The Weekly News.

NO 15. COURTENAY, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 15, 1893. $2.00 PER YEAR

McKIM

has opened up a

Dry Goods

Grocery &

Boot and Shoe Store

IN COURTENAY.

A full stock of goods will always be carried.

A share of your trade is solicited.

McPHEE & MOORE

COMOX, B. C.

×

We call attention to our large stock of wallpaper also 8 case Boots and Shoes just opened up. A carload Ogilvie's Hungarian flour just in

J. B. HOLMES

Importer and General Merchant

THE WHARF ÷—× COMOX, B. C.

Agent Dominion Pianos and Organs. Giant and Judson Powder Co. B. C. Potter and Terra Cotta Works. A car load of Ogilvie's Hungarian Flour just to hand.

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

COURTENAY PHARMACY.

PURE DRUGS & PATENT MEDICINES

Also Fancy Toilet Articles

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

OPPORTUNITY ARRIVED

I have for sale some Splended Lots and Blocks a little EAST OF COURTENAY VILLAGE.

As is now understood, the Canada Western will run its track

Directly Through The Property

in passing from Courtenay to Union Wharf. Figures low and terms reasonable now, but prices will be advanced before long and may be doubled any day. Opportunity is our guest at present, and once neglected NEVER RETURNS

Office at Courtenay. Wm Cheney, Real EstateAgt

Dr. W. J. Young

Physician & Surgeon

OFFICE & RESIDNCE.

Courtenay Pharmacy

COURTENAY, B. C

WARNING

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

S. Creech

Gov. Agent.

UNION BAKERY

And Restaurant

— OF —

E. F. CLAY,

Courtenay B. C.

Best of everything in his line Always on hand.

Fraser & Thomas

Stage and Livery Business

Stage connects with all steamers at the Bay.

Also do a general

Teaming Business

Orders may be left at the Courtenay Hotel, or this office.

F. W. Hart

Manufacturer, Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FURNITURE

CARPETS, LINOLEUM, OIL CLOTH AND

– HOUSE FURINISHING –

Largest Establishment of its kind.

21-24 Cordova St. Vancouver, B. C

Riverside Hotel

Courtenay B C

J. J. Grant, Propritor

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

McCann & Cessford

Carpenters & Builders

General Job Work

UNDERTAKERS.

Courtenay B. C.

Nob Hill Property.

Six and One Half Acres

on Nob Hill facing the Gulf.

Splendid Fruit Land

free from wind and frost and suitable for a

Gentleman's Residence

Four Acres are in grass and the rest slashed. Price $600, balance three and six months.

Enquire at News Office.

SHOEMAKER

A Good shoemaker is needed at Courtenay He should be able to mend harnesses; A married man prefered. This is a snap for the right man.

UNION MINES

FURNITURE ESTABLISHMENT

..... A Full Line of Everything .....

BUILDERS and CONTRACTORS

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Grant and McGregor Props.

... George Howe. ...

COMOX and UNION B. C.

Dealer in All Kinds of Meats, Vegetables, etc.,

Orders Filled on Short Notice.

The Courtenay Hotel

Leading hotel of Comox District

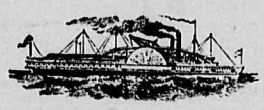
Everything first class.

Rates from $1.00 to $2.00

Bar supplied with choicest liquors

This section is the Paradise for Hunters and Fishermen. and a favorite resort for visitors from the cities.

R. Graham, Propr.



Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer Joan

J. E. BUTLER, MASTER.

On and after Aug. 23rd, 1892

The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows

CALLING AT WAY PORTS;

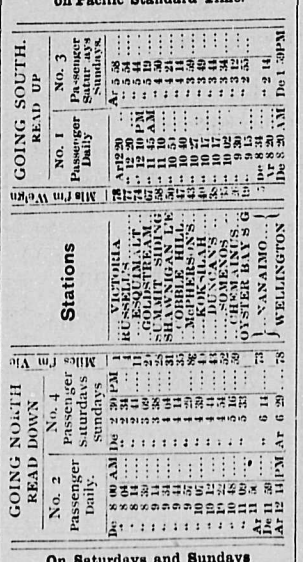
Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 5 a. m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m
" Comox for Valdez Island, Thursday 7 a.m.
(Returning same day.)
Leave Comox for Nanaimo, Fridays, 7 a.m.
" Nanaimo for Victoria, Saturday, 7 a.m

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.



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.

H. K. PRIOR, Gen. Freight and Passenger Agt.

Society Cards

Leiser Lodge No. 13, A. O. U. W. holds regular meetings on alternate Saturday evenings at 7.30 p. m. in the old North omox School House. Visiting Brethren are cordially invited to attend.

Ernest A. Holliday
Recorder.

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.

STAGE LINE

McArdle's fine stage will leave COURTENAY for COMOX at 1 p. m. on WEDNESDAYS, returning after mail hour.

On SATURDAY the stage will leave COURTENAY for COMOX at 8 a. m. Returning leave

COMOX for UNION MINES at 10 a. m., returning to Comox same evening.

Duncan Bros.

Farmers and General Merchants

This season, as usual, we shall supply farm seeds of the best quality at the lowest possible figures.

T. C. Woods

Comox B. C.

Conducts a General

Teaming and Livery Business

His Stage Runs to Union and Returns Thursdays and Saturdays.

For Sale

At Cairns' Octagonal Farm House, Sweet cured Bacon, Hams, Eggs, Poultry, Potatoes, Parsnips, Onions Carrots, Cabbage, and

Prices reasonable, delivered or otherwise.

Thos. Cairns.

For Sale

Grain, Produce,

And Cattle

Also a fine farm.

Apply to

Adam McKelvey

Union Steamship Co. B.C.Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE and Wharf, Vancouver, B.C.

Vancouver and Nanaimo—SS. Cutch Leaves C. P. R. Wharf daily at 1:00 p. m. returning from Nanaimo at 7a. m. Cargo at Company's wharf until noon.

Vancouver and Comox—SS. Comox leaves Company's wharf every Monday at 8. a m. for Comox district, returning on Tuesday.

Vancouver and Northern Logging Camps and Settements — S S. Comox leaves the Company's wharf every Wednesday at 11a. m. for Gibson's Landing, Seechelt, Welcome Pass Lund, Cortes, Read Island and returning the same route, and to Port Neville and wayports every alternate week

Steamers and Scows always available for Excursions, Towing, Freighting Business. Ample Storage Accomodation on Co's wharf. Particulars on application to this office.

WM. WEBESTER, Manager.

Telephone 94 P. O. Box 217

J. W. McKenzie

Courtenay, B. C.

General Blacksmithing

and Horse Shoeing.

Loggers' Work a Specialty.

Chas R Hardy & Co

Real Estate

And Financi reker

Notary Public, Conveyancer,

Nanaimo, B. C.

Thrilling Episode.

It was during the storm of snow and wind that swept this coast about the first of the month that the staunch steamer Joan started south on her trip from Quathiaski Cove to Comox. There were a number of passengers on board and though mostly used to "heavy seas" they soon became nervous, as the steamer rolled and pitched and groaned as though a thing of life, whipped by the mad winds There was no levity indulged in you may be sure. The Captain was thought to look serious, and it was observed that the Purser had ceased to collect fares. This may have been because everybody had already paid, but that idea didn't occur to any one then. All the signs were read according to their worst portents.

The steamer is an unusually pleasant one in good weather but her height above water presents a large surface to the wind which comes whistling through invisible spaces, and with the white caps howling their wrath of foam and blinding spray, the boat rises on a huge wave only to descend into a trough of the sea". Just at such a moment, the stentorian voice of Doubleknees, one of the passengers, was heard exclaiming:

"We are lost! There is no help for us."

Then every one clung on to some fixture. There was a moment of awful suspense, and the boat rose proudly as ever, with what seemed a shriek of defiance.

Now more alarmed than ever, our fears lent wings to our imagination. The waters appeared to leap up running out long tongues to lick the sides of the steamer. The sea was a great monster whetting her appetite for the morsel the Joan was to supply. Another lurch and then Doubleknees counselled:

Let some one with a paper and pencil take our names, and put the list into a bottle and throw it into the water.

As sensible as this seemed no one undertook the task, perhaps because they had not the material, or perhaps everything was so unsteady as to render it very difficult.

The steamer still held on her way, but the storm appeared to increase in fury. Like a cat playing with a mouse the elements were giving us a little rope, before finally claiming their prey So it appeared, and for a little while there was a lull but it was of short duration. The voice of the wind grew louder, and the waves rose with their "impetuous swell". The great engines appeared to throb as if in pain The frail sides of the 'saloon" creaked and bent threatening to collapse In another moment the boat plunged, and the waters seemed to engulf us. Doubleknees stretched out one hand while with the other he clutched desperately to a railing, and shouted with what sounded like the voice of doom:

"We'll all be in h—l in three minutes".

Immediately, the signal bell was heard and for a moment our hearts stood still. But the boat was only turning. The mist opened. We had received the last assault of the sea and were gliding into the welcome harbour of Comox Bay.

Catching a glimpse of the captain I made my way to him and enquired:

"Were we in great danger, Captain?"

Not the slighest. It was pretty bad but the Joan has safely passed through rougher water.

Our terrors were then fiends of the imagination.

A Most Interesting Time.

The affairs of Bat man Lodge I.O.G.T. were never more prosporous. The lodge meets in the old school house. Saturday night was a field day, so to speak. There was an attendance, including visitors, well up towards a hundred. before the arrival of visitors (which was not expected) the following officers were installed: W. Parkin, C.T.; Sister E. Duncan, V. T.; R. Duncan, F. C.; J. Hull, S.; Wm Grieve, C.; Isaac Parkin, M.; J. Parkin, G. and C. B. Ralson, S

Immediately after the installation the members of Union Lodge 45 arrived in a body, and were received in formal style, their Chief Templar upon invitation accepting the Chair and attending to the duties of presiding officer.

In the entertainment which followed the Juveniles took the precedence. Recitations were given by Masters Dingwall, Walter and Morris McArdle (the latter receiving an encore), and the Misses Katie McArdle, Dingwalls, Grant and Crawfords,

Refreshments were then served They were in great abundance, and judging by their rapid disappearance were much appreciated.

The entertainment was then resumed. There were songs by Brothers Ralson, Andrew Piercy and James Piercy and among others from Union, Brothers Wright, Davidson, Struthers, Robertson. We were unable to catch all the names of those from Union who participated, but they may be assured that their efforts were greatly appreciated, and will long be remembered with pleasure.

Appropriate remarks were made by Bro. Fraser, and the grand finale came with a song by the Chief Templar of the visiting brothers.

A resolution was moved by Bro Ralson, seconded by Bro Wm Duncan, and unanimously carried, thanking Union Lodge for it's visit. The Union Lodge then passed a resolution of thanks for the manner in which they had been received, and extended a cordial invitation to their brethren of Bateman Lodge to return the visit.

To the People of Denman Island.

The SS. Comox will stop at your wharf at 4 p.m. next Monday, the 20th inst, and take passengers to Comox to attend the Knights of Pythias Grand Ball and return leaving Comox at 8 a.m., the next morning. Round trip ticket—only 50 cents.

The Committee.

Provincial Roll of Honor.

The annual report published shows that for the year 1891—2 the following pupils were accredited first rank by their teachers

NORTH COMOX SCHOOL at Courtenay—deportment, Minnie Berkeley; regularity and punctuality, Judson McPhee; and for proficiency, Margaret Carter.

COURTENAY SCHOOL, Grantham's—deportment, Adelaide Machin; regularity and punctuality, Phoebe Beech; and for proficiency, Mary Smith.

SOUTH COMOX SCHOOL—deportment, Lydia McDonald; regularity and punctuality, James Lyttle; and for proficiency, Thomas Powers.

DENMAN ISLAND—deportment, Margaret McMillan; regularity and punctuality, Charles Albert Kenan; and proficiency, Ida Louisa Graham.

PUNTLEGE SCHOOL (lower prairie road)—deportment, George Carwithan; punctuality and regularity, Winfred Rennison; and proficiency, Eliza Milligan.

HORNBY ISLAND—deportment, Alphonso Scott; regularity and punctuality, Florence Louisa Scott; and proficiency, Caroline J. Sutton.

UNION MINES, 1st division — deportment, Ruth Denton; regularity and punctuality, Robert McKnight; proficiency, Harry White.

UNION MINES, 2nd division—deportment, Margaret Grant; regularity and punctuality, Maria Tobacco; proficiency, Samuel McKnight.

His Eyes Opened.

Some three months ago an article appeared in THE NEWS relating to a robbery on Valdes Island by some Indians, and in which account it was stated that the victim fired upon two Indians, supposed to have been connected with the robbery as they were leaving. By some error the name of J. W. Galloway, Indian missionary, was given as the party robbed. Shortly afterwards we received a note from Mr. Galloway stating he was not the party and that his relations with the Indians were such as to preclude the necessity of using fire arms against them.

He was always a friend of the red man, and ever ready to defend them and doubtless would look with horror upon any one who might declare that the "good Indians were dead Indians" But a few days ago, while he was away the Indians came and rifled his cabin of its contents, not even leaving some documents which he had prepared with great care in connection with his examination in the spring. Of course he didn't swear being a missionary. He has his fault doubtless, but swearing is'nt one of them; and he is generally considered a very amiable gentleman His friends, of which he appears to have many, not counting the Indians, will grieve to learn of his misfortune, and probably he got his eyes opened to the true character of the Cape Mudge Indians.

Saved by his hair.

W. Cheney has returned from his trip up north where he met with a hair breadth escape. In coming through Seymour Narrows in a canoe in company with a Siwash, the boat overturned and the Siwash was washed ashore. Soon after a strong wave landed Cheney very close to the beach. The Siwash who had recovered his breath, and was watching the approach of his companion on the breast of the water, at the opportune moment reached forward and seized him by his foot The boot came off and Cheney was borne back on the receding wave. Soon another sea brought him forward when the Siwash grabbed him by the other. Strange to say that boot also came off and Cheney returned as before. By this time the Siwash had learned some wisdom and when the next sway of the billows brought our unfortunate friend forward he was seized by the hair of his head (which fortunately was not a wig) and safely brought ashore.

For the next 15 minutes the Siwash was employed in kneading the nearly drowned man. Then a gentle stimulant was administered when he soon recovered. His boots were then handed him with an explanation of how he had lost them.

"You can have them", he exclaimed as he threw them towards his preserver. "They have served me a dirty trick and I will never wear them again".

Some moccasins were made for him out of old bags found near and the pair slowly moved into the forest toward the first cabin to obtain rest and food after their perilous adventure.

The Officers and Directors of the Comox Agricultural and Industrial Association will meet at the office of W. Cheney, near the bridge, Courtenay, at 7.30 p.m. Monday, the 20th. Every one is urgently requested to be present.

By order of the President
J. Mundell, Secetary

Mr. Mose Ireland has received a letter nforming him that a postoffice would be established on Cortes Island at Manron,s Landing

An account of the Lyric Club entertainment as well as Union Items were too late for this issue but will appear next week.

Local Brevities

What's new? Cubb,s Cough Cure is new, effectual and speedy.

For wall paper go to McPhee & Moore

Ties and shirts at McKims.

K. of P. ball – 20th February.

McPhee & Moore are enterprising merchants. They keep Cubb's Cough Cure.

The San Mateo we understand has arrived at Union wharf.

The SS. Comox reached the Bay Monday at 4 p.m., with groceries for McPhee and Moore and J. McKim, G Leighton, (hardware, and Geo. Howe (beef).

Ed. McKim shot three coons on Monday.

Rope harnesses appear to be the go now a days. It is said one will be sent to the World,s Fair.

The Athletic Club Room is being fitted up with the modern appliances.

Dancing appears to be the principal method of amusement these times.

The snow is fast disapoearing and as some say "it's no good any way."

Mr. Thomas of Fraser & Thomas will put up a dwelling house for his own use on Mill Street.

A flouring mill ought to do well here.

Everybody will be at the K.of P. ball, Feb. 20th.

Mrs. David Pickles of Denman Island has for sale two pure bred Brown Leghorn roosters which she will dispose of at 1.50 each.

We receive orders for Brownlee's commercial map of the Province. It is a fine map and will answer all the purpose of the fifteen dollar one, and is a home production Can be seen at our offiee.

Cubb's Cough Cure is leading in the cities as the safest, surest, and speediest remedy for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and kindred ailments.

For Sale— A good two horse team harness and wagon. One of the horses is a fine driving animal. Enquire at this office.

John Hetherington went down to Victoria on the Joan last Friday, with the intention of going to the Jubilee Hospital and remaining a month.

Mr. W. Cheney has received the sad intelligence of the death of his father. David Cheney, at Washington, Vermont aged 87.

When a party writes an abnoxous article and when accused of its authorship denies it, and then admits it was written at home, he proves himself first a fool, second a coward and always a liar.

The "echoing horn" rouses the villager, as McArdle's stage dashes by. Why don't he join McAllister's orchestra?

J. McPhee, Esq. returned by the SS. Joan last Wednesday. During his absence, he visited Nanaimo, Vancouver and Victoria.

What does it mean? At every literary intertainment which we have attended for a long time, some young lady has shouted; "Curfew must not ring tonight."

Mrs. Lucy Jones, of Nanaimo arrived on the SS. Joan last Wednesday and is visiting the family of her son, Mr. David Jones, of Courtenay, where she is expected to remain for sometime.

Any one publishing a paper in the country where there is only a weekly mail and where in case of accident he can get no help from a neighboring office, labors under great disadvantages. There are always a few when something occurs to make it late, as when the other day the editor was detained on board the SS. Comox out in the Gulf, three days beyond the usual time, who ran about like a turkey gobbler with it's head cut off, endeavouring to stir up a breeze. Such persons will please take notice that we do not care for their patronage. It wouldn't amount to a hill of beans anyway.

Born

JONES—At Courtenay on Tuesday, the 14th inst to Mr. and Mrs. David Jones a daughter.

Snow Bound

The snow on Denman Island has been quite deep lately. Week ago Monday Mr. George McFarland started out to look after his sheep, and passing over a brush heap not far from the house which was heavily covered with nature's white mantle, suddenly dropped through and out of sight. Billy Kenan and W. Cheney, happened to be near and hearing the cries for help rushed out to the spot. McFarland's head, although a tall man, was fully two feet below the surface. By the use of a block and tackle he was soon hoisted out of his snow bound prison, and received the congratulations of friends.

Amusing Criticism

Jack (of all trades)— I notice that the hyphen is not always used when two words are printed together in this publication.

Gill—Yes indeed. There is blockhead for instance without any separating mark.

Jack—what a blunder!

Gill—I suppose that in your own case you would part your hair in the middle to indicate the junction?

Jack—What do you mean?

Gill—I was only thinking whether in case it was pretty much all block and very little head, it might not all be treated as one thing.

Rare Intellectual Treat.

Do not fail to hear the great city orator next Sunday Feb. 19. Rev. Mr. McLeod is to lecture in the old School House, Union Mines, on Saturday evening 18th Feby, on "That Young Man" He will also preach morning and evening of the following day in the same place and in the afternoon in the Presbyterian Church, Comox.

The same lecture will be given in the Presbyterian Church, Comox, on Tuesday evening 21st Feb. at 7.30 p.m.. Admission, 25 cents.

A rare intellectual treat is in store for all who will have the pleasure of listening to it.

AGRICULTURAL.

DEHORNING CATTLE.

BY LESLIE H. ADAMS.

There are many farmers who would gladly remove the horns from their cattle if they were not restrained by the thought that getting ready to perform the operation carried with it the necessity of attending to a long list of details, or providing specially prepared facilities, as for instance, a chute for securing the animal, or some particular form of saw. While I do not wish to de-

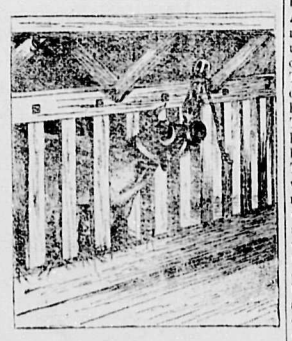


FIG. 1. A COW SECURED FOR DEHORNING.

preciate the use of improved facilities for performing the work, still the man who keeps only a few head of live stock need not feel that it is too much trouble for him to dehorn his cattle himself.

Undoubtedly the most satisfactory way of dispensing with the horns is to check their growth on the calf. For this purpose I have successfully used caustic potash. It is sold in sticks about the size of a lead pencil, and may be obtained at any drug store. Five cents' worth will be sufficient to dehorn six or eight calves. The best time to kill the horn is when the calves are from three to six days old, or as soon as the little horn button can be definitely located. With a pair of scissors clip all the hair away from the embryo horn. Dip a finger in water, and moisten the horn, dry the finger and, after wrapping all but the lower end of the stick of potash in paper, to prevent the fingers coming in contact with it, hold it as one would a pencil, and rub on the horn. All portions of the horn must be treated. During the process of applying the potash, the horn must be kept moistened, but great care should be observed not to put on so much water as to cause the dissolved potash to run down the calf's head, and cause unnecessary suffering. When the horn takes on an inflamed appearance, and the skin that covers it has become loosened, it will be evident that it has received sufficient treatment. This application, or, indeed, that of any other fluid prepared to accomplish the same purpose, does cause some pain, but it does not last so long, nor is it as severe as in the case of the mature animal, when the saw is employed. Fig. 2 shows the result of an application of a prepared dehorning fluid to one horn only, the other horn in the case of each animal being left to develop naturally. When chemical dehorning compounds are used care must be observed to keep the bottle tightly corked with a rubber cork, otherwise a second experiment with the same bottle, after it had been open for several months, might not be very satisfactory. If caustic potash is used it will be necessary to bottle it up tight to prevent the moisture in the air from dissolving it.

Next to checking horn growth on the calf, the only resource is the saw, and while this operation may appear as an act of cruelty, it is a remarkable fact that the criticism on the practice comes almost *wholly from persons who have no* practical experience in the management and feeding of cattle, while its exponents are the men who know full well that more cruelty is directly traceable to the wearing of horns by cattle than can be charged against their owner by his act of depriving them of their useless weapons. When horns are to be removed by means of the saw, I prefer to wait until they are fully developed, for it has been my experience that ugly stub horns will surely be the result when half grown horns are sawed off. If the work be properly performed on a mature animal there will be very little further growth, the horn will soon round over with a hard shell, and rarely ever grow so long that it will not be covered by the hair on the head. Twelve cows were dehorned March 16th, 1888.

FIG. 2. JERSEY COW WITH ONE HORN REMOVED BY CHEMICALS.

From the data obtained at the time the twelve cows were dehorned, it was found that there was a slight falling off in the milk yield during the twenty-four hours following the operation, and an increase in the fat. There was also a slight increase in the *temperature of* each animal, denoting a slight degree of fever for a few days after the operation was performed. All of the animals struggled more or less, while the work was being done, and there can be no question but that it is painful, but the work can and should be done very quickly. In no case, by actual observation, did it require more than half a minute to remove a horn; in a few cases it only took five or six strokes of the saw. As soon as the horns were off the animal was released, and bran was immediately placed before them to see if they would eat. Only in one instance was it refused. The loss of blood is usually slight, but it is not uncommon for one or more fine streams to spurt out from the horn for fifteen or twenty minutes. I have never yet found it necessary to put

FIG. 3. HEAD OF VICIOUS JERSEY BULL.

anything on the horn to stop the flow of blood, or to assist in healing. The work may be safely done at any time except during the hot months, when the flies would be troublesome. A simple method of securing the animal for dehorning is illustrated in Fig. 1 The animal is placed in an ordinary stable stanchion, except that the precaution is taken to have it braced very securely. A pair of light double pulley blocks is then fastened to the ceiling a little in front and to one side of the animal's head as it stands in the stanchion. A heavy five-ringed halter is placed on the animal's head; the pulley hook is then fastened to the halter, and the head drawn up as high as it can be. Owing to the block being hung to one side of the center the animal's head is turned sideways; when it is drawn up, this position enables the operator to get at the horn conveniently. The horn should be sawed off clear down to the base so that there will be a rim of hair left on the severed horn. As soon as one horn is removed the assistant releases the rope, the pulley block is hung up on the other side of the animal and the operation repeated on the remaining horn. The operator should have an assistant whose duty is to draw the animal's head up and hold it while the the work is being done. The rope should not be fastened, but held in the hands, so that the head may be released the instant the horn is off. The operator should, when all is ready, work with all the vigor possible, and not hesitate and stop because the animals moves about a little. A carpenter's saw, such as is used for light finishing work with a blade about eighteen inches long, I have found the most satisfactory for my own use. It should be very sharp and have but little set in the teeth. In Figs. 3 and 4 are shown the horned and dehorned heads of a Jersey bull whose horns were sawed off in the early part of June, 1892, when he was about two years old. He was handled in the manner just described. Neither his development nor services appear to have been interrupted in the least by the operation. His sharp horns had attained a

FIG. 4. HARMLESS DEHORNED JERSEY BULL.

length of a foot and were three inches in diameter at the base, and, as is usual with Jersey bulls, he was a very dangerous animal, but is so no longer.

Tests of Milk.

Mr. Frank T. Shutt, M. A., chief chemist of the Dominion Experimental Farms, addressed the recent Dairy Convention on the estimating of fat in milk, and the adoption of the Babcock method in creameries and cheese factories as a means of putting the sale of milk upon a more equitable basis than at present in vogue.

Mr. Shutt said that at the last convention of the association he had pointed out the necessity of valuing milk according to quality; that he had emphasized the fact that the value of any particular sample of milk—whether for the creamery, the cheese factory, or the consumer—was directly dependent upon the amount of butter fat that milk contained; that by the introduction of the Babcock tester we were adopting the business principle of "payment of money for value received." Figures were then given showing the reliability and accuracy of this process. In order to lessen the amount of work and expenditure of time necessarily entailed in making daily tests of each patron's milk, the method of collecting and testing composite samples was advised. The results of several series of experiments conducted at the Experimental Farm laboratories, Ottawa, by Mr. Shutt, were given, the figures representing these results being presented to the audience on charts. The first series showed that Mr. Shutt had been successful in getting accurate results when using a special pipette 1 1-6th of the usual size. By means of it daily samples of each patron's milk were put in a test bottle. At the end of the week the test bottle therefore contained the regular amount, viz., 17.6 c.c. Although this composite sample was then curdled and thick, it worked very satisfactorily with the acid, and the result had been proved to be as correct as by testing the milk daily and averaging the results. The second series of experiments told of the use of pot. bichromate as a preservative. This chemical, when present only in small quantities, would keep milk fluid for weeks and even months. Further, that this milk could be analysed or tested at any time, and the percentage of fat obtained would be correct. The method of using the bichromate was fully explained, and a sample of milk, made up of composite samples taken from the 8th to 14th December, was exhibited. It was perfectly fluid. This afforded an alternate method for obtaining a composite sample which could be easily and accurately tested by the Babcock. The weak and the strong points of the above processes were then brought out, the use of the bichromate having somewhat the better claim of the two for adoption. A method of sampling the milk was then explained, by which not only was a representative sample obtained, but also an aliquot or proportionate amount of the milk daily supplied by each patron. This did away with the error that existed when exactly the same quantity was taken daily as the samples.

Why They Didn't Marry.

"I—I—wanted to ask why none of you girls ever got married," he stammered as a preliminary to popping the question to one of the family of five daughters.

"Why, you see, it's just this way," she said confidingly, "when a young man comes to see one of us the others are so eaten up with curiosity that they make some excuse to rush in and always at the wrong time."

She blushed prettily and he braced up with a come-one-come-all, this-rock-shall-fly-from-its-firm-base-as-soon-as-I air, and began again:

"Then I won't take any chances. The coast is clear just now and I—"

"Ha! ha! ha! Sue's got a new beau!" rang out a loud voice.

He dropped her hand as if it had been a live coal and pushed his chair to the other side of the room before she could assure him that it was only the parrot.

It takes a man quite a while to recover from such a shock, but he moved his chair into line again and began tremblingly:

"Miss S—Sue, I wanted to ask you—"

"S—u—s—a—n, is that coal fire smoking?"

It was her mother's voice this time and there was another dissolving view of the lovers as they whisked far apart.

Being satisfied on the point of the fire the mother withdrew from the head of the stairs and the perspiring lover returned to the charge.

"Good gracious!" he ejaculated. "I see why you girls don't get married. It's now or never—" as he heard the front door open—"Miss Sue, I want to ask you—"

"Good evening! Ha! ha! this is comfort," said the rubicund father of the family as he advanced to the fire. "Don't go, Mr. Smith, I want to talk to you about my new deal in lumber. You needn't sit up, Sue. I'll turn off the gas all right."

With such obtuse heads to it there never will be a wedding in that family—never!—

Missouri labor unions are pushing bills to abolish the convict labor system, Pinkertonism, to reduce interest, and a legal eight-hour law.

THE CANADIAN DAIRY.

Its Prospects Reviewed by a Scotch Writer.

The agricultural problem may not unfairly lay claim to be the question of the day. It may be hoped that when it has had its day of concentrated public attention a practical solution of some of its perplexities may have been devised. Some of the heroic remedies of which much was heard in the recent Agricultural Conference are rapidly drifting out of the public regard. Their advocates may be expected for some time to occasionally distract attention from more useful proposals, by pressing them on the notice of the agricultural community. But that is not all. As an aid to the thoughtful study of the situation that is going on thr ughout the country, attention is directed in another column to some facts, of which many may not be aware, relating to the progress of agricultural science in Canada. The circumstances of the Dominion are not in all respects comparable with those which rule in Great Britain. Canada, too, however, has had its agricultural problem, for a fall in the prices of produce such as has been experienced could not fail to disturb economic conditions. The cultivation of the soil, the rearing of fruit crops, and the raising of farm stock is the national industry of Canada in a sense which does not apply in Great Britain; and on this account the Dominion Government has taken the agricultural interest under its special care and protection. Its task has been to instruct it in the science of taking care of and protecting itself. It is little over two years since the matter was taken in hand on a scale of any magnitude; but the scheme has been attended with a degree of success, that, to say the least, is phenomenal, and its results cannot fail to materially affect the prosperity of the whole country. Under the administration of the Minister of Agriculture a central experimental farm has been established in Ottawa. It has been placed under the

MANAGEMENT OF SKILFUL MEN,

capable not only of collating the results of valuable experiments in all departments of farm work, but of presenting them in the form of popularly written reports, and, what is of equal value, instructive lectures to farmers throughout the Dominion Branch farms in other parts of the country have also been established in order that the experiments might be carried on under diverse conditions as to soil and climate.

The distribution of small sample bags of grain for seed to all farmers who may apply for them is one of the most valuable features of the work at these farms. A large part of their area is set apart for the growing of crops of the most suitable kind, with a view to discovering those which are best adapted to particular soils. Of very great importance, also, is the series of experiments made in the feeding of cattle and swine. There are probably few farmers anywhere to whom the knowledge acquired from these experiments would not be of instruction and value. The first place, however, in the great educational schemes of the Canadian Minister of Agriculture is the work carried on by the Dariy Commissioner, Professor J. W. Robertson, to whose second annual report attention is directed. The exhaustive experiments conducted at the central farm are really of secondary importance to the work that he and his staff of assistants have overtaken. They have it may be said, been over the length and breadth of the land, delivering popular lectures and giving demonstrations in the work of cheese and butter making. They have temporarily taken over for their department a large number of cheese factories for the winter, fitted them with the necessary apparatus and turned them into working creameries, in order to demonstrate the commercial soundness of a scheme that must have been regarded with considerable misgiving. On such a scale has this work been carried on, that it may be accepted as literally true that there are

FEW CHEESE OR BUTTER MAKERS

in the entire Dominion who have not witnessed or come into direct acquaintance with the most approved methods known in their industry. The best system of cattle feeding, swine feeding, the preservation of fodder in silos have been brought under the notice of every farmer in the country, either by means of a lecture or through the medium of the bulletins issued from time to time from the experimental farms and agricultural colleges. In its several departments this great educative scheme has manifestly made an impression on the people for whose benefit it has been planned. A distinct step in advance has been made, and it need hardly be added that those who fail to keep pace with that advance will fall behind in the race for wealth and the struggle for subsistence.

It must be left for those whom it directly concerns to consider how the facts thus briefly noticed are likely to affect British agricultural interests, and also whether they have or have not an instructive aspect. Our imports of agricultural, dairy and farmyard produce show no signs of diminution. It has occurred to many observers that the heavy arrivals of butter, cheese, and eggs from abroad that find place on our produce markets are an unnecessary severe inroad upon the domain of British farmers. Various and apparently satisfactory reasons have been given for not altering the economy of the farm to combat this foreign competition.

SO FAR AS CANADA IS CONCERNED,

that competition is likely to become keener. The standard of quality is distinctly raised and that may be held to mean the shouldering aside to inferior produce, from whatever quarter it may come. These matters enforce their own lesson, but it is desirable that it should be learned at as little expense as possible. It may be that the time has arrived when a readjustment of farming industry has become expedient; for competition in cereals has reduced the return in that department to a very narrow limit. Competition, however, is to be confronted in every branch of farming, and it goes without saying that the prize is to the skilful and economical administrator of the materials and means that he has to employ. If there be any lesson to be learned from what is going on in Canada, it assuredly lies on the surface. It is for farmers themselves to decide whether any portion of it is worthy of being put in practice. They also are the best judges of the method by which any scheme of the kind to which attention is drawn may be set in operation. Whether it be necessary, desirable, or practicable in this country, differently circumstanced in many respects as compared with Canada, is a matter for thoughtful consideration; but it will not be denied that it relates to one aspect of the agricultural problem which it would be the depth of unwisdom to disregard.—[Scotsman.

His Final End.

He had worried through the cholera, the measles and the mumps,
And had attempted suicide—been saved by stomach pumps;
And then, to cap the climax, he wed a woman vain,
Who sent him out to match some silk—he was never seen again.

His Independent Position.

Road reformer—But good roads, my friends, will benefit you a thousand times more than they will anybody else.

Stubborn old farmer—They'll cost too blame much.

"Statistics show that it will not cost as much to build and maintain good roads as you people are throwing away in trying to improve your worthless old roads."

"H'mph!"

"And I'll bind myself to pay all your taxes for building them if you'll agree to pay me what they save you in hauling your stuff to market in early spring. How does that strike you?"

"H'mph!"

"What's your objection to good roads, anyhow?"

"You're tryin' to force 'em on me, by dang!"—[Chicago Tribune.

AN AUBURN MIRACLE.

An Act of Heroism Followed by Dire Results.

Edward Donnelly Saves a Life Almost at the Cost of His Own—After Years of Suffering he is Restored to Health—A Story of Interest to Canadians.

Auburn, N. Y., Bulletin.

It is on record that upon a chilly April day, a few years ago, an eight year old boy fell into the East river at the foot of East Eighth street, New York, and when all efforts to rescue him had failed, Edward Donnelly, at risk of his own life, plunged into the water and, when himself nearly exhausted, saved the boy from drowning. It was a humane and self-sacrificing deed and received deserved commendation in all the many newspapers that made mention of it. Edward Donnelly was then a resident of New York City, but his wife was Amanda Grantman, of Auburn, and sister, Mrs. Samuel D. Corry, of No. 71 Moravia St., which gave a local interest to the incident. All this was some time ago, and both it and Mr. Donnelly had passed out of the mind of the writer until a few days ago, while in Saratoga, he was shown a letter to a friend from which he was permitted to make the following extract:

AUBURN, N.Y., Oct., 26, '92.

I am taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have cured me of that terrible disease, Locomotor Ataxia. When I commenced taking them, I was wholly unable to work and nearly helpless. I am now improved so much that I have been picking apples and wheeling them to the barn on a wheelbarrow.

Yours truly,
EDWARD DONNELLY,
71 Moravia St., Auburn, N.Y.

Immediately on returning to Auburn our reporter called at the above address and found Mr. Donnelly out in a barn where he was grinding apples and making cider with a hand press and he seemed well and cheerful and happy.

Moravia street is one of the pleasantest suburban streets of Auburn, and No. 71 is about the last house on it before reaching the open country, and nearly two miles from the business centre of the city.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Donnelly, "come into the house, I will tell you all about my case and how Pink Pills cured me, and will be glad to do it and to have it printed for the benefit of others, for I am sure I owe my restoration to health and happiness wholly to those simple but wonderful Pills." And then in the presence of his wife and Mrs. Corry and Mrs. Taylor, who all confirmed his statement, he told your correspondent the story of his sickness and of his restoration to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I was born in Albany, N. Y., and am 42 years old. The greatest portion of my life, I have lived in New York City. I was general foreman there of the F. A. Mulgrew Saw Mills, foot of Eighth Street, on the East river. It was on the 28th of April, 1889, that the boy fell into the river and I rescued him from drowning, but in saving his life I contracted a disease, which nearly cost me my own. Why, sir I am sure I should have died long ago if Pink Pills had not saved my life, and I wouldn't have cared then for my sufferings were so great that death would have been a blessed relief; but now, thank God, I am a well man again and free from pain and able to be happy.

"You see when I saved the boy I was in the water so long that I was taken with a deathly chill and soon became so stiffened up and weak that I could neither work nor walk. For some time I was under treatment of Dr. George McDonald. He finally said he could do nothing more for me and that I had better go into the country. On the 1st of last June (1892) my wife and I came up to Auburn. I was then in great pain, almost helpless, the disease was growing upon me and I felt that I had come to the home of my wife and of her sister to die.

"When the disease first came upon me the numbness began in my heels and pretty soon the whole of both my feet became affected. There was a cold feeling across the small of my back and downwards and a sense of soreness and a tight pressure on the chest. The numbness gradually extended up both legs and into the lower part of my body. I felt that death was creeping up to my vitals and I must say I longed for the hour when it should relieve me of my pain and misery. I was still taking the medicine ("It was Iodide of Potassium," said his wife) and was being rubbed and having plasters put all over my body, but with no benefit.

"The latter part of last June I read of a case similar to mine cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had never heard of those blessed Pills before, but I thought if they could cure another case of the same disease with which I was afflicted, perhaps they would also cure me. So I sent and got three boxes of the Pink Pills and began taking them at once, following the directions closely. In a few weeks' time I was so improved that from being helpless, I was able to help myself and to get up and go to work and to walk every day from No. 84 Walnut St., where I then lived, to Osborne's New Twine Factory, Seymour and Cottage Streets—(more than a mile) where I was then employed, but all the while I was taking Pink Pills.

"Then Dr. Potchin, of Wisconsin, uncle of my wife, and who was here on a visit, began to poo-poo at me for taking Pink Pills and finally persuaded me to stop taking them and to let him treat me. When he returned to the West he left a prescription with Dr. Hyde, of Auburn, who also treated me. But their treatment did me no good, and after a while the old trouble returned and I was getting bad again. Then I began again to take Pink Pills; have taken in all nearly 20 boxes, at an entire cost of less than $10.00. (My other treatment cost me a pile of money) and again I am well and able to work.

"In New York Dr. McDonald said my disease was Locomotor Ataxia. He treated me by striking me on the knees without giving me pain; by having me try to walk with my eyes closed; by trying to stand first on one foot and then on the other, but I couldn't do it, and so after a while he said I had Locomotor Ataxia and was incurable, and that I had better go into the country among my friends who would make the few remaining days of my life as comfortable as possible and give me kind attendance. Well, I came, or rather was brought from New York into the country, but instead of dying, I am a well man, nearly as well as ever before in my life. Pink Pills did it. If I was able I would, at my own expense, publish the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the whole world and especially in New York City, where I am much better known than I am here."

"Another thing," said Mr. Donnelly, "I am sure that the Pink Pills for Pale People (and they are well named) are the best remedy for impure blood and the best blood maker in the world. Why when I was sick and before I took them, it I cut myself the very little blood that came from the wound was thin and pale and watery. A few days ago I accidentally cut my hand slightly and I bled like a pig and the blood was a bright red. Just look at the blood in the veins of my hands." So indeed they were, and his cheeks also wore the ruddy flush of health with which only good blood and plenty of it can paint the human face.

Our reporter then called upon Chas. H. Sager Co., druggists, at their request. They were much interested in the case and cure by the use of Dr Williams' Pink Pills and told of several other instances, which had come to their knowledge, where the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had proved efficacious in making the most wonderful cures. These pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves; they are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors of the blood such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to the pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These 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 cts. a box or six boxes for $2,50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers wish to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

UNCOMFORTABLE PEOPLE

They Are Those Who Think They Know All Things.

"Yes, my dear, it is very nice indeed, but don't you think it would have been better if you had made it so?" was the stereotyped remark of a woman otherwise very amiable, intelligent and pleasant to have around, says an observant writer. She had unusual ability, was capital as an advisor in all emergencies, met every condition in life with practical philosophy that smoothed out all obstructions, but actually poisoned the entire pleasure of her acquaintance with that everlasting: "Don't you think it would have been better if you had done it some other way?"

There are few things in the world more exasperating than the constant nagging of people who think their way is the best and have no hesitation in informing their friends of their belief.

Everybody has ideas and ways of his own and it would be, indeed, a monotonous world if every people, community or family followed the taste or judgment of some one individual.

Circumstances sometimes seem to have set up an arbiter in a certain locality, and if this leading light happens to be of the arrogant and self-assertive description, the last state of that neighborhood is worse than the first. The best one may do, the best one may think, the choicest articles one may select are scanned with a critical, although possibly pleasant and benevolent eye, but like the tail to a comet comes the expression: "But don't you think it would have been better so?" and in these cases, the tail, like that of the comet, is a good deal larger than all the rest of the situation.

All the pleasure is taken out of life by these people. Good intentions go for naught beyond a certain point, and when all is said and done, and the best is offered, there is an uncomfortable feeling that one is a sort of unprofitable servant and there is something wrong somewhere.

These people should be colonized in a community by themselves and should be so situated as to be forced to take some doses of their own medicine. They might, after a long and severe course of this sort of treatment, come to discover that there are persons in the world who have ideas as well as themselves, and that possibly, only just possibly, of course, these ideas may be quite as good as their own.

Too Sensitive.

Mistress—It seems you haven't got sense enough to know how long to let the eggs stay in the water. Did they never have any soft-boiled eggs for breakfast where you served before you came here?

New Servant—No, indeed. The lady where I served before I came here was so kind-hearted that she never allowed me to boil an egg.

The Serpent's Tooth.

"Didn't I send 'im to Heton an' Hoxford? Didn't I send 'im into the harmy, along o' some o' the biggest nobs in all Hengland, with an allowance fit for a young heart? And what's the hupshot of it all? Why, he gives dinners to dooks and royal 'ighnesses, and don't even harsk 'is poor old father to meet 'em. 'Ighnesses, indeed! I could buy up the 'ole blessed lot. And, what's more, I wouldn't mind tellin' 'em so to their faces for two pins—ay! just as soon as look at 'em—and 'e knows it."

The English soldiers in the Soudan were supplied with St. Jacobs Oil.

A.P. 643

Blood Poisoning

Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon **terrible ulcers** broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. Her husband spent hundreds of dollars without any benefit. She weighed but 78 pounds, and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 pounds, eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost **like one raised from the dead.**"

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

A Cheap Substitute.

Wife—Well, what do you think Johnny wants now?

Husband—I've no idea.

Wife—He wants me to tease you into buying him a bicycle.

Husband (who has tried bicycling himself)—Nonsense, he can't have one. Tell him to go up into the attic and fall down two flights of stairs. It will be just about the same thing, and save me a hundred dollars.

Too Late Now.

Miss Elderly—I am feeling very blue this morning.

Mother—Well, it's your own fault. Why did you not utilize your leap-year opportunities when you had a chance?

Old Nursery Favorites.

There was Tom, the Son of the Piper,
Jack Sprat, and Merry King Cole,
And the Three Wise Men of Gotham,
Who went to sea in a bowl;
The woman who rode on a broomstick,
And swept the cobwebbed sky,
And the boy who sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie.

These were some of the old favorites, but they have been supplanted by the "Pansy" and "Chatterbox" stories, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Five Little Peppers." The Old fashioned pills and physics have been superseded, and wisely, too, by Pierce's Purgative Pellets, a mild, harmless and effective cathartic. They are pleasant to take—so gentle in their action that the most delicate child can take them, yet so effective that they will cure the most obstinate cases of constipation, stomach, liver and bowel troubles. They should be in every nursery. As a gentle laxative, only one for a dose.

Black and Blue—The negro who has lost on the races.

Have You Asthma?

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure *free* to any sufferer. Gives instant relief in worst cases, and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address.

China has vast undeveloped coal mines—twenty times more than all those of Europe.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

A footpad was lately captured in a Hungarian town, and with him a bear that he had tamed and taught to grapple with pedestrians whom he desired to rob.

GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM acts as a temporary filling, and stops toothache instantly Sold by druggists.

In certain parts of India cocoanut trees, once almost lifeless in appearance, have been made to yield abundantly by placing salt at the roots.

Three times as many herrings are consumed as any other kind of fish.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT THROAT AND LUNG CURE 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest **Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.**

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? This Remedy will relieve and Cure you. Price 50cts. This Injector for its successful treatment, free. Remember, Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee.

The Cod That Helps to Cure **The Cold.**

The disagreeable taste of the **COD LIVER OIL** is dissipated in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.

The patient suffering from

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WASTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. *Take no other. All Druggists, 50c., 1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.*

FOR SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS, BIBLES AND ALBUMS, write to William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto

I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. H. G. ROOT, M.C., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont

IF YOU WOULD SAVE TIME AND MONEY BUY A **NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE**

Agents everywhere.

CONSUMPTION.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOCUM & CO., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

SITUATIONS VACANT—For hundreds of smart young men and women who will thoroughly prepare themselves in Shorthand Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Typewriting, etc. Address College of Correspondence, Toronto.

DO YOU IMAGINE

That people would have been regularly using our Toilet Soaps since 1865 (forty-seven long years) if they had not been GOOD? The public are not fools and do not continue to buy goods unless they are satisfactory.

HEARLE.

FIVE CONDITIONS OF HAPPINESS.

The first is bodily health. To secure this Drink the **ROYAL DANDELION COFFEE** which contains a proportion of German Dandelion Root, with fine coffee as a basis. It combines the Health-giving properties of this well known plant, with the refreshing and dietic properties of Coffee. Prepared only by **ELLIS & KEIGHLEY, Toronto.**

SURE CURE FOR COUGHS and COLDS **PERRIN'S COUGH DROPS** SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS TRY THEM

Have You CATARRH

IF SO, *USE Dr. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE.* It never fails. IT CURES CATARRH IN THE HEAD THROAT AND NOSE, COLD IN THE HEAD, HAY FEVER, INFLAMED PALATE AND TONSILS, restores the sense of smell, and drives away the DULL HEADACHE experienced by all who have Catarrh. *One bottle will work wonders.* Price 50c. at Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

"German Syrup"

J. C. Davis, Rector of St. James' Episcopal Church, Eufaula, Ala.: "My son has been badly afflicted with a fearful and threatening cough for several months, and after trying several prescriptions from physicians which failed to relieve him, he has been perfectly restored by the use of two bottles of Boschee's German Syrup. I can recommend it without hesitation." Chronic severe, deep-seated coughs like this are as severe tests as a remedy can be subjected to. It is for these long-standing cases that Boschee's German Syrup is made a specialty. Many others afflicted as this lad was, will do well to make a note of this.

An Episcopal Rector.

J. F. Arnold, Montevideo, Minn., writes: I always use German Syrup for a Cold on the Lungs. I have never found an equal to it—far less a superior.

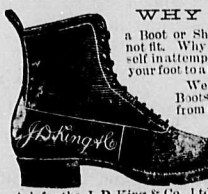
G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

KOFF NO MORE

WATSONS' COUGH DROPS

WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM

WHY BUY



a Boot or Shoe that does not fit. Why punish your self in attempting to form your foot to a boot or shoe.

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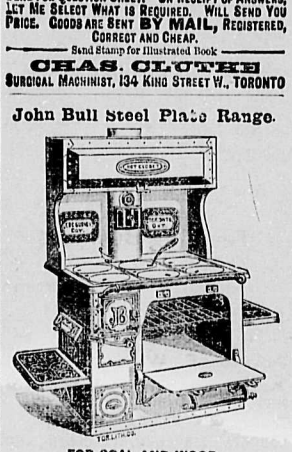

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HOUSEHOLD.

Courting Under Difficulties.

"Ha, ha!" said Chappie Fizzlewig, and he
laughed in ghoulish glee;
"I'm making love to a dozen girls but none
shall marry me;
I sigh to them, and lie to them, and fall upon
my knee,
As I twist their trusting hearts about precisely
as I please."
And the parlor clock
Beat on, tick, tock,
And the gaslight flickered low
As he waiting sat and held his hat for the girl
who loved him so.

And when she'd frizzled her old-gold hair and
painted her faded face,
She was a vision fresh and fair, with comely,
child-like grace.
"Poor, unsuspecting soul!" thought he, "she
little dreams that I
Flit on from bud to bud as does the careless
butterfly."
And the parlor clock
Beat on, tick, tock,
And the gaslight flickered low
As he somehow planned to hold the hand of
the girl who loved him so.

And when the proper time arrived he fell upon
his knees
And words he wished to emphasize he'd give
her hand a squeeze;
There was no one near his tale to hear, so he
told her of his love,
As true and pure and constant as the stars
that shine above.
And the parlor clock
Beat on, tick, tock,
And the gaslight flickered low.
As with subtle art he won the heart of the girl
who loved him so.

And the tender, trustful maiden, she—she
laughed a gentle laugh.
For she knew each word was clearly caught
in her sofa phonograph.
And when he kneeled before her she a button
gently pressed,
And her photographic camera in silence did
the rest.
And the parlor clock
Beat on, tick, tock,
And the gaslight flickered low,
And she sweetly smiled, did the guileless
child—the girl who loved him so.

The world went round and by and by he tired
of her love;
'Twas then that she reminded him the stars
still shone above,
And into the court the phonograph and pho-
tographs were brought,
And the gay young man threw up the sponge,
for he saw that he was caught.
And the parlor clock
Beat on, tick, tock,
And the gaslight flickered low,
And the guests all came and he gave his name
to the girl who loved him so.

Teach Girls How to use Money.

Would it not be wise if some exercises in the mysteries of money were added to the curriculum of every girl's studies? A boy finds it all out by actual contact with the public as soon as he is out and a part of it; but a girl may become a mature woman, shrinking then through the habit of long protection, and be thrown on the mercies of the world with her money to fall the prey to the first cheat and cozen. She is taught at school the spectra of the stars, and the map of Mars; what pity that she should not be instructed in the workings of life on the planet where she lives! That a knowledge of the nature and meaning and care of money should be made a part of every girl's education is growing more and more evident in this age of enlargement and prosperity, which puts money into the hands of so many women. And in the coming century, the woman's century, as it is already called, in which so many women will be workers and earners of money, it is all the more important, in order that they may be neither handicapped nor too far outstripped, that they should be well instructed as to business movements and investments that they may be directed in the right way before they set out to earn.

It is Wrong to Kill and to Wound.

Parents have no right to rob their children of play and the development of their mental and physical. Nor have they a right to nag, fret and annoy any one, young or old, merely to see how bad they can make them feel or to what extent they can wound and torture the spirit of the one thus wrought upon. Wounds of the skin and of the flesh heal quickly or otherwise, according to the health condition of the physical body, but wounds made in the soul and inner life do not heal so quickly. Words to the inner life are things that endure forever. We pray you, good mother, and you, too, manly father, and all fathers should be manly, as many of you are, to love your children more and to instruct, encourage, direct and guard them more than many of you who are well-intentioned do, as you hurry along in business paths, or give your time and thoughts to household cares and duties. Humanity to be happy and fully useful must be healthy in the lovingly mental as well as in the merely physical.

Admit Only the Good.

Anger is a very unprofitable guest. Every time a wife permits her anger to rise and attack and overwhelm others, or add to the load of care and worriment every good husband has to carry as he provides for others, she reduces the love her husband has for her. A man may not say all he thinks, but the scars of the unkind words remain within for hours and often for days, when his mind had better be clear for the transaction of business in this very busy world where man needs all his forces to make of life a satisfactory success. Do not hear all that is said to you, if what is said tempts you to lose control of your temper and your tongue. Husbands invariably do more for wives who are pleasant spoken and not always on the warpath, than for those who are cat-like in their watchfulness and readiness to jump in for a mental conflict. The same rule will apply as well to men in their speech to their wives and children, and to those they associate with in business.

The Best Time for Sewing.

Susie M'Gee says:—I do not regard January and February as dull, profitless months in the farm home. As spring is the time for planting and housecleaning and summer the season for canning fruits and being outdoors, so these shut-in months are the time to sew. And I just wish every country housewife could know as I do the help and comfort it is to do the spring and summer sewing in the winter.

After the house is made ready for winter and the butchering over with, our next step is to put the sewing machines in good order, and make sewing a business for about three months. I first finish up the winter garments, and then tackle the next summer's sewing. Sheets, pillow cases, underclothing, boys' waists, children's aprons, gingham dresses, lawns and white dresses, are made and laid away. And O, the blessedness of having it done when the things are needed. After being shut in the house for months, when the warm days come, one cannot sew. Anyway, I can't. I want to be outdoors, housecleaning, preparing the flower garden, anywhere, everywhere, except to sit still sewing.

And then who can sew in the enervating heat of summer? Certainly not the farmer's wife. The summer brings so much extra work to her, extra help to cook for, poultry to care for, fruit to pick and can, and a thousand other duties that the busy season crowds upon her. And when she does get a moment of leisure it should be spent in resting, not sewing.

Help in sewing can be hired much easier too, in winter than spring. Everything and everybody is at a lull in the winter, and so are the seamstresses. But with the opening of spring the whole world becomes busy. And it is often very difficult to get anyone to come to the home for any length of time to do sewing. And so I say to the housewives: If you would have a pleasant, easy summer in 1893, employ this winter in doing some of the work before hand.

The Baby's Wardrobe.

There is a great change in the mode of preparing the wardrobe for the little ones since the days of our mothers. It is not the fancy to bind, cramp and weigh down the tender bodies as in olden time. The future will know stronger men and women in consequence of the enlightenment of the present-day mother. The band pressing the exceedingly sensitive abdomen is a relic of an unknowing past, now held almost as a curiosity, its use has become so rare. How strange the fancy should ever have prevailed that Nature was less wise than we, and that the wisely flexible walls giving the vital organs free room for expansion and labor should have been considered a blunder. The unconscious egotism of ignorance, trying to improve upon the creative wisdom, by binding and compressing, through tight bandages, the marvelously adapted physical structure, is pathetic to memory as it was cruel in exercise. All the garments made on scientific models for the wee ones are to-day free from the shoulder and sleeve to the hem, cut to avoid weight or bulky fulness, simply finished, and with their chief beauty in fineness of texture and exquisite needlework. Even the diaper is no longer pinned closely about the hips, but fastened back and front to a loose waist coming from the shoulder down.

Selected Recipes.

RICE PUDDING.—One quart of milk, one cup of rice, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt and vanilla or lemon flavoring. Wash the rice and put it with the milk in pudding dish to simmer on the back of the stove for an hour. Now add the other ingredients and bake three quarters of an hour covered, then uncover and brown. Serve this pudding hot in winter and cold in summer.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two tablespoonfuls of butter, two eggs, one cup of sugar, two ounces of chocolate melted, one half-cup of milk, one and a half cups of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat well together the butter, sugar and yolks of the eggs, add the chocolate, beat well again, then add the milk, flour and baking powder; and lastly the whites of the eggs well beaten. Bake in three small or two large jelly cake tins.

POTATO CHOWDER.—Six large potatoes, one tablespoonful of flour, one large onion, one quarter of a pound of bacon or ham, one pint of milk, one pint of water and a little parsley. Pare the potatoes and cut them into dice, and chop the onion fine; put the bacon or ham and the onion in the frying pan and fry until a light brown. Now put a layer of potatoes in the bottom of a sauce pan, then a sprinkling of the rest of the materials, then a layer of potatoes and so on till all is used. Add the water, cover closely, and simmer twenty minutes. Then add the milk. Rub the floor and butter together, add to the boiling chowder, and stir carefully until it boils again. Add more seasoning if needed and then it is ready to serve.

CHOPPED BOILED CABBAGE.—Chop the cabbage moderately fine, then put it in salted water and boil about half an hour or until done. Drain through a collander, put into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of flour and two of milk or cream to a quart of cabbage. Stir all together for five minutes and serve at once.

FRUIT FOR THE FAIR.

The Exhibit Ontario Will Make at Chicago—A Healthy List—Cold Storage Success—Minerals That Will be Shown—Tons of Copper and Nickel Ore.

In order to test the effect of the cold storage upon fruit and vegetables sent by the province to Chicago for the World's Fair some time ago, the 160 barrels of apples and 60 cases of vegetables were unpacked and examined the other day, and their condition found to be excellent. An average of 1 1-2 apples in a barrel were found to be injured and of the vegetables 9 beets, 7 turnips, and 18 onions were slightly damaged. It is reported that their condition is such as to guarantee their being in first-class condition at the opening of the Fair. Word has been received by Mr. Nicholas Awrey, M.P.P., commisioner for the province, from the Dominion Government architect that the various native woods for interior decoration sent to the Fair, a description of which appeared in The Mail a few weeks ago, have arrived safely, and will be fitted up as described, ready for occupation next month. The Chicago authorities have asked for catalogues of the exhibits from each province on very short notice, and Commissioner Awrey went to Ottawa last night to a meeting of the commissioners from all the provinces of the Dominion to allot space for the exhibits.

The following list shows the number of samples or groups of grain and fruits, etc., already catalogued:—Grain, 2,164 samples; strawberries, 129 samples; cherries, 85; currants, 70; gooseberries, 70; raspberries, 50; blackberries, 27; peaches, 83; plums, 137; apricots, 4; pears, 189; grapes 110; quinces, 11; crabapples, 14; other kinds of apples, 273. Of wild fruits, including huckleberries, gooseberries, may apples, Canadian walnuts, native plums, butternuts, cranberries, chestnuts, hickory nuts, and thorn apples, 30 different samples are catalogued. There have been catalogued of first-class plants, flowers, and shrubs of the larger and rare varieties, not including small plants for decorative purposes, 109 varieties. The dimensions of these plants are required even to the number of leaves in some instances. Some of them are 20 feet high, others have a spread of from six to fourteen feet, while the leaves on these specimens vary from 5 to 90.

In minerals, Ontario, as might be supposed, comes out strong. Twelve hundred and one groups will be shown. By a group is here meant the contribution of one exhibitor or mine of one particular kind of mineral, though many specimens of that mineral may be included in the group. The aggregate of specimens shown is therefore very large. The Canadian Copper Company have a special exhibit comprising 38 samples, one specimen of nickel or ore weighing 6,000 pounds, and a specimen of copper ore weighing 12,000 pounds. From another mine a sample of nickel ore weighing 8,000 pounds has been received. Ten specimens of metal are shown weighing 600 pounds each, and an ingot of pure refined nickle weighing 4,500 pounds.

A Horse on the Barber.

The bald-headed man with four days' growth of beard on his chin went into a barber shop and sat down in one of the operating chairs. To him presently went a knight of the razor, who remarked interrogatively:

"Shave, sir?"

"No," growled the man in the chair. "I want to be measured for a suit of clothes."

This statement seemed to surprise the barber, but he managed to say:

"This ain't a tailor shop."

"Isn't it?"

"No."

"What is it?"

"It's a barber shop."

"What sort of work do you do in this shop?"

"Shave men and cut their hair."

"Do you think a sane man with no hair on his head would come in here to have his hair cut?"

"No, sir."

"Do I look like a lunatic?"

This was replied to by a silent shake of the head, but the barber doubtless thought he was acting like one.

"Then presuming me to be a sane man, but bald-headed, what would you naturally suppose I came here for?"

"For a shave."

"Then, my dear sir, why did you ask me if I wanted a shave, when I took a seat in your chair? Why didn't you go right to work? If some of you barbers would cultivate a habit of inferring, from easily ascertained data, instead of developing such wonderful conversational and catechetical powers, it would be of material aid in advancing you in your chosen vocation, and of expanding your bank account. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes, si[r]," replied the man as he began to lather the customer's face in a dazed sort of way, and he never even asked him if he wanted oil on h[is ha]ir when the operation was performed.

WINTER FUN.

In bad odor—The sewer pipe.

A Dark Horse—A nightmare.

A woman's club—The broomstick.

A "Soft" Thing—A romantic young lady.

The quick and the dead—A slap and a mashed mosquito.

There are some men to whom a loss of their reputation would mean mighty good luck.

"All men are born equal," but some of them are promoted to the police force afterward.

It is an odd thing about the fashionable debutante that she's not in it until she comes out.

The Winter girl who is described as dressed to kill would doubtless be classified as a form of slay-belle.

Clara—"Mamma, dear, is a bat harmful?" Mamma—"I don't know, my child. Ask your father, there."

Tom—"She's a daisy, ain't she, Bill?" Bill—"Daisy? Why, a daisy ain't no sukumstans. She's a whole bookay!"

"I tell you, Marbury, you can't get something for nothing in this world." "Oh, I don't know. How about measles?"

Gentleman (to peddler)—"Call these safety matches? Why, they won't light at all!" Peddler—"Well, wot could yer 'ave safer?"

"Isn't your husband going to Florida for his health this Winter?" "No, I persuaded him to invest the money in insurance on his life."

Old Gentleman—"Does that dog love you, little boy?" Little Boy—"Yer bet he does; if he didn't he knows I'd lick the stuffin' out of him."

He (after a rejection)—"You'll be sorry for this." She—"I know it, but (with resignation) it will not be until after I have married some one else."

He—"Do you think I could get a pass on your father's road?" She—"No; they don't pass anything but dividends on his road. I've heard him say so."

On the Atlantic Steamer. English Miss—"Do you believe in marriage?" Western Girl—"Yes, indeed; I believe in short marriages, and plenty of them."

Mr. Flim—"What is there about these long-haired musicians that attracts you women so?" Mrs. Grim—"Just think how easy a long-haired man is to manage."

"Ah, Mrs. Veelsong, you climb Ben Nevis? That was a foot to be proud of." "Pardon me, Count, you mean 'feat'." "O—h! You climb it more than vonce?"

"How about the rent of this house of yours Jones? Doesn't the landlord ask a good deal for it?" Jones—"Yes; he often asks five and six times a month for it."

Mrs. Earle—"Your daughter has been studying painting, has she not?" Mrs. Lamoye—"Yes. You should see some of the sunsets she paints. There never was anything like them!"

Man makes good resolutions
And makes them wide and deep;
They are mostly for his neighbor
And not for him to keep.

Medicus—"The physicians of the present day have given up almost entirely the old system of bleeding their patients." Practicus—"Have they? Just look at this last year's bill."

It is remarked that not one of the papers controlled by women in this country said a hard word about the late Jay Gould. This is believed to arise from his having invented a mouse trap.

"What's the matter with you, Charlie? You don't look well. You must take better care of your constitution." "Oh, my constitution is all right," replied Charlie, "but my bile-laws need amending."

She (shopping in Macy's)—"Oh, look how absurd. What can they mean by putting Cupid on the band round these gloves?" He—"I really don't know. Oh! (brilliantly) I suppose it means undressed kid."

"Say," he said, breathlessly rushing into his lawyer's office. "I want to have a neighbor of mine indicted. He has invented a velocipede for boys with music boxes in the hubs of the wheels. Ain't that grounds enough?"

How strange that women rarely till
The soil; because, 'tis plain to see,
The greatest study of their lives
From girlhood up is husbandry.

A FAMOUS LOOOMOTIVE.

One of the Fastest Now Running is Nearly Fifty Years Old.

Says the London *Daily Graphic*: It is remarkable that one of the fastest, if not the fastest, engines now running was built forty-five years ago. She was designed when the great competition between the now vanished broad gauge and the narrow gauge was at its height. The Great Western on the broad gauge had beaten all records by, upon several occasions, obtaining a maximum speed of seventy-eight miles an hour, and it was necessary to beat her on the naarow gauge. The result was the building by Mr. F. Trevithick, superintendent of the northern division of the London and Northwestern Railway, of the Cornwall.

Her driving wheel was made 6 inches larger than that of the Great Western, which was 8 feet in diameter. Mr. Trevithick, in order to obtain a large driving wheel and a low centre of gravity adopted the peculiar plan of placing the boiler under the driving axle. The driving wheel of 8 feet 6 inches was the largest size which had then, or has since, been tried upon the ordinary 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inch gauge, the cylinder being $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter and 24 inches stroke. The engine appears to have fully answered the expectations of her designer, for upon the trial trip a speed of fully seventy-nine miles an hour was attained under favorable circumstances, thus beating the Great Western by one mile an hour.

She was shown at the exhibition of 1851, but the position of her boiler was not approved, and in 1863 a new boiler was put in her above the axle. It is interesting to know that the engine is still working the forty-five-minute expresses between Manchester and Liverpool, one of the fastest services in the kingdom, and it is stated that still, after her forty-five years' service, with a load equal to her power, she is capable of running at the highest possible speed yet attained.

WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN.

Luther first opposed the marriage of the clergy, but changed his mind and married Catharine Von Bora, an ex-nun, and lived happily.

Landor married a young girl for her beauty, and when the charm wore off they quarreled, separated, and he would never see her again.

Shakespeare's wife was eight years older than himself, a fact that perhaps explains his willingness to spend so much time in London.

Boswell, Johnson's biographer, married a scold, and in his Uxoriana recorded faithfully all her snappish sayings and his own answers.

Shelley's first wife was the daughter of an innkeeper. She was uncongenial and he deserted her for Mary Godwin. The forsaken wife committed suicide.

Corneille was happy in the domestic relation, though, as his biographer quaintly expresses it, "he could get along with anybody, and so had no trouble with his wife."

The rebellion of Cyrus, made famous by the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," was inspired by his wife, the famous Milto, who after his death married his brother, Artaxerxes.

Sidney Smith's wife, was such a good cook that he calculated that during the course of his life he had eaten forty-eight four-horse wagon loads more than was good for him.

FIGHT WITH A BUFFALO.

A Sailor's Terrible Tussle with an Africa Bovine.

Residents of our North-west who remember the buffalo as one of the most majestic and restless of wild beasts forget that he has a cousin in Africa that is even a more dangerous foe to meet face to face. What he is like may be seen in the following story, told by the first mate of a schooner that in September, 1889, was bound up the western coast of Africa from Port Natal and Cape Town. The ship needing repairs, was lain to in Woodfish just at the mouth of the river Swakop, where were a few poor natives whose dream of happiness and greatest evil is Medford rum. Wishing game, the teller of this story and two others went ashore to hunt. What happened he thus describes:

We kept pretty close together, we three, until we came to what appeared to be a natural opening or clearing in the forest. Half an hour's walk brought us to this, which was at least twenty acres in extent and covered with a light brushwood.

"Look," said Bostwick, clutching my arm as he turned around—he was in the lead—"yonder is a blooming shot, my lad; can you make it. Thunder," he ejaculated in the same breath, "there's three of them."

Almost before I knew it, Captain Warner and Bostwick had dropped to a knee and fired. Two brown bodies sprang into the air and then, with a convulsed twist, dropped back into the brush, while a third body went bounding as if it had been shot from a catapult, I had missed my shot.

The game secured proved to be a pair of koo-doos, or twisted-horn antelopes. They are about the size of a shetland pony, with white streaks running zebra-fashion over their backs and sides on a reddish-gray background. It is the choicest game found anywhere in South Africa.

LOOKING FOR GAME.

I felt greatly provoked over my lack of luck, and while the captain and his passengers were trying to secure vegetable wythes, with which to tie the feet of the animals together for slinging over a pole, to transport to the coast, I wandered along the western side of the clearing, in search of something to kill. I had just about concluded to return when I caught a gleam of water through the trees, a little farther on, and, thinking it might furnish some water fowl, plunged through the forest toward it.

It proved only to be a narrow creek, which broadened out into a shallow pool, and which evidently emptied into the Swakop. There was no sign of bird or beast anywhere near it, and, pretty well disgusted, I turned to go back. In that instant I heard a fierce snort, the rush of a huge body, and the next moment I felt myself flying through the air, my gun knocked from my hand and everything hovering in chaos around me. The instant I struck the ground I was on my feet. I had an instinctive feeling that my life was at stake.

As I raised myself there came rushing upon me again that big dark body, but this time it was no indistinct image; it was the huge form, the curling horns, the glaring eyes and thrashing tail of a Cape buffalo, a solitaire, an old bull driven from the herd and rendered desperate by isolation.

Despite my critical condition I almost laughed at myself, I felt that I was the victim of an hallucination; that I was only dreaming, and that pretty soon I would waken from the horrible nightmare and all would be well. This feeling was the instantaneous outgrowth of an idea which swept on me like a flash. It could not be a Cape buffalo, because this point was at least 600 miles from the Cape, and how could the dreaded buffalo—and in its wild state, a solitaire, an isolated bull, especially, nothing is more dreaded by the Boers and Bushmen—have strayed away thus far? If this was a Cape buffalo, he must be at least 250 miles from his favorite haunts. This was my idea but the reality dispelled it, for there was the great brute with its horns forming a bone helmet on its forehead, making for me with its head down, and bent on my destruction.

THE BUFFALO'S AWFUL CHARGE.

I had no time to dwell on the rapidity of thought; how, after the first attack and in the few seconds interval before the second, all these things had come into my mind, had been duly discussed and then dismissed; what I had then to do was to escape that snorting monster, which had rushed upon me from his slimy burrow or wash on the edge of the creek. Without giving me a respite, the enraged brute was upon me once more, but I managed to leap aside just as the awful front, with its gleaming eyes, like gems in velvet swept past me in impotent rage.

It was at this juncture that I made the mistake which came nearly costing me my life. I endeavored to recover my shotgun. It had been knocked from my hand at the first onslaught of the buffalo. The latter had been lying in its lair on the bank of the steam, a characteristic of the brute, and sprang at me as I turned.

Dazed by the attack, I had miscalculated the distance of my weapon. I reached it, but at that instant the buffalo was on me again, and, dropping the gun, I had only time to seize one of its long curved and bare like horns to save myself from being gored. In the ensuing two minutes I lived an age. To release my hold on the horn of the maddened animal was to precipitate myself to death. To hang on meant that sooner or later I would be trampled to death. I had already experienced what this meant, for, lying with my shoulders to the ground and with the horn held close against my breast, my feet and legs were dragging along the side of the buffalo, and in this fashion one of the hoofs of the brute had been planted on my right foot with a force that made me scream with pain, and led me to believe that my foot had been crushed.

My weight fortunately kept the buffalo's muzzle close to the ground. I was a dead weight dragging him down, but how long could I sustain this unequal struggle? Then I began to scream and cry aloud for help. It seemed almost useless, for the distance was so great that I did not even then believe—and all these thoughts passed through my brain like fire—that Warner and Bostwick could reach me in time. But I made the forest ring with my shouts; they even astonished the buffalo for he halted with lowered head, blazing eyes, and frothing muzzle, and for at least a moment remained motionless, save for a slight vacillating movement of the head, and with forefeet planted wide apart.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

If you ask me to explain how it was all these minute details stood out so conspicuously in my seeming death hour, I must reply that I do not know. Possibly my brain was cleared by the impending presence of death. I have heard that in drowning persons see everything of moment in their past lives before them like a panorama with awful distinctness of detail.

In my case the present was intensified My brain was clearer, my thoughts and ideas and sensations were intensified, and I believe that if I had been called upon to speak, my language describing all this, could have been more comprehensive, more lucid, perhaps, more scholarly than it ever was before or since.

The plunging and snorting of the buffalo began the instant I ceased shouting from exhaustion. He swung his head and tried to plunge his horns into his body. I almost grinned to myself at the spectacle I must have presented to the outsider. That of a wet house floor-cloth on the end of a mop stick swung to and fro by a child.

Round and round, up and down the narrow, grass-grown space between the trees, the demon-like brute raced, dragging one after him and seeking at every opportunity to pin one to the earth with his long, curved, but lance-like horns. My face and right shoulder were covered with the hot foam in his lolling jaws, while his hot breath burned like a furnace fire on my cheek.

At the end of five minutes, when my left leg stung as if a thousand bees had buried their little poignards in it, and which was owing to the flesh being torn off the calf in great strips six inches long, laying the bone bare, an inspiration came to me. I had borrowed a sheath knife from one of the men on the Shoop before I came away. It was hanging at my right side. Mustering every bit of remaining strength I released the hold of my right hand on the buffalo's horn and reached for the sheath knife. I got it loose, and then with a feeling of revenge which I can not describe, but with inconceivable pain I threw myself a little more to the right, never releasing the hold of my left hand on the buffalo's horn, I plunged the knife almost up to the hilt in the right eye of the beast. The next instant I was lying prone on the grass, while the most terrible roar I ever heard was making the forest ring. I had been thrown aside like a bit of cork by the brute, which was charging to and fro and tossing its head in an agony of pain, while a thin stream of blood ran down and dripped from its muzzle.

HELP AT HAND.

To save my life I knew that I must get away, but exhaustion, the rending pain in my left leg, and a placid sort of acquiescence in what seemed to be my unavoidable death, held me down. In one of his turns the buffalo caught sight of me with his remaining eye. The knife, like my gun, lay ten feet away from me, and I was absolutely helpless. I saw the great head lowered for the attack that would end my existence when I heard a voice—it was Bostwick's and he seemed to whisper the words, although he asserted afterwards that it was a ringing shout—say:

"Keep cool and shut your eyes."

I did as I was bidden. In a dreamy sort of way I closed my eyes; there was the roar of a gun, the sound of voices in my ears, and then I dropped off to sleep.

When I awakened Bostwick and the captain were bending over me; my neckcloth was all wet and clammy where they had been dashing water over me to revive me. I was unable to walk back to the mouth of the river, so four of the ship's crew who were summoned by Captain Warner carried me back.

The rest of the story is soon told. Bostwick had heard my cries and arrived just in time to put an end to the Cape buffalo before his final charge on me. I will carry the scars of that encounter on my right leg for life. Bostwick has been my brother-in-law for two years. He doesn't talk much about that scrape, but when he does he always betrays his South African experience by adding:

"I don't see how that bloody brute ever got so far north as the Swakop."

"Neither do I."

Animal Paradoxes.

Perhaps no birds spend more of their lives on the wing than parrots and pigeons, the latter being also among the most graceful and rapid of the inhabitants of the air. In New Zealand a species of parrot is found that, finding its food entirely on the ground, has lost the power of flight. It differs from the rest of its family only in this particular, and in being almost voiceless.

Among recent breeds of pigeons is the parlor tumbler which has not only lost the power of flight, but has very nearly lost that of walking as well. Its queer motions when it attempts to walk have given it its name, the tumbler.

"As thick as the hair on a dog's back" expresses nothing in Mexico, for the Mexican dog is utterly devoid of hair on his back or anywhere else. The hot climate having rendered it superfluous, Mother Nature kindly divested him of it. Nor does "the little busy bee improve each shining hour" in that country. On the contrary, it soon learns that, as there is no winter there, there is no necessity for laying in a store of honey, and degenerates into a thoroughbred loafer.

"As big as a whale" might be rather small, as there is a species of the cetacean genus hardly three feet long.

"As cunning as a fox" would have sounded idiotic to the discoverers of Kamschatka. They found foxes in large numbers, but so stupid because they had never before seen an enemy, that they could be killed with clubs.

The "birds of a feather" that "flock together" do not belong to the penguin family, as they are entirely destitute of feathers, having for a covering a kind of stiff down. Another penguin peculiarity is that it swims not on, but under water, never keeping more than its head out, and, when fishing, coming to the surface at such brief and rare intervals that an ordinary observer would almost certainly mistake it for a fish.

Ducks swim the world over, but geese do not. In South America a domestic species is found that cannot excel an ordinary hen in aquatic accomplishments. It has lived so long in a country where water is only found in wells that it has lost its aquatic tastes and abilities entirely.

"As awkward as a crab" does not apply on some of the South Sea Islands, for a crab is found there that not only runs as fast as an average man, but climbs trees with the ease of a schoolboy.

Heroic Conduct of British Naval Sailors.

A correspondent writing from Callao states that an interesting presentation had just taken place there on board her Majesty's cruiser Garnet, Captain Harry F. Hughes-Hallett, one of the ships serving on the Pacific station. The ship was visited by the Prefect of the Province, accompanied by Mr. Wilson, the British Consul, for the purpose of placing in the hands of the captain a gold medal which the Peruvian Government had ordered to be presented to the crew of the Garnet as a token of gratitude for, and in recognition of, their splendid bravery at the great fires in Callao on the 18th and 22d August last. In making the presentation, the Prefect said the supreme Government desired thus to give expression to "the profound and imperishable sentiment of gratitude that has been awakened in its mind by the heroic behaviour displayed by the men at the fires, in which misfortunes they exercised with vigorous courage and at personal peril the most humane and sublime of virtues, contributing to diminish the already frightful proportion of those memorable disasters." He added that his Government, as well as the people of the country, would ever cherish the most sincere gratitude for the generous and noble conduct of the crew of the Garnet. Captain Hughes-Hallett, in accepting the gift, said he was sure that what the crew did on the occasion of the fires they regarded only as a duty, and they would be ready and willing to repeat the service if ever the occasion should unfortunately arise. He promised that the medal should be displayed in a conspicuous part of the ship, so that the crew might have it before them as a perpetual reminder that voluntary and willing service in time of danger was gratefully remembered.

A Wise Suggestion.

The young man had married the rich man's daughter and wasn't killing himself with work to support her. One day the father called him up to call him down.

"Look here," he said emphatically, "why don't you go to work?"

"I don't have to," the son-in-law replied with brazen effrontery.

"Well, you will have to."

"Why will I?"

"Because, sir, I can't always live to support you."

"But you will leave us something?"

"Not much, I won't. There won't be anything to leave."

The son-in-law was alarmed.

"Great Jupiter," he exclaimed, "you don't mean to tell me that you have nothing?"

"That's about the size of it."

The son-in-law devoted himself to profound thought for several seconds.

"I have a suggestion to offer," he said in a businesslike manner.

"What is it?" asked the old gent.

"Well, I suggest that you take out, say, $100,000 life insurance on yourself to save wear and tear on my mind."—[Detroit Free Press.

"WHAT DREAMS MAY COME."

Some Highly Interesting Psychical Phenomena.—Remarkable Experiences of Dream Life.

Few people appreciate the significance of recent progress along the lines of psychical research, the vast accumulation of facts which demands investigation and the growing interest in occult problems among the most thoughtful people throughout the civilized world. The old-time prejudice which, with supercilious arrogance, relegated all psychical or extra-normal problems to the realm of superstitions, is rapidly giving place to a spirit at once critical and yet truth-loving. From the evidence which is now being carefully collected and sifted by scholarly bodies and individuals, I am led to believe we are on the threshold of a new world of thought—a realm which will far transcend in interest and practical value the new world which the evolutionists have given us in the domain of physical science. Few people have any conception of the widespread interest among profoundly thoughtful people of to day in matters relating to psychical phenomena. During the past year I have received scores, if not hundreds, of letters from persons who, though in many instances unknown to fame, are accounted among the most thoughtful and reliable individuals in the communities where they reside; physicians, lawyers, clergymen, literary characters and men engaged in commercial and mechanical pursuits, who are not only deeply interested in these subjects, but who have personally experienced or in other ways become cognizant of some of the various phases of occult phenomena. These persons are now critically investigating phenomena which a few years ago they would have dismissed as unworthy of serious thought. I am constantly receiving letters from every section of the country, as well as hearing from the lips of persons of undoubted veracity who are among the most influential and respected citizens of the localities in which they live, descriptions of psychical experiences of the most interesting character; and covering so wide a range of phenomena as to indicate how varied and complicated in nature are the appearances being encountered in this little explored world. Many of the individuals who bear testimony to these appearances share the popular prejudice which exists so widely against spiritualism; many of them are strictly orthodox in their religious views. Of course, a large proportion of these communications are confidential, and can not be noticed here. Others, however, which I am at liberty to discuss will be sufficient to indicate how general the interest is becoming and how varied are the phenomena occurring. The first case I wish to notice comes from David Van Etten, one of the most influential attorneys of Omaha, a gentleman who enjoys a very large and lucrative practice in the Supreme Court of Nebraska.

The facts as related by Mr. Van Etten are as follows:

"In 1867 I left the home of my nativity, Kingston on the Hudson, and have never returned. In 1869 I settled in Nebraska, removing to the Republican Valley, in that State, in 1870-71, where I remained until October, 1875, when I removed to the city of Omaha, and where I have ever since resided and still reside. During all the time I have been in Nebraska, until 1884, I have not heard of or from any person in or from my native home, or directly or indirectly of, from, or concerning the person I herein refer to, or of any person related to her, or who had the slightest acquaintance with her, or who ever knew of the existence of such a person. She was my cousin, several years my senior, good, honest, faithful, unpretentious and an industrious farmer's wife, respectably married, with a pleasant and affectionate family, consisting of her husband and two girls, about 6 and 10 years of age. In fact, I had only seen her a few times in my life, except in the summer of 1861, when I spent a few days of my summer vacation at her home, hunting in the woods and fishing in the streams of the foot-hills of the Catskill mountains, and never so much as once had a conversation with her beyond a few minutes' duration, and then always with and in the presence of her family. I am thus minute to show that there could not possibly have been any psychological affinities between us; indeed, she had always been very much as a stranger to me. This was the state of affairs when, one night in the summer of 1873, in a dream—many would call it a dream—lying on my bed as far as I know, asleep in my house, in the Republican Valley, 1500 miles away from this lady, not having so much as thought of her for years, she appeared present with me. It seems I went into her room, as if called there, she lying on her couch, bolstered up by pillows, in great distress, seemingly appealing to me, as if I might save her from her terrible agony of pain. It almost sickens me now as I recall that scene, so vivid and real was this terrible condition presented to me, and yet I did not see it, for she was 1500 miles away, and it had not yet occurred. Remember, this was in 1873. Of course, when I awoke, my dream, if it were a dream, deeply impressed itself upon me. I can see the whole scene yet, seemingly as I did that night. To see a woman in such terrible condition, frightful agony, an acquaintance, a relative—I could scarcely sleep any more that night, and yet I regarded it then as merely a dream. I did not learn until 1884 that my cousin was dead, died of a cancer in her left breast, and did in terrible pain and suffering, and only August 3, 1892, learned she so died on the morning of July 19, 1878, five years after 'my dream,' if it were a dream, and precisely as I dreamed it five years before."

This remarkable case of prevision might be matched by several similar cases. When we better understand the laws governing such phenomena, and physicians come to appreciate the possible value of these foreshadowings, many lives will doubtless be saved which now perish. If, for example, this woman had been skillfully treated to prevent cancer before the disease appeared, she might have been saved. This case suggests some interesting experiences given me a short time since by a brilliant young physician who enjoys a large practice in a small city in Indiana. "Frequently," he said, "while holding my patient's hand, I see, as if written on a blackboard before my eyes, the name of medicines, with instructions to prescribe them. In many instances they have been remedies I should not have thought of using; but," he continued, "I have noticed that whenever I have given the medicines so revealed to me the most gratifying results have followed." He then related the following singular occurrence which transpired two or three weeks prior to his visiting my office:

"I have a friend who used to live at my home city," said the physician, "but now resides in the city of K., we correspond; I had requested her photograph in a letter written a short time before the experience I am relating. One morning I awakened and looked at my watch. It was half an hour too early to rise, and I lay in a half-waking, half-sleeping state, so favorable to dreams. Suddenly I thought I was on the street in front of my office, and there I saw my friend with another lady acquaintance who lives in my city, coming across the street. I was at once struck with the peculiar dress worn by my friend. I had never seen her in anything like it, and could not fail to note the fact. At this juncture I awoke, dressed myself and went to my office, which, after opening I left for the Post office. The Postmaster handed me a package, which on opening I found to be the photograph of my friend. I was startled on looking at the photograph to find the dress in which she had had the portrait taken was the perfect counterpart of the one I had seen in my dream an hour before, and entirely unlike any gown I had seen her wear."

I asked this young man how he first became interested in these problems, and he replied that while at the medical college, a Professor, who seemed to take special interest in him, had several times demonstrated in his presence the power of hypnotism, and had aroused his interest in a line of investigation which he had always been taught by his rigidly orthodox parents to shun, as he would avoid the unpardonable sin which they frequently discussed.

An orthodox clergyman who officiates over a prosperous church in a certain town, called upon me during the past summer. I had known him at college. He informed me, to my astonishment, that he was engaged with a leading physician of his town in systematically studying psychical phenomena. "I do not believe in spiritualism," he remarked, "but we have both been amazed to find how many persons have had most extraordinary experiences. We have closely questioned persons who came into the doctor's office; and although they usually professed ignorance of any personal knowledge of extra-normal phenomena, and frequently laughed at everything of the kind, after my friend, the doctor, gave them the main points in several well-authenticated cases which had come to his notice, they usually gave some more or less remarkable experiences, with names and dates, which enabled us afterwards to verify hitherto carefully guarded secrets. We have both," he declared, "been astonished at the number of persons who are among the most thoughtful and substantial of our people who have had experiences in their homes which transcend the ordinary and are to us inexplicable, but as yet we are merely collecting reliable data."

This gentlemen is representative of a large class of careful thinkers who to-day are quietly accumulating facts upon which to base an intelligent conclusion, and thus are following the modern methods of scientific inquiry.

A friend of mine who is quite well known in literary circles, but who is not willing that her name be given, related to me a short time ago a striking experience. She requested a friend in whom she had great confidence, and who possessed a certain degree of psychic power, to try and see where she was and what she was doing on a certain evening. The two individuals were many hundred miles apart. The friend in striving to accomplish this feat fell into a profound trance, in which he was found by friends, who thought him dead and had him medically treated. When he recovered he wrote his friend, saying at such an hour you were in your room. A visitor was announced. He was a person I had never seen, but will describe him to you. He then gave a detailed description of the caller. All the facts were exactly as stated.]—Arena.

A GIGANTIC SCHEME.

Canadian Pacific and Northern Pacific.—The Great Rivalry Between two Railway Leviathans.

A gentleman well informed concerning the China-American trade observed to a reporter of a Montreal paper the other day: —"Mr. Dodsworth, a merchant and forwarder having a wide business connection in China, Japan and other Eastern countries is expected to visit Montreal shortly. His headquarters are at Hong Kong, but he has been in the States for several weeks. What makes his visit to Montreal a matter of interest just now is that he was formerly the agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in China, but retired from that position to become the agent of the steamship line running from China and Japan in connection with the Northern Pacific Railway at Tacoma. I have been informed that it was because Mr. Dodsworth declined to give up all his other connections and devote himself entirely to the Canadian Pacific Company's agency that he was deprived of that agency. The Northern Pacific, as you probably know, has entered into direct rivalry with the Canadian Pacific for the Chinese and Japanese trade. It has adopted the policy of our great road and boasts of having control of a direct line from New York to China, under its sole control and management. I believe it is at the bottom of the movement against Canadian railways so persistently urged at Washington. It certainly has a big advantage in competition for the trade between China, Japan and the United States, on account of being an American company. Mr. Dodsworth's transfer of services from the Canadian Pacific to its great and only rival may possibly have some effect in giving the Northern Pacific an advantage in obtaining freight for its steamers. This may possibly account for the rumored transfer of the Canadian Pacific Railway's Pacific steamships to the Atlantic, where they could supply the much needed fast service, other vessels meantime taking their place on the route between Vancouver and China. The rivalry of the Northern Pacific has made the establishment of a line of fast Canadian steamships on the Atlantic a necessity to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and they are people not likely to be caught napping."

"Then the Northern Pacific contemplates paralleling the Canadian Pacific Railway, as a rival route from Europe across America to Eastern Asia?"

"Precisely. If they have, as they say, an open road from New York to Tacoma, and from thence to Hong Kong, by a line of steamships, they can easily make arrangements with a company running Atlantic steamships from New York to Liverpool, and thus complete their parallel route. Still, however, the Canadian Pacific Railway will have a great advantage in the shorter distance across this continent and across the Atlantic. The trade between China, Japan and the United States is large and growing, but it is not so large as that between England and those countries. Of the latter trade the Canadian Pacific Railway will always get the preference on account of the unity of its management. It, therefore, seems to me that the Canadian Pacific Railway must of necessity have a fast line of steamships on the Atlantic. But the cut of the Northern Pacific coming in, it is quite in order that, as Mr. Van Horne said, the Grand Trunk should join with the Canadian Pacific Railway in establishing such a service. If the Northern plays the game of pushing the Canadian Pacific Railway out of the United States trade, it will only have the effect of making the Canadian Pacific Railway more anxious to control the through traffic from Europe to the East. In such a contest the Canadian Pacific Railway would have an immense advantage, for there can be no doubt of its having, with first-class Atlantic steamships, the shortest, quickest, most direct and best route. Besides, it would be of imperial importance to Great Britain and to British merchants to have such a national girdle of communication as it would give practically, in connection with other lines, clear round the globe. Even now lines are established, connecting this belt with Australia, the British possessions in Africa and the islands of the ocean, thus bringing the whole empire into touch with all its parts by direct communication. Indeed, this question involves a prospect of the most magnificent future for the political unity, territorial expansion and mercantile greatness of the British empire, that could possibly enter into human imagination."

Emotions of a Mother-in-Law Elect.

The declaration of love by the well-fed man with a diamond pin had a marked effect on the woman who was fast approaching the meridian of life.

She burst into tears.

"Why"—Anxiously he leaned over the bowed and trembling figure—"why do you weep?"

"F-f-for—boo, hoo—joy."

He was satisfied and kissed her hand. She raised her eyes and gazed at him incredulously.

"And do you really love me?" she asked in faltering tones.

"I do."

She felt that he meant it.

"Then"—Her demeanor grew suddenly rapturous—"you can marry my daughter. Many a time and oft has she failed of matrimony because her suitor couldn't love me."

Then she had clasped her hands in devout thanksgiving, saying: "At last! Thank heaven, at last!"

And her emotions overcame her afresh.

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A Fruitful Theme.

The subject of redistribution is one now of overpowering interest. Beside it all others are dwarfed into insignificance. The Vancouver World than which there is no better paper on the Coast, boldly claims representation according to population. It's weekly almost entirely circulates in the country, and it should not be unmindful of it's interests, and it would do well to remember also that but for the country Vancouver would be a howling wilderness. However, we dont wonder that the Terminal City is a little restive. She has two representatives who just neutralize each other, and we think it would be only fair that she should have a third New Westminister City having only one man capable of representing her, and his duties as postmaster requiring his presence at home, should be wiped out in any redistribution measure That part of the district south of the Fraser, should be created into a district by itself and given a member. Richmond, South Vancouver, Burnaby, Maple Ridge etc., would answer for another district, and the northern part of the district could very properly be constituted into a third. Cariboo, considering it's vast extent, and importance might well be divided up into, at least, three districts, and Kootenay would require similiar treatment.

But when the World says that the future should be considered in the redistribution of seats, we quite agree with it, and in that connection desire to say that this part of the Province has not been appreciated according to it's deserts. We have a wealth of agricultural lands, which might well cause those who live in less favored regions to grow green with envy. Our timber interests are of exceeding importance, and our coal fields the richest and most extensive to be found in British Columbia. When these are all fully developed there will be smiling plenty on every hand, and "every rood of ground will maintain it's man," the busy hum of industry will fill the air with music and villages will blossem out into thriving cities. Our expectations, therefore, though great, are reasonable, and our possibilities, simply unlimited. Take these matters into consideration and we are content. By this rule Hornby, Denman, Nob Hill, and Oyster Bay should be given one representative each, Comox (the Bay), Courtenay, and Union, six each, and Southport about forty.

Public Schools.

The twenty-first annual report just at hand shows the schools to be in a very flourishing condition.

The total number enrolled during the year, ending *June 30th 1892*, was 10,773, an increase over the previous year of 1,513. The average actual attendance was 6,227.10, an increase of 1,092,19 for the same period.

The percentage of average attendance in cities 61.28, in rural districts, 53 44, and for the entire province, 57.80 which is the largest attained for fourteen years.

The whole number of teachers and monitors employed was 228, an increase of 43 over the previous year.

The schools in operation were, high schools, 4; graded, 14; ward schools, 7; and rural, 124. The expenditure for education was for teachers salaries, $148,377.22; incidental expenses of Rural schools, $5,205.76; education office $7,044.82; giving a total of $160,627 80; leaving of the amount voted in the estimates for the year $20,372 00 unexpended.

The cost of each pupil based on enrollment was only $14.91, and on average daily attendance, $25,79.

The expenditure of the Lands and Works Department for the construction of school houses was $43,497.20, and for furniture for Rural Districts, $3,695. 38

The total was for education, $160,627.80; less refunds from city districts, $31,441.85; Lands & Works Department $47,192.58, or a total of $173,378.53.

This is certaintly a splendid showing and the Department is to be congratulated upon the progress made.

With reference to our District the report shows as follows:

NORTH COMOX SCHOOL
[At Courtenay]

Teacher, Fenwich W Robbins; salary $60 per month; enrolled during the year, 25 boys, 21 girls; average monthly attendance, 31; expenditure $760.

SOUTH COMOX SCHOOL.

Teacher, untill June 30th, 1892, Miss Mary D. Skinner; salary $55 per month; enrolled during the year 22 boys, 14 girls; average monthly attendance. 27; expenditure, $700.

The present teacher is Robert H. Carseaden, recently from the east.

COURTENAY SCHOOL.

The school is near Grantham, and James Halliday is the teacher at a salary of $50 per month. The number enrolled during the year was 13 boys and 9 girls, and average monthly attendance, 17; expenditure, $607 75.

DENMAN ISLAND.

Teacher, Miss Edith A. King; salary $50 per month; enrolled during the year, 10 boys, 12 girls; average monthly attendance, 15; expenditure, $590.

PUNTLEDGE SCHOOL.

This is on the lower prairie road. The teacher is John B. Bennett; salaay $50 per month; enrolled during the year, 24 boys, 28 girls, average monthly attendance, 35; expenditure, $590.

HORNBY ISLAND.

Teacher, Miss Sarah A. Williams, salary $50 per month; enrolled during the year, 10 boys, 10 girls; average monthly attendance, 17; expenditure. $202.23. School closed after the holidays until March next.

UNION MINES.

Teacher, Duncan Ross, salary, $60 per month; monitor Miss Amy Sprague; salary $40 per month, Enrolled during the year, 48 boys, 34 girls, total 82. Average monthly attendance, 74; expenditure, $1,080.

To Seek The North Pole.

Nansen, the Stalwart Norwegian Explorer, May be Gone Five Years.

The Norwegian explorer, Dr. Fridjof Nanson is about to start on another expedition in search of the north pole. He returned in 1889 from a remarkable voyage across Greenland. Dr. Nanson recently came from Norway to London, where he has lectured before the Royal Geographical society on his proposed expedition. The explorer is over 6 feet tall; finely built and of the ideal Scandavian type. In speaking of his proposed voyage recently he said he should be in absolute command of everybody on board, scientists included. He will leave Norway in June, revictual at Nova Zembla, and some time in July start for the Kara sea, skirting the Siberian coast as far as the mouth of the River Lena, from which point he will steer north until pack ice renders further navigation impossible. Then he will ram the ship as far into the ice as possible and remain for the winter. He expects to be gradually taken by the ice floes right across the polar region down into the east Greenland sea, between Spitzbergen and Greenland, having in this way reached and passed the north pole. He will take provisions for five years thinking this will certaintly be the limit of his voyage.

The Doubtful Supremacy of Man.

There are grounds for believing that man's present so called supremacy is only a phase of evolution, for which he is not wholly responsible. In barbarous times and races his position was not by any means uniformly that of headship. If the truth could be arrived at it might appear that the opinion of the woman of man then was about what it is today. Man, because he was physically strong (and that was not primarily his fault) was put forward to do the fighting but the women often went along to finish up the wounded and to help torture the captives, and sometimes, bless their feminine hearts, to shield them.

In the process of the evolution of society the position of the sexes changed somewhat. More manual labor was put upon man, though there is no evidence that he usurped the right to work. The proportion of agricultural labor, mining, carrying heavy burdens and rough work generally taken on by man gradually began to be the test of civilization of a community, and it is so today.

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