Westward Ho!

BI-WEEKLY.

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WESTWARD HO!

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY

Mistaken Identity.

About 300 years ago, in France, Martin Guerre, a young lad was married to his sweetheart, Bertrande. After twelve years of mutual happiness, Martin disappeared and nothing was heard of him for eight years. He was last seen with a bag and stick on the road, and he apparently returned in the same manner. He looked just as before, except stouter and sunburnt and with a heavy beard. All the village recognized him and so did his wife, who received him tenderly and without reproaches. To her as to them, he showed a spontaneous memory of every detail of the past, and the morning after his arrival said to her: "Please bring me my white breeches trimmed with white silk; you will find them at the bottom of the large beech chest, under the linen." For three years they lived as man and wife and a child was born to them. No suspicion crossed Bertrande's mind nor the minds of neighbors; yet this man was not her husband, nor Martin Guerre. A soldier who had known the real husband in the wars, denounced the false one as a cheat at sight. Yet, when interrogated in court, the imposter, whose name was Arnauld Du Tilh, answered in detail every question as to Martin's early life, marriage, departure, motives. He even described the women's dresses at the wedding, and gave all the names, including the priest who had officiated. Every detail of Martin and Bertrande's past history was given in open court without hesitation or contradiction. In two long investigations, more than forty witnesses swore that the accused was Martin Guerre, and among them his four sisters and two brothers-in-law. Witnesses swore to certain peculiarities and marks on the real Guerre, which were all found on his duplicate. Forty-five other witnesses swore that the prisoner was not Guerre, but Arnold Du Tilh, whom they well knew. So equal was the balance that the Judges, not being able to decide either way, were about to give the accused the benefit of the doubt, when who should walk through the village to his home and thence into the courtroom but the real Martin Guerre himself. The imposter undauntedly swore that the man he had personated was an imposter. Stranger still, he was clearer in his memory of the past than the dazed newcomer seemed. But strong likenesses between persons when separated become less striking when they stand side by side. The four sisters retracted at once, and flinging themselves into Martin's arms cried: "This is our dear brother." The wife also confessed that she had been imposed upon with shame and tears. The only French report of the trial says: "Two eggs do not resemble each other more than did these two men." One by one the witnesses retracted. The fraud was put to death, making a confession that some friends of Guerre had accosted him by that name, which had suggested the deception, and that his knowledge had been acquired from Guerre himself, whom he had known as a comrade in the army. This ancient trial recalls one in the early days of San Francisco, in 1851, when there was a temporary committee of vigilance to aid the slow regular police in detecting the crimes committed by the "Sydney Ducks," a term often unfairly used of respectable settlers from Australia as well as of the ex-convicts from that colony. About six o'clock one spring evening Charles Jansen, proprietor of a wholesale dry goods establishment on Montgomery street, was seated alone in his counting room, his clerks having gone to supper. Two strangers entered, one of whom felled him with a bar of iron, while the other rifled the safe of many thousands of dollars in coin and gold dust. The clerks found Mr. Jansen senseless and bleeding on the floor. Next day he was able to describe his assailants, and the supposed criminals were arrested as they stepped aboard the Sacramento boat. The description of one of them agreed exactly with James Stewart, the leader of a gang of thieves and murderers who had killed the Sheriff of Yuba County, and were the terror of the State. The police were now satisfied that they had captured Jim Stewart and Joe Wildred, his companion, and that they were the perpetrators of the double crime. It was feared that Jansen would die, and the two men were taken to his beside, where he at once and unhesitatingly identified the smaller man, supposed to be Stewart, as the man who had struck him with the iron bar. About the other he had little doubt, but he could not swear so positively. The men were tried at once, giving their names as Thomas Berdue and Joseph Wildred. They pleaded in vain that they were 'chums' from a mining camp, just arrived in San Francisco, and knew nothing of the deeds attributed to them. It was with great difficulty and by the intervention of soldiers that they were saved from lynching. Many witnesses swore that Berdue was Stewart. They were sentenced to be hanged on the following Friday.

But meanwhile a vigilance committee party scouting the sand hills between San Francisco and the Mission Dolores came upon a man half hidden, full length in the sand. He was the real Stewart, confessed that crime and others, and was hanged on Friday instead of the innocent Berdue. The latter was put beside his body when he was cut down, and a reporter who was present, wrote: "Berdue stood in the presence of his dead rival, standing by the table on which Stewart was lying, and gazed upon the fixed features. It was like a man looking at his own corpse. I never before or since saw such a resemblance. Stewart was, perhaps a little stouter, but, having seen either one, I think I should unhesitatingly, at any time thereafter, been willing to swear to the other as to that one. It scarcely seems possible that the men could have so perfectly resembled each other."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Irish Viceroy's Godspeed.

The farewell levee given by the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen at Dublin Castle on the 3rd instant was attended by a large number of the Irish National League. The streets were profusely decorated in honor of the departing Viceroy, and an enormous crowd of people assembled from all parts of the country to tender the Aberdeens a rousing ovation when they took their final leave.

The procession was two hours passing the Castle. Two thousand horsemen were in line. The crowd broke through the ranks of the police in their endeavors to shake hands with Lord Aberdeen and his wife. The Viceroy and the Countsss were inundated with boquets.

The farewell to Lord and Lady Aberdeen was phenomenal. All Dublin was abroad, and the enthusiasm was great. The procession was a gorgeous affair, the trade guilds vieing with each other in display. There were numerous bands in the procession, and all played national airs, there being a marked absence of British tunes. Lord Aberdeen and the Countess were much affected by the demonstration.

Mayor Sullivan asked Lord Aberdeen to describe the scene to the Queen, and to tell her that this was a pale forecast of the reception she will receive when she comes in person to restore to Ireland her ancient right of self-government.

A NEW GAMBLING TRICK.

Shoving a Coin Worth Five Times Its Value—How the Verdant are Caught.

A pleasant-faced, gentlemanly young stranger walked into the most swell of Kearney street's magnificent drinking palaces and called for a punch. When the concoction was completed he raised it to his lips, and at the same time tossed a dollar on the bar for payment. The coin fell like the hunk of lead that it was, and the sound produced by its contact with the bar was as flat as the kerchung of a frog in striking the water. The sound attracted the attention of two or three of the young man's neighbors, and they eyed him with some curiosity, as if wondering what kind of a verdant he was to attempt to pass such a coin. The barkeeper simply glanced at it and smiled and waited for the stranger to produce a substitute. The dollar piece did look disreputable, and no mistake. It was battered and bruised, had a plug in one corner, and the milling about the edges was in a state of sad decay; while added to all this was a color that betokened it to be lead from Leadville, and no mistake. "What is the matter?" asked the patron and proprietor of the queer piece of bogus.

The crowd laughed, and the barkeeper suggested that another coin be substituted for the bad dollar.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" responded the gentlemanly young man, pretending to examine the date of his unsavou proffer. "Well don't you know I am glad you refused it; that coin is worth five times its face value to anybody who has got common sense."

Two or three of the party grabbed a look at the date, and then laughed again.

"Why you are a foolish young man," said one of them pityingly. "As money, a bushel-basketful of these things would not be worth a dime. I thought at first it might have been an old date, but if it was coined while Noah was afloat in the ark, it would not be worth more than it is, which is simply nothing."

With this the barkeeper felt impelled to give the young man some kind advice to the effect that he had better not make any more attempts to pass the dizzy thing, or he would be liable to arrest for shoving the queer.

"That's all right, gentlemen; I'll bet any of you $10 that that coin is worth five times its face value, just to show you what I am about."

"Oh, we don't want your money," put in the barkeeper; "just pay for that drink and say no more about it."

"Very well, sir, I'll pay you for the drink with any sort of money you like, but when you grow wiser you will be sorry that you didn't take your payment out of that worthy, misused coin," and with this the owner of the violation of the law against counterfeits produced a wallet fairly bursting with its hoard of bills and gold, and passed over a half eagle for the punch. The sight of this wealth caught the crowd at once, and two of them immediately offered to accept the bet he had proposed a few seconds before. The young fellow pretended to hesitate, and then insinuated that they should give him odds on the wager.

"Very well, since you are so clever a numismatist, I will give you a chance for your money; I will bet you $20 to $10 that that coin is not worth $5 to anyone but yourself. Of course you cannot be judge of its worth as you are betting on it."

"Well, that is fair, although I would prefer to appraise the value of my own goods. I will take your wager, and leave it to any common sense man you may select."

"Done."

"Bet me, too, on the same terms?' another of the party, another, and, still another.

The young man accepted all the offers, and then offered to wager the drinks for the party on the result. The drink mixer accepted, and piled $10 on top of the liquids. A respectable old gentleman was called from the other end of the bar to hold the stakes and act as referee. The money once deposited, and the terms of the bet explained, the half tipsy air the young fellow had carried, suddenly disappeared, and with his penknife he carefully pried the dollar apart. The two halves split like the case of a watch, and in the centre was a little excavation containing a splendid genuine $5 gold piece. The referee passed over the stakes without a word. The barkeeper made a bluff at a smile, but it seemed more counterfeit than the poor old dollar. The three young men who lost the bet fled in search of fresh air. The young man carefully folded up his dollar, took his drink, remarked that it was a pleasant day, and went out, leaving a trail of thick black gloom behind him that could have supplied the town when Ban Fox was beat for the Suburban.—*San Francisco Alta.*

Professor Huxley on Smoking.

At a certain debate on smoking among the members of the British Association Professor Huxley told the story of his struggles in a way which utterly put the anti-tobacconists to confusion. "Forty years of my life," said he, "tobacco had been a deadly poison to me. (Loud cheers from the anti-tobacconists.) In my youth, as a medical student, I tried to smoke. In vain! At every fresh attempt my insiduous foe stretched me prostrate on the floor. (Repeated cheers.) I entered the navy. Again I tried to smoke, and again I met with defeat. I hated tobacco. I could have almost lent my support to any institution that had for its object the putting of tobacco smokers to death. (Vociferous cheering.) A few years ago I was in Brittany with some friends. We went to an inn. They began to smoke and look very happy, and outside it was very wet and dismal. I thought I would try a cigar. (Murmurs.) I did so. (Great expectations.) I smoked that cigar; it was delicious. (Groans.) From that moment I was a changed man, and now I feel that smoking in moderation is a comfortable and laudable practice, and is productive of good. (Dismay and confusion of the anti-tobacconists, roars of laughter from the smokers.) There is no more harm in a pipe than there is in a cup of tea. You may poison yourself by drinking too much green tea, and kill yourself by eating too many beefsteaks. For my own part I consider that tobacco in moderation is a sweetner and equalizer of the temper." (Total rout of the anti-tobacconists and complete triumph of the smokers.)—Medical and Surgical Reporter.

How He Got His Coal.

"Expect they had some fine pups at the Chicago dog show," remarked a passenger from Ohio, "but I have a dog at home I wouldn't trade for the best of 'm."

"What breed is he?"

"Don't know exactly, but I call him a coaly."

"Collie, you mean."

"No, I mean just what I say, a coaly. Money wouldn't buy that dog. He's a cur, but we couldn't keep house without him. You see, several years aga I trained him to bark at the railway trains as they passed our house. That's his sole business—barking at trains. He does just whoop her up, especially at coal trains. Well, he annoys the railroad men so that every fireman and brakeman on the road has sworn to kill him. Oh, he is a valuable dog."

"I can't see where the value comes in."

"You cant? Well, you could if you was in my place, and had all the coal you could burn, and some to sell thrown right off at your back door free of cost."—Chicago Herald.

Thus the Cincinnati Enquirer nails its colors to the mast: "The Enquirer will print all the sporting news, but hereafter the name of that blow-hard, drunken loafer, child-beater and paper-fighter, John Lawrence Sullivan, of Boston, will never appear in the Enquirer unless he fights a man or goes to the workhouse, where he properly belongs."

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18TH, 1886.

JOSS TURNS UP IN THE NICK OF TIME.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD had driven the last spike in the E. and N. Railway, and the worshippers of DUNSMUIR had paid their devotions to the "rising Sun," but they were not to be permitted to have it all their own way. For two thousand years old Joss had been king of the carnival, and the whole slant-eyed fraternity, from Pekin to Canton, from the Great Wall on the borders of Tartary to the luxurious abodes of Foo Chow, who had not risen to the dignity of Confuciunism, had confided to his brazen ears their aspirations and fears, and to his gilded belly the choicest viands and daintiest sweetmeats. He had not the manly beauty of SIR JOHN, nor the cheek of "King Rab," but when there was anything good going on, he counted it a cold day if he should be left out. The petty Mandarins of Nanaimo could sound their cymbals and shake their coloured calico in the breeze, but Joss was on hand to outherod the heralds of the new-born reign.

Let the Caucasian Moses of the nineteenth century arrive by rail; he, almost as ancient as the sea itself, preferred the water. A large deputation met him at the wharf, and, amidst a great deal of juvenile curiosity and visual obliquity, he received the proffered ovation with dignity.

"Let me have a peep, Perkins," said one small boy.

"Who is it?" said another.

"Oh, it's nobody," replied a third. "It's only Harry Bolton on a jamboree," said a fourth.

But all this profanity did not provoke even a smile on the countenance of the brazen image of Guatama Buddha; he was old enough to preserve his dignity. There was no outburst of Vedic song, but a procession, headed by a devout exile from the banks of Yang-tse-kiang, bearing a great red triangular banner, emblazoned with mystic symbols, and followed by four compatriots with four smaller flags, preceded His Antique Majesty to the Joss-house, whilst a stage-load of musicians followed, rendering on unnamable instruments their weird Mongolian music. The music consisted of a melodious theme, intercepted here and there by the tintillations of a cow-bell and the tantalizations of a crashing gong. John heap sabe—big splee alle samee 'Melican man.

There was a good deal of virtuous indignation next day. The people who tolerate the use of such symbols as the cross and the crown of thorns were in high dugeon over this Chinese innovation that looked like a brass monkey. After all it won't make much difference, John has not been evangelized very much in British Columbia—the hat will go around as usual, and if proselytes are not made the other way we needn't grumble.

In the first number of this journal we ventured to predict that in the struggle for supremacy on this coast the Turanian race would succumb, but the *Colonist* correctly diagnosed our case some time ago, and discovered that we were not well up in the prophecy business. Evidently John is about to have an innings, and he appropriately inaugurated the event on the right day. We can well imagine the new significance of the Chinese ode:

Get up husband, here's the day.
Not yet wife, the sky's still gray.
Get up, sir, and on the right
See the morning star shines bright.
Shake off slumber, and prepare
Ducks and geese to shoot and snare.

* * * *

While your lute its aid imparts,
To gratify and soothe our hearts.

He may no longer indulge in the sorrowful refrain of

"A SOLITARY CAROUSE ON A DAY IN SPRING."

Every being has a refuge whither he may turn.
I alone have nothing to which to cling.
So, seated opposite the moon shining o'er the cliff,
I drink and sing to the fragrant blossoms.

THE accession of the Tories to power in England is likely to lead to a renewal of business, not because of Jingoisem, nor any particular merit of the party, but because a conservative regime has long been impending, and the avowed intention of that party in regard to the trade policy of the country has had an unsettling effect. We believe considerable good would result to English trade were the Free Trade doctrine that has usurped the English mind for some years so far modified in its application as not to place industry at a disadvantage with trade. A revival of trade in England would mean a revival all over the world, because whatever changes may have taken place of late years in respect to centres of commercial activity, England is still the great consumer. In so far as British Columbia is concerned a general revival of trade throughout the world, and one that would affect us, palbably could hardly occur at a more propitious season; and if the accession of the Tories to power in England will hasten the event we rejoice at it, but without detracting from GLADSTONE an atom of the glory that is his in a different phase of English politics.

PERSECUTION OF MR. STEAD.

Eliza Armstrong's Case.

The London Evening News says the parents of Eliza Armstrong, the young girl who figured so corspicuously in the Pall Mall Gazette exposure, have arranged to bring suit for $40,000 damages against Mr. Stead, formerly editor of the Gazette, its publishers, and "General" Booth of the Salvation Army. The claim will be for libel on the girl's parents for assaulting the child. The defendants, it is said, are endeavoring to compromise. The action threatened by the Armstrongs embraces six suits. Eliza proposes to sue Mr. Stead for $5,000 for libel, assault and imprisonment, and Mr. Thompson, the proprietor, and Mr. Lambert, the printer of the Gazette, together for $5,000 for libel. The parents of the girl threaten to sue Messrs. Thompson and Lambert for $7,500 for libel, and Mr. Stead for $8,500 for libel and loss of the daughter's services. Mr. Armstrong and Eliza will jointly sue Mr. Bramwell Booth for $5,000 for assault and wrongful detention or imprisonment of the girl and for loss of her services. Then Eliza will sue Dr. Smith for $5,000 on a charge of assault and causing distress of both mind and body. The preliminary steps in the suits have all been taken.

IMPRESSIONS OF TORONTO.

What a Journalistic Knight Thinks of the Queen City and Its People.

Mr. Charles A. Lee, official reporter of the Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias, in the Pawtucket (R. I.) Gazette and Chronicle, of which he is editor and proprietor, under the heading Canadian Chroniclings writes a couple of interesting and readable letters on the Supreme Lodge's stay in Toronto and his trip through Canada. He says:

Sunday is Sunday here. No Sunday papers; no street cars; no open barber shops; no open drug stores; no nothing of a secular character. Even the weather is a little off—not two hours of sunshine since last Tuesday, and yesterday cold enough for a winter overcoat. The streets are paved with wooden blocks, and enameled with a brotherly sort of mud.'

The Jury System.

The jury system could be reformed by treating jurors as though they were citizens, not convicts. There is no reason why a citizen should not go to his labor as a juror in a criminal court with as much freedom as a judge enjoys. As it is, in the trials for bomb-throwing in Chicago, the juror when summoned beholds an imprisonment of perhaps three months, with a lot of lawyers reading his newspapers as press censors, and clipping out the points of chief interest. He is, on the average, an American. He lies to get out of so odious a position; he would doubtless steal if it were necessary; he might murder and still plead some justification. The judge goes home and sleeps, gets up and reads, moves like a free man. Why should not the juror? If he were approached, that would be his own danger, or the danger of the corruptor. If the people desire a better state of things, let them pronounce in favor of using a juror as though he were a citizen, not a slave.—The Current.

Too Long For a Stage Wait.

The following story is told of an eminent physician who watched Mary Anderson do the part of "Juliet." The performance delighted him till toward the conclusion of the play, when his countenance wore a troubled expression. When it was over he went up to the actress. "My dear young lady," he said, "you are wrong in one of your effects. Don't you know that a corpse doesn't stiffen for at least six hours after death?" "My dear doctor," responded Mary, slowly, speaking in deep, rich tones, and adopting a strong American twang, "do you think I am going to keep my audience waiting for six hours while I stiffen?"—Pall Mall Gazette.

Rev. Sam Jones says that a man who has more sense than religion is a rascal, and one with more religion than sense a fool. This is putting mankind in a tight place.

"Fire 97," said a busy hotel clerk to the new porter. Presently the porter returned looking very much mussed up. "I fired him, sorr," he said; "but, begorra, for jist wan blissed moment I thought he had me."

Progresstve Australia.

Statistics recently published reveal facts concerning the rapid and many-sided growth of our antipodean census, Western Australia, the largest of all those colonies in area, has heretofore lagged far bekind the others in population and material progress. On a territory of nearly a million square miles, or one-third as great as that of the United States without including Alaska, there are only 35,000 or 40,000 settlers, and the colony does not possess a representative government. Now, however, the report comes that gold fields as rich as any yet discovered in Australia have been found in the northern part of Western Australia, and a rush of gold hunters has commenced. Some authorities say that the new field is likely to extend over 3500 or 4000 square miles, and that its total yield may exceed that of any other part of the great Island continent. If these reports shall prove to be well founded a great future for Western Australia will be assured, and the effect upon the commerce and industries of the world may be very important. In New South Wales the sensation of the moment is the rich developments in the diamond fields. A paper of that colony claims that they are likely to rival the fields of Brazil and South Africa. In one neighborhood 2400 stones weighing in the rough 625 carats have been obtained by four men in a month, 302 carats having been washed out of 32 loads of earth. It is also asserted that the lot includes some remarkably fine diamonds. The principal cities of Australia continue to grow at a lively rate. Melbourne passed the 300,000 line two years ago, and Sydney has nearly 250,000 inhabitants. Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, and Brisbane, the chief city of Queensland, have each about 50,000 people, and Auckland, the metropolis of New Zealand, is rated at 60,000. The ten largest cities of the colonies contain nearly one-third of their inhabitants.

The Cascades Tunnel.

Work on the Cascades tunnel does not appear to be very pleasant according to a correspondent of the Walla Walla Journal. He says: "There is a stream of water pouring over the steep rocky declivity and falling directly at the entrance of the tunnel. The water sweeps through the rock and is continually dripping, which makes mud very plentiful. When the men come from work they are all spattered with mud and most of them wet to the skin. There is a gas that escapes in the tunnel, vitiating the atmosphere. Then after each blast the smoke from the powder is very disagreeable. But these difficulties are now undergoing quite a change. A large engine has been placed at the entrance, with a large box leading into the interior, and immediately after a blast the smoke is drawn out through the boxing. When asked how long before the tunnel would be completed the foreman said: 'Well, sir, it is 9985 feet long, and there is about 1200 feet finished, counting both ends. We have been at work since last fall, so you can figure for yourself when it will be completed.'"

Dickens' Bells.

There is no writer who so delights in all the varied sounds of bells than Dickens, or who makes so much of them. Not a novel of his in which bells are not heard, oftentimes with startling and dramatic force. In the Chimes he idolizes them with ineffable tenderness and pathos, and Toby Veck's dream of climbing up the belfrey is one of his masterpieces. In some of his stories the bells sound forth only dirges, in others they are monitors to warn from crime, and in others marriage bells, the merriest and most gleeful of all. The door bells are great favorites with him, and he makes the bell handle reveal many of the peculiarities of his characters. Mr. Dowler "rings the bell with great violence," Mrs. Clennam "with a hasty jerk," Bob Sawyer "as if he would pull the bell out by the roots," the poor relation with "apologetic softness," "What a demnition long time," says Mr. Mantilini to Newman Noggs, "you have kept me ringing at this confounded old cracked teakettle of a bell, every tinkle of which is enough to throw a strong man into convulsions."—Chicago Herald.

Plain English.

During the present generation reaction has been going on in favor of plain English. Orators, journalists, novelists and ministers, all have been forced to yield to the popular pressure. In this rushing age men have no time for Johnsonese. To attract their attention one must speak and write in the anguage that people use when they make love, fight, grumble and transact business.—Atlanta Constitution.

A. R. Johnston. T. W. Glaholm.

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18TH, 1886.

LORD CHURCHILL'S RISE.

The Youngest Commons Leader Since Pitt.

A Times' London cablegram says: In comparison with the appointment of the Marquis of Londonderry to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, everything else that England has done in Ireland for the past score of years appears judicious and statesmanlike. In this selection Tory denseness and malevolence have equally come to a climax. What the name of Judas Iscariot was to the early Christian, what the name of Benedict Arnold was to the continental patriot, the name of Castlereagh is to the ears of every Irish Nationalist. In the access of the remote bogs, on the crags of the isolated mountains where the rude natives never heard of Gladstone and scarcely knew the name of the Queen who ruled them for half a century, the word Castlereagh is like the breath of the plague in the nostrils of the meanest peasant.

"Who is responsible for such a cruel blunder as this?" everybody is asking, and the invariable answer is 'Churchill,' whose mother is a sister of Londonderry's father. Explanations of, or rather speculations in regard to, the motive for the appointment are as thick as blackberries. One is that Londonderry's wife, who is a sister of the scapegrace Shrewsbury, is a highly beautiful and charming woman, who, backed by the great wealth which her husband gets out of his Durham collieries and immense Down estates, can establish a dazzling court at Dublin, and induce the Irish to forget their hunger and serfdom by the splendor of her entertainments. Another is that Churchill is seeking deliberately to provoke the Irish into demonstrations of disloyalty. Still a third is that Churchill desires, through his weak cousin and the almost equally weak Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chief secretary, to keep the control of the Irish government in his hands. Probably the true explanation lies in a mixture of all three of these theories.

To tell the truth, the English mind is far more occupied with Lord Randolph Churchill's new fortunes than with the Irish appointments. Surprise at his leap to the chancellorship of the Exchequer mingles with gratitude that he did not receive the Foreign Office instead. He is ten years younger than Disraeli was when he became Chancellor, and the youngest leader of the House of Commons since the time of Pitt. There is much doubt if his health will stand the strain of his difficult duties, and still more doubt whether he will get on with Lord Harrington, who holds the Tory Ministry in the hollow of his hand. There is some comment on the fact that Lord Churchill was an ardent protectionist last fall and committed to the wholesale reform of all government departments. But it is impossible to awaken interest here over his failure to be consistent. Nobody longer expects that or anything else from him but exhilaration.

Canadian Pacific Profits.

The following is a statemont of the earnings and expenses of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for last month and the last half-year, respectively:

	June. 1866.	Jan. 1st. to June 30, '86.
Gross earnings	$895,923 01	$4,160,342 98
Working expenses	519,473 42	2,866,727 93
Net profits	376,449 59	1,293,615 05

In June, 1885, the net profits were $283,490 95; and from January 1st to June 30th, 1885, there was a profit of $1,114,507 93. The gain in net profits over the same period last year is therefore, for June, $92,958 64, and from January 1st to June 30th, $179,207 09. The gross earnings for June include nothing for carriage of construction material, as against $70,548 92 during the same month last year.

We don't want to fight;
But, by Jingo, if we do—
We've Protestant and Catholic,
Turk, Infidel, and Jew.
We've "God" and "Mammon," "Allah,"
"Buddha," "Brahma" and "Vishnu;"
We've collared all the Deities, so what can Russia do?
—Pall Mall Gazette.

Syon House, the historic residence of the Duke of Northumberland, was the scene of unwonted gaiety last week, when crowded with colonists invited to the golden party specially given in their honor. As many as a 1,000 guests assembled, among them were many distinguished Canadians.

W. A. HORNE,

General Blacksmith and Wagon Maker.

BASTION STREET, NEAR THE OLD BASTION. NANAIMO.

Having procured the services of a first-class **Horse-shoer**, I am now prepared to fill all Orders with Promptitude and dispatch.

DONALD SMITH,

Notary Public, Conveyancer, Accountant, and Real Estate Agent.

RENTS AND DEBTS COLLECTED.

AGENT AT NANAIMO FOR

Phœnix Fire Insurance Company of London. Established 1872. Losses paid over £14,000,000 Sterling.

Commercial Union Insurance Company of London, Capital, $12,500,000.

RISKS ACCEPTED AT CURRENT RATES OF PREMIUM.

OFFICE—Corner of Commercial and Wharf Streets, Nanaimo, B. C.

IDENTICAL HOTEL,

NORMAN SMITH,

PROPRIETOR.

VICTORIA CRESCENT, NANAIMO.

W. M. HOSIE.

Painter, Grainer, Gilder, Glazier,

Paper-Hanger, Sign-Writer and Musician.

Cor. Wallace and Campbell Sts. Nanaimo.

NANAIMO BREWERY.

MILL STREET, NANAIMO.

JOHN MAHRER,

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T. D. JONES & CO.

(DIAMOND DRILL PROSPECTING COMPANY.)

Are open to receive applications for Borings for Coal Oil, Coal and other Minerals—BY CONTRACT.

ADDRESS

T. D. JONES & CO., NANAIMO.

NEWCASTLE HOTEL,

COMOX ROAD, NANAIMO,

H. P. SMITH, Proprietor.

The best qualities of WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS dispensed at the Bar.

OLD FLAG INN.

Near the Mechanics' Institute, and only three minutes walk from Steamboat Landing.

NANAIMO, V. I.

J. E. JENKINS, Proprietor.

SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATION FOR TRAVELLERS.

The Bar is well supplied with the best of

WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.

ROYAL HOTEL AND RESTAURANT.

The Largest and Best Hotel in the City.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

Oysters, etc., Supplied at any Time.

A First Class FRENCH COOK has charge of the Cuisine

R. WATKINS,

PROPRIETOR.

JOHN HOOPER,

VICTORIA CRESCENT.

SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER.

Dress Making is carried on in connection with the above business

Special attention is invited to a select assortment of **Hand Painted Velvet** suitable for brackets, etc.

J. T. O'BRIEN,

Albert Street Nanaimo, B. C.

Teaming and Draying Done on Short Notice.

Wood and Coal Promptly Delivered to any part of the City.

LOOK OUT

—IN NEXT ISSUE FOR—

THE ADVERTISEMENT OF

Carthew's Hotel,

John Carthew, Proptr.

COMOX, B. C.

C. C. McKENZIE,

Land Agent, Custom's House Broker, Conveyancer & Accountant

OFFICE—VICTORIA CRESCENT.

May be found in the Office at other Hours, but always between 11 a. m. and 1 p. m.,

Town Lots and Farms or Sale.

Money to Loan on Mortgage at Low Rates.

DEW DROP HOTEL,

HALIBURTON STREET - - - NANAIMO.

George Baker, Proprietor.

First class accommodation for regular Boarders and Lodgers, and the Travelling Public.

MEALS:

Breakfast, 6:30 to 8; Dinner, 12 to 2; Supper, 5:30 to 6:30.

NONE BUT THE BEST BRANDS

OF

Liquors, Wines, Ales, Porter and Cigars Dispensed at the Bar.

The Lansdowne Brewery.

H. Rosewall, Proprietor.

Comox Road.

ALE and PORTER.

NEW BUTCHER SHOP.

COSMOPOLITAN MARKET,

Commercial Street, next door to the Miners' Exchange Hotel, Nanaimo.

E. QUENNELL,

Having opened as above, will keep constantly on hand an assortment of

MEATS AND VEGETABLES.

And hopes to receive a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed during the past ten years.

Meats etc., delivered to all parts of the City free of charge

THE NANAIMO PHARMACY.

G. H. BLAKEWAY,

Dispensing Chemist and Druggist, Bookseller and Stationer.

VICTORIA CRESCENT, NANAIMO, B. C.

Christmas and New Year's Cards at Blakeway's Drug and Stationery Store.

☞PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.☜

EDWARD HUGHES,

Long Bridge, Nanaimo.

STRONG BOOTS AND SHOES FOR WINTER WEAR

MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S

CHEAP FOR CASH.

PROVINCIAL HOTEL,

VICTORIA CRESCENT.

Under the present management this fine Hotel has been re-fitted and re-painted and now affords

First-Class Meals and Accomodations for Travellers and the General Public.

The Bar is Supplied with the best of

WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.

BILLIARD ROOM ON THE PREMISES.

J. B. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

ORIENTAL HOTEL,

Victoria Crescent.

A EASSON, Proprietor.

The Bar, which has been recently beautified, will always be found well stocked with the best brands of

WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.

A well supplied RESTAURANT in connection with the above.

G. MONTGOMERY,

Corner Albert and Commercial Streets.

DEALER IN

Groceries, Fruits, Vegetables, Cigars, Tobacco Candies, etc.

FREQUENT CONSIGNMENTS OF FRESH FRUIT.

WESTWARD HO!

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18TH, 1886.

Home News.

City, Island, And Province.

Bark Otago is loading at East Wellington.

Mr. Thomas Akenhead is now himself again.

Ship Francis is now ready to sail with V. C. coal.

Four miles of iron is laid on the New Westminster branch.

Ship Harvey Mills will now proceed to take on a cargo of V. C. coal.

The unveiling of the volunteer's monument in Winnipeg will take place on the arrival of Sir John Macdonald there.

The s.s. Empire arrived here Tuesday morning, and will, after discharging freight, take on East Wellington coal.

The Queen of the Pacific, on her last trip to Victoria, had a race with the steamship Columbia, bound for Portland, and the passengers on the Queen say the Columbia was badly beaten.

The commission appointed by the Dominion Government, consisting of Capt. Lewis and Mr. Nicholles, will arrive in Nanaimo to-day, to take evidence regarding the explosion on the Queen of the Pacific.

The Belgian school teacher, Emilie Verbruggho, who had been employed by the Roman Catholic mission at Cowichan, and was charged with embezzlement—having appropriated the government grant to the school—has been committed for trial at the assizes.

The following gentlemen will leave Port Moody to-morrow, to represent British Columbia at the rifle competition to be held at Ottawa. Lieut.-Col. Wolfenden, Capt. A. Jones, Surgeon Trew, Sergt. Roper, Sergt. Trapp, Sergt. Scoullar, Gunners J. C. Newberry, and F. Sargison.

A party of Dunsmuirites, including George Norris and M. Bate, were taken to Victoria by the E. and N. Railway. We are informed that they went on the express understanding that they should return by the railway. But the president willed it otherwise. Probably that gentleman delayed them two days so that they might understand well his instructions. They had to fall back on the People's steamer Amelia, and came up Monday afternoon.

The Texan Away From Home.

Stranger (to bartender)—I'm three days from Texas, mister, whar I was bo'n an' raised, an' I want er drink. Gimme suthin hot.

Bartender—I can give you some powdered glass and arsenic, sir, with pepper sauce and furniture polish.

Stranger—No live hornets?

Bartender—Not a live hornet in the place.

Stranger—Well, gimme what you've got. A man can drink 'most anythin', but I did want suthin ter warm me up. I start fer Texas ter-morrer, stranger.

Betrayed by His Accent.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—Phat's yer name?

Prisoner—Patrick McGoolihan.

Magistrate—Is it an Irishman, yez are?

Prisoner—Yis, yer honor.

Magistrate—That's wat Oi thought, yer accent is froightful.

The Hoarse Singer.

The prima donna was hoarse and the manager unconquerably nervous. Brignoli must make the apology. The tenor going forward said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to zay zat Madame N. ees a little horse this evening." Peels of laughter greeted this announcement, and Brignoli puzelled at such treatment repeated, "I zay zat Madame N. ees a little horse." "Trot her out then," said a voice from the gallery, whereupon the tenor perceiving the joke joined in the laughter.

A Virginia City saloon keeper, who was making arrangements for a slugging match in that city, knocked out one of the clergymen of the place in one round by calling on him and asking the loan of a lot of chairs from the chapel on which to seat the spectators at the fight. He offered the preacher a free ticket for the use of the chairs.

There are people who imagine that a jockey's life is a joyous life; that earth can offer few greater delights than to ride the winner of a great race and to be led back to the scales by an ecstatic crowd. But how utterly untrue is such an opinion is well shown by a racing correspondent who saw Archer's face at the Derby and thus described it: "It was like that of a man about to be hanged—a duelist fighting with a foe at once feared and hated—a man, in short, in any position of awful strain, with the complex emotions of terror, hope and resolve. It was all the observation of a second, but it brought home to the mind the abysmal depths of life and death, exultant joy or horrible despair that underlie the gayety and the blare, the bright dresses, the smiling women, the popping of champagne bottles and the vacuous noise of Epsom race course."

Hanlan rowed three miles with a turn on Lake Quinsagmond, August 12th, in 19 minutes, 23 seconds, beating all his previous records.

Joseph Gaudaur will row Beach, the Australian oarsman, on the Thames on September 18th for £1,000 a side and the championship of the world.

Geo. W. Lee, Wallace Ross, and John Teemer, the well-known oarsmen, left for England on July 27th, on the steamship Alaska.

A California Girl's Rig.

"Around the shapely 28-ineh waist was a pink satin belt supporting a red-white-and-blue sash. From right shoulder to left hip was a garland of marigolds twined with green ribbon ending in an elaborate bow largely mixed with lavender silk. Around the neck was a cascade of black chenille, while the hat, swathed in pink mull, had four red feathers drooping limply in the 90 degrees of weather. Coarse brown and white stockings and clumpy slippers with red bows and gilt buckles graced her not diminutive feet." This is the way a California country girl was rigged out when her beau took her to the Fourth of July celebration on the 5th.

All women profess to hate men who are jealous, but in this way they belie themselves extravagantly. No woman ever loved a man violently whom she was unable to infect with a sting of the green-eyed monster. It is true that some women are fond of complacent, easy-going, and impassionate men, but as a rule such fellows can never inspire the genuine emotion. It is your hot-headed, passionate, and impulsive man who can drive a woman to destruction. All women are more or less sentimental, and so are all good men for that matter.

Within Their Right.

The Michigan Knights of Labor have declared for female suffrage. The Michigan Knights of Labor had better attend to matters which concern them.—Winnipeg Manitoban.

It will strike most people that the Knights of Labor are quite within their right in expressing an opinion as to female suffrage. But the Manitoban, it seems, cannot get over the Tory idea that there should be a governing class apart from the workers.—London Advertiser.

A lady at San Diego aged 70 years, gave birth to a daughter yesterday. The husband's age is 75 years.

A California stage coach, running through the Moraga valley, tipped over the other day and the seven outside passengers were shot down a precipice. One young lady, after falling fifty feet, fetched up in the top of a tree, quite unhurt, and also quite destitute of clothing. None of the passengers was seriously damaged.

Removal.

DR. O'BRIAN

HAS REMOVED FROM HIS OLD QUARTERS to the House on

HALIBURTON-STREET,

Opposite the Site of the V. C. Co.'s Offices,

Which were burned down about 2 years ago.

TENDERS

ARE INVITED UP TO NOON, on the 21st inst., for EXTENDING and REPAIRING the MASONIC BUILDING, aeeording to specifications, to be seen at my office,

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

C. C. McKENZIE,
Sec. Ashlar Lodge,
No. 3 A. F. and A. M.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS OWING ACCOUNTS to the Estate of JOHN WHITFIELD are hereby notified to pay the same to the undersigned.

C. C. McKENZIE,
Victoria Crescent.

FIRE!

If you wish to insure your property you cannot do better than call upon Mr. W. K. Leighton, agent for the Liverpool and London and Globe and the Ætna Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. Risks are accepted at current rates. *

R. CRAIG,

Blacksmith.

Horses Shod with Scientific Accuracy by a SMITH of many years' experience.

Waggons of all Kinds Made to Order.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE AT LOW RATES.

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING DONE WITH EXPEDITION AND ACCURACY.

BASTION STREET, NANAIMO, B. C.

Notice.

A. R. JOHNSTON & CO., have been appointed Agents for the

BRITISH COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

to act for Nanaimo and vicinity, and are now ready to accept risks.

M. H. COWAN,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Victoria, May 21st, 1886.

Ladies' Fashionable Bazaar.

Mrs. J. C. McGregor,

VICTORIA CRESCENT.

THE PRINCIPAL DRESS-MAKing and Millinery Establishment in the City. Carries a large assortment of—

HATS, BONNETS,
FLOWERS, LACES,
SILKS, FANCY GOODS,

AND

LADIES' APPAREL,

Employs the Largest Force of Skilled Assistants of auy Dry House in town.

Agent for the "WHITE" Sewing Machine

PALACE RESTAURANT

AND

CHOP HOUSE.

OYSTERS, CHICKENS, GAME, and every Delicacy in Season.

Served at all hours and in the best style.

FIRE!

Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance.

ÆTNA INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

RSKS ACCEPTED AT CURRENT RATES.

W. K. LEIGHTON,
Agent.

HIRST BRO'S,

—:o:—

COMMERCIAL ST., NANAIMO.

—:o:—

The above Firm carry a Full Stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Agricultural Implements, Jewelry, Cutlery and Fancy Goods, &c.,

IMPORTED DIRECT.

WALTER WILSON,

IMPORTER OF

Stoves, Grates, Ranges, Pumps

Lead Pipe, Zinc, Etc.

AND MANUFACTURER OF

TIN, COPPER, ZINC AND SHEET IRON WARE.

ALSO METAL ROOFER.

REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

COMMERCIAL STREET, NANAIMO.

A. G. HORNE & SON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS & CLOTHING,

CRESCENT, NANAIMO.

SUGARS—Extra large importation of finest grades sold in barrels or smaller quantities at Lowest Possible Prices.

Island & Portland Flour

HAMS AND BACON,

Teas and Canned Goods.

Full assortment direct from packers.

BUTTER, CHEESE, FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

A large and varied stock of Clothing sold cheap for cash.

The Farmers' Store, Comox. The Crescent Store, Nanaimo.

ARTHUR BULLOCK,

DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY

Go to Arthur Bullock's, the leading and fashionable dry goods house of Nanaimo, where the public will find a large and complete stock of Dry Goods, Millinery and Men's Furnishing Goods. Being a direct importer from the European and Eastern markets, I am enabled to offer Goods at most reasonable rates. My stock of Millinery is now most complete, and I can show a more fashionable and stylish class of goods than any other house in British Columbia. Some elegant styles in

LADIES' CLOAKS & DOLMANS

GREAT BARGAINS IN FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.

Terms Cash. ARTHUR BULLOCK, Crescent Store.

AGENT NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

JAS. ABRAMS. D. J. McLEAN.

VANCOUVER CLOTHING HOUSE,

Jas. Abrams & Co.

Large and complete stock of Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's

OVERCOATS AND ULSTERS.

QUANTITY, QUALITY AND CHEAPNESS NEVER BEFORE EQUALLED IN

NANAIMO.

Shirts, Collars, Gloves, Gents' Furnishings, Mitts, Ties, and Braces are Specialties. A direct importation of a large lot of Underclothing, also a large parcel of French

HAND-MADE SHOES AND GERMAN SLIPPERS

Never before introduced into this Market.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Farmer's Market.

E. HODGSON, Proprietor.

COMMERCIAL STREET,

NANAIMO.

Having purchased the above POPULAR MARKET from Mr. David Hoggan, I will keep constantly on hand a full assortment of

MEATS AND VEGETABLES.

Orders for Hotels, Families and Shipping supplied at short notice, and delivered free of charge.

Dealer in Horses, Cattle, etc.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

We have lately received a large—in fact the largest, cheapest, and best line of

ENGLISH MERINO UNDERCLOTHING,

from $1 50 a suit upwards.

A large and well-selected stock of English Clothing from $15 to $22 per suit. We have the largest stock of white and colored shirts, hats, caps, and ties, boots and shoes in Nanaimo.

The above goods will be sold at five per cent. discount for cash.

COME ONE! COME ALL!

JAMES ABRAMS & CO.