Cree Indians Slay a Cannibal.

Terrible Butchery Decreed by Medicine Men Through Superstitious Fear.

Ghastly Details Told in Court by a Well Meaning Man Killer.

Edmonton, Aug. 16.—The very interesting trial of the Indians charged with killing Louison Moostoos ended on Saturday last by the conviction of Napaysoosis and the acquittal of Payoo. The former, as he had been in prison since March last, was sentenced to only two months' hard labor. Although it was confidently expected both Indians would have been acquitted, this verdict and sentence are satisfactory, inasmuch as they will teach the Northern tribes respect for the majesty of the law and prove a salutary lesson.

The whole story of the killing is an interesting example of one of the deep-rooted beliefs and superstitions of these unfortunate people, and better than a whole volume shows up the devil worship and sorcery of the Wood Crees, to which tribe both the prisoners belong.

The history of the crime, if crime there was, may be best learned from the words of Napaysoosis himself, as taken down from his own lips by Mr. George W. Gairdner, who was retained by the crown as interpreter for the accused, and was in constant attendance at the trial. Mr. Gairdner having spent many years in the north country as a factor in the Hudson's Bay Company, is a proficient in Cree and other Indian dialects, and well versed in Indian lore, and readers may expect from his pen a series of sketches of life in this country in the early days which promise to be most interesting.

THE AWFUL STORY.

"Last winter a band of us, 32 in number, counting women and children, were living at the Bald Hills, some 75 miles west of Lesser Slave lake. We lived in two shacks and two tepees. Entominahoo, our chief, along with Kunuksoos and myself and our families, lived in one shack; Moostoos and his family, with some others, lived in another shack, and the other Indians in the two tepees. We were all on the best of terms with one another, and Moostoos was especially well liked by all of us.

"Some months before he was killed Moostoos told several of us that he was afraid an evil spirit was getting the better of him, and that he would turn Wehtiko (cannibal), adding: 'If I ever go wrong you had better kill me, as I do not wish to destroy my children.' The time passed on, however, till about the 23rd of March.

"At that time some sickness was affecting the Indians, and two of them, Napaysis and the 'little old man,' were being treated by Entominahoo, in his own shack, which might be termed the hospital, as all the sick were taken there to be doctored. Entominahoo was chief medicine man. The third day before he was killed Moostoos also went there to join in the medicine-making and sorceries, which were being practised with a view to curing the sick men.

"During the last day and night I saw Moostoos was not looking as usual. His eyes were rolling and glittering, and he seemed afraid to look anyone in the face, and he was all the time muttering to himself. On one occasion he said: 'I look on these children as young moose, and long to eat them.' I was absent from the shack part of the day, and when I came back, towards evening, Moostoos looked wilder and more dangerous than ever, and it was clear to all present that he was becoming a Wehtiko. Ordinary incantations were tried, but without result, and as a last resort the 'medicine lodge' was erected in the shack and the whole skill and power of all our sorceries was enlisted in the attempt to bring Moostoos back to reason. It was certain from his appearance, words and actions that he had no bodily complaint, that he was possessed with a devil. Our usual ceremonies were begun. The singing of medicine songs, drumming and dancing were carried on from sundown till about midnight, and as Moostoos was lying, covered with two blankets, comparatively quiet, the medicine seemed to have a good effect.

WOULD KILL ALL.

"There were in the house at that time Entominahoo and his wife, Eliza, the wife of 'Redhead,' Felix's wife, 'Redhead,' Kunuksoos and his wife, Napaysis and 'the little old man;' as I said before, these last were lying sick. All but the sick men and Kunuksoos, who was taking care of them, were grouped around Moostoos, striving by medicine songs and other means at our command to drive the evil spirit out of him. Entominahoo, our chief 'doctor,' was inside the 'medicine' circle, having his wand and using all his science and skill towards the same end.

Suddenly Moostoos called out, "This night you will all die,' and commenced twitching his limbs and rolling his eyes. Two of us, Chuckachuck and myself, went and sat on each side of him at his shoulders, prepared to hold him down if he became violent, while the two young women, Eliza and Felix's wife, sat at his feet. At this juncture 'Redhead,' sick with fright, left the shack. Moostoos began throwing his arms about and tried to get up, saying again: 'If I get up I will kill you all to-night.' The four of us laid hold of his arms and legs and held him down, while Entominahoo continued his 'medicine,' using the most powerful songs and incantations at his command. Moostoos now became unmanageable, flung us off, rose to his feet and sprang into the air, exclaiming: 'I will kill you all; I will not leave one alive.' Fear, intense, blind fear, took hold of us; we jumped up, and in spite of his gigantic struggles we managed to pull him down and cover him with blankets. Entominahoo left his medicine lodge and sat down close to Moostoos, saying: 'It's no use; I can do no more; do your best to hold him.' Moostoos struggled fearfully, throwing his head about and grinding his teeth—and twice he tried to bite me, tearing my coat. At that time I was holding his right arm. Chuckachuck his left, while the two women held his feet. I covered his face after he tried to bite me. The noise of the drumming and singing had been going on all the time.

"By this time we were crazy with fear, and what followed is like a dream. Eliza sprang to her feet, holding in her right hand a medicine belt and in her left an axe. Her hair was flying loose, and she was dancing and singing. All of a sudden she ran around and thrashed Moostoos over the face and breast with this medicine belt several times.

HIT WITH AN AXE.

"Did she strike him with the axe?"

"I cannot say, as my head was bent low over Moostoos, but I saw blood outside the blanket after she thrashed him, and I only knew of two cuts on the head, while the policeman found three. She then handed the axe to Chuckachuck (which I saw), and said, 'Here, brother-in-law.' Chuckachuck struck him with the axe and split his skull. That blow killed Moostoos. Chuckachuck then handed me the axe and knife, which I refused at first, till Chuckachuck called me a coward and said I wanted them all killed. I then drove the knife into his belly and stuck the axe into his body over the heart, leaving both weapons in the wounds."

"Did Moostoos breathe after he got the first blow?"

"Yes, a little; but he had stopped breathing before I struck him. At that moment Payoo (the other prisoner) alarmed by the screams of fear from the women and the calls of the men, entered the shack. He was handed an axe, and very reluctantly, and actually without looking where he was striking, struck the corpse on the head with the axe."

"What did we do that night?"

"Why, we sat around the body till daylight, by the light of the fire."

"What for?"

"We expected him to rise from the dead, and we wanted to kill him again if he tried to get up."

"What do you think was the matter with Moostoos?"

CUT OFF HIS HEAD.

"He was a Wehtiko, and I know he had a lump of ice in his body, causing the malady. Why, we made strong tea and poured it boiling hot into the axe hole in the breast to thaw that ice, but first Dayoo and I drove a stake into that hole and through the body into the ground; then we pulled out the stake and poured in the hot tea. After that towards morning Entominahoo's wife and I tied his legs with chains to two pickets driven into the ground."

"Why did you do this?"

"So that if he came to life again he could not get up and run after us. And last of all, next day I cut off his head with an axe."

"What was that for?"

"To be sure he was dead, and in order that even if he got up he could not eat us. Then we left him in the shack, tied up the door, and left the place."

"What is a Wehtiko?"

"A Wehtiko is a person, man or woman, into whose body enters a most malignant evil spirit, which incites him to kill and eat his fellow men. He is possessed of superhuman strength and cunning, and the only thing that saves the Indians is that a Wehtiko generally warns them of his coming state some time beforehand. It has always been our custom to kill these people. It was the only way to protect ourselves from their violence."

This story was not taken from the lips of a raving maniac, nor was it copied from some old back-letter history of the ninth or tenth century. The atrocity occurred not five months ago, within 300 miles of this town, and, above all, the details were sworn to in open court. The pitiful story, shocking in its hideous circumstance, must excite detestation on account of its depravity, but at the same time it must arouse compassion for these debased beings, who can be so remorselessly moved by their superstitions.

GOLD OF THE FRASER.

New Zealand Expert Going to Work With Most Modern Machinery.

From the Vancouver News-Advertiser.

The turbulent Fraser River rushes down to the sea over golden sands, but up to the present it has cost a large sum of money to win a very small amount of the gold. Truth to tell, the people who hitherto have dredged the Fraser have adopted all the wrong methods. At last one company has taken a step in the right direction. It has secured the services of a New Zealand dredge-master, deputed him to select machinery, and is now having that machinery placed together under his charge.

The New Zealand gold dredging engineer is Mr. F. Satchell Clerk, formerly dredge-master of the Victoria Gold Dredging Company. He has just returned from England, where he has been selecting the machinery to be used by the Cobbledick No. 2 Company, which has secured dredging leases at Lytton. This machinery is a sight to look at. The girder, stripped, weighs alone 8 tons, while there are thirty-five buckets weighing each half a ton. Mr. Clarke did not waste much time in Vancouver, on his return from the Old Country, for yesterday he left for Lytton, where he will act as dredge-master and consulting engineer. He expects to have the machinery all put together and the dredge started by December. Although he was a very busy man, Mr. Clarke had time to give a few interesting facts to the News-Advertiser.

"We are going to give the Fraser river a good, fair trial, and it will be the only practical trial that has been made," said he.

"Will you make a success of it?" I asked.

"I fully believe so. You have the same conditions here as in New Zealand, where they have yet to record a failure in gold-dredging. In fact, take away the trees on your mountains, and you might fancy this a piece of New Zealand. We shall have one dredger that will dredge 200 yards a day continuously. I visited Sheffield and the Clyde to get the machinery. Such a state of prosperity as now exists in the steel and iron trades was never known of before, I think. It is almost impossible to get steel orders put through. I have been many months getting our orders placed. We could not get one firm to do the whole order, and we had to go to two or three."

"Why did you not go to New Zealand?"

"Well, they are in just the same fix there. They cannot get their cast steel from England. The activity is something wonderful. There are mechanics on the Clyde who are getting as high wages as mechanics in the Colonies. The work shops are filled, and some of them have orders ahead for three years."

While in Edinburgh, Mr. Clarke floated a dredging company with £20,000 capital. The company acquires from Mr. Clarke dredging leases in New Zealand, and he shows his belief in the property by taking all his purchase price in stock.

Mr. Cobbledick is expected to arrive from England in a day or so. Mr. Clarke was accompanied up to Lytton by Mr. Barnum.

SICK HEADACHES

The curse of overworked womankind, are quickly and surely cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great blood purifier and tissue-builder. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Price 25 cents and 50 cents. Sold by Henderson Bros.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

He Does a Man a Good Turn, as in Simple Duty Bound, But Gets No Favor Himself.

"Going along a hall in the second storey of a house one night," said the retired burglar, "I stepped into something wet. But it wasn't blood, indicating some terrible murder or suicide, or something of that sort; it was just plain, simple, common, ordinary water, and when I throwed my lamp on it and followed it up, why I saw that it was coming out into the hall over the doors of a room that I knew must be the bath-room, and so it was.

"The floor of the bath-room was afloat, and the water was flowing silently in a very thin sheet over the edge of the overflowing tub. Somebody had left the plug in the bottom, and then turned on the water and gone away, this being, I have no doubt, exactly the reverse of what the person that did it had intended to do. Ever hear a guard on the elevated road, here in the city, when the train was leaving a station, call, as the next station, the one back of the one the train had just left, instead of the one ahead? I have. The mental machinery seems to turn backwards sometimes when you start it, instead of going ahead, and whenever I hear that on the elevated, it makes me think of the man in this house that had plugged the bathtub and started the water instead of pulling the plug and stopping it.

"But I stopped it. I pulled the plug first, and then I stopped the water, and in just no time the water in the tub dropped below the level of the rim and stopped running over; so whatever damage the water might have done, it wouldn't do any more—I'd stopped that—but I didn't wake anybody up to ask 'em to thank me; what I'd done was just simply what anybody'd have done, an ordinary duty. But I looked around the house, and gathered in what I could find, which was pooty slim. I suppose I might have got together stuff there that cost $50, but I didn't get $5 for it; and that's about the usual proportion of profit on the run of stuff that you pick up around. You read in the papers that the house of Mr. So-and-so was entered last night by burglars, who carried off goods to the value of $350. Maybe the owner of 'em did value the things at $350, and maybe they cost him that, but don't for one moment let yourself think that the man that took 'em ever got that for 'em; if he got $50 he did well. The fact is, I think I must have said to you before, that when you come to take into account the personal risk involved; the difficulties of the work; the irregular hours, and the general inconvenience of the work in every way; the often small returns from dangerous work and the necessity of taking what you can get for stuff that you do get; the time lost, now and then, amounting, maybe, to years at a stretch, and so greatly reducing the actual amount of time devoted to labor, why, bless us! burglary is a miserable business; a man can't earn decent wages at it. There's a a fascination about the work, of course, same as there is in any strange or unusual pursuit; just as there is to you in newspaper work, for instance; something different and stranger and unexpected all the time. But my! I'm out of it now, but if I had my life to live over again I'd never go into the burglary business. But I guess I'm kind o' wandering off, ain't I, and repeating what I've told you before? Let's go back to that house with the overflowing bathtub.

"You know, in stopping that water and saving 'em maybe from hundreds of dollars of damage, I did only the simplest sort of duty, as I told you, what one man owes to another, but in this case I had given 'em much greater actual value than I had got myself, and while I never'd a dreamed, of course, of asking those folks to thank me, even, I think I must have sort of felt that they owed me something after all, and that I had a right to collect it when I could, because I always kind o' felt that that was a reserve that I could draw on when I wanted to. And the next time I was in that town I went to the house, expecting to walk right in with perfect ease. I'd been there before, and I knew the way, but do you know they had a burglar alarm on every door and window? They did, for a fact, and I couldn't get within a rod of 'm anywhere, and that always seemed to me to be kind o' ungrateful."

THAT "MAPLE LEAF."

Sir: In last evening's Globe appeared the following;

"To 'D. F.':—

"A correspondent in the Colonist this morning who somewhat significantly signs himself 'D. F.,' takes exception to the patriotic wish expressed in the Globe that Godfrey's Band would include 'The Maple Leaf' in the programme. It is not classical enough for 'D. F.'s' taste, but he should remember that many of the greatest patriotic airs though not exactly classical, stir the blood with the sentiment. And it is pleasant to know that 'The Maple Leaf' will be played to-night, for Mr. Harriss, himself a good Canadian, says that Godfrey opens his concerts in Canada with that soul-stirring air. And it is to be hoped that 'D. F.' when he hears 'The Maple Leaf' to-night will forget his delicate tastes and applaud as heartily as all good Canadians who happily are not 'D. F.'s.'"

There is not much in the above worth replying to. The funny play upon my initials is not particularly brilliant, nor does it require the wit of a Sheridan to fit words or meanings to any combination of letters in the English alphabet; so that John Smith is just as apt to have a "significant" meaning attached to the letters of his name by a newspaper writer of small calibre, as William Jones, or, for that matter, the gentleman who "does" paragraphs for the Globe himself, but whose initials do not appear in evidence.

Concerning the Globe man's implied doctrine that to be "a good Canadian" one must perforce be a frantic admirer of "The Maple Leaf," I would respectfully point out that it is not only possible but quite easy to be a good and faithful subject or citizen of any country without necessarily loving and cherishing all of its productions.

"Good Canadians" annually import from abroad millions' worth of kid gloves, laces, paintings, statuary, musical instruments and other things, because of their finer quality and higher artistic merit. Why, then, should they be bored with home-made music, if it can be called such, when the works of the centuries are available?

Let us go on using the old national anthem until we can produce something at least approaching it. D. F.

YOU TRY IT

If Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure, which is sold for the small price of 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00 does not cure, take the bottle back and we will refund your money. Sold for over 50 years on this guarantee. Price 25 cents and 50 cents. Sold by Henderson Bros.

Court Vacation At An End.

Petition Against the Election of the Hon. Fred. Hume, Dropped.

Cases That Have Been Set for Hearing Before the Full Court.

The long vacation of the Supreme court came to an end on Thursday and yesterday, for the first time in six weeks, the offices of the registrar were opened all day, and the judges were prepared to hear all and sundry motions or trials. The petition of Mr. James Smith against the election of Hon. J. Fred. Hume as a member of the provincial legislature for the Nelson riding of West Kootenay was down for hearing, and was called, but counsel for the petitioner said he had no evidence to offer, which meant that the case had been dropped, and the presiding judge dismissed it.

There was a long list of chamber summonses. A motion was made by the defendants in Hobbs vs. the E. & N. Railway, which was recently declared in favor of Hobbs by the Supreme Court of Canada for a stay of execution, pending an appeal to the Privy Council. The stay was granted until Wednesday next, the defendants not to interfere with the property in dispute in the meantime.

There were several applications in the case of the E. & N. Railway Company vs. the New Vancouver Coal Company, most of which were of no public interest. One, however, was to add the Attorney-General of Canada as a defendant. This stood over until to-day, to enable defendants to produce an affidavit in support of the motion, and the plaintiff to have the right to answer. A motion by the defendants for leave to inspect the property also stood over until to-day, the defendants to produce an affidavit showing their privilege.

This case was decided by Mr. Justice Walkem, in favor of the E. & N. Railway Company, and the New Vancouver Coal Company are appealing, the appeal being set down for next week. It is in respect to the right of the New Vancouver Coal Company to mine under Nanaimo harbor, opposite Newcastle townsite.

The full list of cases to come before the September session of the Full court commencing on Monday follows:

Centre Star, respondent, vs. War Eagle, appellant, from the judgment of Mr. Justice Walkem.

Pender, appellant, vs. War Eagle, respondent, from the judgment of Mr. Justice Walkem.

Beaven, respondent, vs. Richards, appellant, from the judgment of Mr. Justice Walkem.

E. & N. Railway Company, respondents, vs. the New Vancouver Coal Company, appellants, from the judgment of Mr. Justice Walkem.

Milne, appellant, vs. Begg, respondent, from the judgment of Mr. Justice Drake.

Bird, respondent, vs. Veith, appellant, from the judgment of Mr. Justice Drake.

Styles, respondent, vs. Corporation of Victoria, appellant, from the decision of Mr. Justice Drake.

Piercy, appellant, vs. Pemberton, respondent, from the decision of Mr. Justice Drake.

Other cases may be added by special leave before the close of the session.

GODFREY'S TOUR.

Mr. Harriss Tells of Some of the Factors Making It a Success.

Mr. Charles A. E. Harriss, who left last night for New York, had a few words to say in respect of his trip with the British Guards band to British Columbia. Mr. Harriss said:

"My experiences with Madame Albani two or more years ago, and my present appearances with Mr. Godfrey in your portion of Canada convinces me that British Columbia is quite on an equality with Montreal and Toronto in point of patronage in heartily supporting the better class of music. Only the C. P. R. fast service through from the East enabled me to bring the band this far, and when I tell you we shall jump all the way back from Rossland over the Crow's Nest Pass on into Pittsburg, Pa., via Toronto and the C. P. R., it says a great deal for the great Canadian route, and will convince others that those who have the pluck to tackle so long a trip, provided managers become possessed of sterling attractions—for therein lies the whole secret of success—they will find the public ready to respond liberally.

"There is just one thing I would like to say about my tour on the Island, and that is to pay a well-deserved compliment to Mr. Jamieson, the manager of your theatres. It is no small matter to secure large buildings, and in open-air places find lighting and the thousand and one other things which fall to the lot of the local management. In all these respects Mr. Jamieson has had more than his share of difficulties to contend with during my engagement, and the very able manner in which he has surmounted his troubles is worthy of every recognition, and I am sure the public appreciate his earnest efforts. I mention this inasmuch as one is apt to forget, in the flush of success, the prophet who in the town in which they live is responsible in a great measure for their entertainment, as in this case."

NEW FISHERY INSPECTOR.

Mr. McNab Resigns and Mr. Colin B. Sword Reigns in His Stead.

Mr. John McNab, who has been inspector of fisheries for British Columbia Columbia for many years, has resigned, and Mr. Colin Buchanan Sword, ex-M. P. P. of Matsqui, has been appointed as his successor, and will, it is understood, enter upon his duties at once.

"There will be general satisfaction," says the Columbian; "that Mr. McNab, in retiring after many years' service in the fisheries department, will have so worthy a successor in that important office as Mr. C. B. Sword, than whom a more fitting or generally approved appointment it would have been probably impossible to make."

Captain E. Ross Smith, aged 20, of the One Hundred and Fifty-Ninth Indiana volunteers, who it is said, had the distinction of being the youngest captain in the United States service during the Spanish-American war, has again been honored with a captaincy in the United States service.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE ANGELES FERRY AND THE ALDERMEN.

Sir: I am a warm friend of any practicable project which has for its object the drawing of the Island and Mainland closer together. So far as I can see, the Angeles scheme is the best and least expensive before the city council. The C. P. N. Co.'s offer does not possess a single feature to recommend it, and the Mackenzie Bros.' offer bears so plainly on its surface the brand of the C. P. R., from whom this community has suffered so much, as to be hardly worthy of consideration; in fact it would be dangerous to touch it, as its adoption might rivet our chains still closer. So far as the Point Roberts scheme is concerned, I am told it will cost $1,500,000, an awful sum to pay for the saving of one hour's travel. Better stay as we are than pay that figure. Surely the scheme that proposes to land Victoria passengers in one hour on the Mainland, and carry them to Montreal or New York without change of cars, is the one our people will finally adopt. But while favoring the Angeles plan, I sincerely hope that every precaution will be taken to protect the public in any bargain that may be made. Local directors should be insisted upon. Local rates should be fixed, two trips a day by the passenger boat stipulated, and the time to be consumed on each trip stated. The company should be bound not to maintain ferry relations with any other port on this side of the Straits, and be required to secure terminal facilities and rates for our freight from at least one transcontinental line. As to the ocean dock proposition, which a correspondent in your Sunday's issue took more than two columns to elucidate, the by-law should not be overweighted with useless lumber. If Victoria, by the adoption of the Angeles proposition, should become a terminus, in the course of time more than one ocean dock will be needed for the accommodation of the traffic; but it would be silly to require the ferry company to provide a dock, when we have already one of the best on the Pacific Coast, and large enough to do all the business that is likely to offer for some years to come.

As a friend of the Angeles scheme, I do not join with others in blaming the board of aldermen for laying the matter over. It is an important question and one that requires all the thoughtful care the city fathers can bestow upon it. No harm can be inflicted by a little delay, for I am satisfied that the more it is considered by the council and public the better the plan will be liked. Reasonable time should not be begrudged. Only bad measures need to be rushed through to hide their defects. If the mayor and aldermen should refuse to place a by-law before the ratepayers, their course would be open to condemnation, and the courts would undoubtedly be moved to compel the civic body to take action. At present I see no evidence of an intention to evade their duty.

QUICK TRANSIT.

CUBANS' CONCEIT IS AMUSING.

They Fancy Themselves Superior to All Other People on Earth.

Francis H. Nichols is the author of a capital article in the Outlook on "Cuban Character." He was with the insurgents during the hopeless contest with Spain, and he has no illusions. Mistrust he has found to be one of the cardinal points in their character. "They mistrust the man who has their best interest at heart and gives his life for them as much as they do a foreign tyrant." This mistrust is the basis of all the strange contradictions and inconsistencies in the Cuban character. It is the reason why Cubans invariably impugn one another's motives.

They are intensely imaginative and romantic, and the absence of a religious sentiment is supplied by an idolatrous worship of their country, which goes to the point of fanaticism. It results, in the Cubans' minds, in an absurdly exaggerated idea of the importance and power of their country. "Politically the Cubans are insanely conceited. Many of them sincerely believe that the war would have ended just as quickly without the slightest aid from the Americans. Although the fortunes of the insurgents were never in the entire course of the war at so low an ebb as when the war was declared between Spain and the United States, it was almost impossible to make any Cuban chief admit that he needed any further American assistance than a few rifles and cartridges."

Lots of them are perfectly confident that in the not distant future Cuba will be the ruling power of the Western Hemisphere. They say that Cuba is a more productive island than England, which rules a large part of the earth's surface; and that the mere fact that the United States is larger than Cuba does not make her greater, and that they expect to see the day when all America will recognize Cuba's superiority.

This national conceit is at the root of the national ingratitude, for the Cubans are one of the most ungrateful peoples on earth. "Whatever American military government does for the improvement of the island in the way of better sanitary conditions, better tariffs or telegraphs, the Cuban accepts as his natural right." He is even sometimes inclined to speak a bit patronizingly of Americans as stupid blunderers, who mean well, but whose intelligence is far below the Cuban standard. "From motives of policy and politeness Cuban assemblies and politicians often make a great show of publicly thanking American officials for their work in their behalf, but everyone who knows the Cuban people knows that, down in the bottom of their hearts, there is no real gratitude; only a hope that Americans will soon receive enough thanks to leave them forever."

A man may dress as well as his own good judgment and the assistance of an artistic tailor may elect. He may take his "tuns" but if his digestive organs are out of order, he will have an unwholesome appearance. His complexion and the white of his eyes will have a yellowish cast. His tongue will be coated, appetite poor, his teeth rusty, his breath abominable. He is one big, unmistakable sign of constipation. The quickest, surest, easiest way to cure this trouble is to take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are made of refined, concentrated vegetable extracts. Nothing in the least harmful enters into their composition. They hunt down all impurities, and "make them move on." They are the product of many years' study and practice. Dr. Pierce cannot afford to put forth a worthless article.

Address with 31 cents in one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and get a free copy of the "Medical Adviser."

(From Saturday's Daily Colonist.)

THE LOCAL NEWS.

A Good Price.—George Brimstone of this city and his partner, Tom Rockwell, it is stated, disposed of their claim, No. 3 below Sulphur, Klondike, to a British syndicate for $30,000. Mr. Brimstone arrived from Dawson a few days ago.

Inland Revenue.—The inland revenue returns for the month of August follow: Spirits, $10,462.78; malt, $1,880.85; manufactured tobacco, $6,528.62; raw leaf tobacco, $237.50; cigars, $925.95; inspection petroleum, $11.75; total, $20,047.45.

Incendiarism Suspected.—At 2 o'clock yesterday morning a bright glare in the sky directed attention towards the north. On investigation later in the day it was found that the glare had been caused by the burning of a barn and 100 tons of hay on the farm of Mr. John Turner, near the Royal Oak. Incendiarism is suspected.

Was It Murder?—According to the Sunday Gleaner, of Dawson, old man Eschwege, who died suddenly while coming up the Yukon river on the steamer Ora, was knocked down by a soldier on the streets of Dawson the night before he boarded the steamer to come out.

Tapped the Circus.—The authorities of the Sound cities have a quick eye to business, and profit by such good fortune as the advent of a circus. Directly the Walter L. Main circus announcements were out, the Seattle council decided to increase the circus license fee; while the Tacoma license inspector had some of the circus peddlers arrested for peddling goods among the circus visitors without first having secured a license.

Gamblers' Contribution—The gamblers in the Yukon Territory, according to an estimate made by the Sunday Gleaner, of Dawson, contribute over $100,000 a year to the government. The Dawson gambling houses alone pay over $8,000 a month. Each proprietor of a gambling house is sent for once a month and pays a fine of $50 for each gambler employed in his house. There is no trial, the proprietor pleading guilty for all.

Will Be Admitted Free.—Lieut.-Col. Gregory, commanding the Fifth regiment, yesterday issued the following battalion order: "It is notified for the information of all concerned that under arrangements with the management of Lieut. Godfrey's band, all members of the battalion in uniform will be admitted free to the performance on Monday. Officers commanding companies will make arrangements to issue the new belts this evening."

August Donations.—Manager Hobbis, of the Home for the Aged and Infirm, acknowledges with thanks receipt of the following donations made to the home during August: Mrs. L. J. Quagliotti, Mrs. Nute, Mr. N. Shakespeare, Mr. Geo. Marsden, Mrs. H. D. Helmcken, St. Andrew's Presbyterian Christian Endeavor Society, reading matter; Mrs. Edward Dickenson, clothing and reading matter; Mrs. H. Bornstein, clothing; Mrs. Brown, clothing; Mrs. Pemberton, reading matter and collars; Miss Carr, flowers.

A Big Stock.—The Sunday Gleaner, of Dawson, thus refers to the firm of Macauley Brothers, of this city and Dawson: "The Macauley Brothers have at last landed their full stock, has been on the way prior to April 13. A Gleaner man was courteously shown through their wholesale rooms on First avenue on Friday, and certainly they have an elegant assortment of the choicest wines, liquors, cordials, high-grade cigars, and Wills's English smoking tobacco ever brought into the Yukon territory. The stock also embraces a large quantity of beer, porter and ale, so that dealers may be fully supplied now. The house of Macauley Bros. is so well and favorably known in the Northwest that no commendation is necessary. They are a reliable house."

Home From Dawson.—Jack Johnston, who is now home from Dawson, is securing supplies with which to return North next week. He and his brothers, who went to Dawson a few years ago, have now five claims between them, having located three and purchased two. Out of one of these alone they hope to get gold enough to well repay them for their trip. Among other things which Mr. Johnston will take back to Dawson will be a steam thawing machine. He says these thawers, to those depending upon them to perform a vast amount of development work, will be a nuisance. To operate the steam thawers water must be had, and without plenty of it the machine will be only an aggravation.

JOHN CAMPBELL DEAD.

Westminster Loses a Prominent Business Man and the Province a Pioneer.

The announcement of the death of Mr. John Campbell, which occurred at St. Mary's hospital, at 11 o'clock, last night, though deeply regretted by a large circle of friends, was not unexpected, the sad event having been anticipated, from the fact that the deceased was not likely to recover from the effects of the operation which had become necessary by reason of the advance of the blood poisoning, from which he had been suffering for several weeks.

Mr. Campbell, who was in his fifty-ninth year, was born in Fife, Scotland, and when quite a child accompanied his parents, who coming to Canada settled at Seaforth, Ont. Later on he was in business for himself in Brussels, Ont., and Seaforth. About fifteen years ago he removed to this province, and after a short stay in Victoria settled in Kamloops, and for four years was one of the leading business men of the then Inland capital. On closing out his Kamloops business he removed to New Westminster, and opened a gentlemen's furnishing store, since which time until he retired, about a year ago, "Campbell's Corner" was one of the well known businesses of the city.

Naturally of a genial disposition, the late Mr. Campbell had many personal friends. Being a musician, those knew him best who became associated in that capacity with him and his family, who inherited largely his musical tastes and talents. He is survived by his widow and five grown up children: Mrs. C. H. Watson, who is now on her way home from the East; Mrs. Barnes, of Toronto; John, who is at present in Dawson; Charles, in business in this city; and Thompson, now in the Atlin country. These have the assurance of the sympathy of hosts of friends in their hour of affliction.

The funeral will take place on Thursday, 31st inst., at 2 o'clock, from the family residence, Fourth street, to the Oddfellows' cemetery, the deceased having been a member of Westminster Lodge, No. 3, of that order.—Columbian.

They Want A Guarantee.

Terms on Which Eastern Tennis Players Will Visit Victoria.

Opening of the Hunting Season for Grouse and Deer To-day.

If those Victorians who take an interest in the game of tennis so desire, they can have the pleasure of seeing a match played between Mr. George Whitman, the champion of America, and Mr. J. F. Foulkes, the champion of the Pacific Northwest. Yesterday afternoon the committee of the Victoria Lawn Tennis Club met to consider the answer received from Mr. Wright to the invitation asking him to bring the Eastern cracks, with whom he is touring California, to Victoria. Mr. Wright asked for a guarantee of $350 for expenses. The committee decided that the club could not guarantee more than $200, and the public are to be asked to guarantee the balance. Those interested are asked to communicate with the members of the committee, consisting of Rev. Canon Beanlands, Messrs. R. H. Pooley, G. C. Johnston, H. Barnard, G. V. Cuppage, A. T. Goward and T. Rogers. The Easterners would remain here two days, Monday and Tuesday, September 18 and 19.

At Vancouver.

The annual tournament of the Vancouver Lawn Tennis Club is being held this week, a number of Victorians taking part. The results of Wednesday's games were:

OPEN EVENTS.

Mrs. Archibald and R. Byron-Johnson beat Miss Burleigh and F. Boultbee.

Miss Beattie and Miss Twigge beat Mrs. Langley and Miss M. Goward.

F. Foulkes beat W. M. Hayes.

Launcelot Pelly beat R. Byron-Johnson by default.

Mrs. Byron-Johnson beat Mrs. Langley.

F. Foulkes and G. C. JJohnston beat L. Pelly and R. B. Powell.

H. Armor and J. O. Benwell beat H. Alers Hankey and R. Byron-Johnson.

HANDICAP EVENTS.

D. G. Macdonell beat E. Bramner.

A. G. Thynne and R. Kerr Houigate beat W. R. Digby and H. Kenworthy.

Miss M. Goward beat Miss Bauer.

L. Pelly beat W. A. Gilmour.

G. C. Johnston beat A. McC. Creery.

D. G. Macdonell and A. McC. Creery beat O. M. Plunkett and H. D. Twigg.

G. H. Findlay beat W. A. Cornwall.

R. Byron-Johnston and W. A. Cornwall beat F. Boultbee and A. B. Goward.

YESTERDAY'S PLAY.

Foulkes beat H. Kenworthy; Mrs. Byron-Johnson beat Miss Arrowsmith.

Handicap—Mrs. Byron-Johnson and Miss Arrowsmith beat Miss Beattie and Miss Bauer; L. Pelly beat G. C. Johnson; R. Angus beat G. H. Finlay.

THE GUN.

Season Opens.

During the next few days the woods will be full of hunters, for this is the first day of the open season for deer and grouse. There is other game that can be shot to-day, including duck and plover and the larger game, which, however, Victoria sportsmen will not be interested in until they get through with grouse and deer. Yesterday a proclamation was issued, removing the disabilities as to cock pheasants and quail, which, except "Bob White," may be shot on the Saanich peninsula from October 1 to December 31.

LADDER FOR FISH.

Interview With Inspector McNab Concerning a Comox Experiment.

From the Nanaimo Free Press.

Fisheries Inspector McNab, of New Westminster, returned to Nanaimo yesterday from Comox, where he had gone to inspect and, if found satisfactory, take over, on behalf of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, the new fish way or ladder just completed by the contractor, Jos. Fitzgerald, of Courtney.

The inspector spent Wednesday in inspecting the way, which is built near an 18-foot water fall on the Comox river, between five and six miles from the mouth. A fish way, it may be pointed out, is a piece of construction designed to aid the fish in finding access to fresh water for spawning. The fall of water spoken of is the hindrance which the way or ladder is built to overcome. By means of it the fish are enabled to make the climb to the upper levels of the river. The work was accepted by the inspector as satisfactory and taken over from the contractor. Whether it will prove a success and accomplish that for which it is intended is a question which, according to Mr. McNab, can not be fairly answered this season. The run of spring salmon is about over and in addition the water in the Comox is very low. Another doubtful quantity concerning the fish way is that its efficacy has not in any case been satisfactorily proven. The one at Comox is the only one on Vancouver Island. Some three years ago the experiment was tried at Alberni, but the ladder was washed out by a freshet before it had been hardly tried. The Comox ladder, Mr. McNeb says, is secure against washing out, and it is also expected that it will prove of sufficient durability to withstand attack from floating trees, roots and such like. Many difficulties were encountered in the work, one of which was the building of a road for the greater part of the distance from Courtney for the transportation of material. Next season will decide upon the merits of the ladder for utility in offering a passage way for the fish up the river.

Speaking of the sockeye run on the Fraser river, Inspector McNab said he thought this season would rank as being about the third best since the fishing became an industry. The largest pack occurred two years ago when 880,000 cases were put up. That, however, was phenomenally large. Next to that was the pack of about five years ago, when 450,000 cases were canned. The pack this season, he thought, would be in excess of 400,000 cases, as the run of fish had been something enormous. Mr. McNab expressed the opinion that if the Point Roberts traps had not been operating, the pack on the Fraser might easily have reached a million cases. The fishermen had done well, averaging 20 cents a fish. From the standpoint of the cannerymen the season might have been a little better.