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The Weekly News.

NO. 144. UNION, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY, AUG. 13,, 1895. $2.00 PER YEAR

Cash! Cash!

I WILL NOT BE NDERSOLD.

BUT CANNOT SELL GOODS AT COST ON CREDIT; CONSEQUENTLY ON AND AFTER APRIL 1st I WILL DO BUSINESS ON THE CASH SYSTEM, AND MY PRICES ARE:

BED ROCK.

No Skimping in Weights and Measures at the

CUMBERLAND STORE.

JAMES McKIM, Union, B.C. Mar. 20, 1895.

ICE CREAM PARLORS

Union, B. C.

Soda Water. Candies, Stationery and Books.

FRUIT A SPECIALTY.

TOBACCOS

Imported and Domestic Cigars Briar and Meerschaum Goods.

The Above Stores Adjoin, Where Everything of the Best in their Respective lines will be found.

A. W. McIntyre Prop.

THOMAS C. MORGAN

THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR

DUNNE BLOCK

COMOX SAW MILL

Courtenay, B. C.

Rough and Dressed Lumber.

All orders promptly executed.

URQUHART BROS.

MONEY

I have an unlimited supply of money for loans on the security of farming property at low rates of interest. Loans put through expeditiously.

Mortgages purchased. Insurance effected.

MARCUS WOLFE

NANAIMO, B. C

P. O. Drawer 17

HARNESS SHOP

I have opened a Harness Shop in building corner 3rd st and Dunsmuir Ave, Union, lately occupied by THE NEWS, where I will keep in stock and make to order all kinds of harnesses and everything in my line at reasonable prices. Also will neatly and promptly do repairing, and carriage trimming.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Wesley Willard

FOR SALE.—Two fine young Berkshire boars. Apply to Wm. Harmiston, Sandwick, P.O.

NELSON HOUSE

UNION BAY, B. C.

Having taken this house, except the bar, I shall be pleased to receive the patronage of the public.

Board per week, — $5.

Single meals — 25 cents.

T. J. Piercy.

METHODIST CHURCH

Class meeting, 10 a.m. Morning Service 11. Subject—"Free Christian Work" S.S. and Bible class 2 30. Evening Service at 7. Subject—"The Source of Religion". Prayer meeting Thursday Evening 7.30. Union Gospel Service, Saturday 8 p.m. Seats free, strangers invited.

C.H.M. Suther and, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Services next Lord's day as usual conducted by the Pastor, D. McIntyre, in the hall. Morning at 11. Subject—The path of the just like the ever brightening light. Evening at 7. Subject—Moving higher. Sabbath school 2 p.m. Bible class, 3 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday 7.30 p.m. Y.P.S.C.E. Friday evening at 8 o'clock in the hall.

PRINCELY YACHT

The steam yacht Eleanor was in for 115 tons of fuel and left on Wednesday for Alaska. This is the finest yacht by far ever seen on this coast. She cost about $300,00 and is as large as the Costa Rica. Her cabin is fitted up like a European palace and the paintings which line its walls are valued at $75,000. She carries a crew of 49 and costs about $12,000 per month to run her. The Eleanor belongs to Mr. Slater a multi-millionaire of Rhode Island, an extensive manufacturer of cotton fabrics. Mr. Slater is accompanied by his wife and family and a party of twelve friends. They are on their way around the world. After visiting Alaska the partytwill go to San Francisco, where they will leave the yacht for a flying trip home across the continent and then returning resume their world around journey.

SEARCH FOR A WIFE

By A. Lindsay

WANTED—By an accomplished young lady to correspond with a young gentleman with view to matrimony—must not be over 35 Address confidentially "A" NEWS Office.

How suggestive of a heart yearing for some kindred heart with which to beat as one! Perhaps there is that lonely feeling which we at times experience in the midst of crowds, perhaps too much of the drudgery of life and the soul longs for the kakes and kisses.

May you find your affinity, fair advertiser, although you make a mistake in barring all over 35 years. Experience should count for something. But let me tell you a little story to encourage you and those who will, no doubt, patronize the NEWS matrimonial bureau if you are successful.

Dick Dragon, a mate of mine, in early days, had made a little pile on Dragon Creek, sold out his interest and invested in the roadside house at Beaver Pass. He fixed up the dingy red old place, relined the rooms with rawhide hair out, whitewashed the logs out side with clay, rebuilt the mud and slat chimnies, planed the top of the bar, put up a 16 by 24 mirror flanked by a stuffed owl and a mangy skunk, installed Paddy O'Hare as cook, and started fairly as a boniface.

Now Dick was a genial soul, and Paddy did wonders with the limited means at his disposal and served a good square meal; and the boys from Dragon, Peterson, Rushon and other creeks patronized the house liberally. We used to say, "We'll make the Pass to night and go on in the morning.

That meant a mild carouse, the exchange of news, and a game of poker before the big fire place while Paddy scraped away on his fiddle in the corner.

So things went well with Dick and he gradually got property around him: first chickens and pigs, then some cows, finally a horse and buggy. And we used to envy the solid comfort he took, and tell him that all he needed was a wife.

However, no maiden came along, and the unmarried females in the district were yet in their mothers' arms. Now Dick at Xmas determined to give a dance and supper. There was noticeable the yearnings for something. It must have been for petticoats,—something different to his live stock or the bearded men who frequented his house. So he sent out invitations to all the married men within a radius of twenty miles to bring their wives and families. The boys got a general invite, everything free, and plenty o'it. All the women came, from fat Mrs. Gannon, who weighed 270 lbs to Mrs. Davey Jones, who had just made her wedding trip on snow shoes over the mountains into Barkerville.

Dick disbursed his hospitality liberally, nursed the babies, and of course won the mothers' hearts; and they persuaded him that all he needed to round off his comfort was a WIFE. The upshot was that he made up his mind to get married, and as he could not wait for the babies to grow up, he took the boys' advice and advertised as follows: "A Bachelor, 40 years of age, having a comfortable home and a good business wishes to correspond with a lady, with a view to matrimony. Apply by letter to D. D., care of Cariboo Sentinel, Barkerville or to British Colonist, Victoria." To make a long story short, for I was his confidante, several replies came, and out of them, Dick selected a very nicely written one from Gloriana McQuirk, San Francisco. She was an orphan, 38 years of age, a good seamstress and cook, could play and sing a little, etc.; was sure she could make a good husband happy, etc., etc. Soon a meeting was arranged at Victoria, and Dick leaving me in charge went to his fate. Two weeks after he wrote that he was married, and they would be up the following week.

On hearing this the boys determined to give the couple a rousing reception, and on stage day about 200 of them came out from their claims, rigged up an anvil to salute with, and sent a man down the road, who was to ride back at top speed and announce the coming of the stage. In the meantime the bar was kept busy, and by noon, when the messenger came back to say the stage was coming, the boys were very mellow, but subdued, as if they felt it was an occasion, when all should behave decently.

Boom! went the anvil as the stage came in sight; bang! again, as it drove up to the door. The stage team barely kept from bolting. Bang! again, as Dick got down and hoisted out a little red haired roley-poley of a woman; and Joe Denny on his cornet and Paddy on his fiddle struck up the tune, "On the night when Larry was stretched." The boys cheered as if they were crazy. Dick then proceeded to introduce his assembled friends to Mrs. Dragon. Then there was more cheering and anvil firing, and drinking of healths, and everyone felt as if it was his own wedding day. By night a lot of the married folks drove in from Stanley and Barkerville to welcome the new comer. Such a wedding celebration was never seen in Cariboo, before or since.

Now, I know that in the usual way such stories end Dick should be shown as having married a cross-eyed, cross-grained termagant, who made life a hell to him, drunk like a fish, ruined his business, and drove him to suicide. But no, Dick got a treasure. She was all she claimed to be: jolly, with a smile for all, active as a cricket, and dropped into Dick's life as if to the manor born. She cleaned out the raw hides off the room, had them nicely papered and lined, introduced bed linen and table cloths, fixed up a special nook for herself behind the bar room, where each of the boys was welcome when they called and soon had such an air of comfort round the place and such good meals served, that Beaver Pass house, Dick and his Gloriana, earned not only a local but a provincial reputation. Now, fair creature, I hope you will be as successfull as Dick. But don't be as particular about a few years. Gloriana may have been 38; Dick never asked. The fact was she was young in heart and that impressed itself on her whole personality.

McPhee & Moore

GENERAL MERCANTS AND BUTCHERS

UNION & COURTENAY

Choicest Meats, Fresh Eggs and Vegetables

A full line of Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc., et

PURSUING A BEAR

Last Friday a foolish brown eagle desiring to feast off of the 300 lbs porker which bruin had slaughtered for Mr. T.J. Williams, walked or flew into a trap which had been set near the dead animal, and shortly afterwards ceased to take interest in sublunary events. The next day Aug. 10th, early in the morning, Mr. Williams went out to look after his pork baited traps, and to his astonishment found that the big trap had been torn from its fastenings and bodily carried off. A plain, rugged trail led into the forest through which the monster had dragged the trap and its attachments. Without following Williams turned down the Settlement brimming over with excitement, seeking a rifle. When our informant left Williams was in hot pursuit of the destroyer of his swine with a gun loaded for bear.

Note. A courier followed a few hours later with the intelligence that the bear had been shot.

THE BRASS BAND

There was a meeting Saturday evening of those interested in the formation of a Brass Band in Union. A committee consisting of George Robertson and Walter Whyte was appointed to canvass the camp for contributions to a fund to procure instruments, and a committee consisting of John Robertson and John Thompson to canvass Cumberland for the same purpose. It is to be hoped that this commit tee will meet with the necessary encouragement. A public band would do so much to enliven the place, and everyone will doubtless be willing to help. The instruments once obtained, concerts can be given, and assistance now will be appreciated, and when the band is in a position to reciprocate favors we are quite sure they will not be forgotten or ignored.

MUSICAL SOLOS.

At the musical concert by the wizard of the violin, Prof. Kiblberg on the 26th inst at Piket's hall, will play on a number of instruments, and the memory of his concerts is said by those who have heard them to be a perpetual delight. After the concert there will be a dance for those who enjoy terpsichorean pleasures. The admission is only 50 cents. As one half the net receipts goes to the hospital, everyone should turn out to help along a needed institution. Mrs. Piket has kindly donated the use of the hall, and the concert is receiving free advertising so that it will be apparant that the proceeds will not be eaten up in expenses.

THAT FESTIVAL REPORT.

In our report of the Festival held in the Agricultural hall, Courtenay, by the ladies of the Episcopel church, the names of Miss Eliza Milligan and Mr. Birch Smith, through oversight, did not appear. The first delighted the audience by her recitation and the second was warmly applauded for his splendid singing.

LATEST WIRINGS.

A broken wire brings them late and hence they are boiled down.— H. M. Holmes remains the most prominent figure in current criminal history and is charged with ten murders and swindling insurance companies out of $25,000, and fresh charges are being worked up.— Only eight jurors were secured up to Saturday in the Durrant murder case.— Particulars of a terrible massacre of white missionaries by Chinese, are at hand —At Spring valley, Illinois the white miners have invaded a negro camp (imported miners) of 500 and forced them to flee.—The reply of the Porte to demands for Armenian reforms is conciliatory on many points, but probably not satisfactory.— The Warrimo went a shore in a fog last Friday at the point where the Dutchess of Argyle was wrecked.

Ralph Smith has been appointed paid agent of the Miners Union of Nanaimo

The co-operative society Nanaimo has assigned and will be dissolved.

The hearing of the now famous license case of Dickson & Co. will take place before Judge Harrison at Comox, Wednesday.

INTERESTING DECISION

The full bench at Victoria has decided that the crown did not transfer the precious metals with the land to the E. & N. railway. all the justices concuring. An appeal will be taken it is said.

BURNED

On Saturday there were two accidents at No 4 slope caused by burning gas. The first occurred at 4 a.m. when two Italians were badly burned and taken to the hospital. The second accident occurred about three hours later when a Jap and John Hornick and J. Commarella were scorched. The Jap is reported to be badly burned, but the other two got off with comparatively slight injuries

A TRAVELED LADY

Will exhibit scenes with a magic lantern, also will exhibit various curios from Egypt and the South Sea Islands at Piket's Hall, Wednesday evening, Aug. the 21st. This will be only a feature of an entertainment to be given on that evening under the auspices of the Ladies Guild of Trinity church. For further particulars see next week's NEWS.

A poem entitled, My Mother, and one entitled, The Mosquito Song being good enough to keep and there being a lack of space, are laid over until another issue.

Flowers were received at the Hospital this week from Little River Gardens, John J. R. Miller, proprieter.

D. Ennis will erect two dwellings on east Penrith avenue.

UNION SHIPPING.

The Costa Rica left on the 8th with 2600 tons of coal for the Union Colliery Co., San Francisco.

The Coquitlam left on the 6th with 22 tons of wash nut coal for the vessel's use.

The Thistle left on the 9th for Victoria with 50 tons of wash coal for the coal storage establishment and 150 tons for the Electric tramway.

On the 11th the Tepic was in and took 215 tons of Comox coal and 177 tons of wash nut for the C. P. R.

The Daisy left on the 13th with 154 tons of coal for C. Peabody, Victoria.

The barque Richard III is loading for the Union Colliery Co., at San Francisco

The steamer De-Bay is due.

The Minneola left on the 9th with 3400 tons of coal for the Southern Pacific.

TO A WIFE'S HERO.

Mrs. Turner's Funeral Oration at Her Husband's Grave.

A REMARKABLE ENCOMIUM.

The Hon. Jesse M. Turner, of Grand Rapids, Mich., died recently after a lingering illness from consumption, and Mrs. Turner delivered the following oration over his body in the graveyard, there being no other funeral exercises:

I feel that I must say a word here above the bier of my dead hero, for all that is best in life I owe to him. While living he was for all, but, being dead, he is mine alone. Then I would speak, for many of you here were friends of his, and, through him only, friends of mine. You who knew him in his professional or public life knew him to love and esteem, I know from your presence here; but I think that it must have been that he was at his best in his private life. In his home, with his friends, in his library, was certainly where he found life's fullest meaning and highest enjoyment. And if in public life he ever found it necessary to be stern or appear harsh, yet it was his nature to be kind and gentle; for he was ever a lover of little children, a lover and protector of all domestic pets, a lover of flowers and forests, and that gentle mystic mood of nature which his favorite poets sang so eloquently. Perhaps he did not possess the technicalities of exact scholarship, yet he was a profound student in many departments of research; he was familiar with the wide sweep and tendencies of history, as well as with its more particular phases. He was a lover of the literature of all ages and nations. It was a maxim with him that in a knowledge of universal literature was to be found the widest culture. His Anglo-Saxon blood made him a fearless lover of the truth, and fearless advocate of the rights of the individual. With him the human soul in its full integrity should acknowledge no authority either to church or state, except indeed in so far as had been mutually agreed upon for the good of all. Yet, claiming this pre-eminent position for himself, you would not find a man more modest or more considerate for others. His life was cast upon a generous mould, his love and sympathy were as wide as humanity, his interest as wide as nature. The less fortunate in life found in him a true friend and helper, and he was the peer of many upon their own limited platform. He was made of the stuff from which heroes are made. It was ever his lot to struggle, it was his to endure, and it was his to attain. To struggle, to endure, to attain; that makes the cycle of human life, and his was incomplete, though his forty-three years seemed all too short. During the 15 years of our wedded life there has never been a winter nor a summer gone by, but at the turning of the seasons I have heard the rustling of the robes of the angel of death. The shadow of her wing has been over us at all times. There has never been a fond ambition for this world's fair prospects but has been gentle shrouded on her breast. My sorrow is great, but it is without bitterness, except in so far as contrition and remorse will come with the recollection that I might have been more tender and loving to one whose life was so unequally matched with fate. I cannot stand here above the wreck of so much promise and say that I believe that it is the will of Providence, for I do not. God does not will such heart-breaking things, I can take no comfort in the platitude that the mysteries of Providence are past human understanding. Humanity itself has been intrusted with the high problem of working out its own salvation, and it is humanity's part to see that such inconsolable things do not happen. Humanity, by investigation, research and effort must fulfil the destiny stamped upon its brow. To base my faith upon the postulate that somewhere at some time in the universe this must be compensated for is an unsubstantial position, for there is no compensation. There can be none, except in so far as human effort can prevent the happenings of such untimely occurrences. But weep not for him, for all has ended in peace; weep for me and for mine, if you will; but weep not for him, for his life went out upon triumphant lines. No imperial guard ever died at his post of duty more nobly than did our hero, and I pray that his life may still be a hope and inspiration to me, and not a mere memory, however sweet and sacred that will always be. Weep not for him. Chant no funeral dirge. Let no minor strains of woe accompany the flight of his spirit. We will not say dust to dust and ashes, but life to life and spirit to spirit. Weep not for him, for I say his life has gone out upon triumphant chords that weave the harmony that would echo the flight of his soul.

FATALITIES IN INDIA.

The returns of deaths caused by wild animals in India continue to show a large increase, the fatalities from snake bite, as usual, heading the list. The Government of India observe that there seems doubt that the changes in the system of rewards have discouraged the people who formerly made a systematic practice of hunting and killing poisonous snakes. Yet the reason given for these changes was that the people "went into the jungles and hunted for snakes, apparently in places where it was highly improbable that the snakes would ever cause loss of life." The total morality during the year from wild animals, exclusive of snakes, was 2,804, of which tigers were responsible for nearly 1,000, and leopards for 291. Wolves claimed 175 victims, bears 121, elephants 68, hyenas 50, and other animals unspecified 1,142. The total number of cattle killed was 90,253, an increase of 9,000 over the previous year's total.

EXPURGATION OF THE BIBLE.

Talmage Objects to Criticism of the Scriptures.

He Prefers the Out and Out Opposition of Infidelity to the Reconstruction Methods of Some of His Ministerial Brethren—Mongrel Ecclesiastics Hit Hard.

New York, June 9, 1895.—In his sermon for to-day, Rev. Dr. Talmage dealt with a subject that is agitating the entire Christian church at the present moment, namely: "Expurgation of the Scriptures." The text chosen was, "Let God be true, but every man a liar."—Romans iii., 4.

The Bible needs reconstruction according to some inside and outside the pulpit. It is no surprise that the world bombards the Scriptures, but it is amazing to find Christian ministers picking at this in the Bible and denying that, until many good people are left in the fog about what parts of the Bible they ought to believe and what parts reject. The heinousness of finding fault with the Bible at this time is most evident. In our day the Bible is assailed by scurrility, by misrepresentation, by infidel scientists, by all the vice of earth and all the venom of perdition, and at this particular time even preachers of the gospel fall into line of criticism of the Word of God. Why, it makes me think of a ship in a September equinox, the waves dashing to the top of the smokestack, and the hatches fastened down, and many prophesying the foundering of the steamer, and at that time some of the crew with axes and saws go down into the hold of the ship, and they try to saw off some of the planks and pry out some of the timbers, because the timber did not come from the right forest! It does not seem to me to be a commendable business for the crew to be helping the winds and storms outside with their axes and saws inside. Now, this old gospel ship, what with the roaring of earth and hell around the stem and stern, and mutiny on deck, is having a very rough voyage, but I have noticed that not one of the timbers has started, and the Captain says that He will see it through. And I have noticed that keelson and counter-timber-knee are built out of Lebanon cedar, and she is going to weather the gale, but no credit to those who make mutiny on deck.

When I see professed Christians in this particular day finding fault with the Scriptures, it makes me think of a fortress terrifically bombarded, and the men on the ramparts, instead of swabbing out and loading the guns, and helping fetch up the ammunition from the magazine, are trying with crowbars to pry out from the walls certain blocks of stone, because they did not come from the right quarry. Oh, men on the ramparts, better fight back, and fight down the common enemy, instead of trying to make breaches in the wall.

While I oppose the expurgation of the Scriptures, I will give you my reasons for such opposition. "What!" say some of the theological evolutionists, whose brains have been addled by too long brooding over them by Darwin and Spencer, "you don't now really believe all the story of the Garden, do you?" Yes, as much as I believe there were roses in my garden last summer. "But," they say, "you don't really believe that the sun and moon stood still?" Yes, and if I had strength enough to create a sun and moon I could make them stand still. "But," they say, "you don't really believe the whale swallowed Jonah?" Yes, and if I were strong enough to make a whale, I could have made very easy ingress for the refractory prophet, leaving to evolution to eject him if he were an unworthy tenant! "But," they say, "you don't really believe that the water was turned into wine?" Yes, just as easily as water now is often turned into wine with an admixture of strychnine and logwood! "But," they say, "you don't really believe that Samson slew a thousand with the jawbone of an ass?" Yes, and I think that the man who in this day assaults the Bible is wielding the same weapon.

There is nothing in the Bible that staggers me. There are many things I do not understand, I do not pretend to understand. But that would be a very poor God who could be fully understood by the human. That would be a very small Infinite that can be measured by the finite. You must not expect to weigh the thunderbolts of Omnipotence in an apothecary's balances. Starting with the idea that God can do anything, and that He was present at the begininng, and that He is present now, there is nothing in the Holy Scriptures to arouse scepticism in my heart. Here I stand, a fossil of the ages, dug up from the tertiary formation, fallen off the shelf of an antiquarian, a man in the latter part of the glorious nineteenth century, believing in a whole Bible from lid to lid!

I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures, in the first place because the Bible in its present shape has been so miraculously preserved. Fifteen hundred years after Herodotus wrote his history, there was only one manuscript copy of it. Twelve hundred years after Plato wrote his book, there was only one manuscript copy of it. God was so careful to have us have the Bible in just the right shape that we have fifty manuscript copies of the New Testament a thousand years old, and some of them fifteen hundred years old. This book handed down from the time of Christ, or just after the time of Christ, by the hand of such men as Origen, in the second century, and by men of different ages who died for their principles. The three best copies of the New Testament in manuscript in the possession of the three great churches—the Protestant church of England, the Greek church of St. Petersburg, and the Romish church of Italy.

It is a plain matter of history that Tischendorf went to a convent in the peninsula of Sinai, and was by ropes lifted over the wall into the convent, that being the only mode of admission, and that he saw there in the waste basket for kindling for the fires a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures. That night he copied many of the passages of that Bible, but it was not until fifteen years had passed of earnest entreaty and prayer and coaxing and purchase on his part that that copy of the holy scriptures was put into the hand of the emperor of Russia—that one copy so marvellously protected.

Do you not know that the catalogue of the books of the Old and New Testaments as we have it, is the same catalogue that has been coming on down through the ages? Thirty-nine books of the Old Testament thousands of years ago. Thirty-nine now. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament sixteen hundred years ago. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament now. Marcion, for wickedness, was turned out of the church in the second century, and in his assault on the Bible and Christianity he incidentally gives a catalogue of the books of the Bible—that catalogue corresponding exactly with ours—testimony given by the enemy of the Bible and the enemy of Christianity. The catalogue now just like the catalogue then. Assaulted and spit on and torn to pieces and burned, yet adhering. The book to-day, in three-hundred languages, confronting three-fourths of the human race in their own tongue. Four hundred million copies of it in existence. Does not that look as if this book had been divinely protected, as if God had guarded it all through the centuries?

Is it not an argument plain enough to every honest man and every honest woman, that a book divinely protected and in this shape, is in the very shape that God wants it? It pleases God, and ought to please us. The epidemics which have swept thousands of other books into the sepulchre of forgetfulness, have only brightened the fame of this. There is not one book out of a thousand that lives five years. Any publisher will tell you that. There will not be more than one book out of twenty thousand that will live a century. Yet, here is a book, much of it sixteen hundred years old, and much of it four thousand years old, and with more rebound and resilience and strength in it than when the book was first put upon parchment or papyrus. This book saw the cradle of all other books, and it will see their graves. Would you not think that an old book, like this, some of it forty centuries old, would come along hobbling with age and on crutches? Instead of that, more potent than any other book of the time. More copies of it printed in the last ten years than of any other book—Walter Scott's Waverly novels, Macaulay's History of England, Disraeli's Endymion, the works of Tennyson and Longfellow, and all the popular books of our time having no such sale in the last ten years as this old worn-out book. Do you know what a struggle a book has in order to get through one century or two centuries? Some old books during a fire in a Seraglio of Constantinople were thrown into the street. A man without any education picked up one of those books, read it, and did not see the value of it. A scholar looked over his shoulder, and saw it was the first and second decades of Livy, and he offered the man a large reward if he would bring the books to his study; but in the excitement of the fire the two parted, and the first and second decades of Livy were forever lost. Pliny wrote twenty books of history; all lost. The most of Menander's writings lost. Of one hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus, all gone but twenty. Eurinides wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but nineteen. Aesenvius wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but seven. Varro wrote the laborious biographies of seven hundred Romans; not a fragment left. Quintillian wrote his favorite book on the corruption of eloquence; all lost. Thirty books of Tacitus lost. Dion Cassius wrote eighty books, only twenty remain. Berosius' history all lost.

Nearly all the old books are mummified, and are lying in the tombs of old libraries, and perhaps once in twenty years some man comes along and picks up one of them, and blows the dust off, and opens it, and finds it the book he does not want. But this old Book, much of it forty centuries old, stands to-day more discussed than any other book, and it challenges the admiration of all the good and the spite and the venom and the animosity and the hypercriticism of earth and hell. I appeal to your common sense, if a book so divinely guarded and protected in its present shape, must not be in just the way that God wants it to come to us, and if it pleases God, ought it not to please us?

Not only have all the attempts to detract from the Book failed, but all the attempts to add to it. Many attempts were made to add the apocryphal books to the old Testament. The council of Trent, the synod of Jerusalem, the bishops of Hippo, all decided that the apocryphal books must be added to the Old Testament. "They must stay in," said those learned men; but they stayed out. There is not an intelligent Christian man that to-day will put the Book of Maccabees or the Book of Judith beside the Book of Isaiah or Romans. Then a great many said, "We must have books added to the New Testament," and there were epistles and gospels and apocalypses written and added to the New Testament, but they have all fallen out. You cannot add anything. You cannot subtract anything. Divinely protected Book in the present shape. Let no man dare to lay his hands on it with the intention of detracting from the Book, or casting out any of these holy pages.

Besides that, I am opposed to this expurgation of the Scriptures because if the attempt were successful, it would be the annihilation of the Bible. Infidel geologists would say, "Out with the book of Genesis;" infidel astronomers would say, "Out with the Book of Joshua;" people who do not believe in the atoning sacrifice would say, "Out with the Book of Leviticus;" people who do not believe in the miracles would say, "Out with all those wonderful stories in the Old and New Testament;" and some would say, "Out with the Book of Revelation;" and others would say, "Out with the entire Pentateuch," and the work would go on until there would not be enough of the Bible left to be worth as much as last year's almanac. The expurgation of the Scriptures means their annihilation.

I am also opposed to this proposed expurgation of the Scriptures for the fact that in proportion as people become self-sacrificing and good and holy and consecrated, they like the Book as it is. I have yet to find a man or a woman distinguished for self sacrifice, for consecration to God, for holiness of life, who wants the Bible changed. Many of us have inherited family Bibles. Those Bibles were in use twenty, forty, fifty, perhaps a hundred years in the generations. To-day take down those family Bibles, and find out if there are chapters which have been erased by lead pencil or pen, and if in any margins you can find the words, "This chapter not fit to read." There has been plenty of opportunity during the last half century privately to expurgate the Bible. Do you know any case of such expurgation? Did not your grandfather give it to your father, and did not your father give it to you.

Besides that, I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures, because the so-called indelicacies and cruelties of the Bible have demonstrated no evil result. A cruel book which produce cruelty—an unclean book will produce uncleanliness. Fetch me a victim. Out of all Christendom and out of all ages, fetch me a victim whose heart has been hardened to cruelty, or whose life has been made impure by this Book. Show me one. One of the best families I ever knew of, for thirty or forty years, morning and evening had all the members gathered together, and the servants of the household, and the strangers that happened to be within the gates—twice a day, without leaving out a chapter or a verse, they read this holy Book, morning by morning, night by night. Not only the older children, but the little child who could just spell her way through the verse while her mother helped her. The father beginning and reading one verse, and then all the members of the family in turn reading a verse. The father maintained his integrity, the mother maintained her integrity, the sons grew up and entered professions and commercial life, adorning every sphere of the life in which they lived, and the daughters went into families where Christ was honored, and all that was good and pure and righteous reigned perpetually. For thirty years that family endured the Scriptures. Not one of them ruined by them.

Now, if you will tell me of a family where the Bible has been read twice a day for thirty years, and the children have been brought up in that habit, and the father went to ruin, and the mother went to ruin, and the sons and daughters were destroyed by it—if you tell me of one such incident, I will throw away my Bible, or I will doubt your veracity. I tell you, if a man is shocked with what he calls the indelicacies of the word of God, he is prurient in his taste and imagination. If a man cannot read Solomon's Song without impure suggestion, he is either in his heart or in his life a libertine.

The Old Testament description of wickedness, uncleanness of all sorts, is purposely and righteously a disgusting account, instead of the Byronic and the Parisian vernacular, which makes sin attractive instead of appalling. When those old prophets point you to a lazaretto, you understand it is a lazaretto. When a man, having begun to do right, falls back into wickedness and gives up his integrity, the Bible does not say he was overcome by the fascinations of the festive board, or that he surrendered to convivialities, or that he became a little fast in his habits. I will tell you what the Bible says: "The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." No gilding of iniquity. No garlands on a death's head. No pounding away with a silver mallet at iniquity when it needs an iron sledge hammer.

I can easily understand how people brooding over the description of uncleanness in the Bible may get morbid in mind until they are as full of it as the wings and the beak and the nostril and the claw of a buzzard is full of the odors of a carcass; but what is wanted is not that the Bible be disinfected, but that you, the critic, have your mind and heart washed with carbolic acid.

Expurgate the Bible! You might as well go to the old picture galleries in Dresden and in Venice and in Rome and expurgate the old paintings. Perhaps you could find a foot of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment that might be improved. Perhaps you could throw more expression into Raphael's Madonna. Perhaps you could put more pathos into Rubens' Descent From the Cross. Perhaps you could change the crests of the waves in Turner's Slave Ship. Perhaps you might go into the old galleries of sculpture and change the forms and the postures of the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles. Such an iconoclast would very soon find himself in the penitentiary. But it is worse vandalism when a man proposes to re-fashion these masterpieces of inspiration, and to remodel the moral giants of this gallery of God.

Now, let us divide off. Let those people who do not believe the Bible and who are critical of this and that part of it, go clear over to the other side. Let them stand behind the devil's guns. There can be no compromise between infidelity and Christianity. Give us the out and out opposition of infidelity rather than the work of these hybrid theologians, these mongrel ecclesiastics, these half evoluted people, who believe the Bible and do not believe it, who accept the miracles and do not accept them, who believe in the inspiration of the scriptures and do not believe in the inspiration of the scriptures—trimming their belief on one side to suit the scepticism of the world, trimming their belief on the other side to suit the pride of their own heart, and feeling that in order to demonstrate their courage they must make the Bible a target and shoot at God.

Young man, do not be ashamed of your Bible. There is not a virtue but it commends, there is not a sorrow but it comforts, there is not a good law on the statue book of any country, but it is founded on these Ten Commandments. There are no braver, grander people in all the earth than the heroes and the heroines which it biographizes.

HOW A CHINAMAN ORDERS A WIFE

A recently returned traveller from Australia says that when one of the Chinamen there wants a wife he writes to a matrimonial agency in Hong King and requests that a maiden under 20, who has never left her father's house and never read a book, be sent to him. Her eyelashes must measure half an inch and her teeth be as white and sparkling as the pearls of Ceylon, her breath be as sweet as the odorous groves of Java and her heart as overflowing with affection for her unknown purchaser as is the greatest river in the world, the Yangtse Kiang, of clear water.

WOMANS WORLD

THE NECK AND ARMS.

A Little Hint Showing How They May be Developed.

A perfect neck is not often seen. The shoulders may be well rounded, and the skin white and fine, and yet ugly hollows and distinct shadows of collar bones completely spoil the contour. This can all be remedied, and that easily. Let any girl who has such a neck try the effect of gymnastics fifteen minutes every night and morning for a month. The result will surprise her. The gymnastics consist of pushing the arms straight out in front of the body with a jab for four times, then the same movement with the arms straight up in the air. Then from the side, and finally backward, always with shoulders thrown back, head erect, and chin well in. The object of these exercises is to develop the muscles of the neck, which, unless a girl has been brought up to all sorts of athletic exercises, particularly rowing and swimming, have never had full play. A month's trial will convince anyone of the merits of the prescription. Massage with cocoa butter is a capital thing to make the neck and shoulders fat and smooth, but it is a far more expensive method. Singing lessons often improve the throat as much as the voice itself, and many women who have no talent for music consider the money they spend for vocal instruction is "well worth it" when they see the change in their appearance.

The arms are a sore trial to many a woman, for a rough, beefy look on the upper arm seems impossible to overcome. Time, patience, a nail brush, and massage above all things, will remedy this worst of ills, which comes from imperfect circulation in almost all cases. The arms share, of course, in the daily bath, but that part of them does not receive the necessary washing and rubbing, hence the rough, reddened appearance of the skin.

Massage will work the desired results much more quickly than will anything else, but let the woman who cannot afford massage be her own masseuse for a time, and with the aid of bath-brush and unscented soap try what she can do. The rough treatment will not harden nor coarsen the skin, as might be thought, but, on the contrary, will render it wonderfully smooth and white.—New York Herald.

THE NEW WOMAN.

The Figure She Cuts in the World of Business To-day.

The real and the only New Woman, says the Philadelphia Record, is the Business Woman; and how far she is invading the province formerly monopolized by man may be perceived by a glance into the recent census bulletin. Of the total working population of the United States in 1890 there were 3,914,711 females to 18,820,950 males. This number of women in business employment represented an increase of 263 per cent. in the female industrial army during the previous decade. The increase has undoubtedly been far greater during the past half decade, however, than during all the interval between the censuses under comparison; and with a just equality of wages between women and men it may not be long before there will be an equality in the numbers of the two sexes in the industrial world.

Among Pennsylvania's total female working population of 1,959,091 there are 323,951 registered as in actual employment—about 20 per cent. of her eligible workwomen. It is curious to note the various figures for the differing trades, professions and pursuits, not only in this State, but throughout the Union. Broadly stated, there are 1,027,525 women engaged in the manufacturing and mechanical industries of the United States, 679,509 women carrying on agriculture, fisheries and mining, (there are 219 female coal miners), and 268,726 in the professions. This latter figure will seem surprising until it is remembered that 245,230 women are teachers. The army of professional women, exclusive of these school-serving teachers, is, however, 23,496 at the minimum estimate, almost as large as the standing army of the nation itself. The leading female occupation is still the old-fashioned domestic service, which numbers 1,205,876 women. There are, too, 32,593 boarding and lodging house hostesses. Dressmaking claims the hands of 288,155 and in its companion work there are 145,716 seamstresses. The old business of saleswoman numbers 58,449. Thus the bulk of the female working population is still to be found in the old pursuits, which, of course, has been inevitable.

In stenography and typewriting the fair sex outnumbers the stern sex 2 to 1. There are 21,185 clickers of the typewriter keys. Among queer new lines of work there may be mentioned 129 butchers, 191 carpenters, 83 undertakers, 24 hostlers, 4 locomotive engineers, 59 blacksmiths, two auctioneers and one pilot. Mirabile dictu, there are said to be 237 female hackmen! As for the professions there are 3,949 actresses and 1,235 clergywomen as an antidote; 4,555 female physicians and surgeons, 837 dentists and even two female veterinarians; 208 female lawyers, 22 architects, 888 journalists, 6,714 literary and scientific women and 10,810 devotees of the arts. At a cursory glance it seems plain that the New Woman is fast conquering an indisputable place for herself in the professions, if somewhat debarred from the larger practice of the trades.

Mrs. Hartley, of New Durham, has now received $3,000 of the $4,000 insurance which her husband had upon his life. The remaining $1,000 has been paid into court by the Home Circle, and a fight for its possession will take place between Mrs. Hartley and her son.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

(McClure's Magazine.)

The splendid steamship Adamant, of the celebrated Cross Bow line, left New York on her February trip under favorable circumstances. There had just been a storm on the ocean, so there was every chance that she would reach Liverpool before the next one was due.

Captain Rice had a little social problem to solve at the outset, but he smoothed that out with the tact which is characteristic of him. Two Washington ladies—official ladies—were on board, and the captain, old British seadog that he was, always had trouble in the matter of precedence with Washington ladies. Captain Rice never had any bother with the British aristocracy, because precedence is all set down in the bulky volume of Burke's Peerage, which the captain kept in his cabin, and so there was no difficulty. But a republican country is supposed not to meddle with precedence. It wouldn't, either, if it weren't for the women.

So it happened that Mrs. Assistant Attorney to the Senate Brownrig came to the steward and said that, ranking all others on board, she must sit at the right hand of the captain. Afterward Mrs. Second Adjutant to the War Department Digby came to the same perplexed official and said she must sit at the captain's right hand because in Washington she took precedence over everybody else on board. The bewildered steward confided his woes to the captain, and the captain said he would attend to the matter. So he put Mrs. War Department on his right hand, and then walked down the deck with Mrs. Assistant Attorney and said to her:

"I want to ask a favor, Mrs. Brownrig. Unfortunately, I am a little deaf in the right ear, caused, I presume, by listening so much with that ear to the fog horn year in and year out. Now, I always place the lady whose conversation I wish most to enjoy on my left hand at table. Would you oblige me by taking that seat this voyage? I have heard of you, you see, Mrs. Brownrig, although you have never crossed with me before."

"Why, certainly, captain," replied Mrs. Brownrig. "I feel especially complimented."

"And I assure you, madam," said the polite captain, "that I would not for the world miss a single word that," etc.

And thus it was amicably arranged between these two ladies. All this has nothing whatever to do with the story. It is merely an incident given to show what a born diplomat Captain Rice was and is to this day. I don't know any captain more popular with the ladies than he, and besides he is as good a sailor as crosses the ocean.

Day by day the good ship ploughed her way toward the east, and the passengers were unanimous in saying that they never had a pleasanter voyage for that time of the year. It was so warm on deck that many steamer chairs were out, and below it was so mild that a person might think he was journeying in the tropics. Yet they had left New York in a snowstorm with the thermometer away below zero.

"Such," said young Spinner, who knew everything, "such is the influence of the gulf stream."

Nevertheless, when Captain Rice came down to lunch the fourth day out his face was haggard and he looked furtive and anxious.

"Why, captain," said Mrs. Assistant Attorney, "you look as if you hadn't slept a wink last night."

"I slept very well, thank you, madam," replied the captain, "I always do."

"Well, I hope your room was more comfortable than mine. It seemed to me too hot for anything. Didn't you find it so, Mrs. Digby?"

"I thought it very nice," replied the lady at the captain's right, who generally found it necessary to take an opposite view from the lady at the left.

"You see," said the captain, "we have many delicate women and children on board, and it is necessary to keep up the temperature. Still, perhaps the man who attends to the steam rather over does it. I will speak to him."

The captain pushed from him his untasted food and went upon the bridge, casting his eye aloft at the signal waving from the masthead, silently calling for help to an empty horizon.

"Nothing in sight, Johnson?" said the captain.

"Not a speck, sir."

The captain swept the circular line of sea and sky with his glasses, then laid them down with a sigh.

"We ought to raise something this afternoon, sir," said Johnson; "we are right in their track, sir. The Fulda ought to be somewhere about."

"We are too far north for the Fulda, I am afraid," answered the captain.

"Well, sir, we should see the Vulcan before night, sir. She's had good weather from Queenstown."

"Yes. Keep a sharp lookout, Johnson."

"Yes, sir."

The captain moodily paced the bridge with his head down.

"I ought to have turned back to New York," he said to himself.

Then he went down to his own room, avoiding the passengers as much as he could, and had the steward bring him some beef tea. Even a captain cannot live on anxiety.

"Steamer off the bow port, sir" rang out the voice of the look-out at the prow. The man had sharp eyes, for a landsman could have seen nothing.

"Run and tell the captain," cried Johnson to the sailor at his elbow; as the sailor turned, the captain's head appeared up the stairway. He seized the glass and looked long at a single point on the horizon.

"It must be the Vulcan," he said at last.

"I think so, sir."

"Turn your wheel a few points to port and bear down on her."

Johnson gave the necessary order and the great ship veered around.

"Hello!" cried Spinner, on deck. "Here's a steamer. I found her. She's mine.'

Then there was a rush to the side of the ship. "A steamer in sight!" was the cry and all books and magazines at once lost interest. Even the placid, dignified Englishman, who was so uncommunicative, rose from his chair and sent his servant for his binocular. Children were helped up and told to be careful, while they tried to see the dim light of smoke so far ahead.

"Talk about the lane routes at sea," cried young Spinner, the knowing. "Bosh, I say. See! We're going directly for her. Think what it might be in a fog! Lane routes! Pure luck, I call it."

"Will we signal to her, Mr. Spinner?" gently asked the young lady from, Boston.

"Oh, certainly," answered young Spinner. "See, there's our signal flying from the masthead now. That shows them what line we belong to."

"Dear me, how interesting," said the young lady. "You have crossed many times, I suppose, Mr. Spinner?" ?

"Oh, I know my way about," answered the modest Spinner.

The captain kept the glasses glued to his eyes. Suddenly he almost let them drop.

"My God, Johnson!" he cried.

"She's flying a signal of distress, too!"

The two steamers slowly approached each other, and, when nearly alongside and about a mile apart, the bell of the Adamant rang to stop.

"There, you see," said young Spinner to his Boston girl, "she is flying the same flag at her masthead that we are."

"Then she belongs to the same line as this boat?"

"Oh, certainly," answered Mr. Cocksure Spinner.

"Oh, look! look! look!" cried the enthusiastic Indianapolis girl, who was going to study music in Germany.

Every one looked aloft and saw running up to the masthead a long line of fluttering, many colored flags. They remained in place for a few moments and then fluttered down again, only to give place to a different string. The same thing was going on on the other steamer.

"Oh, this is too interesting for anything," said Mrs. Assistant. "I am just dying to know what it all means. I have read of it so often, but never saw it before. I wonder when the captain will come down. What does it all mean?" asked the deck steward.

They are signaling to each other, madam."

"Oh, I know that; but what are they signaling?"

"I don't know, madam."

"Oh, see! see!" cried the Indianapolis girl, clapping her hands with delight. "The other steamer is turned round."

It was indeed so. The great ship was thrashing the water with her screw, and gradually the masts came in line and then her prow faced the east again. When this had been slowly accomplished the bell on the Adamant rang full speed ahead, and then the captain came slowly down the ladder that led from the bridge

"Oh, captain, what does it all mean?"

"Is she going back, captain? Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"What ship is it, captain?"

"She belongs to our line, doesn't she?"

"Why is she going back?"

"The ship," said the captain, slowly, "is the Vulcan, of the Black Bowling Line, that left Queenstown shortly after we left New York. She has met with an accident. Ran into some wreckage, it is thought, from the recent storm. Anyhow, there is a hole in her; and whether she sees Queenstown or not will depend a great deal on what weather we have and whether her bulkheads hold out. We will stand by her till we reach Queenstown."

"Are there many on board, do you think, captain?"

"There are fifty-seven in the cabin and over eight hundred steerage passengers," answered the captain.

"Why don't you take them on board, out of danger, captain?"

"Ah, madam, there is no need to do that. It would only delay us, and time is everything in a case like this. Besides, they will have ample warning if she is going down, and they will have time to get everybody in the boats. We will stand by them, you know."

"Oh, the poor creatures," cried the sympathetic Mrs. Second Adjutant. "Think of the awful position. May be engulfed at any moment. I suppose they are all on their knees in the cabin. How thankful they must have been to see the Adamant."

On all sides there was the profoundest sympathy for the unfortunate passengers of the Vulcan. Cheeks paled at the very thought of the catastrophe that might take place at any moment within sight of the sister ship. It was a realistic object lesson of the ever present dangers of the sea. While those on deck looked with new interest at the steamship plunging along within a mile of them, the captain slipped away to his room. As he sat there there was a tap at his door.

"Come in," shouted the captain.

The silent Englishman slowly entered.

"What's wrong, captain?" he asked.

"Oh, the Vulcan has had a hole stove in her and signaled—"

"Yes, I know all that, of course, but what's wrong with us?"

"With us?" echoed the captain, blankly.

"Yes, with the Adamant? What has been amiss for the last two or three days? I'm not a talker nor am I afraid any more than you are, but I want to know."

"Certainly," said the captain. "Please shut the door, Sir John."

* * * * *

Meanwhile there was a lively row on board the Vulcan. In the saloon Captain Flint was standing at bay with his knuckles on the table.

"Now, what the devil's the meaning of all this?" cried Adam K. Vincent, member of congress.

A crowd of frightened women were standing around, many on the verge of hysterics. Children clung with pale faces to their mothers' skirts, fearing they knew not what. Men were grouped with anxious faces, and the bluff old captain fronted them all.

"You know very well. What is the meaning of our turning around?"

"It means, sir, that the Adamant has eighty-five saloon passengers and nearly five hundred intermediate and steerage passengers who are in the most deadly danger. The cotton in the hold is on fire they have been fighting it night and day. A conflagration may break out at any moment. It means, then, sir, that the Vulcan is going to stand by the Adamant."

A wail of anguish burst from the frightened women at the awful fate that might be in store for so many human beings so near to them and they clung closer to their children and thanked God that no such danger threatened them and those dear to them.

"And, sir," cried the congressman, do you mean to tell us that we have to go against our will—without ever being consulted—back to Queenstown?"

"I mean to tell you so, sir."

"Well, by the gods, that's an outrage, and I won't stand it, sir. I must be in New York by the 27th, I won't stand it, sir.'

"I am very sorry, sir, that anybody should be delayed."

"Delayed? Hang it all, why don't you take the people on board and take 'em to New York? I protest against this. I'll bring a lawsuit against the company, sir."

"Mr. Vincent," said the captain, sternly, "permit me to remind you that I'm captain of this ship. Good afternoon, sir."

The congressman departed from the saloon exceedingly wroth, breathing dire threats of legal proceedings against the line and the captain personally, but most of the passengers agreed that it would be an inhuman thing to leave the Adamant alone in mid ocean in such terrible straits.

"Why didn't they turn back, Captain Flint?" asked Mrs. General Weller.

"Because, madam, every moment is of value in such a case, and we are nearer Queenstown than New York."

And so the two steamships, side by side, worried their way toward the east, always within sight of each other by day and with the rows of light in each visible at night to the sympathetic souls on the other. The sweltering men poured water into the hold of the one, and the pounding pumps poured water out of the hold of the other, and thus they reached Queenstown.

On board the tender that took the passengers ashore at Queenstown from both steamers two astonished women met each other.

"Why, Mrs.—General—Weller! You don't mean to say you were on board that unfortunate Vulcan!"

"For the land's sake, Mrs. Assistant Brownrig! Is that really you? Will wonders never cease? Unfortunate, did you say? Mighty fortunate for you, I think. Why, weren't you just frightened to death?"

"I was, but I had no idea anyone I knew was on board."

"Well, you were on board yourself. That would have been enough to have killed me."

"On board myself? Why, what do you mean? I wasn't on board the Vulcan. Did you get any sleep at all after you knew you might go down at any moment?"

"My sakes, Jane, what are you talking about? Down at any moment? It was you that might have gone down at any moment, or, worse still, have been burnt; don't mean to say you didn't know the Adamant was on fire most of the way across?"

"Mrs.—General — Weller! There's some horrible mistake. It was the Vulcan. Everything depended on her bulkheads, the captain said. There was a hole as big as a barn door in the Vulcan. The pumps were going night and day."

Mrs. General looked at Mrs. Assistant as the light began to dawn upon both of them.

"Then it wasn't the engines, but the pumps," she said.

"And it wasn't the steam, but the fire," screamed Mrs. Assistant. "Oh, dear, how that captain lied, and I thought him such a nice man, too. Oh, I shall go into hysterics. I know I shall."

"I wouldn't, if I were you," said the sensible Mrs. General, who was a strong-minded woman; "besides it's too late. We're all pretty safe now. I think both captains were pretty sensible men. Evidently married, both of 'em."

Which was quite true.

CHAFF AND WHEAT.

When love has the power, it will always help.

When you find yourself getting down-hearted, look up.

The more the church mixes with the world, the less it can do to save sinners.

If you let the sun go down upon your wrath, it may stay there until the judgment day.

The man who is living only for himself couldn't be engaged in any smaller business.

So many make the mistake of trying to lead a successful Christian life without Christ.

Somehow people who would have done thus and so, if they had been there, never get there.

It is as bad to reject Christ now as it was to crucify Him.

A good sermon will be sure to outlive the preacher.

The greater the house built on the sand the more foolish the man who builds it.

Never step over one duty to perform another. Take them as they come.

The man who does not improve his talent will be sure to misjudge his Master.

BEAT THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

For Thirty Years John Stipple Has Enjoyed Slumber,

OCCASIONALLY CALLING "WHOA!"

Slumber of a Jerseyman That Unquestionably Breaks the Record—Living in a Half Dead State, He Occasionally Comes to Consciousness—He Was Regarded as a Prophet.

A Flemington, N. J., despatch says: In the Flemington River valley, two miles from the little town of Ringoes, lives John Stipple, who has slept almost continuously the last thirty years. The case is a remarkable one, and it has puzzled a good many physicians, who have visited the little farmhouse in which Stipple does his slumbering from time to time for the purpose of making a study of his case. The man is now about 50 years old, and but for the fact that he looks haggard and pale his face has the same appearance that it had thirty years ago, when John was a hearty youth of 20 years.

Stipple's long sleep began under peculiar circumstances. It was in the winter of 1865. He had married the daughter of a farmer who lived in the vicinity of Copper Hill, and the wedding party, consisting of a dozen or so young friends of the couple, decided to take a sleigh ride on the Flemington river, which was frozen over and supposed to be safe. During the trip Stipple's horse stepped into an air hole, and in floundering around broke up the ice so that the sleigh containing the bride and groom went into the water. The young woman was saved with some difficulty, and Stipple was at last got out, but he was unconscious and to all appearances dead. He was taken to the home that he had prepared for his bride, and after a couple of physicians had worked over him several hours in the hope of restoring him they declared that he was beyond human aid, and in less than twelve hours he had apparently ceased to breathe. Stipple was supposed to be dead, and he was prepared for burial. The day was fixed for the funeral, and the young widow was nearly crazy.

APPROPRIATE EXCLAMATION.

The night before the man was to be buried, Henry Wilcox and Jason Dalton, two of his friends, were sitting up with the corpse. They had a euchre deck, and were doing their best to pass the time pleasantly with the cards. About 1 o'clock in the morning Wilcox had picked up the cards to shuffle, when a voice in the room where Stipple's remains lay shouted "Whoa, there," That was all, but it was enough to bring Wilcox and Dalton to their feet with their hair up in the air and their eyes hanging out. They finally braced up and went into the room with the purpose of finding out where the voice came from. There was nobody in sight but Stipple, and to the amazement of the two men he had turned over on his side. He was apparently dead, and after trying all the ways with which they were familiar to discover if the man breathed, and failing, the watchers straightened Stipple out on his back, covered his face again, and left the room to talk it over. No more sounds came from the room that night, but in the morning the supposed corpse was found lying on his side again. The story of what the watchers had heard and seen was told, and Mrs. Stipple refused to allow her husband's body to be buried. The physicians tried every means known to the profession to restore Stipple to his normal condition, but without avail, and at last they gave up the undertaking, declaring again the man was dead. This, however, the wife refused to believe, and she could not be induced to consent to the interment of the body.

Six weeks Stipple lay without manifesting signs of life, and then one morning, while his wife was attending to household duties in the adjoining room, she heard somebody shout, "Whoa, there!" She hurried into the room where her husband was, and found him sitting up, with his arms extended, as if he was driving a horse. Overjoyed at the sight, Mrs. Stipple threw her arms around her husband, and fell to weeping. Stipple showed no signs of recognition, but called for something to eat and drink. His wife brought him some meat and a glass of milk. He refused to eat the food, but drank the milk, and called for more. He eagerly swallowed several glasses of milk, and then lying down resumed his apparently breathless sleep.

It was two months before Stipple was again heard from. One day a preacher, who had a wide reputation for being able to cure obstinate diseases through prayer, came to the Stipple residence at the request of the sleeper's wife, and, kneeling by the bedside, began to pray. When he had reached a point in his appeal for the restoration of Stipple to health he was interrupted by the man crying out, "Whoa, there!" The preacher stopped praying. Stipple sat up in bed as before, and with an expression of great anxiety on his face appeared to be struggling with a horse. He soon fell back on the pillows and feebly called for food. As before, meat and milk were brought to him, but he swallowed only the milk. He drank nearly a gallon of it before he was satisfied, and then became unconscious again. The preacher, at the earnest request of the man's wife, once more began to pray, but Stipple showed no further signs of life.

ALWAYS THE SAME CRY.

For ten years the man remained in this condition, awakening at irregular intervals, and always shouting "Whoa, there!" and appearing to be engaged in holding a horse. The excitement of the night when he and his bride broke through the ice on the Flemington River seemingly remained with him. Whenever he awoke he would drink large quantities of milk, and refused to eat solid food.

One day, about twenty years ago, Mrs. Stipple was engaged in sweeping out the room in which her husband lay, when he suddenly cried out: "Thank, God, Susie, you was saved!" Mrs. Stipple was wild with joy, believing that the spell upon her husband had at last been broken. He appeared to be in full possession of his mental faculties, and talked with his wife about the occurrences of the eventful night ten years before. What had taken place since then was a blank to him, and he talked as if he had awoke from a night's sleep. He asked if the farm hand had milked, and how long before breakfast would be ready. Fearing the effect that the knowledge might have on her husband, Mrs. Stipple did not tell him how long ago it was that those affairs he had been talking of took place. She told him that John was then doing the chores at the barn, and that she would have breakfast ready in a short time. She sat on the edge of the bed, with her arms around her husband, her heart brimming over with thankfulness that he had been restored to her with his reason, when his head suddenly fell forward and he was once more in a profound slumber.

At this stage of the case a remarkable change occurred. The next day Mrs. Stipple and the farm hand were in the room, talking over the affairs about the farm.

"Orrin Whiting wants to buy the Jersey heifer for $40," said the farm hand. "What shall I do about it?"

"Sell her," said Stipple, before his wife could answer.

Mrs. Stipple rushed to her husband's side, thinking that he was awake again, but he appeared to be deeply asleep, and all efforts that she made to arouse him failed. He would converse with her, however, answer her questions intelligently and give her advice about the affairs of the farm, but no effort of hers could make him open his eyes or speak further.

REGARDED AS A PROPHET.

As before, at irregular intervals he awoke, sat up in bed and drank milk, but on these occasions he gave no evidence that he remembered what had transpired or what he had talked about while asleep. His spells of wakefulness never lasted more than three-quarters of an hour, and there were frequently ten weeks between them. The peculiar power of foresight, clairvoyance, or whatever it may be, has grown upon the man, and he is now put to use by farmers and curious persons who are desirous of knowing what the weather is going to be or what the future holds for them. There are hundreds of men and women living within a radius of twenty-five miles of Ringoes whose faith in Stipple's ability to correctly forecast events is solid and firm as the hills. People come from far away to have the man tell what is in store for them, and the contribution of money from that source has enabled Mrs. Stipple to surround herself with all the comforts of living.

CONCENTRATED EXTRACT.

Lord Kelvin maintains that the earth is 100,000,000 years old.

Until forty years ago Japanese were vaccinated on the tip of the nose.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.—A. Dumas.

Money would be more enjoyable if it took people as long to spend it as it does to earn it.—Economist.

Promises made in the time of affliction require a better memory than people commonly possess.—A. Daudet.

Those things which engage us merely by their novelty cannot abstract us for any length of time.—Pierre Loti.

Every man should carry a big lot of life insurance; after his death it will help his wife in marrying again.

Some pretty materials for bathing suits are being offered at $3 a yard. A half-dollar ought to pay for a fashionable suit, trimming and all.

Men should really be in favor of bloomers. No matter how awkward they are, they can't possibly step on a lady's train if she wears bloomers.

Let the memory of those oversights by which we have suffered instruct us, for though past moments cannot be recalled, past errors may be repeated.—A. DeMusset.

Australia has begun shipping horses to England as an experiment, after building up a very successful busines in that line with India, both in cavalry remounts and racers.

The Commissioner of the United States Patent Office reports for the year 1894 36,987 applications for patents, 1,357 for designs, 2,053 for registration of trademarks and 2,286 caveats.

With love the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, glowing with sunshine and warm hues and exhaling sweet odors; but without love it is a bleak desert, covered with ashes.—Charles Warren.

The Chinese burglar takes an ingredient of his own, burns it and blows the smoke through the keyhole of the bedroom where the master of the house is asleep. The fumes dull the senses of the victim just enough to make him helpless, while at the same time permitting him to see and hear everything that goes on in the room. The only antidote against this charm is pure water, and most of the wealthy Chinese sleep with a basin of this near their heads.

The canal which will connect Marseilles with the River Rhone will run 4 1-2 miles of its length through a tunnel. The total length of the canal will be 35 miles, and its width will be great enough for two boats each of 46 feet beam to pass. The estimated cost of the undertaking is £16,000,000.

Mrs. Tupenny—So you never tell your husband anything?

Mrs. Manhattan—No. There's nothing to tell. He finds it all out for himself.

The London Daily News says it understands that the rearrangement of the Baring capital has now been settled.

THE WEEKLY NEWS

Published Every Tuesday
At Union, B. C.
M. Whitney Editor

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Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, 50 cents each insertion.

No Advertisment inserted for less than 50 cents.

Tuesday, Aug. 13, 1895.

NEWS BUILDING

It will be admitted that the new two storey NEWS building— the home of THE WEEKLY NEWS— though not so large as some others, is by far the handsomest business structure in the town, which is unusually well built We mention this in order to give proper credit to Mr. A. Pare, the architect, whose rare skill and excellent taste are exemplified to the passer by in its beautiful exterior. Mr. Carthew, the contractor, and his foreman, Mr. Manuel, are also entitled to much credit for the carrying out of the design in its construction; Messers Theobald & Scott, painters, for artistic work where by colors have re enforced forms of beauty. The splendid sign in large metal letters— THE NEWS —in alto-relievo, upon the forehead of the building, was the work of Mr. C. H. Tarbell; the turning work, including columns and rosetts was done by Messrs Bennett & Grant whose establishment is at the sawmill of Messrs Grant & Mounce, who furnished the lumber. The beautiful scroll work was execu- by Mr. R. B. Anderson.

TOO SENTIMENTAL

We have no sympathy with the position taken by the Chicago clergymen against Stanford university, because of its use of money, to carry out its worthy objects, obtained by the sale of brandy by the Stanford estate The temperance people may object to the sale of brandy but not to the proper use of the avails of such sales. We might as well say the government should, after taking money for licenses or the sale of intoxicating drink, hesitate to use it for its legitimate needs. The individual who wrongfully obtains money may be tainted by the transaction, but the money, if gotten legally may be properly put to good use. If a person attends church whose business we do not approve, it is folly to reject his contribution. The wicked may be made use of to advance the kingdom.

HEROES OF LIFE

We not uncommonly hear it said that the world is full of heroes, and heroines —men and women, who, attracting no recognition, live uncomplaining lives of helpfulness. But are such persons properly to be considered heroic? Doubtless they display fortitude and many of the noble qualities. Martyrdom would seem more fitly to describe their condition. An inglorious person is not a hero. The wasting of sweetness on the desert air is not heroic. To be a real hero one must rise into the region of success. He must overcome the obstacles that beset his path. He must come up out of the desert and be able to stand upon an eminence. Not suffering for others but achieving some good for them, and that in the face of difficulty is the true essence of heroism. Weakness may weep, but that will not uplift the fallen. Strength and the use of it for a noble purpose, undeterred by the presence of danger, where the object sought is worthy the effort, produce the strands and flowers out of which is woven the badge of heroism.

WHY NOT?

Union has become the business centre of the district. Probably nineteen twentieths of all the mercantile affairs of all the district are transacted here. Three fourths of all the inhabitants of the district are residents of this place. This is the market for the farmers. Why should not then the government agent, registra, collector and assessor be all located here? Manifestly such a change is desirable, and would be in the public interest. The County court should also be held here and sit at regular stated periods, and a deputy registra stationed here. We are already fully one half the size of Nanaimo and in three or four years will doubtless rival her in population and in the volume of business transacted.

OFFICIAL VISIT.

Mr. F.S. Roper, the Provincial Veterinary Surgeon was up here last week from Victoria. He spent several days doing the district and thoroughly examiniag the live stock. He found one tuberculous cow, belonging to a prominent farmer, which was killed (the cow not the farmer) and a clean bill of health given as to the remainder of his stock. With the exception noted all stock in the district was found healthy.

One thing which Dr. Roper found especially interesting was Comox valley. It is,he declared, the loveliest valley in the province, and its farmers among the most prosperous. The valley speaks for itself. It is a picture of beauty. He regarded the fact that the farmers had a home market in Union a matter for congratulation. Dr. Roper appeared to take a great interest in his work, and it is a matter of no small importance to have the stock, so to speak, thoroughly overhauled by one competent to judge, and find that everything is all right. Even Union which gets its supply of beef, mution and pork from the surrounding country is gratified that the farmers can show a clean bill of health for their stock.

HORNBY ISLAND NEWS.

August 7th

Haying is through with now Some of the grain fields are beginning to turn yellow and harvesting will shortly begin in earnest.

Mr. T.D. McLean, the jeweller was here last week for a little outing.

Mrs. J.B. Holmes, Miss Emma Mc Donald, Miss Flora McDonald, and quite an accompaniment of children arrived from Comox on the s.s. Joan's previous trip. They went to Tribune Bay to camp. This island is increasing its reputation as one of the most attractive one's in the gulf, attested by the increasing number of pleasure seekers finding their way here. This was a favorite resort of the late Governor Trutch.

There was a very pleasant social at Mr J. Chalmer's residence last week. The ladies present were Miss Maria Ford, Miss Elizabeth Ford, Miss Emma Mc Donald, Miss Flora McDonald, Miss Florence Scott, Miss Celia Scott, Mrs B. Holmes, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Seawright. There was an enjoyable dance followed by refreshments.

When the s.s. Joan was here last Thursday, Captain Locke examined by soundings and otherwise both Goose Spit and Ford's Cove. It seems there is a contest between settlers as to which place is the most suitable for a wharf. The government consequently referred the matter to the pilot and master of the present mail boat for a report, upon which action will be taken.

Mr. J. B Holmes came down from Comox on Friday.

The Holmes and McDonald party left for home on the Thistle on Saturday. They expressed themselves as highly delighted with their outing.

CHEAP MILLINERY.

Until August 25th I will sell off the balance of my summer stock at cost.
Miss Nash, Union.

NOTICE

All my outstanding accounts have been placed in the hands of A.D. Williams of Union for collection.
J.J. Grant.

NOTICE.

My ranch of 160 acres, one mile from Comox Bay. It has a good house, barn, chicken house. and 20 acres of cultivated land, all in good condition.
J. W. McKenzie, Courtenay

CUMBERLAND SHOE SHOP.

I have moved into my new shop on First St. next to the Customs office, where I am prepared to manufacture and repair all kinds of men's, women's, and children's shoes. Give me a call.
Nelson Parks.

NOTICE.

Courtenay, May 13th, 1895.—To all interested: I have this day appointed Mr Tom Beckensell to collect all outstanding accounts due to the Anley estate during my tempory absence from the district
W.A. Mathewson, Assignee.

TENDERS.

The undersigned will receive tenders up to noon of Tuesday the 20th of August for the purchase of the excellent organ used in the Reading Room Hall, the proceeds of which will be given to the Union and Comox District Hospital.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
Thos. Russell, Union.

CHEAPER THAN WHOLESALE.

We are determined to close out our Summer stuff at less than wholssale prices. All other goods reduced away down.

We are selling goods from 20 to 30 % less than you can buy elsewhere. Sale continued during August.

SLOAN & SCOTT.

Summer Neckwear
in all the Latest Styles
Summer Shirts
in Great Variety
Summer Suiting
The latest in English and Scotch Tweeds.

LAWSON & McLEOD, DUNNE BLOCK.
Tailors and Gents Furnishers

COURTENAY HOUSE.

COURTENAY, B.C.

The leading hotel in Comox district. New and handsomely furnished, excellent hunting and fishing close to town. Tourists can depend on first-class accommodation. Reasonable rates. Bar supplied with the choicest liquors and cigars

R. Graham, Propr.

Robert J. Wenborn.
Machine Works, Nanaimo
Dealer in the following Bicycles:
H. P. Davis of Toronto
English Wheels, Beaston, Humber, Rudge, New Howe and Whitworth. Will sell on installment plan or big discount for cash. Parts supplied — Repairing a Specialty. Great Reduction in Prices.

R. B. ANDERSON.
Watchmaker and Jeweler
General worker in Metals
Jobbing of all kinds
Office and Works Third Street, near NEWS office.
UNION B. C.

Society Cards

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

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

Hiram Lodge No 14 A.F .& A.M., B.C.R
Courtenay B. C.
Lodge meets on every Saturday on or before the full of the moon
Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.
R. S. McConnell,
Secretary.

Loyal Sunbeam Lodge No. 100, C. O. O. F., meet in their lodge room over McPhee's store, Courtenay, every second Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. M. Fulton, Sec.

Cumberland Encampment.
No. 5, I. O. O. F., Union.
Meets first and third Wednesdays of each month at 8 o'clock p. m. Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.
R. Gourlay, Scribe.

Nelson Camp No. 44 of the Canadian Order of the Woodmen of the World meets every 2nd and 4th Wednesday evening at 8 p.m. Visiting neighbours cordially invited to attend.
Geo. Hull, Secretary.

TIN SHOP.

I HAVE OPENED A SHOP
On Dunsmuir Ave., Union
OPPOSITE THE NEWS OFFICE
Where I am prepared to do all kinds
—OF—
Tin work
Sheet-iron work
Roofing
Job work
AND Repairing
And will endeavor to give satisfaction and hope to receive a fair share of public patronage. C. H. Tarbell

CUMBERLAND MEAT MARKET

CHOICEST FRESH MEATS & FRESH FARM PRODUCE
Lowest CASH Price
A. C. FULTON.

Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer Joan
L. P. LOCKE, MASTER.
On and after Mar. 22nd, 1893
The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows
CALLING AT WAY PORTS as passengers and freight may offer
Leave Victoria, Tuesday, 7 a. m.
" Nanaimo for Comox, Wednesday, 7 a. m
Leave Comox for Nanaimo, Fridays, 7 a.m
" Nanaimo for Victoria Saturday, 7 a.m
For freight or state rooms apply on board, or at the Company's ticket office, Victoria Station, Store street.

F. Curran
SCAVENGER
UNION, B C.

COMOX BAY STORE
Comox, B. C.
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES. ALSO FLOUR, FEED, Etc., AT
LOWEST CASH PRICE
A. W RENNISON, Mgr

Riverside Hotel

Courtenay, B. C.
Geo. Dunbar, Prop.

Best of Liquors
Finest of Cigars
Good Table
and
Courteous Attention

The Famous
DOMINION PANTS CO
361 & 366 St. James St.
MONTREAL.

SUITS
To order
$13
PANTS
$3

Send for Samples. Prompt delivery. Perfect fit guaranteed.

Union Saw Mill.

LUMBER

All Kinds of Rough and Dressed lumber always on hand and delivered at short notice.

MOULDINGS.

Also all kinds of sawn and split shingles and dressed pine and cedar.

STUMPING.

Stumping done at reasonable rates by our Giant Stumper.

WOOD.

Coal, brick and lime on hand and delivered at short notice.

R.Grant & L. Mounce, Proprs.

LIVERY.

I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming
At reasonable rates.
D. Kilpatrick,
Union, B.C.

TEAMING.

103

LOCALS.

Government agent Creech of Comox left Friday morning on board the ss. Joan.

Miss Laura Abrams was a passenger last Friday on the Joan to Nanaimo where she will attend the high school.

Mrs. John Williams and daughter left for the east Friday on a visit among relatives.

Mr. E. E. Archard who was an inmate of the hospital for some weeks has reached his home in Fremont, Nebraska.

Mr. Smith, surveyor, went to Wellington on Friday.

Wm. McCape, reached here on Friday from Wellington with a scow load of 65,000 bricks for the Union Colliery Co.

Lawyers Barker and Young were both up from Nanaimo last week, Barker remaining over during this week

J. W. Jenkins, the photographer, was a passenger down, on the Joan, to Denman Island, Friday.

We were pleased to notice the genial face of Mr. P. Dunne of Vancouver on our streets last week.

A low, modern built truck and a fashionable hack are additions to our livery outfits.

Mr. Wm. Lewis, of Courtenay, is on a visit to Denman Island

Mr. Cunliffe has the contract for the erection of two new cottages for Williams & Hunter.

A. D. Williams has purchased 400 acres of land a little east of the townsite.

The NEWS is much indebted to Mr. Geo. Heatherbell of Hornby Island for a box of fruit and choice vegetables from his farm.

Mr. John Comb has leased the Dowell place as a boarding house. He has already 25 boarders and the table is highly spoken of.

When the Japanese desire to indicate that one is blowing his own horn they say more politely, "He's blowing a conch shell".

Mr. Scofield of Salt Spring Island won the Nixon sailing canoe at the raffle at Union hotel last Monday. The lucky number was 45.

We have received from Chas. E. Tisdall, Cordova street, Vancouver his new catalogue of arms, ammunition and sporting goods. It is well illustrated, and elegently printed, giving the design of the lattest improved makes, and a synopsis of the game laws of British Columbia.

Mrs. T. Nelson of Denman Island has brought suit to recover her interest in the estate of her former husband, James McFarlane.

The report comes from Nanaimo that the Salvation Army is preparing to occupy this town and establish here a permanent garrison.

Spring medicines for cleansing the system and blood at Pimoury's drug store.

Who doesn't want a good organ? The one in use at the Reading Room hall is an excellent one, and to be sold on tenders. See ad. This is a chance not often had.

FOR SALE.—A pair of heavy three year old mares, well broke; have been working all spring on farm. Easy terms if required. Apply to Geo. A. Heatherbell, Hornby Island.

Get your guns and rifles fixed before the season is in. Anderson can do it neatly.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.—The Steam Yacht "Vachie", 10 tons register. Sale to take place on 19th Aug. at the B. C. Co's wharf, Vancouver.

For further particulars apply to Nixon, Denman Island.

Geo. Goldsmith had a hearing before Stipendiary Magistrate Abrams last Thursday for passing a worthless Confederate $20 bill upon Mrs. Piket. He was held for trial before a higher court, and taken down by special constable on the Joan to the Gaol House, Nanaimo.

On Monday, August 5th a large bear visited the premises of Mr. T. J. Williams of Comox valley and boldly attacked and slaughtered a sow weighing over 300 lbs. The farmers of the valley have suffered badly from the denizens of the forest this season.

Farmers and teamsters will be pleased to learn that we have a Harness Shop at last established in our midst. Mr. Willard, the proprietor, comes well recommended as a man of experience. He has established himself temporarily in the building until lately occupied by THE NEWS. There will be no good reason hereafter to send money out of the district for goods in his line. Give him a call.

The Small Debts Court has done a lively busines during the past week showing how much it was needed. Judge Abrams appears at home on the bench and dispatches business with promptness and impartiality. It will not be our policy to publish a list of the cases passed upon unless there is some special matter connected with a case whereby it becomes of interest to the public. Criminal cases and suits in the higher court for large amount rest upon a different basis.

W. CHENEY & CO.

Will open an Auction Room in Williams & Hunters' new block Union, B. C. about Aug. 1st.

All kinds of personal goods auctioned off on commission, and money advanced on bankrupt stock.

CEMETERY FUND.

Cash subscribtions received so far are as follows:

Sam Davis, $10; Simon Leiser, $5; W. Gleason, $5; W. Roy, $5; Dr. Lawrence, $5; L. Mounce $5; J. McKim & Sons; $2.50; A. C. Fulton, $2. E. Pimbury & Co. 2.50; O. H. Fechner, $2; T. D. McLean, $2; W. F. Lawson, $1; R. Sauser, $1; G. H Scott, $1; Thos. Horn, $1 Cash, $2

This list will be kept standing until the canvass is closed, and will be added to as subscriptions are received. Help along the good work.

H. A. Simpson

Barrister & Solicitor, No's 2 & 4 Provincial Bldgs.

NANAIMO, B. C

Walter Harvey.

Notary Public. Conveyancer, Accountant Estate Agent

Private tuition.

Office over McPhee & Moore's store.

Miss B. B. Williams,

Teacher of Music, Shorthand and Typewriting

Pupils can have free use of Typewriter and Piano for practice.

BARKER AND POTTS,

BARRISTERS,

SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.

Office Room 2, McPhee & Moore B'l'd'g and at

NANAIMO, B. C.

P. O. DRAWER 18.

A. Pare

PRACTICAL ARCHITECT

—AND—

BRIDGE & WHARF BUILDER.

UNION, B.C.

UNION Bakery

UNION, B. C.

Best of Bread, Cakes and Pies always on hand.

The Bread Cart will be a Courtenay and Comox Tuesdays and Fridays.

Adderton & Rowbotham, Prop

HOTEL DICKSON

UNION B.C

Dickson & Co., Props.

This Hotel is fitted up with a degree of Elegance and regard to Comfort and Convenience hitherto unknown outside of the large cities.

—CHOICEST— LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Table Unsurpassed

Empire P. and P. Co.

A. C. Theobald, Manager.

P. O. Box 151.

HOUSE, SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS

Wall paper kept in stock

Sole Agents for White Enamel and Gold Signs.

WAVERLY UNION, B.C.

A. LINDSAY, LESSEE. **HOUSE.**

NOW READY FOR THE RECEPTION OF GUESTS. FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATION FOR THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC. RATES REDUCED TO REGULAR BOARDERS

By the month, $25.
By the week, $6.
Single meals, 25 cts.
Tickets for 21 meals, $5.00

EVERY CONVENIECE FOR MINERS

Nanaimo Saw Mill.

—AND—

Sash and Door

FACTORY

A. HASLAM, Prop

(OFFICE—MILL STREET.)

(P. O. Drawer 36. Telephone Call, 1-9)

NANAIMO, B. C.

A complete stock of Rough and Dressed Lumber always on hand. Also Shingles, laths, Pickets, Doors, Windows and Blinds. Moulding, Scroll Sawing, Turning, and all kinds of wood finishing furnished.

Cedar. White Pine. Redwood.

H. J. Theobald,

House and Sign Painter,

Paper-Hanging, Kalsomining and Decorating.

GRAINING A SPECIALTY.

All Orders Promptly Attended to

Union, B. C.

A *FINE* STOCK

of Clocks, Watches, Books and Stationery.

T. D. McLean

—:JEWELER:—

UNION, B. C.

PUMPS

Manufactured

—and—

Wood Turning

=DONE=

by *Bennett & Grant*

Union, B.C.

Cumberland Hotel.

Union, B. C.

The finest hotel building

Fixtures and Bar

North of Victoria,

And the best kept house.

Spacious Billiard Room and new Billiard and Pool Tables

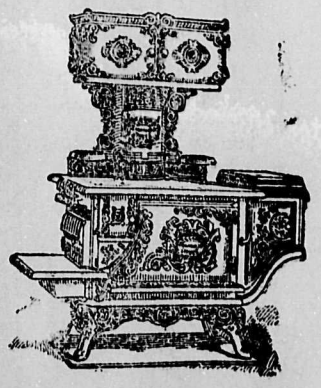
Best of Wines and Liquors.

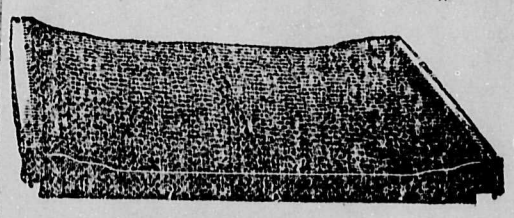
J. Piket, Prop.

Union Mines

Furniture Store.

A Full Line of Everything Including Curtains, Carpets and Rugs, and our Celebrated woven wire

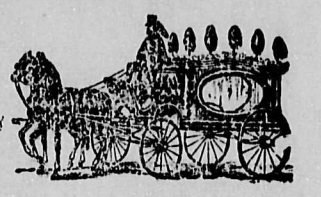




In Separate Apartment we keep Second Hand Furniture

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

We conduct every branch of the Undertaking Business including Embalming, and keep all necessary supplies



CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS

Grant & McGregor

Puntledge Bottling Works.

DAVID JONES, Proprietor,

MANUFACTURER OF

SDOA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,

Sarsaparalla, Champagne Cider, Iron Phosphates and Syrups.
Bottler of Different Brands of Lager Beer, Steam Beer and Porter
Agent for the Union Brewery Company.

KEG BEER SOLD FOR CASH ONLY

COURTENAY, B. C.

Stage and Livery

COURTENAY, B. C.

Fine Rigs at Reasonable Rates Always on Hand,

Teaming Promptly Done,

McQUILLAN & GILMORE.

PISO'S CURE FOR The Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. CONSUMPTION

I presume we have used over one hundred bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption in my family, and I am continually advising others to get it. Undoubtedly it is the

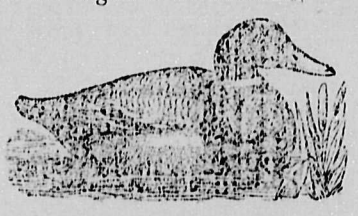
Best Cough Medicine

I ever used.—W. C. MILTENBERGER, Clarion, Pa., Dec. 29, 1894.——I sell Piso's Cure for Consumption, and never have any complaints.—E. SHOREY, Postmaster, Shorey, Kansas, Dec. 21st, 1894.

PISO'S CURE FOR The Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. CONSUMPTION

GUNS! GUNS! GUNS!

My Stock for 1895 is now arriving and when complete will be the largest in the Province.



Winchester and Marlin Rifles in every calibre made.

Greener, Tisdall, W. Richards and Clabrough Shot Guns,

Reloading tools, Game bags, Cartridges, Powder and Shot,

Full Catalogue now out,

CHAS E. TISDALL, Vancouver.

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.

NOTICE.

Persons using the mules and horses of the Union Colliery Co. without permission will be prosecuted according to law.

F.D. Little, Supt.

Nanaimo Cigar Factory

Phillip Gable and Co., Prop's

Baston Street — Nanaimo B. C.

Manufactures the finest cigars and employes none but white labor.

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

ISSUE NO. 26 1895.

FARM AND GARDEN

AGRICULTURE.

Potatoes raised on poor and inferior soils are of a second rate quality, and become waxy after cooking. This is because they lack the requisite amount of starch, for which increased production of starch experience shows that nitrogenous manures are necessary. Thus supplied, they acquire a certain amount of mealiness, so much desired.

An increase in the yield of potatoes is markedly influenced by an application of potash. It is found that the ash of potatoes contains over 50 per cent. of potash, and that an increase in yield follows very closely the per cent. of potash in the fertilizer applied to the soil.

The "new onion culture" can be successfully applied to the small garden, for they can be successfully transplanted from the hot bed; but the only way for the planter of acres is to stick to the old way—a good seed bed of very rich soil, and seed sown with a drill and followed by the best of cultivation. With the ordinary prices, onions are a paying crop.

Average soils contain an abundance of plant food, but it requires to be put in such condition that the growing vegetation can get at it. Constant cultivation not only brings fresh sustenance to the rootlets, but moisture is also increased near the surface, so that the elements become soluble and available.

Drainage renders useless land cultivatable; it can be worked earlier in the spring and sooner after rains; in it the seed will sprout more certainly and grow more steadily; lengthens the time for crops to ripen, and the damage from early autumn frosts; deepens the soil and makes subsoiling less necessary; prevents much freezing, heaving out and surface washing; increases crops and makes farming more pleasant.

Lime will be productive of but little good result on run down land which is deficient in vegetable matter or humus. Its use is to hasten decomposition of organic matter, and make it more readily available as plant food. First put on the barnyard manure, or turn under the green crops; then the lime will perform its mission.

The nutriment in corn cobs is about equal to that in oat straw, and the principal advantage to be derived from them is to give bulk and distend the stomach. The corn and cob should be ground together, and that quite fine, if cobs are used. "Roughness" seems necessary to the best growth of an animal.

Nothing but greater crowding will stop the waste in this wasteful country of ours. There are thousands of dollars in the sewage of our great cities. The cities of Europe are surrounded by the most productive market gardens in the world. The sewage of Milan enriches 20,000 acres of land until they produce eight or ten tons of hay an acre.

HORSES.

If you have a good brood mare *which has raised good colts*, stick to her. If you know where such can be had reasonably, get hold of them if you can. It is not too soon *to begin in earnest, for, doing* your best, a demand is coming which we will not be prepared to meet. See that you get hold of no grade sires; they *are a delusion.*

Who does not regret the revival of the "fashion" of docking the tail of the horse? We supposed that the States, *at least, became heartily sick* and ashamed of the custom when formerly in vogue. Will not the "new woman" rise up in opposition, and *refuse to ride or drive behind such* for very humanity's sake? Added to this is the fad that fly nets are to be discarded, and the society for pre*vention of cruelty should step in.*

For the temporary cure of a balky horse the only way seems to be to draw his attention to something else *until he forgets his mood.* Even a tuft of grass fed from the roadside will often accomplish this end; better still is the mock ceremony of lift*ing a foot or two by the fetlock, and* making an examination of the shoes. At once the obstinate creature will move off when spoken to.

The stylish coach horse of size, the heavy draughter, the nimble roadster and the saddle horse of pure blood and ambition are the kind of horses *which will be in demand in less time* than we can grow them. Pretty soon we will run against a deficit, and it will not be America which can *supply it, until after the cream of the* profit is off.

Blister a windpuff about twice a month. Let the blister be composed *of one dram of biniodide of mercury* and six drams of vaseline, mixed well and rubbed in. Oftentimes one or two applications will suffice.

No equine disease is more loathsome nor infectious than glanders. Its germs are as liable to poison a groom as they are to infect another *horse sharing the same stable with* the sick. Farcy is a kindred disease, located in other parts of the body. Many a man has died from "*blood poisoning,*" which the doctor did not know had its origin in the stable from innoculation.

Geldings do much of the farm work, *and many of our mares fail to breed* because we keep them in idleness. The French and English keep the heavy draught mares to do their *work, and raise a large colt every* year as their chief income. Mares with nothing to do are apt to become barren.

Farmers who are disgusted with horse raising this year will be disgusted with themselves before the colts of 1895 mature, that they did *not grade up and raise more good* draught horses. Improvement in the world's industries has begun, and cities must have the useful horse.

DAIRY.

If we have a good machine, we want it to last; if it wears out with a year or two of use it may be too expensive. The little Jersey cow is such a machine, and not only begins work early, but never tires nor fails until she is old. We could not afford to replace her every year.

Feed largely determines the amount and quality of milk and butter. The profit is only derived from the excess over that necessary to sustain animal life. It is evident that a cow kept for milk cannot return her best profit if kept on half rations.

The good milker must have a natural disposition to convert her food into milk, and then her ration must be a milk-producing one—not one for growth nor to fatten, but one which will make her produce rich milk. Corn is not the best; corn meal, with roughness and wheat bran, is good feed for winter, but it is not wise to compel them to eat one ration all the time.

There is nothing but color to protect the consumer from oleo as fraudulent butter. The manufacture and sale of oleo is legitimate when manufactured, sold and used for just what it is, but to use arts to deceive the consumer, giving the whole the appearance of butter, is stealing the livery of butter, at least, to serve devilish purposes.

Cotton seed meal is said to impart a fine grain to butter, a fact for warm weather dairying. It also belongs to that class of things, every pound of which brought to the farm increases its fertility. Dairying naturally exhausts the soil less than other branches of agriculture, and we can see that it is possible to increase fertility of land by a judicious system of dairying.

Bad results will follow overfeeding the Jersey calf the first few weeks. After, a little skim milk may be substituted for that fresh from the cow, supplying the fat removed with the cream in middlings or oil meal. At first a tablespoonful of the meal added to the milk for each calf is enough.

It is feed which makes the milk, and in order to make rich milk in plenty the cow must eat plenty of rich food. The Jersey is noted as being a feeder of this kind, a hearty feeder which can eat a large quantity of the richest, and keep it up day after day. In fact, this is one of her good "points."

Gentleness in a cow is worth money, and counts up in dollars every year. Irritable cows beget irritation in the milker, and this always results in loss, either directly or indirectly. It ensures better care, for the gentle cow is always petted. This gentle disposition is certainly a characteristic of the Jersey.

There seems to be an epidemic of legislation in several of the States on the oleomargarine subject, and it *looks as if this imitation of butter* had about seen its day. The whole matter hinges on the legal right to use coloring matter in oleo, and it is *a thing which does not circulate* well "under its own colors."

POULTRY.

Do not leave any food about the coops to sour or ferment, for it may cause disease of the bowels. Occasionally put into their mash a little *ginger and a snip of salt. During* the very hot weather a little alum in the water which they drink may be preventive of trouble.

Many breeds begin to lay when four and a half or five months old. Parched corn will hurry them, especially pop corn, as will fresh meat from the slaughter house, and cut bone. They need animal diet of some kind, and the whole process of feeding is an interesting study.

There can be no error in mixing cut vegetables and other soft food for the fowls, for their natures crave it. There are eggs in potatoes, and the squash adds a nice flavor to the poultry meat. One of the best articles of diet for them is young clover cut fine, and they are very fond of it; malt sprouts and cabbage are excellent.

A large part of the egg is nitrogen, phosphoric acid and lime; these are most readily obtained by feeding meat and bones which are largely made up of these elements. For the grain ration at night wheat is preferable, for it is not so fat producing. It is well to have a pan of fine gravel, charcoal and wheat bran where they can get at it at will.

The morning mash for the chickens should be of cooked vegetables and boiling water, thickened with ground grain, midlings, bran and animal meal. If they have not the ambition to scratch for the grain which is scattered among the straw during the day, let them go a little hungry in the morning. See that they have "teeth" in the shape of broken crockery or shells, or other form of grit.

The Douglass mixture is a pound of copperas and a half ounce of sulphuric acid in a gallon of water. It is seldom used now as a remedy for cholera or kindred diseases, but is a most efficacious remedy applied externally when vermin infest the coop; but for internal or external treat*ment carbolic acid fills the bill.* In truth, nearly all our chicken diseases come from the presence of lice.

Get out the chickens early—in *March, if possible; sell the cockerels* and the culls from the pullets in the early summer for broilers; sell the old hens every year as soon as they *are through laying, generally in Au*gust; and by all means study to get the pullets to laying by October. Early chicks will do this if fed on *animal diet.*

Incubators and brooders can be made pay if you have the knack and experience, but the farmer who cannot *afford* expensive mistakes would better go slow and stick to the old hen. Have nothing to do with the nervous, squawky hens for mothers. Place air slacked lime and pulverized sulphur in bottom of nests. A small uncorked bottle of bi-sulphide of carbon under the hen will kill the lice.

From the top of the cathedral spire in Mexico one can see the entire city; and the most striking feature of the view is the absence of chimneys. There is not a chimney in all Mexico; not a grate, nor a stove, nor a furnace. All the cooking is done with charcoal in Dutch ovens, and though the gas is sometimes offensive, one soon becomes used to it.

A well selected text is half of the sermon. Given a good text and a preacher who is in earnest, and the result is sure to be good. The text of this article is a plain simple statement that proves itself in the reader's own mind without argument. The text is "Good health is better than great riches."

Without health nothing really matters very much. A hacking cough takes all the beauty out of a landscape or a sunset. Erysipelas or eczema will spoil the enjoyment of sprightly conversation, of a beautiful concert, of a wonderful painting. The biggest bank account in the world won't pay a man for his health, but a very small amount of money will make him healthy and keep him healthy.

Most all bodily troubles start in the digestive or respiratory organs. It is here that improper living first makes an opening for disease. The development differs as constitutions and temperaments differ. The causes are almost identical. To get at the root of the matter is simple enough if you start right.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a medicine for the whole body. It works through the digestive organs on *all the others.*

It cures the first thing it comes to and after that, the next. It puts health in place of disease in the stomach, and from the vantage ground thus gained, it reaches every fiber of the body and drives disease before it — indigestion, liver troubles, kidney complaint, biliousness, skin and scalp diseases, salt-rheum, tetter eczema, and all the troubles caused by impure blood.

FOUR HOUSEHOLD FAMILIARS.

What May be Done With Salt, Vinegar, Kerosene and Ammonia.

Salt on the fingers while cleaning fowls, meat or fish will prevent slipping.

Salt thrown on a coal fire when broiling steak will prevent blazing from the dripping fat.

Salt as a gargle will cure soreness of the throat.

Salt in solution inhaled cures cold in the head.

Salt in water is the best thing to clean willow ware and matting.

Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent their scorching on the bottom.

Salt puts out a fire in the chimney.

Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups.

Salt and soda are excellent for beestings and spider bites.

Salt thrown on soot which has fallen on the carpet will prevent stain.

Salt put on ink when freshly spilled *on a carpet will help in removing* the spot.

Salt in whitewash makes it stick.

Salt thrown on a coal fire which is low will revive it.

Salt used in sweeping carpets keeps out moths.

Vinegar will "set" dubious greens *and blues in ginghams.*

Vinegar is an antidote for poisoning by alkalis.

Vinegar will brighten copper.

Vinegar and brown paper will heal bruise or "black eye."

Vinegar and sugar will make a good stove polish.

Vinegar and salt will strengthen a lame back.

Vinegar used to wash the wall before papering will help the paper to stick.

Vinegar for soaking lamp wicks makes a brilliant light.

Kerosene simplifies laundry work.

Kerosene in starch prevents its sticking.

Kerosene is a good counter-irritant.

Kerosene will remove rust from bolts and bars.

Kerosene will remove fresh paint.

Kerosene will remove tar.

Kerosene on cloth will prevent flatirons from scorching.

Kerosene cleans brass, but it should be afterwards wiped with dry whiting.

A solution of ammonia cleanses sinks and drain-pipes.

Ammonia takes finger-marks from paint.

Ammonia in dish water brightens silver.

Ammonia in water keeps flannels soft.

Ammonia is good in washing lace and fine muslin.

Ammonia cleanses hair brushes.

Ammonia bleaches yellowed flannels.

Ammonia brightens wondows and looking-glasses.—New York World.

PRETTY PERSIFLAGE.

Mr. Caller (entering drawing-room)—Good evening, ladies.

Hostess—We were just talking about you, and your name was on the tip of my tongue as you were announced.

Mr. Caller—I'm sure my name could not have been more delightfully located.

TOMMY RESISTS.

Johnny—Mamma, don't you think Tommy Morgan is an awfully good little boy in church?

Mamma—I guess so; why?

Johnny—Well, when they passed the money round he didn't take any, and he wanted some for his savings bank, too.

HE WAS SLOW.

He (who has just been rejected)—You don't dare say "no" again. She—Why not? He—Because two negatives make an affirmative. She—Not with a woman. He—How many does it take with a woman? She—One.

WIT AND HUMOR

Little Dot—Uncle George says I'm too loquacious. What does that mean?

Mamma—That means you talk too much.

Little Dot (after reflection)—I 'spose *big words was made so folks* could say mean things wifout hurtin' anybody's feelings.

May—I wonder why Reggie never married?

Jack—He had a love affair when quite young and has never gotten over it.

May—Who was the object of his affections?

Jack—Himself.

He (encouragingly)—I'm sure of one thing, my angel, you and I will never quarrel as that couple are doing.

She (*with decision*)—Indeed we won't. If you ever speak to me as he did to her, I'll call the police.

Mrs. Newgirl—*Willie, I know you* mean well, but I can't eat like an ostrich. You should taste some of the biscuits my father used to make.

Mr. Newgirl—Caught you at last, dear! Your father arrived here before you got home last night from your office, and he made those biscuits this morning as a surprise.

Mrs. Westside—I hear that Charlie Knickerbocker is going to get married on the 25th.

Mr. Westside—Yes, he has only got three more days.

Little Tommy (who has been reading about an execution)—The last three days they give him everything to eat that he calls for, don't they, pa?

Lodge Chaplain (out west)—Let everybody in this room who desires to go to heaven stand up.

Almost every brother rises.

Chaplain—Now let every brother who wants to go to the other place stand up.

No one rises. After a minute or two a brother in a back seat slowly gets up and says: "I don't particularly want to go to the other place, but I'm willing to stand up rather than let the chaplain go there alone."

Weary Walker—Say, mister, gimme a dime.

Dignified Wayfarer—Give you a dime! I think you are more in need of manners than money.

Weary Walker—Well, I struck yer fer what I t'ought ye hed most uv.

Father—Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail.

Tommy—I'm only holding the tail; the cat's pulling it.

Alberta—I do wish it were not the custom to wear the engagement ring only on the third finger of one's left hand.

Alethea—So do I. I can't get more than half my engagement rings on at one time now.

New Office Boy—A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago.

Editor—What did you say to him?

"I told him I was sorry you weren't in.

Tommy—Paw, what is an egotist?

Mr. Figg—He is a man who thinks he is smarter than anyone else.

Mrs. Figg—My dear, you have that wrong. The egotist is the man who says he is smarter than anyone else. All men think that way.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Ah, indeed! Did you—er—amass it yourself?"

The warm smile which had been carefully adjusted to match the coloring of her cheeks fled upon the instant.

Belle—Ordinarily you appear real womanly, Edith, but sometimes rather masculine. How do you account for it?"

Edith—I suppose it is hereditary. Half of my ancestors were males and the other half females.

LADY AGENTS wanted everywhere to canvass for Magnetic American Health Corsets, Waists, etc. Excellent profits; rapid sellers. Madam Stevens, Manager, 100 Bleury Street, Montreal, Canada.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Over sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a Bottle.

MENTAL FATIGUE
relieved and cured by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Insist on getting the right article.

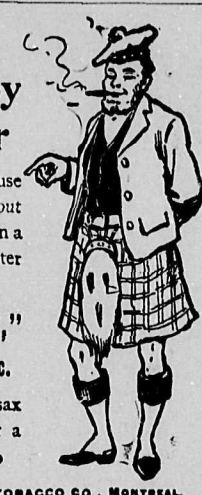
OLD CANADIAN POSTAGE STAMPS.
PARTIES HAVING OLD LETTERS in original envelopes of the dates 1851 to 1870 with postage stamps thereon will get good prices for the stamps by applying to Box 195, Hamilton, Ont.

FOR TWENTY FIVE YEARS
DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

NOTE
In replying to any of these advertisements, please mention this paper.

Weak Women
and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion. This preparation serves two purposes. It gives vital strength to mothers and also enriches their milk and thus makes their babies thrive.

Scott's Emulsion
is a constructive food that promotes the making of healthy tissue and bone. It is a wonderful remedy for Emaciation, General Debility, Throat and Lung Complaints, Coughs, Colds, Anaemia, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases of Children.
Send for Pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. Free.
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

Rob Roy Cigar
It's no because I'm Scotch but you canna smoke a better Cigar than "ROB ROY," They cost 5c. but I get sax of them for a quarter.

EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., MONTREAL.

WARNING.
$100 REWARD.
We are informed that unscrupulous dealers are in the habit of selling plugs and parts of plugs of inferior Tobacco, representing them be the genuine
"T. & B."
Myrtle Navy.
The genuine plug is stamped with the letter "T. & B." in bronze. Purchasers will confer a favor by looking at the trade mark when purchasing.
☞ A reward of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be given to anyone for information leading to the conviction of any person guilty of the above fraudulent practices or infringing on our trade mark in any manner whatsoever.
The Geo. E. Tuckett & Son Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

WANTED, HELP.—Reliable men in every locality (local or traveling) to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cards tacked up on trees, fences and bridges throughout town and country. Steady employment. Commission or salary, $65 per month and expenses, and money deposited in any bank when started. For particulars, write The World Med. Electric Co., P. O. Box 221, London, Ont., Canada.

NINE YEARS A SUFFERER FROM SALT-RHEUM.
This is to certify that Eby's Electric Salve and Eby's Butternut Bitters have cured a severe case of salt rheum on a young person, who had been troubled with this terrible disease for nine years. It is now three years since we used the salve and bitters, and there has not been the least sign of the disease reappearing since. I heartily recommend it to those suffering from this loathing disease.
John McConnell,
Queen Hill, Ont., January, 1895.

Michigan Lands.
10,000 acres of the best land in the State, at from $2 to $5.00 per acre in four counties and on and near the Mich. Central, De roit & Alpena & Loon Lake Rys. Easy terms and best titles. Apply to
R. M. PIERCE, Agt. West Bay City, OR TO J. W. CURTIS, Whittemore, Mich.

$15 PER WEEK
And steady employment, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business. Write to-day. The Queen Silverware Co., Montreal.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

A GRATEFUL MOTHER

Relates How Her Daughter's Life Was Saved.

Anaemia and General Debility Had Brought Her to the Verge of the Grave —Physicians Held Out No Hope of Recovery.—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Prove a Life Saver.

(From the Ottawa Free Press.)

A personal paragraph in the Free Press some time ago simply stating that Miss Sophie Belanger, No. 428 Cooper street, Ottawa, had recovered from a serious illness caused by anaemia and general debility, has apparently awakened more than usual interest and pleasure among her relatives and acquaintances. So much so, indeed, that a reporter of the paper found it extremely interesting to visit the family and enjoy a chat with Mrs. Belanger on the recovery of her daughter after she had for two years been considered irrecoverably a victim of this terribly enervating and dangerous disease. Mrs. Belanger is a very intelligent French-Canadian, wife of Mr. Joseph Belanger, whose wall paper and paint and glass establishment is at No. 146 Bank street. Miss Sophie Belanger, the whilom invalid, vascillating between life and death, is a promising young lady of seventeen

She lay on a couch like one dying.

years. She is a student under the nuns in St. Jean Baptiste school on Primrose Hill. Over two years ago she fell sick and rapidly wasted away. The nature of her disease appeared to be a profound mystery to the physicians, as they were called in one after the other. Despair seized the family as they looked upon the once beautiful, spirited girl, lying day in and day out, weeks and months on her couch, simply slowly vanishing, and they powerless even to raise a smile to her wan lips. Each succeeding medical man gravely told the parents to prepare for the worst. However, Mrs. Belanger is not one of those women who give up in despair while there is still hope, as her own words will denote.

"It was a terrible time," she said. "We had been told again and again that nothing could be done to save Sophie, and had almost been forced by appearances to believe it. I have now to say that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she would have been in her grave instead of attending school every day the liveliest of the lively. It began like this; the poor girl was coming to me three or four times a day exclaiming, 'Oh, ma; I have such a terrible headache. I cannot stand the pain of it.' This went on for a long time, weeks in fact, until we began to look at it in a very serious light. We had almost every French doctor in the city called in, but with no result, Sophie got worse and worse. Her face was small and yellow while her lips were as white as your collar. She was listless and apathetic, and so weak she could not raise her hand to her head. A leading doctor forced her to take a certain kind of powders, which seemed to be taking the flesh from her bones. Her skin became hot and parched, her eyes sank into her head and she lay on that couch as one dead, taking no interest whatever in things going on around her. Then it was we became confirmed to the popular belief that she was going to die. It was agonizing to look at her, but we became partially resigned to the fate that appeared to be overtaking us. She was watched day and night, but we could detect no change unless for the worse. All hope had gone. I had read of the cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and about this time I noticed a description published in the Free Press somewhat similar to Sophie's case. Something seemed to urge me to give them a trial, and now I thank God I did. I sent for some and began giving them to her one at a time. Before long we saw an improvement and gradually increased the dose from one to two and then to three at regular intervals. It was incredible to note the change. Her color came back, a different look in her eyes, her general health and appearance gave us all new interest in her. Before the fourth box was gone, Sophie was able to be up and around again, and a further use of them fully restored her health, or rather snatched her from the brink of the grave. To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is due all the credit, for we had stopped doctor's medicine and simply gave her these, following the directions around the box. My daughter's life was saved by Pink Pills, and no one knows better than her mother. I wish to tell everyone of the cure, as it is almost impossible to believe that the poor thing that lay there, and the happy rosy-cheeked girl who goes regularly to her classes are one and the same person in such a marvellously short space of time, and you may be sure I am advising ailing neighbors to use this wonderful medicine."

Just as the reporter was leaving Miss Belanger returned from school. She was the picture of grace, health and beauty, her lithe physique denoting health in every movement, while her face showed the warm, ruddy glow of health. She corroborated all her mother had said besides adding some new testimony. Happiness now abideth in that home where misery held sway too long, and Mrs. Belanger rests her faith in Dr. Williams Pink Pills, which will do for other weak and ailing girls what they did for her daughter.

COMMERCIAL SUMMARY.

There was a decrease in the visible supply of wheat from the corresponding week of last year of 1,184,000 bushels, an increase in corn of 18,000 bushels, and an increase of 168,000 bushels in oats.

The amount of wheat and flour now in transit to Europe, with the visible supply of wheat in the United States and Canada, is equivalent to 94,645,000 bushels, against 99,675,000 bushels one year ago, and of corn 16,383,000 bushels, against 18,898,000 bushels.

In Europe, afloat therefore, and in the United States and Canada, stocks of wheat and flour on June 1st equal 171,169,300 bushels, against 186,522,000 bushels a year ago, and 195,763,000 bushels two years ago. The decrease in total stocks in the past five months was 56,806,000 bushels, as against a decrease of 35,901,000 in the same period last year.

Crop prospects in the United States are variable. Winter wheat will be a short crop, the condition on June 1st being given at 71. This, in connection with the decreased acreage, indicates a very much reduced yield. Spring wheat is promising, the condition being given at 97.10. In Canada the winter and spring wheat crops are promising.

The British exports to Canada increased 4 per cent. in May and decreased 7 per cent. for the five months. The imports from Canada increased 7 and 8 per cent. for the same periods. The chief increases were oxen and sheep. Both cheese and butter also have nearly doubled this year.

Co-operative dairying is making great progress in Prince Edward Island. When the Cornwall factory opened on June 15th, 1893, less than 700 pounds of milk were delivered, but on June 3rd, 1895, the delivery was 9,327 pounds.

The statement of fire losses in Canada and the United States during May is favorable to the insurance companies. Both April and May show comparatively light losses. In May the total loss was $7,761,600, as against $10,777,800 in May of 1894 and $10,427,100 in May of 1893. Losses for the first five months in the year, however, still exceed those of last year up to the end of May, but are less than those in the same period in 1893. The figures are as follows: First five months of 1895, $57,274,600; do., 1894, $53,330,900; do., 1893, $69,637,650.

R. G. Dun & Co's. Weekly Review of Trade has the following to say regarding recent failures: "Liabilities in failures for two weeks of May were $5,178,756, of which $1,524,527 was of manufacturing and $3,279,229 of trading concerns. Last year in the same weeks the amount was $5,071,116, of which $1,589,933 was of manufacturing and $3,356,637 of trading concerns. Failures this week have been 207 in the United States, against 183 last year, and 23 in Canada, against 28 last year.

UNMARRIED WOMEN OF AMERICA.

It appears that in 1890 the number of women of all ages in the United States was 30,554,370, of whom 17,183,988, or 56.24 per cent. were single. The important fact for our present purpose is the number on percentage of marriageable women who are in fact not married. It is found that about 10 per cent. marry before the age of 20, and a very few before 15. The unmarried are made up of maids, widows and divorced persons, the last of which classes is so small that it need scarcely be considered for the present purpose. Omitting the actual numbers and using percentage only, their returns show that between the ages of 20 and 25 about 53 per cent. were without husbands; between 25 and 30, about 28 per cent.; between 30 and 45, about 20 per cent. After this the number of widows increases so rapidly that from 45 to 55 the unmarried amount to 26 per cent., and of women over 65 years of age only a little over 35 per cent have husbands. Nearly 6 per cent. of all women never marry; about 10 per cent. of those between the ages of 35 and 45 had not yet married, and more than one-fourth of those between the ages of 25 and 30 were still unmarried.—Brooklyn Eagle.

MARRIAGE RULES.

Let her meet him with a kiss—not a frown.

Let each realize the fact that they are one.

Let the husband frequent his home—not the club.

Let him assist her in beautifying the home.

Let her not narrate Mrs. Next Door's gossip.

Let her not worry him with petty troubles.

Let him speak to his wife—not yell "say" at her.

Let her make home more pleasant than the club.

Let her sympathize with him in business cares.

Let him be as courteous after marriage as before.

Let his latch key gather unto itself rust from disuse.

Let her dress as tastefully for him as for strangers.

Let him confide in his wife; their interests are equal.

Let her not fret because Mrs. Neighbor has a rich dress.

Let her home mean love and rest—not strife and noise.—Somerville Journal.

Mr. Newman (tearfully)—Maud, I'm sure you don't love me as you used to. We've been married only two months, yet you've bolted your dinner to hurry away to the Municipal Protective League.

Mrs. Newman—Hush, Willie. Your tears quite unwoman me, dear. Be a good, brave little husband and I'll hurry home and bring you a lovely box of cigarettes.

HIS SIGHT IS RESTORED.

United Brethren Regard Joe Benton's Case as a Miracle.

Blind From Babyhood he Recovers His Sight While at Service—His Announcement Greeted With Shouts and Hallelujahs.

The members of the United Brethren Church of East Metropolis, says a despatch from Metropolis, Ill., to the Inter-Ocean, firmly believe that they have witnessed the direct manifestation of divine power in the sudden recovery of sight by their "blind boy preacher" on Sunday night, and they have for the two days since devoted themselves almost wholly to thanksgiving and singing hallelujahs.

Joseph Benton was born in this county 20 years ago. Nine days after birth his eyes became inflamed, and when the fever had left them three months later the sight was entirely gone. He joined the Methodist Church South at the age of 8, and began preaching at the age of 17.

Last November he attached himself to the United Brethren denominations. He has preached throughout this end of the State, Western Missouri, Western Tennessee and Southwestern Kentucky with phenomenal success, having had no less than 300 converts since last August.

Sunday night the blind preacher stood upon the steps of a vacant storehouse, addressing a congregation in the street. His face was turned toward heaven. He told his hearers that they could look up and see the beautiful moon and twinkling stars, while he was groping in darkness, but that he prayed always that sight be given him.

As the preacher finished that sentence he stopped, passed his hands across his forehead, and, pointing to the moon, asked what that great something was. He was told that it was the moon. Other strange things fell upon his vision, and with great shouts of hallelujahs he declared that his prayers had been answered, that he could see. The congregation took up the cry, and such rejoicing was never known there before.

Rev. Mr. Benton walked home without assistance, and there was no sleeping for him that night. His sight has steadily grown stronger, and his joy has no bounds. He says that he will have to learn as a baby the names of all the strange objects he sees. One of the greatest sensations he experienced was the sight of himself reflected from the mirror. Mr. Benton is positive that the gift of sight is a direct answer to his prayers. To-day he attended a quarterly meeting in an adjoining county.

ESSAY ON MAN.

Some Points About an Animal Often Seen.

Man is an omnivorous animal.

Some smart people call him a biped, but this is a zoological error.

He's just a plain, every-day two-legged animal.

Man is found in most parts of the world.

He roams at will, feeds in the daytime and sleeps at night.

Some nights.

He is very tame.

You can go up and put your hand on him anywhere, so long as you don't put it on his pocketbook. He has, under such conditions, been known to kick.

He is like the dog—howls a good deal and runs around at night.

Like the elephant, he has a trunk, but he doesn't always carry it with him.

The elephant does.

As to what man is really good for, anthropology is still in the dark.

Being strong, he is used to draw pictures, carry news and pull revolvers.

He is also fast and often goes in the human race.

Properly trained, man can jump higher than any other known animal. He has even been known to jump mountain resort board bills.—Monitor Magazine.

TOBACCO USERS' SORE THROAT.

It's so common that every tobacco user has an irritated throat that gradually develops into a serious condition, frequently consumption, and it's the kind of a sore throat that never gets well as long as you use tobacco. The tobacco habit, sore throat and lost manhood cured by No-To-Bac. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Company, 374 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

A BOOMERANG.

President E. Benjamin Andrews, of Brown University, made an address at the Baptist Congress of 1894, which contained the following paragraph: "A charge of heterodoxy against an institution is sometimes a boomerang. Two eminent professors in science, highly and deservedly influential, neither at present a Baptist, but both in earlier life Baptists or of Baptist families, were alienated from our people and cause by hearing Baptist ministers denounce Cornell University as an infidel concern. They became curious. They determined to study there, and did so. Both remained and graduated. Finding out what falsehoods had been told about the university by men whom they mistakenly viewed as representing the denomination, they renounced the denomination. Each is a man whom our whole neighborhood would be proud to own, had it not lost him."

Catarrh—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

WOMEN SHARED THE PLUNDER.

How a Hungarian Shanty Was Dynamited, Killing Four.

Dressed in Men's Clothes Two Women Were on Hand to Rob—Got $100 for the Quadruple Murder—A Confession Obtained.

Wilkesbarre despatch says: The men who last October blew up the Hungarian shanty on the mountain cut-off, killing four inmates and badly wounding half a score more, have been captured.

Five men and two women, all colored, were arrested to-day by Detective O'Brien, of the Lehigh Valley road, T. F. Quigley, a merchant of Miner's Mills, and Constable Frank McCabe. The principals are Frank Shafer, of Smithville; James Miller, of Pittston; Nelson Miller, of Pittston; Hester Brace, supposed to be James Miller's wife, and Sarah, wife of Nelson Miller.

Two other colored men are accessories to the crime, having known it was to occur, but who did not take part in it, although they received part of the plunder for their silence. They are George Jordan and John Bird, of Pittston.

John Hargraves, on the morning of the explosion, saw a colored man near the scene, who acted suspiciously. Hargraves told Detective O'Brien some four weeks after and described the man. O'Brien at once set clever colored men at work looking for the suspect. He instructed them to get jobs in the various railroads and quarry gangs and to boast of imaginary murders and robberies, and in this manner try to draw out the men guilty of the mountain tragedy.

It was only after five months' work that a week ago one of these men managed to locate Shafer, and, soon getting his confidence, induced him to tell the story of the tragedy in a fragmentary manner. The final move was made last night. Shafer was induced to come to this city, and was here placed under arrest. He protested at first, but finally broke down, and said the others made him work the battery. Then, after some persuasion, he made a detailed confession of the crime.

He said that Nelson Miller, who planned the whole affair, had stolen a battery and wires and some dynamite from the old Boston tunnel, near Yatesville, about a month before, and was all ready. He had been thinking it over, and had it planned out.

"John Bird and George Jordan, they was agoin'," he said, "but they was so drunk we had to leave them behind, and me, Nelse and Jim Miller and the two women walked up the track. The two women was dressed in men's clothes, so nobody 'ed suspicion 'em. Well, we got to the shanty and the women stood on the track, one up and one down, to keep a watch, and then 'Nelse' and 'Jim' Miller tell me to wait near the track and they would fix the wires and the dynamite. Well, 'Jim' and 'Nelse' put the dynamite—we had a case and a half—under the house and fixed the wires to it. When they fixed it they came back and tells me all right, and I works the battery and off she goes. Lawd, Golly, you should seen them Huns fly into de sky. A trunk comes flying toward me and I kicks it open, and 'Nelse' Miller he takes the money. There was just a hundred dollars.

"Well, the Huns was a yelling and shouting and we went back to our camp, which was a quarter of a mile away. When we got there we divides the money. John Bird and George Jordan, dey got $6 each to keep their mouth shut, and I got $10. So help me, that's all I got."

ELECTRIC ACCIDENTS.

How to Act so as to be of Use in Such Emergencies.

The extension of the trolley is now so great and the uses of electricity developing to such a degree, that it is desirable that people should be informed what is the first and wisest thing to be done when a man has been stunned by contact with a strong electric current. We therefore reprint some rules as to the first aid to be rendered in cases of electrical accidents. They are supplied by Dr. W. S. Hedley in a letter to the London Lancet:

1. Break the circuit at once if there be an interrupter close at hand and you know how to use it; if not, lose no time, but proceed to Rule 2.

2. Do not touch the man's body with your bare hands, but if india rubber gloves are not at hand, pull him off the cable by his coat tail, or fold your coat or some such dry article into two or three thicknesses, and, using this as a pad to take hold of the body, pull it away from the circuit and resort to Rule 5.

3. If unable to get him off, raise with covered hands that part of the body which is touching the earth, or one of the poles of the circuit. This will break the circuit, and it will usually be thus possible to get him easily away, and if so, proceed to Rule 5.

4. If still unsuccessful, make another pad, and, placing it between the ground and that part of the body in contact with the ground, continue your efforts to detach him.

5. Having pulled him away from the cable, free his neck from clothing, and treat the case as one of drowning, one method being as follows:

6. Open his mouth, and, taking hold of the front part of the tongue with your fingers—covered with a handkerchief if you have one—draw the tongue forward, and gradually let it go back 16 times a minute. Be sure that the root of the tongue is acted upon and drawn forward. If the teeth are clinched and you cannot get them apart with your fingers, gently separate them with the handle of a pocket-knife or by a small piece of wood, cork, etc.

7. Resist the efforts of the bystanders to pour stimulants down his throat until a medical man arrives and "takes over" the case.

YOU KISSED ME!

You kissed me! My head
Dropped low on your breast
With a feeling of shelter
And infinite rest,
While the holy emotions
My tongue dared not speak
Flashed up in a flame
From my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast;
Oh! your arms were so bold;
Heart beat against heart
In their passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing
My soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist
From the sea to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine
Till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp
From the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart
And my breath, and my will
In delirious joy
For a moment stood still.
Life had for me then
No temptations, no charms,
No visions of happiness
Outside of your arms.
And were I this instant
An angel possessed
Of peace and the joy
That are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes
Unrepiningly down,
I would tear from my forehead
Its beautiful crown
To nestle once more
In that haven of rest—
Your lips upon mine,
My head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul
In a bliss so divine
Reeled and swooned like a drunk man
Foolish with wine,
And I thought 'twere delicious
To die there, if death
Would but come while my lips
Were yet moist with your breath;
If I might grow cold
While your arms clasped me round
In their passionate fold.
And these are the questions
I ask day and night:
Must lips taste no more
Such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast
Were my shelter as then,
And if you were here
Would you kiss me again?

—John G. Whittier.

"IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT."

If I should die to-night
My friends would look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had made it almost fair.
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness
And fold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night
My friends would call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought,
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words should all be set aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night
E'en hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way,
For who could war with dumb unconscious clay?
So I might rest forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow,
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel worn,
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn;
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

AN UNREALIZED DREAM.

He went fishing in the wildwood,
In the dancing mountain brook,
Where he used to fish in childhood
With a bent pin for a hook;
He bethought him of the catches
That he used to show with pride,
And the sunburn and the scratches
That adorned his youthful hide.

Now, he had a fancy tackle,
And a rod of split bamboo,
Flies of every style of hackle,
Clicking reel, and silk line, too;
With a twelve-pound basket laden,
Harnessed up with straps and bands,
He had patent boots to wade in,
And kid gloves upon his hands.

Gayly then he started fishing
In a shady nook and cool,
Where the willows, gently swishing
Overhung a well-known pool;
That was where he used to catch them
When he was an urchin small,
Surely now he ought to match them
With his fancy rig and all!

But alas! he could not do it,
Though he fished the pool all day;
Not a trout that ambled through it
Took the pains to come his way;
But his cuss words made the air blue,
And he whipped the creek to foam—
Then he smashed his fancy bamboo,
Paid his bill, and came back home!

NOT BEING BURIED ALIVE.

A minister took his little 3-year-old girl to a funeral, and when he lifted her up to see the body she innocently looked up in his face and said: "Why, papa, he's as dead as a hammer!"—Rehoboth (Mass.) Sunday Herald.

LATE LOCALS.

Hot air furnaces set by C.H. Tarbell.

New novels, plain and fancy sta tionery at Pimbury's.

FOR SALE:—At a bargain one cylinder stove with water coil complete. Inquire at Anderson's, Third St.

If you want ladies', childrens' and mens' boots, shoes and slippers at half price you must buy at Langman's. A $4,000 stock of boots just opened up.

FOR RENT.—The store, corner of Comox road and Dunsmuir ave. lately occupied by THE NEWS printing establishment. Enquire at NEWS OFFICE.

Mr. C. H. Westwood of the wealthy firm of Allcock, Laight & Westwood of Toronto was here last week accompanied by his wife. His trip is understood, to have combined business with pleasure.

WANTED.—By an accomplished young lady to correspond with a young gentle man with a view to matrimony—must not be over 35. Address confidentially "A" NEWS Office.

Mr. Chas. Bridges left at our office on Saturday as fine a specimen of a peach from his farm as we have seen for many a day. It was of good size, and rich color, needing only to be kept a day or two to give it the requisite mellowness for table use.

Next Saturday the members of Cumberland Grove, No. 3, U. A. O. D. will have an excursion from Union to Comox. From the forest groves and mountain peaks to the flowery meadows, laughing streams, and invigorating gulf breezes will be a delightful change.

BIRTH.

GRANT.—At Union, Thursday, Aug. 8th the wife of Robert Grant, Esq., of a son.

DRINK BOILED WATER

Just now when the water is low it is best to drink tea and coffee or boiled water. There is a considerable complaint about town from parties troubled with complaints supposed to arise from the use of the water. In many of the wells the water has entirely given out while in many others the water is low and as a consequence not as wholesome as at other times. Have a care.

THE RIGHT WAY

Editor News: Will you give in an open letter your opinion of grab bags, fish ponds, etc. at church fairs? I know they are admitted to many church entertainments, but is this following the command to abstain from appearance of evil?

Church fairs are not a gospel institution to begin with, but one with a raffle, or a grab bag or a fishpond tends to place both the money giver, and money user on a low plain and shows a low conception of the gospel institution and the gospel spirit. Why not send the deacons around among the congregation with a hand organ and a contribution box while the pastor's wife sings a missionary hymn as a solo in the intervals between organ grinding? The better way is to appeal openly and squarely to those who love the cause of Christ to give according to their means in support of the cause. That is the true method of training a community into the right way of giving and doing.

Aug. 8th.

Yours truly,
John Fraser,
Comox.

STEAMBOAT EXCURSION

Hurra! for Vancouver. Now is your chance to visit the Mascot of the Coast for little cash and loss of time. Under the auspices of Benevolence Lodge. No. 14 K. of P. Union, there will be a grand excursion to the Terminal City on the ss. Joan which will leave Comox at 11 p. m. Friday, Sept 6 calling at Union wharf at 11.30 p. m. and Denman Island at 12; returning will leave Vancouver at 11 p. m. Saturday, Sept. 7th. Trains connecting with the steamer will leave Union depot at 10 30 p. m. on Friday. Return fare $2.50. Children under 12, half fare. Tickets will be for sale by J. B. McLean, D. Walker and J. H. Campbell, Union: Sam Cliffe, Comox, and T. H. Piercy, Denman Island.

EVIDENCE IN UNION OF HEROISM REWARDED

In 1879 the American schooner, Dennington sailed from Boston for the West Indies. Shortly before, the Portena sailed from Hull, England, bound for Havana. It so happened that the Bennington when about 300 miles down the coast on her destination was overtaken by a terrific storm, lost two of her crew overboard, had her steering gear torn away, had gotten six feet of water in her hold, and the wild waves were breaking over her, and with the increasing depth of water in her hold she was gradually settling down preparatory to the final plunge. The Portena fortunately appeared loaded with oil. This was thrown out upon the water through which she was going, preventing its breaking. At great danger the boats were lowered into the angry sea and in the height of the tempest the crew were rescued from the Bennington, and safely landed in Hull. The United States could not allow this act of heroism to pass without recognition; as an evidence of which Mr. Thomas Nicoll, now a resident of Union, but then master of the Portena wears a magnificent gold watch with the following inscription engraved upon its inside cover.: "Presented by the President of the United States to Thomas Nicoll, Master of the British bark Portena for services in rescuing the crew of the American schooner Bennington, 1879.

WILLIAMS & HUNTER,

Money to Loan on Farm or City property:monthly re-payments or Straight Loan

Money loaned for private parties securing them 10% net.

Business and Residential lots in Union, for Sale on Small monthly payments.

Short notes discounted.

Fire Life and Accident Insurance.

J. A. Carthew

ARCHITECT and BUILDER,

UNION, B. C.

STEVESTON & CO.

Its the place to see Ladies and Gentlemen looking happy—

WHY—

Because they get the best value for their money in

Dry Goods
Clothing
Gents Furnishings

1st Store in William's Block round corner from Printing office.

From Ocean to Ocean

No 5. By American Traveller.

The American Traveler Shovels Coal for Fireman. Going up the Mountains—Grand Scenery. Tunnels and Snow Sheds.

The idea of a wreck was interesting. Just then as I was exhibitinng my excitement by volubility came the admonition from Vic to "shut up". It was too late for some one yelled in a breath—

"Here! What are you doing there? You'll get killed. Come out."

We got out and mildly enquired where we were.

"Fowles" was the answer.

"Can't you let us ride into some station?" we asked.

"Yes, I'll put you in the caboose," was the reply.

Calling to Vic to come on we went up the track 100 yards where we saw a couple of freight cars, or what had been such They looked as if they had been roughly handled. The train men were getting the pieces on to the side track. Going back to the train we were suprised to find it consisted of a dozen coaches and sleepers and five baggage cars with two powerful engines at its head,

"If you try the head engine," I said to Vic, "I'll try the second one."

I asked if they wanted a coal passer.

"Yes, jump up here and don't let the conductor see you"

Vic came back from the head engine and said they didn't want anybody there.

The engineer shouted to me to shut up or he would put me off. He gave the whistle cord a couple of jekrs, opened the throttle, and I went on duty.

I shoveled about half a ton of coal down to the tender, then lay down to sleep.

As soon as the coal was burned up the fireman gave me a hit and called for more coal. I shoveled awhile and went to sleep again. There was some scenery to be admired but somehow I did not feel like admiring it. I left that for the Pullman passengers to do, being busy keeping the cinders out of my eyes. They were the only thing in fact that interested me. The fireman was kept busy keeping up steam for it was an awful grade. The engines were the largest I ever saw, and the engineer stood at his place with his eyes intently on the track and his left hand on the throttle, evidently realizing that the lives of all on the train, even mine, depended on him.

Coming round a sharp curve I could look down a yawning chasm, hundreds of feet deep. Turning the other way I looked up the mountain sides which seemed to reach the stars. We were really running along a shelf or projecting rim of the vast upheavel. Suddenly we plunged into a tunnel and into darkness. When we emerged from that we immediately entered a snow shed. Here the cinders not being able to get anywhere else showered down on me and the tender. I have heard this tunnel is 30 miles long but think 13 miles nearer the truth.

We were running at a pretty lively rate when a sharp toot called for 'down brakes' and we came to a stand so suddenly that I found myself stretched out at full length on the tender.

Continued.

CONCERT

Instrumental Solos

BY PROFESSOR KIHLBERG

At Piket's Hall

Monday Aug. 26th

SOLOS de VIOLIN,
de CLARIONET,
de VIOLA de GAMBA

Concert from 8.30 p. m. to 10 p. m.

To be followed by

A DANCE

WITH BEST OF MUSIC

Admission to Concert and Ball 50cts

ONE HALF NET PROCEEDS GOES TO HOSPITAL

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a County Court of Nanaimo will be held at Comox on Wednesday, the 14th day of August, 1895 at the hour of 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

By order,

H. Stanton.
Deputy Reg.

July 9th. 1895.

JAMES ABRAMS

Notary Public.

Agent for the Alliance Fire Insurance Company of London and the Phoenix of Hartford.

Agent for the Provincial Building and Loan Association of Toronto.

Union, B C.

— UNION BRICK YARD B. C. —

W. WALTER & SON.

Manufacturers of Handmade Sand Stock Bricks.

Special Patterns Now On Hand For Chimney Heads, Cornices Etc.

GUARANTEED TO BE FROST PROOF

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y

Time Table No. 24,

To take effect at 8.00 a. m. on Friday, April 5th 1895. Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

South Bound, Read Up: No. 1 Pass. Daily	South Bound, Read Up: No. 3 Pass. Fri.Sat.Su	M'l's f'm Victoria	STATIONS.	M'l's f'm W'ngt'n	North Bound, Read Up: No. 2 Pass. Daily	North Bound, Read Up: No. 4 Pass. Fri.Sat.Su
Ar. 12 20 p m	Ar. 8 00 p m		Victoria	78	De. 8 00 a m	De. 4 50 p m
12 16	[illegible]	1	Russell's	77	8 01	4 55
12 06	8 18	4	Esquimalt	74	8 14	5 03
12 03	8 15	5	Stewart's	73	8 17	5 06
12 00	8 12	6	Parson's Bridge	72	8 20	5 09
11 53	8 06	8	Langford	70	8 27	5 15
11 43	7 57	11	Goldstream	67	8 37	5 24
11 15	7 30	20	Summit Siding	58	9 05	5 52
10 50	7 10	23	Shawnigan Lake	55	9 30	6 14
10 40	7 02	31	Cobble Hill	47	9 40	6 22
10 25	6 53	35	McPherson's	43	9 55	6 31
10 15	6 46	38	Koksilah	40	10 05	6 38
10 10	6 42	40	Duncan's	38	10 10	6 42
10 00	6 35	43	Somenos	35	10 20	6 49
9 53	6 28	47	Westholme	31	10 27	6 56
9 38	6 15	[illegible]	Chemainus	[illegible]	10 42	7 06
9 20	5 57	[illegible]	Oyster Bay Siding	19	11 00	7 26
9 11	5 48	63	Oyster Bay	16	11 09	7 35
8 40	5 15	73	Nanaimo	5	11 40	8 08
De. 8 25 a m	De. 5 00 p m	78	Wellington		Ar. 12 00 n n	Ar. 8 25

On Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays

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

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 quarter where the single fare is twenty-five cents.

Through rates between Victoria and Comox.

Mileage and Commutation Tickets can be obtained on application to Ticket Agent, Victoria Duncan's and Nanaimo Stations.

A. DUNSMUIR, President.
JOSEPH HUNTER, Gen'l Supt
H. K. PRIOR, Gen. Freight and Passenger Agt.

Drs. Lawrence & Westwood.

Physicians and Surgeons.

UNION B.C.

Courtenay and the Bay will be visited every Wednesday afternoon for the purpose of consultation.

Patients at a distance will receive early attention on receipt of telephone message.

OUR STOCK IS COMPLETE in all Dep'ts.

OUR GOODS ARE THE MOST RELIABLE.

OUR PRICES RIGHT.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO PURCHASE OF US.

SIMON LEISER