way. They have gone through the hardest winter known for years, without once taking cold.

The Sun gives this idea to the world, hoping that the day is not far distant when a vest with a thin back will scarcely be known, and a tailor who attempts to sell such a vest will be arrested for cruelty, and for endangering the public health. Tailors will hoot at the idea at first, but none of them can give a good reason why a vest can not wear thin back, and none of them are probably aware that the first vest was made so for a miser who did not care so long as the back of his vest was not seen, and who wanted to save cloth. It would be much more sensible to make the bottoment of the pants of something thin, like sheet iron, than to alight the vest. Try the new woolen back vest, get your wife to read The Sun, and report next spring what you think about it. Or no thanks! Don't mention the obligation you are under to The Sun.

Some French Statistics.

(Paris Net-ual.)

There are in Earth 36,000,000 of human beings who work hard from morning to evening, and who do harm to no one. There are besides in this country 600,000 rascals who rob and murder, and who pass by the name of the army of crime. There are, furthermore, in France 300,000 politicians whose sole occupation is to excite class against class, and whose avowed aim is the destruction of every existing institution.

With regard to the 36,000,000 of Frenchmen, nobody pays any attention to them, but the other 600,000 are the object of the most careful solicitude on the part of the governing classes. If a professional malefactor commits a criminal act, every effort is made to save him from merited punishment, and if a professional agitator insults his fellow-citizens to pillage and worse, he is a privileged being.

Acclimatization in Africa.

(Exchange.)

Stanley, the American explorer, believes equatorial Africa to be habitable for Europeans, and that, with due attention to diet and an occasional holiday change, they may long retain their full vigor in the Congo country. On the other hand, Fisher, a German traveler, regards central Africa as entirely unsafe for Europeans at lower levels than 7,000 feet, and even at this altitude malaria must be expected on rich land.

Drawing His Salary.

(Pittsburg Chronicle.)

Customers were scarce and the clerks in the big store were idle. One was making "A" artistically on a sheet of wrapping paper when the head of the firm came up and said sharply: "Ah, you are sketching, I see." Mr. Smith: "Yes, sir," replied the latter nervously. "I was merely—I was only drawing my salary, sir, that's all."

For the Center Table.

The reason there has not been any frantic rush to secure copies of the revised edition, it is said, is that the old-fashioned book makes a good enough center-table ornament for the majority of folks.

The Oldest Sovereign.

Dom Pedro, of Brazil, is the oldest living sovereign. He has reigned fifty-three years, or since he was 6 years old.

Living Cheaply in the City.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

The writer was entertaining a friend the day, with a young man employed further who has been dining for years at the restaurants, and whose appearance certainly does not indicate that the experience has been prejudicial to him.

"What is the use of say patronizing So and So's saloon," he exclaimed, "where I am charged 25 or 30 cents for a meal that I can get as good elsewhere for 10 or 15 cents? Ashamed of being seen going into these places? Certainly not. I have long ago got over that feeling, my boy, and I have been the gainer by it, pecuniarily and otherwise. What care I if it is a grimy faced workingman who is my vis-a-vis at table? I consider a dirty faced, hard working laborer as good as I am, and anyway I am not fool enough to throw away my money on a mere sentiment to fill the pockets of your tony saloonkeeper. What? The smell? Oh yes; I know it isn't pleasant sitting in the atmosphere of these places for a long time, but one gets used to that as to everything else.

He had been rich and wasteful a few years ago, and now he writes ventured to ask him.

"What may be your average weekly expenditure for board at present?"

"Less than $5—sometimes considerably less," he answered it once. "I have a snug little room, with gas and all other modern conveniences, you know, in a respectable private family, for $1 per week; breakfast seldom costs me more than 5 or 6 cents; my dinner 15, and my supper 10, so that you see I worry along very well on slightly over $3 a week for my food; and my whole weekly expenses, except on rare occasions, do not exceed $4 or $4.50, at the most, and sometimes I fall under both figures. What is the consequence? Why, I save more out of my $10 a week now than I did five years ago out of $25. And you can depend upon it there are men in Brooklyn to-day of wealth who would not respect it, when you see them in the street, who are obliged to live as cheaply and humbly as I do."

In the meanest hut is a romance, if you knew the hearts there.

Lightning is reflected for 150 to 200 miles, and thunder may be heard for twenty or twenty-five miles.

Farm and Live Stock Notes.

Oil the brittle boots.

Hired labor is costly. Raise your water by wind power.

A steer of 1,000 pounds needs eighteen pounds of hay daily.

Don't encourage the horse racing principle too far at the fairs.

Skillful, understanding will be repaid in two years, on most land that needs it.

Meadows should never be grazed short, but above all other time not in the fall.

By carefully selecting his seed from year to year it is possible for any farmer to greatly improve the quality of his product.

An increase of 20 per cent. in the milk is sure to follow in cutting the feed, over feeding it uncut. This has been tried often enough to be depended upon.

Corn fed to pigs when in its thickening milk state will put more weight into them in a given time than at any other stage of its development.

The Agency Closed.

"Little girl, do you know whose house this is?" asked a solemn looking man of a bright child seated on the church steps. "Yes, sir, it's God's, but He ain't in," she said, as the old gentleman was about to pass up the steps, "and His agent's gone to Europe."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. J. LANGLEY & Co. d&w

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Inland Revenue Department having recently adopted regulations permitting distillers to bottle "in bond" under the supervision of an officer, the proprietors of their new distillery, we are now enabled to offer the public our

FINE OLD WHISKIES

bottled in accordance with these regulations, and each bottle bearing the Revenue Officer's certificate as to age of contents, thus giving the consumer a perfect and indisputable guarantee as to the quality of whiskies bottled in any other way. We also offer our Celebrated Old Bonded Rye,

OLD CLUB WHISKEY

which can be had of all dealers. See that our Celebrated Old Bonded Rye, Old Club Whiskey and Excelsior Cabinet are capsule.

HIRAM WALKER & SONS

DISTILLERS, WALKERVILLE, ONT.

AGENTS—TURNER, RIDDER & CO., VICTORIA, B. C.

KWONG LEE & CO'S ESTATE.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS RECEIVED instructions from J. C. Prevost, Receiver of the Kwong Lee Estate, to sell by Auction the

WHOLE OF THE GOODS AND MERCHANDISE

Contained in the stores of Kwong Lee & Co., at the

FORKS OF QUESNELLE, QUESNELLEMOUTH, BARKERVILLE and STANLEY,

TOGETHER WITH THE

TEAMS & FARMING IMPLEM'TS

On the Quesnelle River Ranch, and the

Stores and Warehouses

At Barkerville, Stanley and Quesnellemouth.

Due notice of the date of sale will be given in posters.

GEORGE BYRNES, Auctioneer.

Victoria, 11th Sept., 1885.

KOKESAILAH STORE,

SOUTH SAANICH.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED TO BUY and sell Farm Produce, and keeps on hand a good assortment of general goods.

CHARLES COWAN.

NOTICE

I HEREBY GIVE MY FRIEND MARTIN Lippstadt, to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 320 acres of land situate at Skeena River Valley, described as follows, viz.: Commencing at a post 2½ miles from the south of Skeena river and one-half mile east of the east bank of said river; thence north 40 chains; thence west, 80 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence east, 80 chains to point of commencement.

WILLIAM POWER.

Victoria, B.C., 4th August, 1885. aug29m

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Possesses the greatest possible power to heal and control affections of the throat and lungs, with absolute safety for children or adults. The experience of years has proven it to be of inestimable value as a household medicine, and for professional use. Thousands of physicians and families testify to its superior worth. Jos. F. Molnar, Buchard, Ohio, writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for twelve years, and have found that, as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, or Sore Throat, it is the best of all."

Is Unequaled.

J. J. Miller, editor of the "Lutheran Home," Lacey, Va., writes: "I advertise nothing that I do not know to be good. I was saved from the grave, I am sure, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and have recommended it to others with the simplest results." L. J. Addison, M. D., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I have never found, in thirty-five years of continuous study and practice in medicine, any preparation of so great value as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs; and I constantly recommend it to my patients. It not only breaks up colds and cures severe coughs, but is effective in relieving the most serious bronchial and pulmonary affections."

John J. Ubhram, Brookly n, N.S., writes: "Twelve years ago, I was afflicted with a severe bronchial trouble, pronounced by a skilful physician to be very dangerous, and liable to terminate in Pneumonia. After using one bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I found great relief, and an occasional use of it since that time has, I think, extended my life ten years at least." Mrs. V. M. Thibaudeau, Montreal, Canada, writes: "Last spring my daughter was attacked by membraneous croup, or diphtheria. The doctor prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which cured her of the illness. Being still very weak and sick, she began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which restored her to vigorous health."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., (Analytical Chemists), Lowell, Mass.

For sale by all Druggists.

BUY THE BEST QUALITY

Union India Rubber Co.'s

Pure Gum

CRACKPROOF RUBBER BOOTS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Be sure the Boots are stamped on the heels "Union India Rubber Co. Crack Proof," and have the Pure Gum Sprig on the foot and instep, which prevent their cracking, and make them the most durable Rubber Boot made.

TRY OUR

"GOLD SEAL"

Stout's Patent

PURE GUM

RUBBER BOOTS.

Made expressly for Mining, Fishing, and anyone wishing a very strong and durable Boot.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

ALL KINDS RUBBER BELTING, PACKING, HOSE, SPRINGS, CLOTHING, BOOTS SHOES, ETC.

GOODYEAR RUBBER COMP'Y

R. E. PEARSE, Jr., Agents.
E. M. HUNTON,
San Francisco.

ASHCROFT STATION.

T. G. KIRKPATRICK,

STORAGE, FORWARDING & COMMISSION MERCHANT.

ALL GOODS LEAVING THE RAILWAY AT this station should be marked, "Care T.G.K