G. A. McBain Co.
Real EStaye Brokers
Nanaimo, B. C.

The Weekly News.

G. A. McBain & Co.
Real Estate Brokers
Nanaimo, B. C.

NO. 61. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, JAN. 10, 1894. $2.00 PER YEAR

McKims' Store

— at —

UNION, B. C.

has a fine assortment of

Oils,	Boots,
Paints,	Shoes,
Crockery,	Tobacco,
Hardware,	Clothing,
Glassware,	Groceries,
Gentlemen's	Furnishings

—— And so on ——

We also take orders for custom made suits.
Give us a call and we will try and please you.

Wm. K. Leighton.

Fire and Life Insurance Agent.

Royal London and Canadian — London and Lancashire
Phenix of Hartford — Confederation Life.

Green Block, Nanaimo.

W. J. Young. P. F. Scharschmidt.

COURTENAY PHARMACY.

PURE DRUGS & PATENT MEDICINES
Also Fancy Toilet Articles
TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

McQUILLAN & GILMORE
COURTENAY, B. C.

Having bought out the Stage, Team and Livery Outfit of John W. Fraser will continue the business at the old stand.

We have also purchased a carload of Lake coal and will deliver it at a reasonable figure.

Orders may be left at the NEWS' Office.

Sun Life Assurance Co

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

One of the Largest and Strongest Companies in Canada

Gives the Most Liberal Contract and Pays the Largest Dividens

Assets	$3,403,700.00
Reserve for the Security of Policy Holders	$2,988,320.28
Surplus over all Liabilities	$307,428.77

J E. Crane, Gen'l Agent, Victoria, B. C. L. W. Fauquier, Special Agent

UNION STORE

We Carry the Largest Stock
— of —
General Merchandise
in British Columbia.
Simon Leiser, Proprietor,

Miss M. Roy has charge of our dress Department. All work done in this Department guaranteed to give satisfaction.

McPhee & Moore.

COMOX, BC.

Importers & Dealers in

Flour & Feed	Dry Goods	Gents Furnishings
Farm Produce	Boots & Shoes	Patent Medicines
Fancy Groceries	Hardware	Stationery
Crockery & Glassware	Paint & Oils	Wallpaper

Sportsmens Supplies a Speciality

E. Pimbury & Co.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL
DRUGGISTS and STATIONERS
Commercial St. Nanaimo, B. C

Store for Rent.

For rent from Aug. 1 my store in the VILLAGE OF COURTENAY.

This is a first class chance, as a good paying business has already been built up. Apply to

Wm. Lewis, Courtenay, B. C.

Rams for Sale.

FOR SALE two fine young Rams (South Downs).

Apply to
Geo. Howe,
Comox, B. C.

Dr W J Curry
(DENTIST.)

Green's Block—near Post Office—Nanaimo. Any number of teeth removed without pain and without the use of Ether or Chloroform.

Farm Products for Sale.

(Delivered at Thos' Cairn's farm.)

Carrots per lb.	1 cent
Turnips " "	" "
Cabbage " "	1½ cents
Onions " "	2 "
Eggs limed per doz	30 "
Fresh eggs at market price	
Butter per lb	30 "

Society Cards

I. O. O. F., No. 11

Union Lodge, I. O. O. F., meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

Alex. W. Fraser, R. S

Hiram Lodge No 14 A.F. & A.M., B.C.R.
Courtenay B. C.

Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

W. J. Young
Secretary.

K. of P.

Comox Lodge No 5, K. of P., meets every Saturday, after the new and full moon, at 8 p. m. at Castle Hall, Comox. Visiting Knights cordially invited to attend.

John Baird
K. R.S.

C. O. O. F.

Loyal Sunbeam Lodge No. 100, C. O O. F. meet in the old North Comox school house every second Monday at 8 p. m Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

J. B. Bennett, Sec.

H A Simpson

Barrister and Solicitor. Office in 2nd flat, Green's Block, Nanaimo, B. C

Will be in Union every Wednesday and Courtenay on Thursday.

R. B. Anderson,

Practical Watchmak
Worker in Light Metals and
Gunsmithing

Present office Elk Hotel
Comox, B. C.

THE EXHIBITOR.

Pearls from Wisconsin make a very creditable display at the World's fair.

In The North American Review exhibit at the World's fair is a letter from Byron to Shelley.

Among the attractions at the fair is a straw hat braided by the busy fingers of her majesty Queen Victoria.

A bronze statue of General Shields, which is to be placed in the capitol at Washington by that state, is on exhibition in the Illinois building.

Lady Amherst of Hackney, London, has just been presented with the honorary freedom of the Worshipful Company of Turners. She has some fine carving on view at Chicago.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts exhibits a model of his famous Brookfield stud. The interiors are fitted with electric lights, which enable one to see the tiny galleries, loose boxes, etc., which are within.

California has exhibits in more buildings at the fair than any other state. In the Woman's building the richness and beauty of the "California room" awaken admiration, while the state building itself is a veritable fairly laud.

[L.S.] E. DEWDNEY
CANADA.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

To Our faithful the Members elected to serve in the Legislative Assembly of Our Province of British Columbia at Our City of Victoria—GREETING.

A PROCLAMATION.

THEODORE DAVIE, Attorney-General. } WHEREAS We are desirous and resolved, as soon as may be, to meet Our people of Our Province of British Columbia, and to have their advice in Our Legislature:

NOW KNOW YE, that for divers causes and considerations, and taking into consideration the case and convenience of Our loving subjects, We have thought fit, by and with the advice of Our Executive Council of the Province of British Columbia, to hereby convoke, and by these presents enjoin you, and each of you, that on Thursday, the Eighteenth day of the month of January, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, you meet Us in Our said Legislature or Parliament of Our said Province at Our City of Victoria, FOR THE DISPATCH OF BUSINESS, to treat, do, act, and conclude upon those things which in Our Legislature of the Province of British Columbia, by the Common Council of Our said Province may, by the favor of God, be ordained.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent and the Great Seal of the said Province to be hereunto affixed: WITNESS, the Honourable EDGAR DEWDNEY, Lieutenant-Governor of Our said Province of British Columbia, in Our City of Victoria, in Our said Province, this Fourteenth day of December, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, and in the fifty-seventh year of Our reign.

By Command.
JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary.

A Grand Pythian Ball

will be held in

Knights of Pythias Hall

at Comox.

Wednesday, Jan. 17th 1894.

on the occasion of

Grand Chancellor Anstie's visit.

Tickets admitting Gent and Lady $2.50.

THE BOTANIST.

Mistletoe grows more luxuriantly in the swamps of Arkansas perhaps than any where else in the country.

In Middle Smithfield, Pa., there is a chestnut tree the trunk of which measures 18 feet in circumference, breast high.

How water, commonly called sap, necessary to the life of a tree, passes from the roots to the topmost leaf and evaporates is a problem not yet solved by botanists.

Among the most beautiful flowers brought from Japan is the fragrant auratum lily. It is easy of culture and free from enemies. Spring is the time for planting, and the large bulbs are the best.

In various times and places the pansy has been styled by the following epithets: Herb trinity (from its three colors), love and-idle, kiss-me-ere-I-rise, jump-up-and-kiss-me and three-faces-under-a-hood.

THE INVENTOR.

A New York hotel is said to use a machine that washes and dries 1,000 dishes an hour. Two persons attend to it.

Cast iron melts at 3,479 degrees F., copper at 2,548 degrees, gold at 2,590 degrees and silver at 2,233 degrees, lead at 617 degrees and cast tin at 442 degrees.

S. R. Dawson of Des Moines, claims to have discovered the lost art of making what is known as Damascus steel, the method being known only by the ancients, and which no other man of modern science has ever been able to duplicate.

Mr. Frank H. Bowen of Springfield, Mass., has recently patented a machine for typewriting music. Hitherto the lack of some means for accurately and easily producing from one to a few dozen copies of a piece of music has been increasingly felt.

THE NURSE.

The average weight of a male infant at birth is 7.55 pounds.

The average weight of a female child at birth is 7.33 pounds.

The average height of a male infant at birth is 19.34 inches.

The average height of a female infant at birth is 18.98 inches.

Each inch of the male infant corresponds to 3.56 pounds. Each inch of the female infa. corresponds to 2.62 pounds.

Union Health Record.

Owing to the fact of the appearance of an item in some of our exchanges calculated to give the impression that Union was an unhealthy place we have taken some trouble to investigate. Vital statistics are accepted everywhere as the conclusive test, and a comparision of these in a few cases for last year—1893—will show the actual truth, which Union at least has no reason to conceal or feel bad about.

Union has a population of about 1,000; deaths, in 1893, 10, rate per 1000, 10. Nanaimo has a population of 6000; deaths in 1893, 121; rate per 1000, disregarding fractions, 20. New Westminster has a population of 8000; deaths last year, 177, rate per 1000, 22. We have not the statistic of Victoria before us, but those given are sufficient to refute the charge of unhealthfulness. But this is not all. We give below the list with the cause of death, which shows that only five or one half were from natural causes. We think it would be hard for any mining camp on the continent to show a better record:—

DEATH ROLL of 1893.

Two Japs	from natural cause.
One child, 2 years old	" " "
One Infant, week old	" " "
One still born	
One Chinaman, killed in the mines.	
Three white men	" " " "
One white man killed by accident in the woods.	

Union Flashes.

Jan. 6th.—Beautiful snow.

The Thistle came today.

The Boscowitz came in Monday night.

The Pheasant, Garnett, and San Mateo will soon be due.

On Jan. 2, W. M. Mamberg was united in marrage with Miss Alice Sargent, the Rev. Mr. Higgins, officiating.

The contractor of the new Methodist church has not yet returned from Victoria and the rumour that he will not is generally beleived. The church building is under roof and as one expressed it, is as handsome as a picture. In any event the work will go ahead although there may be a little delay.

The out-put for 1893 at Union Mines was 126,438 tons which will undoubtedly be largely increased in 1894.

SAD DROWNING.

On last Wednesday evening a party of young ladies and gentlemen of this place went over to the cranberry pach pond on the road towards Courtenay to skate. All went well until about 10 o'clock when a cry of disaster arose from Martin Hanson and Miss Rosa Mellado who were somewhat in advance of the main party. Mr. Edward Wood who happened to be nearest hastened forward. He could see nothing at first but understood that somebody had gone through the ice. As he approached the spot he threw himself prone upon the ice slipped forward and stretching out his hands grabbed Miss Mellado whose head was above the water. He saw nothing of Hanson. The drowning girl clutched Wood by the wrist in a vice like grip that not only rendered him help less but nearly dragged him into the hole where poor Hanson had dissappeared. Young Jimmie Turnbull who stood behind Wood seized him by the heels and prevented his slipping into the water. Wood with a desperate effort broke the hold upon his wrist and grappling her to the best advantage held her up while others who had opportunely arrived took hold of him and pulled them both back. It was none to soon. The ice under the accumulated weight was gradually giving way and Jimmie Turnbull was, when received, half up to his knees in water.

Miss Mellado was immediately taken home and Wood's teams soon returned with boards and timbers, and the search for Hanson was vigorously kept up for several hours, but without result. In the morning grappling irons having been procured the search was continued, and shortly before noon the body was found not far from the place where he sank, in about thirty feet of water. It is thought he was seized with cramps the moment he struck the water from the fact he did not rise after going down, and also from the drawn up position of the body when found and the further fact that he was a good swimmer.

The funeral took place on Friday. The procession which followed him to the grave in the Presbyterian cemetery, Sandwick, was an imposing one. The Knights of Pythias were in attendance in their regular regalia. Rev. Mr. Robson officiated

Mr. Martin Hanson was about 19 years of age, unmarried, and in the employ of the Colliery Co He is spoken of as quiet, sober, and industrious and a general favorite. His mother, step-father and brother reside at Union. He has a sister living in Nanaimo.

Miss Rose Mellado has nearly recovered, and on Saturday was able to sit up. It was a very narrow escape.

Of the conduct of Mr. Wood and young Turnbull and those who came forward upon the bending ice to aid in the rescue nothing further need be said. The simple recital of facts is eloquent of their heroism. They but did their duty it is true, but they did it in face of imminent danger and that none of them perished is indeed marvelous.

Presbyterian Christmas Tree.

This tree matured its fruit late, but nevertheless a good crop. It was on Tuesday after Chistmas that its fruit was gathered and the account did not reach us until some days later. The weather was pleasant and the church on the hill was well filled. Santa Claus—the children's friend—was there in all his glory. His cloths were capacious in keeping with his generous character and as he distributed the fruit of the Tree his eyes shone with delight and his voice was rich with the tones of friendship. Such a tree! It bore all kinds of fruit, something suited to each one, and none were disappointed.

Unfortunately some of the children were unable to attend on account of la grippe.

The programme consisted of singing and recitations and was well rendered.

Refreshments were provided in abundance by the ladies. Mrs. J. McPhee and Mrs. J. A. Halliday had charge of this department.

Mrs Tait and Mrs. W. Duncan trained the children in singing.

The expenses were $20.50 and the collection exceeded this sum by about 75 cents.

Mid-winter Fair.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Dec. 28.—It is now a certainty that the Fair will not be opened on Jan. 1., as none of the main buildings are finished, nor will they be before the middle of January. The large glass sections for the roof of the Manufacture's building and the Palace of Mechanical Arts were delayed in shipment three weeks, so there will be no exhibits until the builders leave.

The Fine Arts building is being now ornamented and is likely to be finished on time, and the Administration building is in much the same condition. The Electric Tower and the Electric Fountain will be about a week late. The enormous Firth Wheel, the Santa Barbara Amphibia display. Boone's performing lions, the Scenic Railway, the Haiwaiian burning mountain the Esquimoaux village, and the Sioux village will be ready on about the 1st. The Vienna Prater and Festival Hall are now farthest from completion. Washington's exhibit is not large and British Columbia is so far out in the cold.

While it is understood that the Fair will not be in full swing on Jan. 1., it will be open; but few of the buildings will be finished and not many of the exhibits in their places; hence the entrance fee, while this condition exists has been put at 25 cents, half the amount which it will be when everything is complete. The frequent rains have been the cause of the delay, stopping the workmen and especially the painters. This, however, could not be avoided. That so much could be done in so short a time is the marvel. Things will be rushed now and it will not be long before out of the present jumble will rise the Mid-Winter City in all its resplendent glory.

American Traveler.

P. S.—I forgot to mention that the building known as Dante's Inferno is beginning to look dangerous. Its wings are still a shapeless mass of lathe and plaster, but its mouth shows a wonderful capacity and suggests an appetite that would render it safer not to approach too near.

A.T.

Comox Doings

The Joan arrived on time last Wednesday. Passengers—Amos Holden, H. Simpson, J. Powell, J. A. Coates, J. Hughes, C. Hall, Miss Curran, F. Bacchus, James King, A. McKelvey, and Assistant Inspector Dorman. Freight—McPhee & Moore, S. Cliffe, Wm. Sharp

Friday morning the Joan left at usual time with the following Passengers: R. Carter and son, Miss S. Lewis, Mrs. S. Piercy and family, Miss Smith, Miss Milligan, Williams, J. & G. Curtis, Miss M. Cliffe, Miss Harmston, and H. Smith

Mr. Nixon and party have gone up north, after spending one night in the Bay here. They expect to make an extended trip, providing the weather is favorable. Amongst others we noticed Mr. Alex Cowie of Fanny Bay.

The Coon Club has been organized and have had one day's hunt which proved very successful. We would not like to be in the coon's shoes as the President of the Club is a sport and bound to push the members into the field.

The Bay Reading Room is in full swing and very much appreciated by the public.

The stumps are moving at Nob Hill, you bet! when Shorty gets his ox team hooked on to one. Then it is —hush!—haw!—gee!—get along, there! Out goes the stump over the bluff.

A special meeting will be held by the Knights of Pythias next Saturday night at 8 o'clock, a. m. to install their officers for the ensuing term.

Speaking generally, Mr. Editor, How fared you folks up at Courtenay during the festival season? Down here at the Bay things have assumed their regular gait again. All seem to have enjoyed X mas and New Years. The stores kept open on the last named day, but we noticed the clerks were all out taking a holiday.

Ladies Journal for December!

This large monthly closes its fourteenth year with a brilliant Christmas number under the joint editorship of Mr. Thos. Bengough and Miss J. H. Wetherald. Everything about the JOURNAL shows new life and vigor. New type, new paper, beautiful new title-page, new department headings, specially designed by a Toronto lady, Miss Jeffrey, and new features, all go to make up a first class publication that is a credit to Canada. Altogether there are 32 pages of interesting, profitable, varied matter, suitable for women of all ranks and tastes. $1 a year, 10 cts. a number. Wilson Publishing Co., 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

List of Donations.

The Bay Reading Room inaugurated by Miss Barnes, we are glad to know is meeting with a fair degree of encouragement. Miss Barnes is much indebted to the Duncans of Sandwick who are always foremost in works of this kind. Here is the list: W. Duncan, $2.50; Mrs. Duncan $2.50; Oliver Duncan, $2.50; Harry Urquhart, $0.50; Mrs. Urquhart (Sandwick) $0.50; Miss Barnes, $1 00; John Mundell, $1.00; Mrs. Robert Duncan, two arm chairs; Mr. Moore, lamp; Mr. Creech, benches; Mr. Ford, books; and Mr. Curtis, newspapers.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

The web of human fortunes is woven for eternity.

The art of life is to know how to enjoy a little and to endure much.

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other.

It is good to have the brain packed full of images from the healthy past.

It is to live twice when you can enjoy the recollection of your former life.

Never do anything concerning the rectitude of which you have a doubt.

Doubts are not overcome with violence, but with reason and understanding.

Love is the only thing that has a perennial root and that death cannot touch

The two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation and our life.

The time spent in brooding over troubles, if properly employed, would enable you to surmount them.—Montreal Star.

Local Brevities

On Saturday the valley became white with a mantle of snow.

Dr. Lang is expected to be up on the steamer to day (Wednesday.)

H. A. Simpson, barrister, was up on the last steamer.

Say, McArdle, What has become of that horse collar?

FOR SALE. A new milch's cow. Enquire of A. Urquhart.

Miss Sarah Lewis left on the last steamer for Victoria where she will attend a first-class boarding school for a year.

A representative of the establishment of Wm. K. Leighton of Nanaimo was in town on Thursday.

J. S. Wilson killed on Monday for Byron Crawford an ox which weighed 1147 lbs. dressed.

Mr. John King who has been attending Mr. Masson during his illness is now on the sick list, and Masson although by no means well is acting as his nurse.

Cassie Casto, a frial woman, died at Courtenay on Monday and was buried on Tuesday. "Past all dishonor death has left on her only the beautiful."

Archie Stewart dislocated his shoulder Tuesday morning while working on the Cheap John store. Dr. Lawrence attended to the case.

Courtenay became a money order office on January 3rd. This is a great public convenience and facilitates the safe transfer of small sums of money.

J. A. Coates is reported to have sold out his ranch to a Mr. Russell of Victoria Mr. Coates, it is said will remove to Red Deer, Alberta Territory.

The three typhoid cases— Jack Martin, M. R. Gilchrist, and Tom McDonald —under the care of Dr. Scharschmidt are rapidly convalescing.

Rain and snow was the kind of weather to which we were treated yesterday—awfully disagreeable, but good we suppose for colds and la grippe.

Late Despatches.

Nanaimo, Jan. 4th.—While David Hopkins was working in No. 1 shaft the prop used for working purpcses gave way inflicting a blow from which he died in the course of two hours

London, Jan. 8th.—It is reported on what appears reliable authority that the Marquis of Ripon, Secretary of State for tha Colonies favors the granting of a liberal subsidy for the Pacific cable.

San Francisco.—The Corwin has arrived from Honolulu. The only news given out is that there is a big row there of a political character, the particulars of which are withheld.

Victoria, Jan. 5th.—The news has reached here of the death by burning of John Gilmore and three children at Nicola Lake on Thursday night.

Nanaimo. Jan 8th.—Edward Quennell, Esq. was elected, mayor to day by acclamation for the ensuing year.

Ottawa, Jan. 8th.—The Earl of Aberdeen has received an official notice from the Marquis of Ripon that the English and Russian governments have agreed to a renewal of the present protected zone in Behring Sea, The United States vessels will be subject to the same restrictions.

Victoria, Jan. 9th.—(Special) The Canadian-Australian steamer Warrimo arrived here last night from Honoluiu. She brings startling intelligence. Minister Willis for the United States had conveyed to President Dole a message of which the following is quotation: "You are there fore expected to promptly relinquish the government into the hands of the Queen" President Dole refused to comply. The decision of the Provisional Government was handed in writing to U. S. Minister Willis two hours before the Warrimoo sailed.

General News.

Chris Evans has escaped from prison.

Gladstone celebrated his 84th birthday on December 28th.

The Northfield miners have acceeded to the reduction and will continue work.

The Spanish-Moorish war is ended by the submission of the Moors.

The Dominion Parliament will meet about the middle of Feburary.

Bismarck's health is becoming very precarious and is the subject of constant solicitude.

Governor William Moresby of New Westminster recently celebrated his 25th year in police service.

Patrick Joseph Pendergrast has been convicted of the murder of Mayor Carter Harrison and will suffer death penalty.

The slaughter of Wilson's company by the Matabeles does not change the fact that the war is practically over and Lobengula fled.

The tide of war appears to be turning against Admirable Mello and in favor of President Peixoto, and the rebellion in Brazil will soon be over.

The Parish Councils Bill is being betterly tought in the British House of Commons and the Government is pressed to apply the cloture rule.

Sealers have been notified that the agreement for a protective zone around the Siberian Coast and Island rookeries, between England and Russia is likely to be extended for another year.

Major Downie, whose figure was familiar to almost everyone along this coast dropped dead Dec. 27th on the City of Puebla. He had recently published a book of his travels and experience.

The Dominion trade returns show for last year exports to Great Britain $64,000 000; to the United States, $40,000,000. Imports from Great Britain, $43,000,000; from the United States, $52,000,000.

The distinguished African explorer, Sir Samuel White Baker, F. R. S., and M.A. died at his home in England Dec. 30th. He was a brother of Hon. Lieut-Col. Baker, Provincial Secretary of British Columbia.

GRANDMA AND THE REBEL.

A Christmas Story of the Canadian Rebellion Of '37.

By Kate Westlake Yeigh.

[This charming story is from the *Ladies' Journal*, of Toronto, for which it was specially written. It pleasantly interweaves a Christmas tale with an incident of the Canadian Rebellion of 1837, and thus has a historic interest as well as timeliness. The *Ladies' Journal* under its new editorial management is doing much to develop native Canadian literary talent.—Ed.]

All day the fun had been fast and furious.

The grey winter dawn had hardly grown strong enough to steal through the frost-frescoed panes of the nursery and put to shame the faint flicker of the night-lamp when *two little white-robed figures* had crept in, and with trembling, impatient hands felt in Santa Claus' corner by the wide fire-place for their stockings, hung there in hope the night before.

They had meant to be so quiet that baby and nurse could not possibly hear, but joy and surprise are hard to bear in silence and ecstatic "Ohs" and "Ahs" would burst from their lips, and sibilant "Hus-s-shs" did not help the matter, for soon the sound of baby's prattle and nurse's sleepy remonstrance joined with their excited whispering, reached beyond the limits of the *room* and *more* bare little feet pattered down the hallway.

Before very long all the younger members of the household, in all stages of dress and undress, were gathered around the nursery fire, and what a shouting of Christmas wishes there was when father appeared in the doorway trying to hide from them that mother stood just behind him peeking at them over his great broad shoulder. The treasures all wanted to exhibit at once from big sprawling Tom with his chest of tools and his snow-shoes to little cousin Amy—orphan Amy, whose mother had left her since last Christmastide—with her Russian lady doll in a real fur circular and owning a trunk so full of changes of raiment that a queen might envy her.

The smile on mother's face broadened and deepened as each one told how their presents were exactly what they wanted, "only nicer and more of them," as shy Cathy, with her tendency towards early piety, said demurely.

Baby had been jumped almost sick in his new patent jumper; Tess, who scorned girly toys, had sent her circus train—locomotive, menagerie cars full of animals, passenger and baggage *cars and all—whizzing again* and again over its curving rails; Nell had let cousin Amy's Russian lady sit on her kitchen table while they both investigated the pots and pans of Nell's nickel-plated range and all had seen everything to the very last candy or nut in everbody's stocking before the call to breakfast came.

Then came the reading of the old story of the shepherds watching their flocks by night and of the wee helpless babe cradled in the manger—that ever new old sweet story of peace and good will to men.

And as Christmas is children's day, if any day in the year is, all the big folks became children; too, and all played together, father and mother and the young man cousin fresh from college, stately cousin Grace in the dignity of early womanhood, cousin Mabel in her maidenly sweetness and even grandma—grandma with her snowy hair and tender eyes and placid smile that was like a benediction.

And at the mid-day Christmas dinner all ate quite as much as was advisable and perhaps a little more, to show their appreciation; and then followed more play and wild romping games that made the grown folks pant with weariness but was sport unalloyed for the little ones.

Unnoticed by the children the seniors had one by one stolen away.

Baby had dropped his new blocks but holding fast to his old rubber dolly had toddled off rubbing his eyes with his chubby fist.

The dusk was creeping out of its lurking places in the corners, spreading the folds of its filmy veil, and the house grew silent.

With heads close together the three little girls were perched at a window watching the soft fluffy snow-feathers fall against *the glass, and making pictures with their* fingers as they breathed upon the pane.

The heads leaned heavily against each other, little sighs and yawns escaped them, they looked around and discovered that it was almost dark and that only Tess and Tom were left on their deserted play-ground.

The "tired hour" had come.

"Let's go find Gran'ma," said Amy in a whisper, and she and Cathy and Nell tip-toed off leaving Tom and Tess still trying to mend the smoke-stack of the disabled locomotive.

Tom was getting irritable and Tess advised him to run it into the round house for repairs and strike work till next day and then she and Tom, with hands in pockets and shuffling steps, went to seek grandma, too.

They found her in her own bright sitting-room with its plant-embowered windows, birds and flowers, soft curtains and warm rugs. She was seated in her wide old-fashioned rocker with baby curled up, asleep, in her lap, and the little girls on the hearth rug leaning against her knees. The hands that were always so busy knitting stockings for sturdy legs were idle now and were crossed over baby's breast, the fingers that trembled with the involuntary quiver of age holding her glasses. They were hands that in their knotted joints and blunted finger-tops spoke of years of early labor, though their softness and smoothness of surface told just as plainly of an early declining. Her face was so calm and peaceful, the hair drawn back from the hollowing temples was white as her snowy cap and the lines deep graven about the mouth and eyes spoke of sorrow and trouble, but of sorrow hallowed and trouble long since past.

Tom threw himself down before the fire, flat on his back with his heels away up against the tiles, and Tess on a hassock poked her close cropped head under Grandma's elbow with her cheek resting upon baby's chubby knees.

There was silence for a little while and then Cathy, sighing softly, said, "This is the very nicest part of the day."

"So it is, almost," said cousin Amy slyly. "It would be quite if gran'ma would tell us a story."

"Oh, do, Gran'ma, please," said Tess. "A story about wolves and bears and blizzards."

"A real true story all about wars and fighting!" exclaimed Tom.

"A story about a little girl that truly lived," said Nell.

"A Christmas story about Canada—and love," pleaded Cathy.

The dusk was deepening. The fire glowed more brightly, throwing out an occasional flame that lighted up the intent faces of the children and the face serenely sweet of the grandmother.

"Let me see——" said grandma, reflectively. "How can I please you all? A true Canadian Christmas story, about a girl, and love, and war, and wild beasts and wintry weather. Well, if Tom will stop kicking his heels and Tess won't wriggle any more I'll tell you a story, a true story, that will be something like you want."

There was a shuffling of little bodies as the children snuggled down into easier listening positions and then grandma, tapping her glasses against her slender wedding ring and gazing steadfastly into the fire began:

"It was long, long ago, when Toronto was only muddy little York, and this street that we live on was part of the unbroken forest. In the place of the beautiful big warm houses like this there were only a few scattered wooden buildings roughly built and more roughly furnished. It was so long ago that there were no railroads or steamboats or telegraph lines, and the journey from here to where grandpa is to-day, that only takes three hours by train, took five or six days and sometimes more over the stretches of new made roads."

"And weren't there any trolley cars or telephones then?" asked Nell.

"No, Nellie, nothing of that kind, and there were few churches and hardly a school at all and the mails, when there were any, were carried on horseback or wagon. It was when Canada was almost a wilderness that a man with delicate white hands and a sad, discouraged face came from England with his wife and family to begin life anew in a new land. It had taken them four months to cross the ocean and reach their destination in an unsettled part of the London District. They found themselves located on the land that the Englishman had purchased with what money remained from a ruined fortune, found themselves there in a dense forest miles from any settler with the long cold winter close upon them.

"Was the little girl there, too, gran'ma?" asked Amy.

"No. She was not born till the following Spring," answered grandma. But her sister Mary about Nellie's size and three boys as big or bigger than Tess and Tom were there, and another baby boy like our baby here had died and been buried at sea."

Grandma passed a quivering hand across her eyes and rubbed her glasses with her handkerchief.

"The father was not very strong," she went on, after a short pause, "but the boys were great strapping fellows that nothing *could tire. They had come straight from* school and college and had never thought to have need to work—but they put their whole heart into building the rude log hut and making a clearing and doing all they could to make their mother comfortable and keep their father from discontent. And their mother was so brave, so patient, so heroic—there was never a mother like her, there never could be unless another mother bore just such trials as God sent her."

"She must have been like our mamma," said Nellie.

And softly orphan Amy asked, "Is she *living now*?"

"No, dear, she went to her home in heaven long ago. She was like your mother, children, in many ways. But her's was an exceptional life. She grew strong by bearing heavy burdens. But I think she always let the Lord help her carry them."

Tess had begun to fidget and at last she asked, "Were there any bears where they lived?"

"Yes, bears and wolves and wild cats. And often the boys shot them. And many a deer they shot and wild fowl and snared *all kinds of wild creatures, and but for the* fish and birds and meat they brought home from their hunting the family would have fared very badly, especially in the seasons when the wheat was frosted before it got ripe. For bread made from frosted wheat is like heavy dough, it will never bake to taste cooked, and sometimes that and potatoes would be all they had."

"That must have been awful nasty," said Tess. "I'm glad I live now."

"The seasons passed along. First a hard, hard winter in the little hut with one room and a loft and a lean-to. And here in a wet late spring a little girl was born and her name was—Lizette. And a hot summer passed and a dry fall and more winters and summers, and the time passed not unhappily, for families began to come in and settle in the neighborhood. And the nearest one was a man with a grown-up family and one orphan nephew.

"And the nephew's name was Paul, and he was a great sportsman and a good lad to work, and he went everywhere with Lizette's brothers though they were older than he, and he made a pet and plaything of Lizette."

"Was he as big as me?" asked Tom.

"Not when he first came but he grew so tall and straight and handsome and he was so gallant and true and full of fun and life and mischief. The Englishman had begun to get on, the fields around the house grew broader and sleek cows grazed among the stumps of the clearing, and crops of wheat and corn and potatoes and oats gladdened his eyes, and Canada was beginning to feel like home when law troubles came. The land that he had bought was claimed by another, his title was not for the land he had bought and it had been sold again to someone else. He refused to give it up and then began a struggle that embittered his life and deepened his discontent and made every hardship and drudgery seem doubly hard."

"Why didn't he send for a lawyer?" said Tess, whose father was a lawyer.

"Law was a strange thing in those days and rights were hard to prove and those who held the power laughed at equity. But Lizette's father did not suffer silently. Twice he travelled all the way to York and everywhere he went he spread the story of his wrongs, and whenever he heard of other people's wrongs or of official mismanagement he talked about it to everybody.

"Then came the cholera year, when awful tales of disease and death were told and terror seized the hearts of all. It was early in August in that year that one day, when the boys had been to the mill, that the eldest came home sick. Before midnight he was dead, and two days after the youngest died. Before evening the one remaining brother was stricken, he too died. The father was almost crazed with grief. The mother burying her agony in her own heart tried to comfort her husband. Paul came when no one else would and dug the grave, and helped to lay away his friends. And he helped with the work, with the harvesting and threshing and preparing for the winter. And he went hunting and brought home game, and always he was ready to be a playmate for Lizette."

"How old was she then, grandma?" asked Cathy.

"Not so old as Tessie, quite; and not nearly such a great strong girl. She was a shy, timid, sensitive child (much like little Cathy) and she was afraid of so many things but mostly of the dark. The sight of the dark woods, the sound of the wind in the tree-tops, a winter storm with the snow-covered ground and the wind drifting. It filled her with silent terror. She was not much like a backwoods child."

"She was a muff," growled Tom.

"Perhaps so, laddie, but I think she was suffering for the terrors that her mother bore that first fearsome winter in the new land. But you won't understand that little ones. Her mother never laughed at her fears, and neither did Paul. Her mother tried to hide any cause of terror from her, but Paul tried to make her overcome it. She was afraid of cows and Paul took her to drive them home and held her hands while she tried to milk them; and he took her riding on his bay mare, holding her in front of him. In the fields and woods they were always together, hunting for wild honey in the stumps of trees, digging roots, picking berries, gathering nuts, finding curious flowers and butterflies and birds' eggs. Lizette's sister Mary was big and strong and such a housekeeper. She could cook and spin and weave and churn and milk. But Lizette was the gardener and planted all the garden stuff, the green vegetables, the flowers and the small fruits and looked after the chickens and ducks—but the geese and the turkey-gobblers frightened her even when she was a great big girl."

Tess and Tom sniffed derisively but the little ones smiled a sympathetic, "I don't blame her," at each other.

"Those were troublous times in Canada," Grandma continued. "There was tyranny and oppression and wrong upheld with a powerful hand; and against injustice there was no appeal. And among those who denounced the government and the clique who ruled the government was Lizette's father. Smarting under a sense of his own wrongs he talked bitterly both in public and in private, and was foremost among the political agitators of that district. And Paul sided with him and against his uncle, who was in high favor with the powers that ruled, and who sat in parliament and held many small offices that brought him great grain.

"But when there was talk of taking up arms to enforce those rights that it seemed impossible to get by peaceable means Lizette's father drew back. He was opposed to bloodshed and violence. But by this action he made no friends. The party favouring rebellion were more his enemies than the party calling themselves loyalists. He was at enmity with all, and would have quarrelled with Paul, too, but Paul only laughed and came the same as ever. But paul did not draw back as Lizette's father did. He was among the boldest and maddest of the rebels in all the London district. He was busy all that fall of 1837 drilling recruits, gathering arms, riding to meetings and transmitting mysterious messages. The danger and excitement fired his blood. A few days before the memorable 5th of December, when Mackenzie led his band of insurgents in the ill-advised attempt to take Toronto, Paul and Lizette's father had met with a runaway accident, and while Paul escaped with severe bruises and a sprained wrist the older man had his leg broken. This mishap almost drove Paul into a fever for he was hourly expecting orders to march with the rebels of the west to join Dr. Duncomb's forces and lend their aid to the movement, and it was all Lizette and her mother could do to keep him quietly in bed while they nursed him back to health. Both he and the father were still in bed when a rumor travelled from Toronto, none knew how, telling of the repulse and flight of the rebels under Mackenzie and the westward march of the troops to arrest and imprison all sympathizers with the rebellion. Paul rose from his sick bed and the news he heard convinced him that all hope of success was over and that it would not be safe for his friends if he returned again to their home.

"One day a party of militia searching for Paul came to Lizette's home, and heaping every indignity on the inmates and committing devastation, searched the house and barns, tearing down hay and straw stacks, raising the flooring, beating through the hay in the lofts with their swords and bayonets. But they could not find him. They left with loud and fierce threats, and would have taken Lizette's father off under arrest but that when they had dragged him from his bed he had fainted again and again from pain, and his wife shamed them for their brutality."

"Was Lizette there?" "and was she scared?" the children asked breathlessly.

"Yes, she was there and she was terrified, for she was the only one who knew where Paul was hidden. And she took food to him and blankets, all in the dead of night, away down a ravine where there was a great hollow-tree—a tree that had two trunks growing from one root, and one was hollow, but the other hid the opening and protected it. It had been an open fall, but it grew colder now and on snowy nights when Lizette had to go out into the wind and darkness no one knew what she suffered or what terrible shapes her imagination called up out of the shadows.

"Sometimes Paul would not be there when she reached the tree, and then her heart would ache with fear for him till she saw him again.

"Nothing was said at home, though they must have missed the things she took to him, her father's pistol and rifle, her mother's purse, *the bear-skin coat that had* been her brother's. They were purposely blind, for what they did not know they could not tell.

"Another search party frightened Lizette so much that Paul determined to try and make his escape from the country. When Christmas was almost there, there seemed to come a lull. Fewer companies of militia of self-appointed bands of vigilants scoured the country, searching homes, demanding food, arresting hunted radicals; and on Christmas day, when twilight made the wood look ghostly in its winding sheet of snow, Paul said goodbye to his sweetheart. When trouble came they had found out they were more than playmates. Paul kissed her that last day and told her how he loved her. He asked her to be true, for some day, as surely as he lived, he would come back and claim her for his little wife, and he called her 'his brave darling' though she was trembling with fear, and the tears were freezing on her white cheeks.

"'If I am not back before, dear love,' he said, 'you may look for me next Christmas day. And if my coming is delayed do not give me up, but always on Christmas day expect me, for I will surely come.' And then they parted, he to go into unknown dangers, she to fear and watch and wait.

"When Lizette's father grew well he found that his neighbours held aloof from him. The now silenced and disgraced rebels passed him by, and all others treated him with open scorn. His home became unendurable and strong efforts were again made to dispossess him of his land. His spirit suddenly broke. He gave up the contest and moved away from the London district out into the wilds of the northern country in an unsettled wilderness and there began life afresh.

"Two Christmas days had passed in the new home and another was approaching. Lizette's sister had married and lived twenty miles away, and the house was very lonely for the mother had gone over the hill to see her little new grandson, born the week before, and Lizette and her father were left to spend Christmas alone.

"But Lizette was happy although no word, not one had ever been heard from Paul. And she sang as she mixed the pudding and made the mince pies and plucked her enemy, the big turkey gobbler, for something told her that Paul would come on that Christmas day. The evening before was clear and frosty, with hard-packed snow enough to cover the ground and Lizette's father came in from doing the chores and sat down by the fire, moodily sighing.

"'Sam has asked a holiday,' he said to Lizette, 'and I have let him go till day after to-morrow. I wish mother was home. It's real lonesome without mother.'

"'Yes, so it is,' said Lizette.

"'It's hardly worth while keeping Christmas at all,' he said, wearily. Then he sat silent looking at the fire, and after a while said, 'why can't we shut up the house and go over the hill to see Mary and the baby and bring mother home? I can't do without her any longer.'

"Lizette's heart sank. She said nothing about her own reason for wanting to be home, nothing about Paul, but with pleading and persuasion she showed him how much better it was for him to go and leave her to mind the house. There were so many reasons, besides the frosty weather, that made it dangerous for all to be away—her bird, *the chickens*, the cows—and *mother must* not come home late at night to a cold house. And before dawn next day he was away, with Lizette's 'Merry Christmas!' ringing in his ears and she was left alone.

"All day as she worked she would pause and listen for the sound of sleigh-bells or the fall of a footstep. But there was nothing. The sunlight of early morning had given place to a dull leaden greyness. The wind shifted from north to south with a suggestion of thaw, then veered to the west and spasmodic flurries of snow began to strike against the panes. The clouds *took* a darker hue, the pine trees round the house murmured and moaned, the snow fell faster, the wind whistled and shrieked.

"Lizette had pinned a scarlet bow with a cameo brooch to the broad lace collar that finished the neck of her new wool dress, but long before dusk came on all her bright hopes had vanished, and only fear possessed her as she wandered from the fire-place to the windows and watched the increasing gale. Every gust of wind that shook the casement, every swirl of driving snow that sifted in through the glass and around the sashes and door frame, seemed so many *voices saying*, 'For three miles around you there is not a living soul,' 'we have you at our mercy,' 'though you call till you die nobody will hear you.'

Then a new terror seized her. The snow was drifting. It was now high up about the window-ledge on the west, and the hollow at the foot of the hill would be impassible. Her father and mother would be caught in it and would perish, for the cold was most intense. To die there so near home—the thought was madness! she would not harbor it. They would never start in such a storm. They would know that she would be all right, that she could look after everything! That reminded her. The cows must be milked, the live stock must not be left to suffer. She would have to stay alone all night, she would have to go out into the storm alone, but what of that? Nothing would harm her.

"Not waiting a moment she dressed warmly and struck boldly out into the white fury of the storm. Blinded, stumbling, caught and buffeted by the wind she struggled on. She reached the barns, breathless but alive. Tottering, trembling, the tears rolling down her frost-bitten cheeks she went about her work, and finished it. How she got back she could never remember. Now erect, now on hands and knees, she staggered blindly on for what seemed hours, but at last, somehow, she found herself back in the darkness of the kitchen—safe. With head drooping she sank to the floor and was slipping into unconsciousness when she saw the door from the front room open slowly, and there stood a gigantic fur-clad form, outlined darkly against the firelight——"

There was a faint sound at the door, grandma looked around, and with a startled cry, exclaimed:

"There he is now! Look children! There is Paul."

The gas was lighted in the hall and threw a bright light upon the figure standing in the door-way—a figure in an astrakhan coat with bent shoulders, scant white locks, and long snowy beard.

"That! Why that's not Paul. That's Gran'pa," laughed Nell, jumping up and running to him.

The children all crowded round, kissing him and wishing him "Merry Christmas" for he had just returned from a visit to a son in a distant city.

"What's all this?" he asked, when he had kissed grandma and sat holding her hand in the firelight.

"Oh, Gran'ma was telling us a boss story about a blizzard and a girl called *Lizette*, and she was so excited she thought you were Paul, who was a rebel and went away."

"And so I am. Lizette is your grandmother—the sweetest, bravest girl, the truest wife that ever lived."

"Ah, but her name is Elizabeth," said Tess, wisely.

"Elizabeth for dignity, Lizette for short," said Grandpa. And if I had not come back just when I did you children would have had to whistle for a grandmother. If I had not reached sister Mary's early and started Lizette's father off home before the storm broke, we would never have reached there alive. We almost perished as it was, and for three days we were snowed in completely. But we were happy, were we not, my Lizette?"

"But where were you all that time, when you were a rebel?" asked Tom.

"Ah, that's another story."

A WOMAN'S TRIALS.

A Happy Release From Years of Suffering.

Mrs. Blondin Relates a Story of Deep Interest to all Women, Thousands of Whom Suffer as she did—Life was Almost Unbearable.

From the Cornwall Freeholder.

Since the publication in these columns some months ago of the particulars of the marvellous cure wrought on Mr. William Moore by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, there has been a *largely increased demand in this section for* this sovereign remedy for the many ills that weak human flesh is heir to, and the druggists report an immense sale. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess genuine merit does not admit of a shadow of doubt. Not a week passes that cures of long standing illness are not reported through the agency of this marvellous remedy, and columns might be filled with the experiences of persons who have been restored to vigorous health by reason of their life-giving properties. A very noticeable case has been brought to the attention of the Free*holder, and that the facts might be given* for the benefit of other suffering mortals we have taken the trouble to verify them.

Everybody in Cornwall knows John B. Blondin, who has for several years been employed by Almon B. Warner as an agent for the sale of sewing machines, furniture, etc., especially among the French section of the town, where he is thoroughly acquainted and highly respected. Those who were intimate with Mr. Blondin sympathized deeply with him in the heavy affliction he suffered for many years in the continued illness of his wife, who from a complication *of diseases was unable to render any but* the slightest assistance in household matters, which were perforce left to himself and his small children. Mr. Blondin at that time lived in the north-west part of the town, which for lack of drainage is rather unhealthy, and to the bad sanitary condition of his house, among the other causes, Mr. Blondin attributes his wife's breakdown. Mr. Blondin now resides over the old post office, and when the reporter called there he was introduced to Mrs. Blondin, who appeared well and hearty and certainly very far removed from the wreck of humanity such as she must have been from all accounts, a few months ago.

"I wish you could tell me something about your case, Mrs. Blondin," said the reporter, "though I should hardly think from your looks you had been an invalid."

"Well sir," said Mrs. Blondin, "I was for several years a very sick woman. I had a constant racking headache, no appetite, my skin was dry and peeling off, I had pains in my back, neck and shoulders, and was constantly tired and indeed very miserable."

"Yes," interjected Mr. Blondin, "I be*gan to give up all hope of ever seeing her* well again. I had spent a good deal of money in doctoring and she seemed to be getting worse instead of better, in fact I had made up my mind she was going to die, and most people were of the same opinion."

"What was it that cured her?"

"Well," said Mr. Blondin, "I was talking to a neighbor one day, and he said why don't you try those Pink Pills that are so much talked about? I had not paid much attention to them, but thought they might be worth trying."

"I didn't want to take any more medicine," said Mrs. Blondin, "but after some persuasion I sent for a box of the Pink Pills and I must say I had not finished the first box before I began to feel better. The first benefit I experienced was that my headaches were not so severe; then they disappeared altogether and with them the pains I had been complaining of. I began to take more interest in the affairs of the house, and was able to send the children to school again. My neighbors noticed the difference, and by the time I had taken five boxes I was as well as ever in my life. I had been very thin but gradually regained flesh and strength again, and feel altogether like a new woman. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many of my friends and neighbors and know of several cases where they have done much good. There are many women suffering as I did and I earnestly recommend them to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a thorough trial."

Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come glowing reports of results following their use. In very many cases the good work has been accomplished after *physicians* had failed, and pronounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an inpairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anæmia, chlorosis, or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. Beware of imitations and substitutes.

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"Sir!"

"Oh, it's all right. After I get a few thousand of those checks out, the holders will find it to their interest to club together and help me start the bank."

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Son—"That's true, but she has lots of rich relatives, who are sure to remember her."

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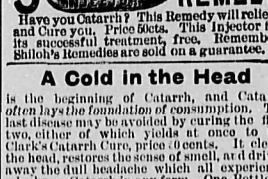
Little things often change the current of life. A moment's temper has often severed a friendship which might have lasted a life time. An unkind and hasty word has left a mark which death seems scarcely to have erased.

A.P. 389.



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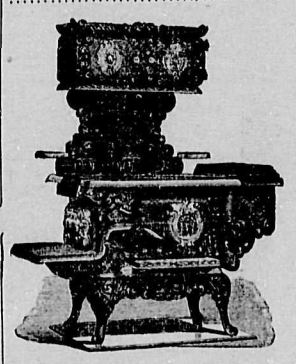

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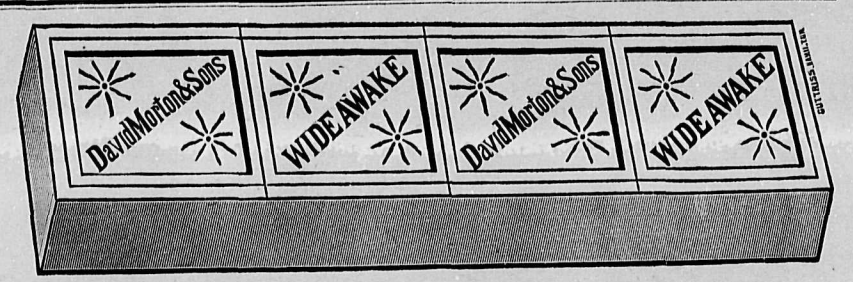

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IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS.

BY ROBERT BARR, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER XI.

Margaret spoke caressingly to her horse when she opened the stable door, and Gypsy *replied with an affectionate low guttural* whinny which the Scotch graphically term "nickering." She patted the little animal; and if Gypsy was surprised at being saddled and bridled at that hour of the night, no protest was made, the horse merely rubbing its nose lovingly up and down Margaret's sleeve as she buckled the different straps. There was evidently a good understanding between those two.

"No, Gyp," she whispered, "I have nothing for you to-night,—nothing but hard work and quick work. Now you mustn't make a noise till we get past the house."

On her wrist she slipped the loop of a riding-whip which she always carried but never used. Gyp had never felt the indignity of the lash. The little horse was always willing to do what he was required merely for a word.

Margaret opened the big gate before she saddled her horse, and there was therefore no delay in getting out upon the main road, although the passing of the house was an anxious moment. She feared that if her father heard the steps or the neighing of the horse he might come out to investigate. Half-way between her own home and Bartlett's house she sprang lightly into the saddle.

"Now then, Gyp."

The horse needed no second word. Away they sped down the road toward the east, the mild June air coming sweet and cool and fresh from the distant lake, laden with the odors of the woods and the fields. The stillness was intense, broken only by the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill, America's one-phrased nightingale, or the still more weird and eerie note of the distant loon.

The houses along the road seemed deserted; no lights were shown anywhere. The wildest rumors were abroad concerning the slaughter of the day, and the population, scattered as it was, appeared to have retired into its shell. A spell of silence and darkness was over the land, and the rapid hoof-beats of the horse sounded with startling distinctness on the harder portions of the road, emphasized by intervals of complete stillness when the fetlocks sank in the sand and progress was more difficult for the plucky little animal. The only thrill of fear that Margaret felt on her night-journey was when she entered the dark arch of an avenue of old forest-trees that bordered the road, like a great gloomy cathedral aisle in the shadow of which anything might be hidden. Once the horse with a jump of fear started sideways and plunged ahead; Margaret caught her breath as she saw, or fancied she saw, several men stretched on the road-side, asleep or dead. Once in the open again she breathed more freely, and if it had not been for the jump of the horse she would have accused her imagination of playing her a trick. Just as she had completely reassured herself, a shadow moved from the fence to the middle of the road, and a sharp voice cried,—

"Halt!"

The little horse, as if it knew the meaning of the word, planted its two front hoofs together and slid along the ground for a moment, *coming so quickly to a stand-still* that it was with some difficulty Margaret kept her seat. She saw in front of her a man holding a gun, evidently ready to fire *if she attempted to disobey his command.*

"Who are you, and where are you going?" he demanded.

"Oh, please let me pass," pleaded Margaret, with a tremor of fear in her voice. "I am going for a doctor—for my brother: he is badly wounded, and will perhaps die if I am delayed."

The man laughed.

"Oho!" he cried, coming closer; "a woman, is it? and a young one, too, or I'm a heathen. Now, miss or missus, you get down. *I'll* have to investigate this. The brother business won't work with an old soldier. It's your lover you're riding for at this time of night, or I'm no judge of the sex. Just slip down, my lady, and see if you don't like me better than him; and remember that all cats are black in the dark. Get down, I tell you."

"If you are a soldier you will let me go. My brother is badly wounded. I must get to the doctor."

"There's no 'must' with a bayonet in front of you. If he has been wounded there's plenty of better men killed to-day. Come down, my dear."

Margaret gathered up the bridle-rein, but even in the darkness the man saw her intention.

"You can't escape, my pretty. If you try *it, you'll not be hurt, but I'll kill your* horse. If you move, I'll put a bullet through him."

"Kill my horse!" breathed Margaret, in *horror, a fear coming over her that she had* not felt at the thought of danger to herself.

"Yes, missy," said the man, approaching nearer and laying his hand on Gypsy's bridle. "*But there will be no need of that.* Besides, it would make too much noise, and might bring us company, which would be inconvenient. So come down quietly, like the *nice little girl you are.*"

"If you will let me go and tell the doctor, I will come back here and be your prisoner."

The man laughed *again, in low,* tantalizing tones. This was a good joke.

"Oh, no, sweetheart. I wasn't born so recently as all that. A girl in the hand is worth a dozen a mile up the road. Now come off that horse, or I'll take you off. This is war-time, and I'm not going to waste any more pretty talk on you."

The man, who, she now saw, was hatless, leered up at her, and something in his sinister eyes made the girl quail. She had been so quiet that he apparently was not prepared for any sudden movement. Her right hand hanging down at her side had grasped the short riding-whip, and with a swiftness that gave him no chance to ward off the blow; she struck him one stinging blinding cut across the eyes, and then brought down the lash on the flank of her horse, drawing the animal round with her left over her enemy. With a wild snort of astonishment the horse sprang forward, bringing man and gun down to the ground with a clatter that woke the echoes; then, with an indignant toss of the head, Gyp sped along the road like the wind. It was the first time Gypsy had ever felt the cut of a whip, and the blow was not forgiven Margaret, fearing further obstruction on the road, turned her horse's head toward the rail fence, and Gypsy went over it like a bird In the field, where fast going in the dark had dangers, Margaret tried to slacken the pace, but the little horse would not have it so. It shook its head angrily whenever it thought of the indignity of that blow, while Margaret leaned over and tried to explain and beg pardon for her offence. The second fence was crossed with a clear-cut leap, and only once in the next field did the horse stumble, but quickly recovered and went on at the same break-neck gait. The next fence gallantly vaulted over brought them to the side-road half a mile up which stood the doctor's house. Margaret saw the futility of attempting a reconciliation until the goal was won. There, with difficulty, the horse was stopped, and Margaret struck the panes of the upper window, through which a light shone, with her riding-whip. The window was raised and the situation speedily explained to the physician.

"I will be with you in a moment," he said.

Then Margaret *slid from the saddle* and put her arms around the neck of the trembling horse. Gypsy would have nothing to do with her, and sniffed the air with offended dignity.

"It was a shame, Gyp," she cried, almost tearfully, stroking the glossy neck of her resentful friend; "it was, it was, and I know it; but what was I to do, Gyp? You were the only protector I had, and you did bowl him ver beautifully: no other horse could have done it so well. It's wicked, but I do hope you hurt him, just because I had to strike *you.*"

Gypsy was still wrathful, and indicated by a toss of the head that the wheedling of a woman did not make up for a blow. It *was the insult more than the pain*; and from her —there was the sting of it.

"I know; I know just now how you feel, Gypsy dear, and I don't blame you for being angry. *I might* have spoken to you, of course, but there was no time to think, and it was really him I was striking. That's why it came down so hard. If I had said a word he would have got out of the way, coward that he was, and then would have shot you,—you, Gypsy. Think of it!"

If a man can be moulded in any shape that pleases a clever woman, how can a horse expect to be exempt from her influence, even if he is a superior animal to man? Gypsy showed signs of melting, whinnying softly and forgivingly.

"And it will never happen again Gypsy, —never, never. As soon as we are safe home again I will burn that whip. You little pet, I knew you wouldn't——"

Gypsy's head rested on Margaret's shoulder, and we must draw a veil over the reconciliation. Some things are too sacred for a mere man to meddle with. The friends were friends once more, and on the altar of friendship the unoffending whip was doubtless offered as a burning sacrifice.

When the doctor came out, Margaret explained the danger of the road, and proposed that they should return by the longer and northern way,—the Concession, as it was called.

They met no one on the silent road, and soon they saw the light in the window.

The doctor and the girl left their horses tied some distance from the house, and walked together to the window with the stealthy steps of a pair of house-breakers. Margaret listened breathlessly at the closed window, and thought she heard the low murmur of conversation. She tapped lightly on the pane, and the professor threw back the door window.

"We were getting very anxious about you," he whispered.

"Hello, Peggy," said the boy, with a wan smile, raising his head slightly from the pillow and dropping it back again.

Margaret stooped over and kissed him.

"My poor boy! what a fright you have given me!"

"Ah, Margery, think what a fright I got myself. I thought I was going to die within sight of the house."

The doctor gently pushed Maragaret from the room. Renmark waited until the examination was over, and then went out to find her.

She sprang forward to meet him.

"It is all right," he said. "There is nothing to fear. He has been exhausted by loss of blood, but a few days' quiet will set that right. Then all you will have to contend against will be his impatience at being kept to his room, which may be necessary for some weeks."

"Oh, I *am so glad!* and—and I am *so* much obliged to you, Mr. Renmark!"

"I have done nothing—except make blunders," replied the professor, with a *bitterness that surprised and hurt her.*

"How can you say that? You have done everything. We owe his life to you."

Renmark said nothing for a moment. *Her unjust accusation in the earlier part of* the night had deeply pained his over-sensitive nature, and he hoped for some hint of disclaimer from her. Belonging to the stupi*der sex, he did not realize that the words* were spoken in a state of intense excitement and fear,—that another woman would probably have expressed her state of mind by *fainting instead of talking,* and that the whole espisode had left absolutely no trace on the recollection of Margaret. At last Renmark spoke:

"*I must be getting back to the tent, if* it still exists. I think I had an appointment there with Yates some twelve hours ago, but to this moment I had forgotten it. *Good-night.*"

Margaret stood for a few moments alone, and wondered what she had done to offend him. He stumbled along the dark road, not heeding much the direction he took, but automatically going the nearest way to the tent. Fatigue and the want of sleep were heavy upon him, and his feet were as lead. Although dazed, he was conscious of a dull ache where his heart ought to be, and he vaguely hoped he had not made a fool of himself. He entered the tent and was startled by the voice of Yates:

"Hello! hello! Is that you, Stoliker?"

"No; it is Renmark. Are you asleep?"

"I guess I have been. Hunger is the one sensation of the moment. Have you provided anything to eat within the last twenty-four hours?"

"There's a bag full of potatoes here, I believe. I haven't been near the tent since early morning."

"All right, only don't expect a recommendation from me as cook. I'm not yet hungry enough for raw potatoes. What time has it got to be?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Seems as if I had been asleep for weeks. I'm the latest edition of Rip Van Winkle, and expect to find my moustache gray in the morning. I was dreaming sweetly of Stoliker when you fell over the bunk."

"What have you done with him?"

"I'm not wide enough awake to remember. I think I killed him, but wouldn't be sure. So many of my good resolutions go wrong that very likely he is alive at this moment. Ask me in the morning. What have you been prowling after all night?"

There was no answer. Renmark was evidently asleep.

"I'll ask you in the morning," murmured Yates, drowsily,—after which there was silence in the camp.

CHAPTER XII.

Yates had stubbornly refused to give up his search for rest and quiet, in spite of the discomfort of living in a leaky and battered tent. He expressed regret that he had not originally camped in the middle of Broadway, as being a quieter and less exciting spot than the place he had chosen but, having made the choice, he was going to see the last dog hung, he said. Renmark had become less and less of a comrade. He was silent and almost as gloomy as Hiram Bartlett himself. When Yates tried to cheer him up by showing him how much worse another man's position might be, Renmark generally ended the talk by taking to the woods.

"Just reflect on my position," Yates would say. "Here I am dead in love with two lovely girls, both of whom are merely waiting for the word. To one of them I have nearly committed myself, which fact to a man of my temperament inclines me somewhat to the other. Here I am anxious to confide in you, and yet I feel that I risk a *fight every time I talk about the complica*tion. You have no sympathy for me, Renny, when I need sympathy, and I am bubbling over with sympathy for you and *you won't have it. Now, what would you do* if you were in my fix? *If you would take* five minutes and show me clearly which of the two girls I really ought to marry, it *would help me ever so much, for then I* would be sure to settle on the other one. It is indecision that is surely sapping my vitality."

By this time Renmark would have pulled his soft felt hat over his eyes, and, muttering words that would have echoed strangely in the silent halls of the University building, *would plunge into the forest. Yates gener*ally looked after his retreating figure without anger, but with mild wonder.

"Well, of all cantankerous cranks he is *the worst," he would say, with a sigh. It* is sad to see the temple of friendship tumble down about one's ears in this way. At their last talk of this kind Yates resolved *not to discuss the problem again with the* professor, unless a crisis came. The crisis came in the form of Stoliker, who dropped in on Yates as the latter lay in the hammock smoking and enjoying a thrilling romance belonging to the series then in vogue among brainless people, entitled "Beadle's Dime Novels." The camp was strewn with these engrossing paper-covered works, and Yates had read many of them, hoping to come across a case similar to his own, but to the time of Stoliker's visit he had not succeeded.

"*Hello, Stoliker! how's things? Got* the cuffs in your pocket? Want to have another tour across country with me?"

"No. But I came to warn you. There will be a warrant out to-morrow or next day, and if I were you I would get over to the other side: but you need never say I told you to. Of course if they give the warrant to me I shall have to arrest you; and although nothing may be done to you, still the country is in a state of excitement, and you will at least be put to some inconvenience."

"Stoliker," cried Yates, springing out of the hammock, "you are a white man! You're a good fellow, Stoliker, and I'm ever so much obliged. If you ever come to New York, you call on me at the Argus office,—anybody will show you where it is, —and I'll give you the liveliest time you ever had in your life. It won't cost you a cent, either."

"That's all right," said the constable. "Now, if I were you I would light out to-morrow at the latest."

"I will," said Yates.

Stoliker disappeared quietly among the trees, and Yates, after a moment's thought began energetically to pack up his belongings. It was dark before he had finished and Renmark returned.

"Stilly," cried the reporter, cheerily, "there's a warrant out for my arrest. I shall have to go to-morrow at the latest."

"What! to jail?" cried his horrified friend, his conscience now troubling him, as the parting came, for his lack of kindness to an old comrade.

"Not if the court knows herself. But to Buffalo, which is pretty much the same thing. Still, thank goodness, I don't need to stay there long. I'll be in New York before I'm many days older. I yearn to plunge into the arena once more. The still calm peacefulness of this whole vacation has made me long for excitement again, and I'm glad the warrant has pushed me into the turmoil."

"Well, Richard, I'm sorry you have to go under such conditions. I'm afraid I have not been as companionable a comrade as you should have had."

"Oh, you're all right, Renny. The trouble with you is that you have drawn a little circle around Toronto University and *said to yourself, 'This is the world.' It isn't,* you know. There is something outside of all that."

"Every man, doubtless, has his little *circle. Yours is around the Argus office.*"

"Yes, but there are special wires from that little circle to all the rest of the world, and soon there will be an Atlantic cable."

"*I do not hold that my circle is as large* as yours; still, there is something outside of New York even."

"You bet your life there is; and, now that you are in a more sympathetic frame of mind, it is that I want to talk with you about. Those two girls are outside my little circle, and I want to bring one of them within it. Now, Renmark, which of those girls would you choose if you were me?"

The professor drew in his breath shortly and was silent for a moment. At last he said, speaking very slowly,—

"I am afraid, Mr. Yates, that you do not quite appreciate my point of view. As you may think I have acted in an unfriendly manner, I will try for the first and final time to explain it. I hold that any man who marries a good woman gets more than he deserves, no matter how worthy he may be. I have a profound respect for all women, and I think that your light chatter about choosing between two is an insult to both of them. I think either of them is infinitely too good for you,—or for me either."

"Oh, you do, do you? Perhaps you think that you would make a much better husband than I. If that is the case, allow me to say you are entirely wrong. If your wife was sensitive, you would kill her with your gloomy fits. I wouldn't *go off* in the woods and sulk, anyhow."

"If you are referring to me, I will further inform you that I had either to go off in the woods or knock you down. I chose the lesser of two evils."

"Think you could do it, I suppose? Renny, you're conceited. You're not the *first man who has made such* a mistake and found he was barking up the wrong tree when it was too late for anything but bandages and arnica."

"*I have tried,* to show you how I feel regarding this matter. I might have known I should not succeed. We will end the discussion, if you please."

"*Oh, no.* The discussion is just beginning. Now, Renny, I'll tell you what you need. You need a good sensible wife worse than any man I know. It is not yet too late to save you, but it soon will be. You will, before long, grow a crust on you, like a snail, or a lobster, or any other cold-blooded animal that gets a shell on itself, Then nothing can be done for you. Now let me save you, Renny, before it is too late. Here is my proposition. You choose one of those girls and marry her. I'll take the other. I'm not as unselfish as I may seem in this, for your choice will save me the worry of making up my mind. According to your talk, either of the girls is too good for you, and for once I entirely agree with you. But let that pass. Now, who is it to be?"

"Good God, man, do you think I am going to bargain with you about my future wife?"

"That's right, Renny. I like to hear you swear. It shows you are not yet the prig you would have folks believe. There's still hope for you, professor. Now, I'll go further with you. Although I cannot make up my mind just what to do myself, I can tell instantly which is the girl for you, and thus we solve both problems at one stroke. You need a wife who will not put up with your tantrums, who will be cheerful and who will make a man of you. Kitty Bartlett is the girl. She will tyrannize over you just as her mother does over the old man. She will keep house to the queen's taste and delight in getting you good things to eat. Why, everything is as plain as a pike-staff. That shows the benefit of talking over a thing. You marry Kitty, and I'll marry Margaret. Come, let's shake hands over it." Yates held up his right hand ready to slap it down on the open palm of the professor, but there was no response. Yates's hand came down to his side again, but he had not yet lost the enthusiasm of his proposal. The more he thought of it the more fitting it seemed.

"*Margaret is such a sensible, quiet,* level-headed girl that, if I am as flippant as you say, she will be just the wife for me. There are depths in my character, Ren*mark, that you have not suspected.*"

"Oh, you're deep."

"I admit it. Well, a good sober-minded woman would develop the best that is in *me. Now, what do you say, Renny?*"

"I say nothing. I am going into the woods again dark as it is."

"Ah well," said Yates with a sigh, "*there's no doing anything with you or for* you. I've tried my best: that is one consolation. Don't go away. I'll let Fate decide. Here goes for a toss-up."

And Yates drew a silver half-dollar from his pocket. "Heads for Margaret?" he cried. Renmark clinched his fist, took a step forward, then checked himself, re*membering that this was his last night with* the man who had at least once been his friend.

Yates merrily spun the coin in the air, caught *it in one hand,* and slapped the other over it.

"Now for the turning-point in the lives of two innocent beings."

He raised the covering hand and peered at the coin in the gathering gloom. "Heads it is. Margaret Howard becomes Mrs. Richard Yates. Congratulate me, professor."

Renmark stood motionless as a statue, an object-lesson in self-control. Yates set his hat more jauntily on his head, and slipped the epoch-making coin into his trousers-pocket.

"Good-by, old man," he said. "I'll see you later and tell you all the particulars."

Not waiting for the answer, which he probably knew there would have been little use in delaying for, Yates walked to the fence and sprang over it with one hand on the top rail. Renmark stood still for some minutes, then quietly gathered underbrush and sticks large and small, lighted a fire and sat down on a log with his head in his hands.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEATS ALL LIGHTNING CALCULATORS.

A Hindoo Who Can Give Simultaneous Attention to Eighteen Different Matters.

Pandit Narayan Martand Sukratine, if reports which reach this country be true, is one of the most marvelous lightning calculators of the world. The exhibitions he has given in India prove him, in fact, one of the intellectual prodigies of the age. Backed by a lot of testimonials from distinguished people the following are some of the feats he offered to perform:

1. Calculation of the square *root* of the square of a number of four terms. 2. Cube root of the cube of three terms. 3. Fourth root of the fourth power of two terms. 4. *Fifth root of the fifth power of two terms.* 5. Square of four terms. 6. Fourth power of two terms. 7. Addition of squares of numbers from 1 to 20. 8. Addition of cubes *of numbers from 1 to 20. 9. Multiplication* of any five figures upward and four figures downward. 10. Multiplication of 2, 49, 99, 92, 975, or any other sum which he shall *give, by any number of one to ten figures.* 11. Day and month of any one of the last fifty years, according to the Hindoo calendar, being given, the corresponding English *date will be given. 12. Date and month of* any one of the last 200 years, according to English calendar, being given, corresponding day of the week will be given. 13. Division *of 6 or 8 figures by 3 figures. 14.* Any operation with integral values of x and y.

All these problems were to be done while playing at cards and holding conversation *on various topics, and while solving* several other curious problems at the same time—that is, he was to carry on several different mental operations at one and the same time. *Here* is the account of an actual performance which took place at Nagpur. In the presence of prominent witnesses the following questions were read out at once, the pandit memorizing them during this single reading.

1. Find the square root of 1,106,704. 2. cube root of 29,503,629. 3. Fourth root of 96,059,601. 4. Fifth root of 1,419,857. 5. Find the square of 1,009. 6. Find the fourth power of 29. 7. Addition of square of numbers from 5 to 14, both terms inclusive. 8. Addition of cubes of numbers from 8 to 13, both terms inclusive. 9. Multiply 78,-847 by 8,803. 10. Multiply 249,939,999,975 by 100,100,004. 11. Give the English year, month and date corresponding to the eighth Magha of the increasing moon of the year 1752 of Salivahana. 12. Give the week day corresponding to the 10th of August, 1832. 13. Divide 28,894,545 by 123. 14. Find the simple interest of £576 for 16 years at 3 per cent. 15. 6x-7y—42; 7x-6y—75.

When the reading of the question paper was over one of the gentlemen present began to play cards with the pandit, while others went on conversing with him, asking him various questions, including questions in arithmetic involving addition, subtraction, etc., all of which were immediately answered by the pandit in the midst of his card playing. The game came to an end in half an hour, the pandit winning. He then delivered consecutively correct answers to all of the questions given out save one—thus giving simultaneous and successful attention to eighteen different mental operations. He then wound up by identifying cards mentally selected by those present.

In connection with the foregoing, it may not come amiss to quote a statement made by a high caste Brahmin, Purnshatom Rao Telang, *now visiting in Canada:* "We Hindoos," he said, "have mathematical rules you western people know nothing of; and by these rules we can in from five to *ten minutes solve problems that would take* your professors half an hour." One such rule he gives as being found in a book on mathematics written by a Hindoo woman. *In Sir Edwin Arnold's translation of Hindoo* literature we also come across hints as to a secret knowledge of numbers by means of which the most profound problems may be *done instantaneously. Be this as it may,* the Hindoo mathematician regards most western achievements in numbers as the merest child's play.

Dodging an Avalanche.

While Mr. C. S. Davison was climbing the Ortler, as described in the September Atlantic, he came to a stretch of broken snow, about a hundred feet in breadth, composed of the remnants of avalanches which had fallen from the face of the mountain above. It was necessary to cross it. An avalanche had fallen ten minutes before Mr. Davison and his two guides reached the place, and another would *soon follow.* The *crossing* must be made between two avalanches.

Twenty yards this side of the snow track, and perhaps a hundred yards from the *threatening snow wall, we paused for criti*cal survey. The question stood for instant decision. From the appearance of the snow wall it must be determined whether *another avalanche would fall within the* next few minutes.

Was it best to hurry silently across? Wast it best to wait? Was the next sec*tion of the snow face in such condition that* a mighty yell would send an avalanche down, and give us an opportunity for our hasty transit? On the other hand, if we *all yelled together and no avalanche fell,* would the concussion hasten the next fall, whereby we might be overwhelmed in crossing?

One towering pinnacle of snow, pushed a little beyond its fellows, seemed ready to totter to its fall. We looked at it doubtfully. It ought to have gone with the last avalanche. Would it stand, or would it fall within the next three minutes? A hundred feet is not much of a space to cross; but such crossing, if through fresh, broken snow from six to ten feet deep, is slow and floundering work.

From the time we came within view of the snow the utmost silence had been observed, and now, the searching but momentary scrutiny completed, Pinggera whispered to us to come on: With noiseless speed we hurried forward. Silently we struggled through the snow, and as silently emerged on the farther side.

They Both Fancied.

During the Volunteer Manœuvres at Dover a gentleman from London engaged local cabman to drive him round in an ope carriage to view the mimic battle from th highest position of the field of action.

After a lot of hard work up and down the steep hill-side roads cabby and his horse became very tired and wanted rest and refreshment; but the gentleman, in his eagerness to see all that was going on around him, would not allow a halt.

Presently the umpires' bugler sounded "Cease fire!" and cabby, noticing the cessation of action, pulled up for a rest, and, having got down from his seat, popped the nosebag on his horse, and was just taking a long pull at his brandy-flask when the "Advance" was sounded and the troops began to move again.

The enthusiastic gentleman, fearing he should lose sight of them, became impatient, and excitedly exclaimed:

"Now, coachman, drive on; fancy we are in real war."

"Quite so, sir; then you fancy me and the 'oss is shot," replied cabby.

And he wouldn't move till he and the horse h d rested thoroughly.

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Song of Kriss Kringle's Tree.

Kriss Kringle's bells are jingling
The frosty air is tingling,
All silvery sounds are mingling,
This merry, merry day,
With many a fleecy feather,
The snow-flakes dance together;
Here come Kriss Kringle's weather,
In good Kriss Kringle's way.

Kriss Kringle's measures tripping,
Kriss Kringle's sweetness sipping,
The while his gifts we're clipping
From brave Kriss Kringle's tree.
We set the candles burning
Like stars and planets turning.
And every dream and yearning
There satisfied we see.

Alone and solitary,
Aloof from elf and fairy,
It grew in forests airy
Through many a season dim—
To reach its day of glory,
When winter woods were hoary,
To hear Kriss Kringle's story,
And dear Kriss Kringle's hymn.

O tree that wearies never!
O *tree that charms us ever!*
O tree that lives forever!
The blessed Christmas tree,
Where love and kindness blending,
Round up the year's fair ending,
There heaven's own beauty lending,
Behold Kriss Kringle's tree.

—[Margaret E. Sangster.

A Christmas Thought and What Came of It.

Santa Claus was tired and *no wonder;* for it was Christmas Eve, and everybody knows what a busy time that is for him. What journeys he must take!

Such numbers and *numbers of chimneys* as he must scramble down, and such countless numbers of stockings as he must fill!

It was no wonder the dear old man was nearly tired out, *for it was past midnight;* his work was done, and he had turned his reindeer homeward.

As he reached the suburbs of a large city, whose *homes he had just visited, his atten*tion was attracted toward an old dilapidated building, that he had supposed to be uninhabited; the attraction was not great, *only a very dim light, but it let him know* that there was someone within.

"Well I declare!" exclaimed he, suddenly stopping. "I didn't know anybody lived *here! I thought Squire Steele had taken* this old tumble-down shanty for a pig-pen long ago; he ought to be ashamed to rent such a place, but he'll do most anything for *a little money.* I wonder if there are any children here? If there are, I suppose I ought to leave them some presents, though somehow I never do have much for poor *children. 'Tisn't right,* either, for Christmas should be a happy time for all; I must look after them a little better in the future, poor things, for I love them just the same *as rich children.*"

Then he bent down and peered through the fringe of icicles that bordered the window ledge, into a little room so desolate looking that it would have touched a much harder heart than dear old Santa's.

On a pile of straw in one corner of the room, lay three little children fast asleep. But, though their bed was only straw, with covering of all ragged comfortables, they were smiling in their sleep; for they had gone to bed thinking that good old Santa Claus would come as soon as the clock struck twelve, and bring them some nice presents; he never had missed them, though to be sure they had never before lived in such an out of the way place. Two years ago their father was alive, and they lived in a nice little house of their own; but after his death there were debts to be paid, they must be fed and clothed, and with the little work that their mother could get to do, she could not procure enough money to keep *them from going* hungry and cold. So one by one they had to part with their house and all the pretty things within, until they were finally reduced to their present *extremely straightened* circumstances. Long after the children slept their mother still sat by their old broken-legged, rusty stove, trying to coax the fire to burn *more briskly with branches* which she had picked up in the woods; for it was a cold night, and their bedding was poor; but the wood was so crusted with *snow that it only sizzled and sputtered.*

"Poor dears," said the widow, as she accidentally brushed the children's old ragged stockings off from the back of a chair. "Poor dears, how well I remember when I was a little girl, waking up Christmas morning and running to my stocking. Oh, my dear mother, how kind she was! And to think, I love my babies just as well as she loved me, and yet I can buy them nothing! And that is not the worst of it. There'll none of us have a Christmas dinner. I declare I could cry!" And she did cry, throwing her apron over her head and leaning back in her chair.

"Dear me!" said Santa Claus, "how my eyes do water! I must have taken cold," muttered he, wiping his eyes. The scene inside had affected him more than he was willing to own. "Now," he briefly continued, "what is to be done? Those children must have something, certain. But the trouble is I haven't a single thing left except a thought."

"A thought!" exclaims some of these dear little readers, "What's that?"

Didn't you ever notice any among your Christmas presents? Santa Claus has lots of them at holiday times, and he generally sprinkles a few in with everybody's presents; so if you have never noticed any among yours, look for them this year. He has many kinds—holy thoughts, benevolent thoughts, and thoughts of love, peace and reconciliation. The thought that he had left was good and strong, and plainly marked with the golden word, "Charity."

"Well I declare!" exclaimed Santa Claus, "What shall I do? It won't do *the least bit of good to leave this for these* children, but they must have something and their mother, too, must have a Christmas present. Humph! I know what I'll do. I'll just go over to Squire Steele's and leave this thought for him. If he will only nourish it and care for it, it will do much good there. I'll try it anyhow; so away, my good reindeer."

Squire Steele and his wife sat silently by their warm, glowing fire—she busy knitting, he busy reading—or pretending to, for his thoughts, as well as his wife's, were running away back over a lapse of some twenty-five years, to the time when a darling little baby boy came to live with them.

"Just twenty-five years to-night since little Johnny came to us," said he, at last, as much to himself as to his wife.

"I was just thinking of that, too," answered his wife. "Oh dear, why couldn't he have lived? How happy we might then be. It seems as though I can't stand it when I see other children having such jolly times at Christmas. My!" she suddenly exclaimed, "what was that? Somebody sneezed or coughed, surely. Didn't you hear them!"

"Oh, I guess it was nothing but the wind," answered the Squire, not dreaming that it was Santa Claus, who at that very moment dropped the thought down the chimney. "As you were saying, wife, we would have been far happier had little Johnny lived—and better, too," he added thought*fully. Then after some moments' reflection* he continued. "Perhaps it would be better now if we did not live to ourselves so much; we have lost Johnny, our little *darling, to be sure, and though we can* never forget him, nor do we want to, it might be better not to nurse our grief so much, but try to get over it somewhat."

"Oh, I never can!" moaned Mrs. Steele.

"Yes I know," replied the Squire, has*tily wiping his own eyes,* "*but perhaps if* we did more to make others happy, our own grief might be lessened; they say it helps."

"*Johnny would have liked that,*" answered she, after a pause. "He always liked to see everyone happy, and it really seemed to trouble him if they were not. Don't you remember how, at Christmas time, he always tried to have all the children around, rich or poor, and have a jolly time, dividing his presents with those who had none, besides having some little treat to share with all. Had he lived, no children near us would be without presents to-morrow morning.

"Would it not be well to do this work for him?" at length asked the Squire with a great softening of the heart; then adding, almost as an apology, "perhaps we might make him happier in heaven by so doing."

"I am sure we would," answered Mrs. Steele, quietly wiping away her tears. "But what can we do? Where can we begin? I don't know anything about the poor families around, nor which ones have children."

"There is one family down in our old house that will do to begin with, I think. There are children there, too—one little boy, about our little boy's age the last Christmas he was with us. He somehow reminded me of him, too, when I went there yesterday to collect the rent—looking as though he was bound to be happy under any circumstances. To-morrow we'll make a tour of the town, beginning with them, for I think there are none poorer than they."

"Couldn't we go to-night, to this one place," asked Mrs. Steele, whose sympathies were all aroused for the little boy who looked like their lost darling.

"It's pretty late," said Mr. Steele, but in a voice that plainly said, "I am willing to go." So they were soon wrapped and muffled and out in the street. From away down in the city came faint, yet clear, the chimes ringing out the anthem, "Joy to the world, the Lord has come!" The sweet melody stirred the thought that Santa Claus had dropped into their hearts, and gave them strange sensations.

They made their purchases as quickly as possible, though it did take them some time, for now they had started out they did not wish to do things by halves. The little thought was growing very fast.

As they deposited their bundles and baskets at the widow's door, a wee small voice seemed to say, "He that doeth it unto the least of these, doeth it unto me,' and a peace went over their souls; and if *they were not happier they were much* better satisfied with themselves.

Christmas morning the widow was astir long before her children. The first thing *she did was to start out for some dead* branches to build a little fire by which to prepare their breakfast. Imagine her surprise upon opening the door. For a moment *she could not move, she was so overwhelm*ed with astonishment, but the next moment she fell upon her knees and thanked God for his goodness.

Oh, what a happy little place that was that Christmas day! The children found new stockings hanging on the chair in place of their old ones, and each was filled so full *of sugar-plums, oranges, nuts,* and other good things, that it looked as though it would burst. And piled high, oh! so high, on the chair, were new shoes, cloaks, hoods and dresses for the girls, and for the boy, a whole new suit, even to a pair of red-topped boots. Just think of that. His first ready made suit, too.

And that was not all. The old table was fairly loaded with the weight of good things; a plump turkey was waiting to be roasted, some nice large potatoes was waiting to be baked, and a plum pudding stood there ready to be boiled. Then there was a large market basket filled with—but bless your hearts, I couldn't begin to tell you what was in that; it was crowded so full of parcels of raisins, tea, sugar and everything nice, that there was no use in it having a cover—no use whatever, for the cover wouldn't and couldn't fit on.

And before they had finished looking at these things, some one drove up with some wood and coal, and a nice soft bed, sent by Squire Steel and his wife. Then that afternoon the Squire himself drove down after them, and took them up to his grand house on the hill, where little Johnnie—for the widow's little boy's name was Johnnie, too—quite won the hearts of the Squire and his wife, and made them happier than they had been for years.

When Santa Claus saw how that thought had grown, how its rootlets had grasped the withered tendrils of the Squire's heart and given them fresh life, he chuckled to himself. "Ha! Ha! wasn't it lucky I had that thought left. I'll scatter more thoughts another year, and perhaps in this way I may be able to make a Merry Christmas for all.

The Secret of a Haunted House

A rather curious lawsuit is reported from Paris. A gentleman living in the Avenue de Neuilly was terribly annoyed with rats in his house. They were large, *ravenous, numerous and hard to catch.* Finally he managed to trap one of the pests, and, equipping him with a tiny bell, fastened to his neck with a bit of wire, set him *again at liberty. The rat, of course,* ran to find his companions, and they all ran as eagerly to avoid him, and in a little time there was not a rat left on the premises. Near by there *lived* a nervous gentleman, and one night he was awakened by a curious tinkling sound, which came on fitfully, and seemed to proceed from every corner of the room. He lit a candle, and timorously proceeded to search. There was nothing visible, and yet the mysterious sound was distinctly audible. He tried to think it was imagination, but, failing, decided it must be ghosts. It was clear his house was haunted—and haunted, too, by day as well as by night. For weeks he could not sleep, and the anxiety told on his health. At last a gossiping servant learned the truth, and the victim, instead of laughing at his own credulity, has begun an action against the man who belled the rat.

Keeping Warm.

The boy was sitting out on the front steps of the house shivering as the policeman passed by at midnight.

"*What are you doing here?*" asked the officer.

"Tendin' to my business," answered the boy cheerfully.

"Well, *I guess you had better go in the* house. You'll freeze here."

"That's my business. You go on about yours."

"*This is mine.*"

"Is it?" and the boy chuckled.

"Yes. Why don't you go in?"

"'Cause I don't want to," said the boy, *getting up and slapping his arms around* himself. "Me and pap got home about two minutes ago, and he told me to wait outside while he went in first for he *thought mother'd make it hot enough fer* two. I know mother, so you go on about your business, and if I freeze you won't have to pay for the funeral," and the officer moved off to the street corner and waited for the boy to go in.

Needn't Trouble About Mamma.

A minister of a prominent London church who was about to leave home for a few days was bidding good-bye to his family.

When he came to Bobby he took the little fellow in his arms and said, "Well, young man, I want you to be a good boy, and be sure to take good care *of mamma.*"

Bobby promised and the father departed, leaving him with a very large and full appreciation of his new and weighty responsi*bility. When night came and he was* called to say his prayers, the young guardian expressed himself as follows:

"O Lord, please protect papa and *brother Dick and sister Alice and aunt* Mary and all the little Jones boys and Bobby. But you needn't trouble about mamma, for I'm going to look after her *myself.*"

Close Figuring.

Mr. Veraclose—"*Send out for a black* man to do the whitewashing and a white man to black the stoves."

Mrs. V.—"Won't one man do?"

Mr. V.—"No. *I want to see how much* material they wasted."

MERRY MOMENTS.

"Did those bulbs *I sold you come up?*" "Yes—with the assistance of my dog."

The girl of the period says she objects to flattery, but she likes to have her sleeves puffed.

"Named your baby Dorothy, as you intended, Jimpson?" "Nope." "Why not?" "James seemed more suitable."

Gentleman—"Well, how did you succeed in your new role?" Actress—"I don't know. I haven't read the newspaper yet."

Day—"What did Hicks say when his wife called him a crank." Weeks—"Told her she was something of a windlass her*self.*"

"I hear Cadley is going on the stage in a farmyard play." "Yes." "Is he to take a leading part?" "Yes; he leads in the cows."

"How is Tom doing in college?" "Fairly well. He is rather sluggish at his studies but he makes it up by his slugging in foot ball."

"Your neighbor appears to have failed a good many times." "Just twenty-four *times.* The next *will be his silver-bank*ruptcy."

"Why was this game called poker, Charley?" "I don't know, unless it is that you are apt to burn your fingers when you get the wrong end of it."

"Is Smith really going to practice law out in Arizona?" "I should think so; he sold his library and bought half a dozen revolvers."

"I have invented a new bicycle which I *am going to call 'The Brazilian.'*" "*Why?*" "Because it makes revolutions so easily."

His wife—"Did you gain much by working so late at your office last night, dearie?" He—"No—er—but I came within an ace of gaining a great deal."

She—"You are perfectly sure there are no objectionable features in this play?" He—"Great guns, yes! The house wasn't more than half full."

Willie—"*How do you get such a beauti*ful English fit to youah clothes, deah boy?" Chollie—"I have them measuehed on me man, doncherknow."

He—"You are very provoking! You talk as if our engagement were not going to result in marriage." She—"You are more provoking; you talk as if it were."

"If you want to get her, don't be so abjectly devoted. You simply cheapen yourself in her eyes." "Then she'll take me. Jennie never could resist a bargain."

She—"Tell me, now, have your affections always remained constant?" He—"I can truthfully say that they have—though I admit that their *object has often chang*ed."

Ada—"At Jennie's wedding she had to wait thirty minutes for the bridegroom. Wasn't that perfectly awful?" Lily Languish—"That's nothing to waiting thirty years."

"It always pays a man in my business to take plenty of time," murmured the burglar softly to himself gently dumping the third tray of gold watches into his capacious bag.

A poet once sighed, midst the wintery storm,
"Alas! 'Burning thoughts' will not keep a *man warm.*"

"I think a love of foot ball must be inherent in the Pigskin family." "What makes you think so?" "Why, whenever *little* Jemmie wants to play the game, his mother kicks."

"This life," said the man who stood on the cellar stairs with a coal bucket in his hand, "would be one succession of sweet surprises if coal only came up as easily as the price does."

Peawick—"So, *poor* Mr. Meekly has really married the Widow Bouncer. How did he ever pluck up the courage to do it?" Sinnick—"He didn' have to. It seems he *couldn't pluck up the courage not to do it.*"

"Folks is always makin' fun for de fellers dat de worl' calls "has-beens" said Uncle Mose; "but it looks to me lak it am a heap better for a man to be a has-been dan to be a nebber-was."

"Miss Parker—Maud—will you marry me? Let me be your protector through life, your—" "Thanks, Mr. Jones, but I must decline, I am not a protectionist. When I marry it will be on a revenue basis entirely."

Prof. Hamerick, who has been studying chickens for twelve years, says "the rooster is by all odds, the proudest thing on *earth, with no exception.*" *The professor's* observation of drum majors has been limited.

"Madam, have you the recipe for this ale?" said the tramp. "Yes; would you like to have a copy of it?" replied the good woman. "No, madam, but I should like to destroy the original," said the tramp.

Clara—"What makes champagne so different from claret, and port, and sherry?" Jack—"Why champagne is charged, don't you know." Clara—"But I thought you said you had all your wine charged."

There's no surcease of sorrow at all,
There's the same tale of woe to tell;
Though Mary has kindly dropped "After the Ball,"
She now warbles "Daisy Bell."

"Papa, *didn't George Washington ever* really and truly tell a fib?" asked Tommy. "No," returned papa. "He was always truthful." "Well, say, papa,' 'Tommy *went on,* "*he never was a boy, then,* was he?"

Lady of the house—"I think you would suit; but have you a recommendation from your last place?" Applicant—"I lived with her two years, but as we were never intimate she did not feel that she could conscientiously recommend me."

Gaunt stranger—"Can you help—a—poor —fellow to stem the tide of starvation?" Literary man (bustling around)—"Certainly my poor man! Here's a copy of 'Atkinson on Cheap Cookery.' Take it, and may the Lord bless you."

"Dear me," said the girl with black, snappy eyes, "I wish I was a foot ball player." "What do you mean?" asked her mother aghast. "Just what I say. I wish I was a foot-ball player, and that hateful, snippy little Sallie Giggles was *on the other* side."

The blonde youth threw himself into the barber's chair and asked to be "trimmed up a little." "Yes, *sir,*" said the barber, looking in a puzzled way at the small head and then the large chrysanthemum that loomed up in close proximity to it. "*Which sir?*"

Muggins (recently married, showing his apartment)—"This is a wardrobe where my wife hangs her clothes, and this is another wardrobe where my wife hangs her clothes. Bilter—"Where do you hang your clothes?" Muggins—"Oh, I don't have any now."

"Oh, you horrid men?" she shrieked. "I know what you are. You're burglars." "Well," exclaimed Bill Bludgeon, "ef that ain't like a woman! No, marm, yer mistaken. We hain't burglars. We're jes company that hez to 'pologize fur furgittin' ter bring 'long our callin' cards. See?"

She Saw a Lot.

Wife: "Such a dream as I had last *night,* dear!"

Husband: "May I hear it?"

"Yes. I dreamed I was in a great establishment where they sold husbands. There were hundreds in glass cases marked at fearful prices, and others at a less figure—they were beauties! Girls were paying out whole fortunes *and getting the handsomest husbands* I ever saw. It was wonderful!"

"Did you see any like me there, dear?"

"Yes. Just as I was leaving I saw a whole lot like *you on the remnant* counter!"

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In looking over our books we find that many of our subscribers are in arrears, some of them for many months. Newspapers can not be run on credit, and we must urge all who know themselves to be indebted to us to at once forward the amount.

The District Outlook.

It is apparent that we are on the eve of important developements. Such a district as this with its splendid farming area, its wealth of timber, its immense measures of coal, only requires time to be appreciated. We have been a back district, with only a weekly mail, and therefore comparatively unknown But all this is being changed. We are now connected with the world by telegraph, the superior character of our coal is becoming known and appreciated, the products of our farms are finding a ready home market The recent surveys in the district have opened up much fertile land. The extension of the Piercy and Carter road down and beyond Union Wharf—to be done this year—is a long step in the direction of connecting the district with the road system of the island. The bridge to be built across Oyster River—and which we are assured this season will see accomplished—will open up the travel in that direction. With the new American tariff established we may reasonably expect a large increase in the coal out- put at Union, which will render much more valuable our local market. Our lumber industry will also revive under the stimulus of the new tariff In addition to all this a wonderful impetus will be imparted to every part of the district by the extension of the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway from Wellington to Union The road at Trent River will come within three and a half miles of Courtenay which will of course be the point of shipment for the valley. This means a daily mail. The point of isolation will be removed farther north. We will be within a day's ride of the Capital and in touch with the world's thought and movement. The next five years will do more for us as a district than all the thousands which have gone before.

Mr. Stead Rebuked.

W. T. Stead, the editor of the Review of Reviews, is in many respects a very remarkable man. He has intense convictions, and unfortunately is not broad enough to respect those who do not order their lives according to his notions. The result is that he is unfair and unjust, and needs to be restrained at times by a will as imperious as his own. His appearance as a reformerin Chicago isgreat y against him. What right had he to declare, at the Women's Club of that city that "women who have great opportunities only to neglect them are more disreputable in the eyes of God and man than the most abandoned women of the town?" So far as men are concerned the statement was infamously false. As to how they appear in the eyes of God, it is not for Mr. Stead to say. Probably all more or less neglect their opportunities, for which they may be justly held accountable, but no one has the right to denounce them for that reason as the scum of the earth. The ladies of the Chicago Women's Club properly resented such language, and until it is withdrawn and apologised for, the great world should refuse to listen to his ravings.

THE TURF'S GREAT PACERS.

Blue Sign, 2:08¼, is doing very fast work this season

Vitello, 2:11½, is the champion pacer of the Empire State.

Among the mares, Yolo Maid, 2:12, stands very high as a pacer.

The veteran Johnston is being campaigned again this year.

Guy, 2:06¾, is one of the swiftest "sidewheelers" out this season.

Direct, 2:05½, is a California horse. He will not be campaigned this year.

Saladin recently defeated Champion Mascot, 2:04, in the fast time of 2:05¾.

Turf prophets believe the pacer will be the first two minute harness horse.

Roy Wilkes, 2:07¾, will without doubt decrease his mark before the campaign is over.

There is only half a second between Hal Pointer, 2:04½, and the championship of the world.

DELIGHTS OF DINING.

HOW EASILY THE SPELL OF SOLEMN ENJOYMENT MAY BE BROKEN.

Dishes That From Their Peculiarly Subtle and Lonely Character Demand Attention, Reverence and Silence—An Epicure's Serious Affliction.

For my thorough appreciation of a large and good dinner I am, I believe, indebted to my father. He was a great diner, and it is well known that the finest qualities of the English race are hereditary. My father suffered from gout, and the doctors, who are a mass of prejudices, tell me that I also have got it. However, I am thankful to say that I know my own constitution. What is really the matter with me is a sort of cold accompanied by inflammation in one toe. It arises, I should say, from overwork. Old port is good for it.

A fine appreciation of dinner should be accompanied by a large income. When my father died of apoplexy (brought on by a quarrel with his cook, who was a fair instance of talent as distinct from genius), I succeeded to his position in the firm, and to an income which even in the city is considered to be fairly large. I love largeness. I love large incomes, large houses, large appetites, large waistcoats, large dinners. I can never be too thankful that I can well afford large dinners. It was always my ambition to be, like my father, a great diner, and it would be but false humility to say that I shall die without having earned the reputation.

I distinguish between the diner and the diner out. I do not want to be uncharitable, but I have no high opinion of the diner out. He does not, as a rule, take the dinner itself quite seriously. He is liable to show an interest in the women whom he takes in or in the conversation. Now, life is too short for that division of interests; we only have time to do one thing well. Let dinner be that one thing. I say, dine—merely dine. That is enough. Do that well, and you have the best delight that this world can give you. As for conversation, I despise it.

Now, there was the case of Charles Nutcomb. He was with us at one time and might for family reasons have come into a small partnership. It would not have been much—some £3,000 a year—but ample for a young and unmarried man who is willing to exercise ordinary care. Charles was a diner out, and for family reasons I once asked him to dine with me, although in a general way I will not have young men at my table. At the very moment when we were eating a vol-au-vent that from its peculiarly subtle and lovely character demanded the eater's attention, reverence and silence—at that very moment, Charles Nutcomb was tactless enough to tell a story. It caused noisy laughter. It, if I may use the phrase, completely broke the spell. It was like whistling in church. However, it was not in consequence of this indiscretion alone that I finally decided to get rid of Nutcomb. He refused port. A man who refuses port—my port—is a fool and consequently unfit to be a partner in Gorgbury & Pigge. A fortnight afterward I managed to make some excuse for getting him out of office. I feel positively certain that he would have embezzled money if he had remained. His after career only confirmed my low opinion of him. He went completely to the dogs—became an author, in fact.

But I am not unduly devoted to wine. Indeed I sometimes wonder whether I am more fond of that or of the solid part of the dinner. Both are good. Both bring out all that is best in a man. The feeling of gratitude, for instance, is commendable. It is impossible to think much about the commonest viands—asparagus, the simple oyster, or even a cut from a perfect saddle of mutton—without feeling grateful. Then, too, dinner promotes the kindly spirit. When I lie back in my chair after dinner, breathing stertorously, my temper becomes kindly to the verge of fatuousness.

When in the morning a clerk arrives an hour late and makes some paltry excuse—that his wife is dead, or some nonsense of that sort—I of course dismiss him at once. But if I were to defer my decision until the evening I should very likely confine myself to fining him a week's salary. If it were his first offense, and my dinner had been particularly good, I might even let him off with a reprimand. That is the reason why I do no business under any pretext after dinner. It is all very well to feel kindliness, but one has to be careful that the feeling shall not influence one's actions.

How inseparable from our dearest delights are our deepest sorrows! I have but one serious affliction, the great soup—the soup of the city—has not a real attraction for me. It is richly expensive, it is hallowed by a thousand historical associations, it has brought ecstasy to the hearts of men with larger incomes than I shall ever possess, but to me it is almost a closed book. Sometimes when I am eating it at a city banquet I feel as if I could see afar off its perfect meaning and catch dim glimpses of its superb generosity. But that is all. I cannot love it as I know that it ought to be loved.

Heretofore I have kept my affliction a secret, but last night, when Thomas Pigge and I were dining with the Fenderbenders (one of the 12 principal companies) I sensed that he was watching me. He saw that I did not really understand that soup. However, I am not afraid that Thomas Pigge will ever dare to reproach me for it. He also has his weak point, and, as he is aware, I know it. He is quite unorthodox on the subject of sauce hollandaise. He has a theory as to the correct preparation of it which can only be characterized as dangerous and revolutionary.

But I must pause. I hear the gong, waking gently and sleeping as gently again. Blessed sound! Blessed, blessed dinner! I write no more! I go!—Henry Pain in London Illustrated News.

THE CAMERIST.

The crown princess of Sweden is trying to establish women photographers in Stockholm.

Still another hand camera has been invented by a Brooklyn amateur, said to possess advantages over any other.

Photography has now reached a point where an object traveling at the rate of 10,000 miles an hour can be photographed by means of the electric flash.

A snap shot photograph in The Sketch of the sinking Victoria, taken from the deck of the Collingwood, shows only the vessel's stern above water, with the screws revolving.

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On and after Mar. 22nd, 1893

The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows

CALLING AT WAY PORTS as passengers and freight may offer

Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 7 a. m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m
Leave Comox for Nanaimo, Fridays, 7 a.m.
" Nanaimo for Victoria Saturday, 7 a.m

For freight or state rooms apply on board, or at the Company's ticket office, Victoria Station, Store street.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y.

Time Table No. 17,

To take effect at 8.00 a. m. on Friday September 30th. 1892. Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

GOING SOUTH READ UP	No. 3 Passenger Saturdays Sundays.	No. 1 Passenger Daily		Stations		GOING NORTH READ DOWN	No. 4 Passenger Saturdays Sundays	No. 2 Passenger Daily.	
Miles from Victoria						Miles from Victoria			
				VICTORIA					
				RUSSELL'S					
				ESQUIMALT					
				COLLISTREAM					
				SHAWNIGAN					
				LAKE					
				COBBLE HILL					
				McPHERSON'S					
				DUNCAN'S					
				SOMENOS					
				CHEMAINUS					
				OYSTER BAY					
				NANAIMO					
				WELLINGTON					

On Saturdays and Sundays

Return Tickets will be issued between all points for a fare and a quarter, good for return not later than Monday.

Return Tickets for one and a half ordinary fare may be purchased daily to all points, good for seven days, including day of issue.

No Return Tickets issued for a fare and a quarter where the single fare is twenty-five cents.

Through rates between Victoria and Comox.

A. DUNSMUIR, President. JOSEPH HUNTER, Gen'l Supt.
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Riverside Hotel
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The Hotel is one of the best equipped on the Pacific Coast, and is situated at the mouth of the Courtenay River, between Union and the large farming settlement of Comox,

Trout are plentiful in the river, and large game abounds in the neighborhood

The Bar connected with the hotel is kept well supplied with the best wines and liquors. Stage connects with all Steamers. Terms moderate

Nanaimo Cigar Factory.
Philip Gable, Proprietor.
Baston Street — Nanaimo B. C.

Manufactures the finest cigares, employing none but white labor.

Why purchase inferior foreign cigars, when you can obtain a SUPERIOR ARTICLE for the same money?

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Comox B. C.
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Splendid Livery Outfit.
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WARNING

All persons driving over the wharf or bridges in Comox district faster than a walk, will be prosecuted according to law.

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Sloan & Scott, Nanaimo, B. C.

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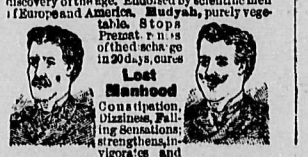

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