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RY CO., LTD.,
44 Yates street.

Toronto Makes Grand Display

Duke and Duchess of Cornwall Welcomed in the Brilliantly Decorated City.

Today Largest Review Ever Held in Dominion Will Take Place.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Toronto, Oct. 10.—Toronto was decorated today as never before in her history to greet the royal couple. Enormous crowds thronged the streets gathered from all parts of Ontario. There was great cheering when the Duke and Duchess were seen, and the whole affair was characterized by the utmost enthusiasm. The procession of four miles through the leading streets to the city hall was marked by hearty cheers and every sign of enthusiasm, which the Duke repeatedly acknowledged by bowing.

After the royal party had received the addresses at the city hall, they resumed the procession to Government House, where they rested for the afternoon, save for a brief intermission during which, on behalf of the women of Toronto, the Duchess was presented with an exquisite writing set, made of Canadian maple and Klondike gold.

The welcome to the Duke and Duchess was one of splendid enthusiasm. There are not less than 30,000 visitors in the city, not counting nearly 8,000 militia.

Tonight, with half the ordinary population, they appear to be all on the street. The street scenes tonight baffle description, the illuminations art elaborate and unique and turn the centre of the city into fairyland. Many points of attraction and admiration are the parliament buildings, city hall, manufacturers' arch in front of the parliament buildings, and Independent Foresters' arch. All three were brilliantly illuminated and in addition there were ten searchlights on the city hall tower, adding to the brilliancy of the effect.

The streets were crowded all day, but became almost impassable this evening as the illuminations shone out. The Duke and Duchess drove down to the operatic festival at 9 o'clock and huge crowds were waiting around Massey hall to catch a glimpse of them. The scene at the concert was a very brilliant one. The hall was full, but not crowded, and the royal boxes shared with Emma Calve the honors of the evening. No accidents are reported of consequence, and the whole day passed off most successfully.

Tomorrow morning a great review will take place. In the afternoon the Duke accepts a degree from the University, and in the evening they hold a public reception.

The state dinner was held tonight at Government House, and a second will be held tomorrow night.

STORY OF A B. C. PIONEER

The following account of the pioneer adventures during the Fraser River gold excitement of William V. Brown, a Nova Scotian, appears in the Halifax Herald of August 14:

Nova Scotians are characterized the world over for their love of adventure. There are few parts of the habitable globe where you will not find a blue-nose. William V. Brown, a native of Yarmouth, and now residing at Berwick, is at present in Halifax in the interest of "Markland," the new work on Nova Scotia being written by R. R. McLeod and published by a company of which Professor Keirstead of Wolfville University is president. Mr. Brown is one of the most inoffensive-looking men that will be found in a day's travel, and yet he has had one of the most thrilling experiences of any Nova Scotians who have sought adventure abroad.

In the early sixties this young Yarmouthian, in an effort to see the world and acquire wealth, found himself in Portland, Oregon. The wild and wooly West was then an unknown region, but Portland, Oregon, was one of the spots which had attained some measure of civilization.

Talking to a Herald reports, Mr. Brown said: Gold had been discovered in British Columbia, and everybody in the adjoining American territories soon reached a state of feverish excitement. I received a letter from a Nova Scotian, describing the discovery of gold in the Fraser river, in British Columbia. I went to Victoria, B.C., and reached there when that magnificent city of today was a howling wilderness—only a Hudson Bay post, without even the usual accompanying Indian huts. Myself and five companions built boats to ascend the river. During the fortnight that we were building these boats, 15,000 Americans from San Francisco arrived at the post, which, as if by magic, became a city of tents. There was a mad rush for the gold region, and our party lost no time in starting. The only man who knew anything about the region to which we were going, or the route, was a fellow Nova Scotian named Falt, originally from Lunenburg county. When we started, Falt and several others went on ahead in a home-made canoe, and I and six others followed in a row-boat. We were followed in turn by two other boats, and in this order we started on our trip of some 400 miles. The first day we rowed 30 miles across the Gulf of Georgia, and reached the mouth of the Fraser. The second day we were rowing up the Fraser; we camped on the site of what is now New Westminster. After rowing up the river and across lakes for twelve days, during which we had a very exciting and thrilling experience, we reached an Indian trail, which was 75 miles across country to a point on the Fraser river that we wanted to reach. We had to carry our boat and all our stores across this trail of 75 miles. After we had covered the distance and endured great privations, and overcome what were apparently insurmountable difficulties, had a shooting match, and narrowly escaped a lynching bee, we reached the Fraser, and found two or three hundred men there, who were unable to cross on account of the extraordinary high water. Myself and a couple of others constructed a boat to use as a ferry. We got four boards at a moderate price of $1 a foot, and 36 nails at $1 a nail (this was before the day of trusts), and, having improvised this ferry boat, we started business carrying passengers across the Fraser. The rate of ferriage was according to the risk we ran, and on the first day we netted $308. In three weeks our receipts were $2,800, and then competition was encountered. After this we took up our claims and started in bona fide mining.

The water receded sufficiently from the bars so that we could locate our claims. With a common rocker we would take out about $10 a day.

The winter being near, we built a comfortable cabin, but no provisions came from the Hudson's Bay Company. We had made out to exist up to this time, but this state of affairs could not last much longer. We learned that the men employed by the Hudson's Bay Company to make the road had endeavored to get more money than was agreed upon for their services; and because the company would not submit to their demands they took possession and blocked the road, hence the company could not fulfil the contract. Our condition was becoming serious, as no food could be obtained; besides, we were surrounded by hostile Indians.

Word came to us that there was a party at Bridge River with provisions that could be bought. A number of us went up (distance seven miles); we found the party, but they could spare only five pounds to each, for which we paid $2.50 per pound. Some of our men got whiskey from these parties, and by the time we got to our boat (our cabin being on the other side of the river), they were badly intoxicated. One of them made an attempt to shoot me because I was trying to get him into the boat. I caught his arm and spoiled his aim, but the bullet slightly skinned my leg.

We began to think we would have to leave the country or die of starvation. We thought that it was barely possible that we might descend the river in our boat, and we at once made arrangements to do so. The weather was very cold and the river very dangerous because of anchor ice and rapids. The last food we ate before we started was a crow that one of our men had shot the day before. We had no salt, nor had any for two months. We floated down the river till night overtook us, went ashore, made a fire, laid down, cold and hungry, without shelter. The next morning we found the river frozen over as far as we could see. We concluded to abandon the boat, as this kind of conveyance was impracticable. We thought if we could reach Horse-Meat Bar, seo-called, we might get shelter and food. We reached the cabin of Mr. Frank, a German, about 9 o'clock that evening. We spent a comfortable night as far as warmth was concerned, but our friend Frank could spare but a little mite from his larder. We well knew if we did not obtain food on our march our situation would soon be serious indeed. The next day we resumed our journey, following the course of the river, which in many places was almost impassable. About noon we came up to two men (twins), belonging to Machias, Maine, who were repairing a boat in which they intended to descend the river. This point is somewhere near Lillooette. They kindly offered us passage, and shared their sparse food with us. This was providential indeed, and lifted our drooping spirits. We assisted them in getting the boat ready, and were soon on our way again. These men were acquainted with the river sufficiently to avoid being drawn into the fearful rapids that exist. Without this knowledge, death by drowning would be inevitable. We proceeded on our way without any mishap. We entered the Big Canyon, so-called, upon the third day. This gorge is one of the great sights, with its perpendicular walls, 500 feet high, dark and dismal, with nothing visible to cheer us except the narrow strip of blue sky directly overhead. The distance through is about 15 miles, and when we had shot down about half the distance we encountered a cataract of 30 feet perpendicular fall. Here was a dilemma. We must put our boat below or perish, and even that may be the case in attempting to accomplish it. Along the mighty wall were occasional narrow shelves, wide enough for one to stand provided one leaned strongly against the rock, but if the balance tended riverward all hope would vanish. We exchanged ideas, laid plans, and at last concluded to lie in our boat until morning, and then make the attempt to swing the boat below. After spending the day in dangerous and arduous toil, hungry and cold, we all again boarded our frail craft and went on our way for Fort Yuli. We arrived at this point weak and weary. In looking back and pondering over our hair-breadth escape, it caused cold chills to run through my frame. We presumed that our sufferings would end upon our arrival here, but alas! our hopes soon were blasted, because the place neither afforded shelter nor food. We made out to get a loaf of bread each, for which we paid $5. This was all that could be obtained, with 140 miles before us. We took in our boat five others, making in all a company of ten. We started out in company with three other boats, with a strong current. We sailed on till near dusk. We landed on the side of an island upon which was an accumulation of driftwood. The wood being dry, we soon had a fire. After partaking of a small morsel, we spread down blankets on the snow, laid ourselves in rows, "spoon fashion," and then covered ourselves with blankets. In this way we were comparatively comfortable by the combined heat of our bodies. The night was extremely cold. The next morning the river was frozen as far as could be seen. We consulted together. All except our party concluded to abandon their boats, but we stuck to ours. We arranged ourselves on each side and pushed her over the ice. Frequently the ice would not bear us, in which case we would hang to the gunwale. After working in this way all day and part of the night, we succeeded in getting into open water. We found some of our men were weakening, especially two. They were fast asleep on the thwarts. We covered them up with their blankets. The balance of the men, except the twins and us two Nova Scotians, were very much discouraged, and inclined to be drowsy. The boat became surrounded with ice, and little could be done in propelling her with oars. The night was dark and we were ignorant of our progress, but about midnight we discovered a light on our left, which was visible for only a short time, but an hour or two afterwards it again appeared. As there was an island lying off abreast of Fort Langley, we then supposed we were abreast of that fort, and that the island had shut out the light from our vision. This surmise proved to be correct. Soon the ice opened and allowed us to shoot our boat to shore. Here we found ourselves about two miles below Langley, the snow about two or three feet deep, and we in it with no means of conveyance. Our party now consisted of two men frozen to insensibility, their feet having to be loosened from the boat by cutting the ice with a hatchet; four men so much exhausted as scarcely able to walk, and four small men that must do all that was done. My countryman and myself took the one man, and the twin brothers the other. All we asked of the others was to go ahead and mark the track through the woods. We got within a quarter of a mile of the little village of Langley (not the fort), where we came to an old shack. In this we took shelter until some one could go on and report our condition. In a short time about 50 miners came out and carried the sick men, and us four who carried them, into the little village, and handed us over to a fat old lady who was running a whisky shop. Though her exterior was rough and her calling not over respectable, yet she possessed a sympathetic heart. She was the personification of tenderness. The frozen men were laid out upon the floor, hot whiskey poured down their throats, and snow heaped upon their legs and feet. The next morning the boots were cut from their feet, and it was found that they were frozen badly, extending above their knees. The poor fellows were in a very bad condition, and no medical assistance could be obtained.

The next day one of the men who had abandoned the boats arrived at the Hudson's Bay station with a can containing $15,000 in gold dust. He reported many of his boat-mates to be dead or dying. The Hudson's Bay people offered to provide ox-teams to bring them in, if the men would volunteer to clear the road. A number of the miners agreed to go to the rescue. Among the party was a Jew, who owned the $15,000 brought in by the man. The Jew offered him half the money if he would save the money and his life. Before undertaking the contract he covered him up well in blankets and started out, and by desperate efforts he reached the fort.

The men and teams returned after two days' absence, bringing back 22 dead men; in fact none were alive except the Jew, and he was uninjured. There being no accommodation whatever, myself and three others concluded to make an effort to get out of the country. The river below being completely frozen over, there was no likelihood in getting out that way. So we made enquiry of the Hudson Bay Company men how we might travel overland. They informed us that there was an American fort twenty miles distant, and gave us the course to be traveled to reach it, but that the rout would be difficult. We started the next morning, and after traveling through woods for ashort distance, we came to a flat prairie. Upon this we found hard traveling because of water under the snow. After going about five miles we came to a river frozen over, but not sufficient to bear us. We walked up the banks of the river two miles to an old barn, tore off some boards, laid them on the ice, and in this way crossed. We walked all day over this kind of country and reached the woods about eight o'clock in the evening. After going a short distance in the woods, one of our men gave up and laid down. He could go no further. We fixed him as the man did the Jew, covered him up in blankets and left him. About ten o'clock we reached Semiahmoo Bay. In coming down the steep bank onto the beach we could see the lights of the American fort. We now had good walking along the beach, and ere long, probably about ten o'clock, and we crawled up the steep and were challenged by the sentry, but as we could not give the countersign, we were committed to the guardhouse, where we had to remain until twelve o'clock, or until the sentry was relieved, after which we were reported to the commanding officer, Captain Mason, and marched to headquarters. There we were kindly received, fed and clothed. After about a week a small steamer came to the fort with supplies, and we returned to Port Townsend.

I never heard anything further about the frozen men, but the probabilities are that they did not survive. We reported to the commanding officer of the fort of the man we had left behind. He sent out a detachment, and he was found and brought in all right.

THE UGLIES.

Filson Young in The Pilot.

If you had dropped down from the clouds on one of those April days, you would have noticed, within a stone's throw of the farmhouse at Zwartzkopjes, an exceedingly trim encampment spread on a level grass plot that hungry sheep had converted into a lawn. The spot was cunningly chosen—close to the water and to headquarters; in fact, we were Lord Methuen's next door neighbors, and he and his staff did more than their duty by us in the way of gossip, for they took care that we had all the latest news. On the grass lawn were disposed a covered American spring wagon, an ox wagon, a spring cart, a picket rope for horses, and, at a seemly distance, its door opening upon a fragrant talbosch tree, the tent of your humble servant and the companions who shared his wanderings. I must hasten to add that the cunning displayed in these arrangements was not mine, but that of my stable companion, who had acquired it in the course of more than one military campaign. It was he who ordained that the fireplace should be dug at the back of our tent, so that our dinner should not grow cold in its journey from the pot to the table; he who conceived the brilliant idea of setting the two wagons side by side and stretching our awning over them, so that the sun should not smite our servants by day, or the rain by night; he who dug enthusiastically at drainage channels to carry off the heavy rains, and, when he was tired, made his somewhat less enthusiastic body-servant finish the job.

If you had been attracted by this snug scene, and if you had had a glimpse under the caught-up back of the wagon into the glories of our pantry, with its neat rows of tins and bottles and dishes; if you had seen our white-coated cook busy over the glowing ox-dung fire, you would probably have looked into the tent and called upon us, and, I hope, stayed to lunch. In that case I should have had to sit on a biscuit box while you had the diminutive camp-stool and its few square inches of sitting accommodation. And after lunch you would have been taken out to see our horses when they came up from grazing—Kruger, Cronje, Jess, Bobs, "the little mare," and—the Uglies. My most vivid memories of the Hoopstad road are centred in the Uglies, two small, lean, elderly ponies who did heroes' work in the campaign. I never saw two more ill-favored brutes in my life; it was their duty to draw the light spring-cart that took us to our marketing in Boshof, and they were so thin that we blushed to sit behind them. When the short rations were unusually scanty, it was the Uglies who had to go without any at all, and make their supper upon the sound of other horses' muncning.

Horses are thorough snobs, and the rest soon learned that they were more than a cut above the Uglies, who were not suffered even to graze beside them, but were kicked and snapped out of the way. Yes, it was you, poor despised Uglies, who faithfully carried the baggage that meant health and life to your owner on the weary march to Bloemfontein; you who, when other horses sank down and died, still struggled bravely on, leaning upon each other when you could not otherwise stand upright, and taking up the burden again uncomplainingly when the morning whip cracked after a night of frosty fasting! Step by step, at the snail's pace of their eight small feet and their poor, light bodies, they dragged my effects for some three hundred and fifty miles. They were so ugly that people used to laugh at them; they had no pretty, endearing ways, as Bobs had, who used to thrust his head under my arm and beg for biscuits as we sat at a lamp-lit supper. They were bold, not because they wanted caresses, but because they wanted food, and they would push and hustle their ugly noses round about the corn sack, until they were shown their place by a nip from one of the aristocrats. It comforts me now to think that Tommy, the Kaffir servant, who took care of me and the whole establishment, Tommy, the most expert groom in all Vryburg, and the best servant in South Africa—that he was not deceived by the low estate of these poor slaves, but saw through their apparent wretchedness to the rare virtues that shone in their hearts. It made no difference to them that they had not the wit, as the other horses had, to make up to him as the controller and issuer of forage. Tommy refused to see any difference between them and the fleet, clean-limbed Bobs. Really he loved Bobs, who had the ways of a friendly dog, but he also loved the poor, despised Uglies. For the senior and uglier of the Uglies he had, indeed, a real affection, and many a mile did he walk to get an extra wisp of hay or handful of corn for his ill-favored friend. By him the dusty coats of the Uglies were groomed as though they were the coats of park hacks; by him their rotten harness was washed and polished; from his bed a blanket was taken to cover one of them; he shamed me into contributing a covering for the other, and he sat up late many a night mending the straps of their harness or their nosebags. And when at length their strength was quite spent, and I sold the pair of them for ten pounds, and their purchaser, repenting of his bargain the moment the check wassigned, was leading them away, eyeing them resentfully, it was Tommy who said, regarding the senior Ugly with grave concern, "He's been a good horse to me, sir."

THE HUSBAND'S POCKETS.

The other day a magistrate of this town gave the opinion, perhaps it is more accurate to say the dictum, that a woman has no right to "go through" her husband's pockets. We don't know that there is any light on the subject in the year books. Most of women's rights have grown up since then; and where did the tyrant man wear his pockets in earlier days? Is there anything in Froissart or anybody else to show where Edward the Black Prince in all his armor kept his change and how he got at it? Where did Godfrey of Bouillon hide his latchkey? It is idle to tell us of pouch and girdle. Robin Hood knew where to find the treasury of the gentlemen whom he invited to contribute to the support of a poor man whose leech had forbidden him to eat anything but venison, but did the Sheriff of Nottingham have anything that could properly be called a trousers pocket? Did Bluebeard or Henry VIII. in all his glory and his plethora of matrimonial ventures ever have in hose or doublet a pocket which could really be called a change pocket? "Ho, good my almoner, fling me a rose noble to yon merry minstel." O, we have read historical novels and know their lovely language, but we defy anybody to prove that any law of the easement of wives in the pockets of their husbands can be traced until the origin and history of the pocket have been more fully explained.

Yet unless human nature was very backward, the women must have exercised from immemorial times the privilege, since grown into a right, of inspecting the hoards of caches of their husbands. They may not have looked for love letters, writing schools being then uncommon and the club or adze taking the place of the complete letter writer; but we may be sure that they abstracted acorns, thus laying unconsciously but solidly the foundation for the beneficent principle of an allowance. There were pockets in the earth or the tree or lake, it is no paradox to say that pockets came before clothes. And when the noble Salvage made him a coat of the skin of a goat, woman was there to share his toils; also his receipts. We have no doubt that Pocahontas, that Virginia nonpareil, went through Master Rolfe's pockets as artistically as if she had been bred within the sound of Bow Bells.

By prescription and age-long custom a married woman has obtained the right to search in her husband's pockets. Economically the custom is or has been justifiable. Woman has had to take her own wherever she could find it. Morally the custom is salutary. It shows a man the necessity of wary walking. It holds a fellow to a standard, warns him to be careful in his correspondence, corrects his avarice or his prodigality. A woman begins, if we may hazard a theory, by searching her boy's pockets, sure to contain many surprising and some noxious objects. She has to become a censor and inspector of masculine treasures. Then in the present day, when most men who are not sailors or soldiers have lost the art of sewing, she is the pocket maker, the pocket patcher. She makes the pockets. She keeps them in order. She has a clear title to toll, rent or whatever you want to call it; the woman's penny. Without her the supercilious beast wouldn't have any pockets. She is justified in charging him a fee, a slight interest on the endowment or all his worldly goods. She has the right to garnish his pockets.

Besides, they are her pockets. Without enlarging upon the necessity of a common household fund and of a special privy purse for the wife, it is enough to say that since for mysterious reason, into which Heaven forfend that we should enter, she has no pockets of her own, his must be hers. She has the right to use them, to collect her just dues from them. If he doesn't like it, let him stuff his ill-gotten gains into saddle-bags, and carry them securely locked around with him or jingle loose change into a safe deposit vault every day. But see what comes to the niggard. Every day you read of some churl who tucks away money in a mattress or an old stove or a cracked coffee pot. Fate finds him out and punishes him. Fire or the junkman or the ragman gets the dollars he grudged his wife.

The right of visitation of a husband's pockets is important to social justice and domestic economy. It may be waived; but it is only suspended, not lost.—New York Sun.

EXTENSION FUND.

Another Substantial Addition by the Citizens of Victoria.

The subscriptions collected yesterday for the fund for the widows and orphans of the victims of the Extension mine disaster were:

F. J. Bittencourt	$ 1 00
Creighton & Co.	2 00
Thomas Catterall	2 00
Chisllitt and J. W. Balden	1 00
Friend	1 50
Friend	50
Friend	1 00
Miss Ward	25
Friend	50
Gus Hadnegel	5 00
R. Lettice	1 00
Banfield & Jewell	2 00
Cash	50
A. E. Wade	1 00
S. A. Stoddart	2 00
Cash	1 00
A Friend	2 00
J. C. Darling	1 00
K. Tanlmerra	1 00
A Friend	1 00
M. T. Wallenstein	50
A. Stuart	2 00
A. T. McCrimman	50
A. Thompson	50
Dominion Hotel	5 00
E. Hansen	1 00
F. H. M.	2 00
Friend	2 00
Radiger & Janion	2 00
C. Hanbury	1 00
Friend	50
Pearce	2 00
Angel Hotel	2 50
F. M. Brayshaw	1 00
A. Williams	2 00
J. L. Forrester	2 00
Wm. Duncan	50
Friend	50
H. Clarke	1 00
Victoria Trades Council	25 00
Mrs. Sterling	1 00
Friend	1 00
G. A. D. Hilton	50
G. Vacaca	50
Jas. Maynard	1 00
Robert Eccles	1 00
C. M. Hannah	50
L. Dickenson	2 50
H. A. Lilley	2 50
Y. Vassilator	50
Wm. Jackson & Co.	1 00
A. Bancroft	1 50
W. Wilby	1 00
C. Kosche	1 50
Sea & Gowen	2 00
Nanaimo Pilots	25 00
R. Porter & Son	2 50
W. Champion	1 00
W. Hanna	2 00
C. M. Cookson	1 00
F. Brooks	1 00
P. W. Dempster	2 00
Friend	1 00
Friend	1 00
R. Bray	2 00
A. McGregor & Co.	2 00
Friend	50
W. E. Wheeler	50
W. H. Shevear	1 00
T. Sarantis	1 00
A. McGregor & Son	2 00
Cash	1 00
F. V. Hobbs	5 00
J. McCurrach	1 00
A. G. Flint	2 50
Dr. G. L. Milne	5 00
A. A. Osborn	1 00

Politeness is never wasted," remarked the man of Chesterfieldian manners.

"Well, mister, answered the roughly-clad weather-beaten person, that may be true in your part o' town; but if you was in the canal-boat business you'd know that there ain't any use whatever of savin' "please" to a mule."—Washington Star.

Along the Waterfront

Tug Albion Purchased by Victorians—Scows to Carry Ore.

Amphion to Go South—Anxiety for the Brig Courtenay Ford.

Another vessel was added to the fleet of shipping owned in Victoria when the tug Albion was purchased by Hugh Logan & Company, the well known local ship brokers of Yates street. The tug Albion arrived yesterday from Vancouver, and is to be used in conjunction with some scows being built by W. Turpel of this city, in carrying ore between Texada island and the Irondale furnaces. The first of the three scows to be built here for this service is now about complete, and will be launched on Saturday, and the carriage of ore will be commenced next week. The Irondale furnaces situate near Port Townsend, were recently taken over by Messrs. Homer, Swaney and others of McKeesport, who are interested in the iron properties at Texada and at Sooke, and in Barclay Sound on the Vancouver island coast. The scows are specialy built for the trade, each being very strongly put together. This morning the Albion will be used by the telegraph construction party now engaged in repairing the Western Union cable in the straits.

A ROUGH PASSAGE.

Bark Ivanhoe, Which Local Man Commands, Has Tempestuous Trip.

The bark Ivanhoe, of which Capt. Grant, of this city, formerly in the C. P. N. employ, is in command, had a rough passage on her voyage to Melbourne, Australia, from this city. She loaded lumber at Port Blakely and came to Victoria to ship a crew before proceeding. The Ivanhoe experienced, when 28 deg. south and 165 deg. east, heavy gales from SSW. The bad weather lasted several days, and a number of sails were blown out of the bolt rope. Heavy water was shipped, which caused the deck-load of timber to break adrift. The topgallant bulwarks were smashed by the seas, the deckhouse stove in, and other minor damage done.

TO BE REPAIRED.

Ship J. B. Thomas in Need of Overhauling.

The ship J. B. Thomas, which returned to the Sound in distress some days ago, has gone to Seattle for repairs. A Port Townsend correspondent says: "Notwithstanding the three days of careful examination made by a diver engaged for the purpose, no holes have been found in the hull of the ship J. B. Thomas, which, coal laden from Tacoma, was recently forced back here in a leaking condition, and there is no conclusion but that the straining of the vessel opened the seams, and through these the water is pouring.

"The donkey and pumps installed aboard as soon as the vessel returned, have now to be operated continuously to keep down the inrush of water, and it is even said that the pump, going all the time, is barely able to hold its own. The conclusion is just dawning that despite the prompt and, at the time considered, all sufficient preventatives, the Thomas will yet be forced to discharge her cargo and go on the dock to be recaulked."

GOLD ON THE ANCHOR.

Miners' Sluice Mud Brought Up by Steamer's Anchor With Good Results.

Capt. C. F. Strand, of the steamer Santa Ana, which has arrived at Seattle from Nome, believes the Nome beach gold extends some miles out into Behring sea. When he weighed anchor in the harbor of Nome, considerable mud clung to the anchor. Some of the miners aboard the vessel sluiced the substance, finding many colors and several small nuggets, one of which contained nearly a dollar's worth of gold.

The steamer was anchored over a mile from shore, and in about six fathoms of water. The incident precipitated considerable discussion as to the success of a deep-sea dredge off the Nome shore.

NO SEALERS' MEETING.

Report That Meeting Was Held Was News to Sealing Directors.

The statement published in the evening paper yesterday that "The directorate of the Victoria Sealing Company held an important meeting yesterday afternoon to consider plans for the ensuing year," etc., is news to the directors of the sealing company. They say the report was probably founded upon the fact that a few of them coming together held a chat in which the conversation touched on sealing matters. There was no meeting. The annual meeting of the company will be held next month, and until then no plans for the ensuing year will be decided upon. The statement made in the evening paper, that "one of the most important subjects discussed was the advisability of sending vessels to Cape Horne as an experiment" and that "it was suggested at yesterday's meeting that two of the fleet should be sent south" are also untrue—in fact, as some of the directors and the secretary of the sealing company put it, the whole story is "utter rot."

The question of sending schooners to Cape Horne, the Faulkland islandss and South Shetlands has been oft spoken of by local sealing men, and again and again the conclusion has been reached that the time involved for the passage either way, about a hundred days', and the risk attendant on the business are too great. The schooner Edward Roy, in which Capt. Balcom and other local sealers are interested, made a good catch off the Falklands and South American grounds last year under Capt. Gilbert, formerly master of the schooner Director, of this port. Capt. Gilbert saw large herds when bringing the Director around to this port, and last year he was sent there in the Edward Roy. Another schooner is also being sent south from Halifax, but it is unlikely that any vessels will be sent from here.

ANXIOUS FOR THE FORD.

Shipping Men Apprehensive for Dismasted Brig Spoken by Athenian.

Since the brig Courtney Ford was reported off the coast in a dismasted condition by the steamer Athenian, which spoke her 650 miles west of Cape Flattery on the morning of Friday, September 27, there has been some apprehension for the lumber carrier. When spoken by Capt. Mowatt she was headed back for Port Townsend, and although assistance was offered by the C. P. R. liner, it was refused by the Courtenay Ford, which at the time the Athenian fell in with her was making slow progress under temporary rigging, which had been pressed into service a few days previously, after the vessel had her foretopmast, foretop gallant mast and main topmost carried away during a hurricane. Since spoken by the Athenian the brig has had time to reach the coast, especially as northwesterly winds have been prevailing, and it was expected that she would arrive off the entrance to the Straits where some of the tugs which have been watching for her for some time past would be able to sight her.

LAST SAILINGS.

Anglian Will Be Last Boat to Go Down the Yukon.

The White Pass & Yukon Railway Co. has issued its notice for the benefit of prospective passengers, giving the schedule of final sailings on the upper Yukon river. The total tonnage, according to the list, will amount to 705 tons, all of which is already on hand for shipment, or in transit. The last boat of the river fleet to leave White Horse will be the Anglian, an extremely light draft craft, and she will make the attempt with only thirty tons of freight. The boat will make the run through to Dawson, and will tie up there for the winter.

On September 27 the steamers Selkirk and Yukoner sailed from White Horse, loaded with cattle for the winter's consumption in Dawson. In addition to cattle the Yukoner also carried fifty tons of merchandise.

The October sailings, as announced, were for October 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9 and 10, being covered by the steamboats Dawson, Canadian, Selkirk, Victorian, Yukoner, White Horse, Columbian and Dawson, the latter boat to sail, if weather and river conditions permit. The sailing of the Anglian will be that of emergency, as she will be held to what seems to be the last practicable time. Of the boats listed only the Dawson has uncertain winter quarters. The others are all expected to return to White Horse to lay up for the winter. The Dawson will endeavor to make the round trip.

The railway company will accept freight throughout the season for its terminal station, so it is more than probable that a considerable winter traffic will be conducted throughout the entire season. A telegram received yesterday announces that the weather in Dawson is unusually mild and pleasant.

DID NOT SAIL.

Princess Louise Has Been Tied up for Repairs.

The steamer Princess Louise, which was scheduled to sail for Naas and way ports of northern British Columbia last night, did not get away. She has been tied up for repairs, and there will be no steamer leaving for the canneries and way ports of the north until Monday at least, if a vessel sails then, for it may be that no vessel will leave until the steamer Tees sails next Thursday. The steamer Danube is expected today from Skagway, via the canneries, having called at the Skeena to bring down salmon. Since the loss of the Islander, and the accident to the Amur the Danube has been the only Skagway steamer of the C. P. N. sailing from this city, and as she has been calling at the canneries en route down, she has been making long trips. The steamer Coquitlam arrived in Vancouver yesterday from the north bringing down 7,000 cases of salmon.

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Cyrus H. Bowes

CHEMIST.

98 Government Street, near Yates.

OPEN ALL THE TIME.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 160 acres of land in Lillooet District, described as follows: Commencing at a post planted on the bank of the Fraser River, near the mouth of Churn Creek, thence west 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, more or less, to the Fraser River, thence south along the Fraser River to the place of commencement.

F. C. SWANNELL.

Sept. 16, 1901.

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ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

In the Supreme Court of British Columbia, in the matter of John MacDonald, deceased, intestate, and in the matter of the official administrators act.

Notice is hereby given that under an ordinance dated the 27th day of September, 1901, made by the Hon. Mr. Justice Walkem, I, the undersigned was appointed Administrator, of all and singular the goods, chattels, and credits of above-named deceased. Parties having claims against the said estate are requested to forward particulars of same to me on or before the 27th day of October, 1901, and parties indebted to the said estate are required to pay such indebtedness to me forthwith.

WM. MONTEITH,
Official Administrator.

Dated 30th day of Sept., 1901.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that after thirty days from date hereof, and within sixty days from date hereof, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a lease of the water and ground thereunder, described as follows: Commencing at a point which is marked by a post marked "R. M.," on the north east shore of Long Harbor, where the eastern boundary of Range VI., Salt Spring Island, cuts the high water mark; thence in a N. W. and S. E. direction, following such high water mark to a point where the above mentioned eastern boundary of Range VI. cuts the high water mark on the south west shore of Long Harbor; thence due north to point of commencement, to be used for the cultivation of oysters.

ROSS MAHON.

Long Harbor, Ganges Harbor, 26 August, 1901.