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LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY

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

The Weekly News.

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

NO. 104. UNION, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1894. $2.00 PER YEAR

McKim's Store.

UNION, B. C.

IMPORTER and DEALER

—IN—

Groceries, Hardware, Paints
Clothing, Crockery, Boots
Gent's Furnishing, Tobacco's, Shoes

Orders Taken for Custom Made Suits.

Marcus Wolfe

INSURANCE, - LOANS, - REAL ESTATE,

JOHNSTON BLOCK, NANAIMO B. C.

P. O. DRAWER, 17

Scottish Union and National Insurance Co. of Edinburgh, Scotland.
Phœnix Fire Assurance Co. of London, Eng.
Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada.
London Guarantee and Accident Company.
Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Co., Toronto.
Globe Savings and Loan Company, Toronto.

Farm Loans a Specialty

GREAT - NORTHERN - RAILWAY.

Thos. C. Morgan,

Fashionable Tailor

None but the best quality and most fashionable goods kept in stock.

William's Block, UNION, B. C.

Union Meat Market.

hoicest meats always on hand. Fresh Fish Weekly.

Vegetables etc.

Vessels supplied on the shortest notice.

Simon Leiser, Prop.

Union Store

OUR LATEST ARRIVALS

Second consignment of DRESS GOODS, ETC., direct from London, England, including CASHMERES, FANCY TWEEDS, MELTONS, FRENCH AMAZONS, FANCY DRESSES, ETC.

CALL AND INSPECT THEM

A magnificent line of Ladies JACKETS, CAPES, CLOAKS AND MACKINTOSHES, very latest styles only.

160 Doz. Ladies' and Childrens' English Hose. 50 Cases Rubber Footwear of all descriptions. 35 Cases Fine Shoes by the best makers.

A SPLENDID LINE OF

UMBRELLAS.

GENTLEMEN! Before ordering a suit from your Tailor call and inspect our stock of Ready-made Clothing.

—WE TAKE ORDERS FOR—

CUSTOM MADE SUITS.

—WE CARRY THE LARGEST STOCK OF—

GENT'S FURNISHINGS.

LATEST STYLES IN HATS AND CAPS.

REMEMBER That SIMON LEISER'S Union Store is the Store in the District carrying a large and complete stock of

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Furnishings, Builders Hardware,
Groceries & Provisions, Hardware & Tinware, Paints & Oils, Crockery & Glassware, Nails & Tin, Etc.

We are complete House Furnishers, BEDROOM SUITS, PARLOR SUITS, CARPETS, LINOLEUM, RUGS, ETC.

A Car Load of Fancy Heating and Cook Stoves on the way

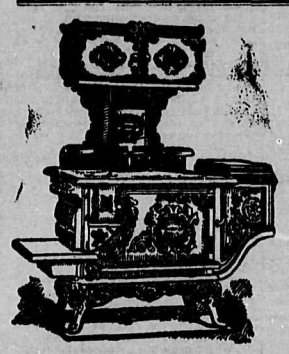
TO UNION STORE.

Look Out.

For their New Ad. Whose?

Why, McPhee & Moore's

GENERAL MERCHANTS.



Union Mines Furniture Store.

A Full Line of Everything. Including Granite and Hardware.

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Grant & McGregor Props

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.

TAILORING - TAILORING

P. Dunne

—IS NOW LOCATED AT —

UNION, B. C.

In the Dunne Block Where He has on Display One of the Finest Stocks of Woolens Ever Shown in British Columbia.

E. Merman,

JEWELER & WATCHMAKER

WELLINGTON, B. C.

—ESTABLISHED IN 1889—

Will be in Union every month with a large stock of Jewelry, Watches, Diamonds, and Silverware.

Watch repairing a specialty.

When in Union Drop in and see us. We carry a full stock of Drugs and Stationery.

Family Receipts our specialty.

Orders accompanied with cash will receive our prompt attention

E. PIMBURY & Co.

Union, B. C.

H. L. Theobald,

Begs to notify the people of Union and the country around that he is prepared to do all Plain Painting, Paper Hanging, and decorating; that they would do well to see him before placing orders elsewhere.

Look Out!

FOR THE

GRAND BALL.

The C. O. O. F. will give their first Annual Ball in their New Hall over McPhee & Moore's New Store in Courtenay, Nov. 30th. Tickets per couple including supper at the Riverside Hotel $2.50 which may be had at the News Office also at the Riverside Hotel Courtenay and the Lorne Hotel at the Bay.

K. of P.

SOCIAL DANCE

At the Knights of Pythias Hall, Comox, on Tuesday Evening the 13th Inst.

Admission 50 cents including refreshments. First Class Music.

POWER OF ATTORNEY.

Mr. F. W. Robbins holds my power of attorney during my absence in the East.
99-2m Thos. H. Piercy.

NOTICE.

I hereby give notice that I shall at the next sitting of the Licensing Court to be holden at Comox, make application for a transfer of my license to William Sharp for permission to sell intoxicating liquor by retail on the premises known as the Riverside Hotel, Courtenay.

Dated at Comox this 9th day of Nov. 1894. J. J. Grant. By his attorney Robt. Grant.

GRAND RECEPTION.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen Right Royally Welcomed at Victoria. The Ruler of all the Russias Pays the Debt of Nature—Desperate Dash for Liberty—Minor Events.

VICTORIA'S RECEPTION.

VICTORIA, Nov. 3.—Victoria gave a grand reception to His Excellency and the Countess of Aberdeen. Though Lord Aberdeen has been in Victoria before, yesterday was the first occasion on which he has come to the city since he has been Governor General of Canada. There could be no mistaking the heartiness of Victoria's welcome to his Excellency and the Countess of Aberdeen. The immense crowd gathered at the outer wharf expressed their loyal greeting with cheers and waving of hats. It was shortly after four o'clock when the Dominion Steamer Quadra with the Vice-Regal party on board tied up at the outer wharf. The scene in the harbor was a pleasing sight. The sun shone warm and bright the shipping was bedecked with flags, and all over the city flags were flying in honor of the occassion. From the edge of the wharf there was a covered passage way of evergreens and buildings to the big freight shed. Within this building the Mayor, Lieut-Governor Dewdney and the General Reception Committee stood waiting, while there was a guard of honor consisting of one hundred men of the B. C., B. G. A., under command of Lieut. Williams with Lieut Blanchard. Further along was Sir William Wallace with many of the Caledonian Society in kilts, with four pipers at their head. The interior of the shed presented a very gay appearance being decorated with evergreens and Chinese laterns. Facing the wharf landing was the word "WELCOME". Just in side in a prominent position were the words "OUR CITY GREETS LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN." The Bishop of Columbia was in his Robes and the Officers in their bright uniforms added to the general effect. Captain Urquhart, A. D. C., was the first to land and conducted the Lieut.-Governor and Mayor Teague on board the "Quadra" where they met the Governor-General and Countess of Aberdeen and formerally welcomed them to the City.

DEATH OF THE CZAR.

LONDON, Nov. 1.—[Special.] Intimation of the death of the Czar of Russia which occured at Livadia at 2:15 p. m. was received at the foreign office. The Czarina and the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, sister of the Czar, were among those with him at the last. At noon the action of the Czar's heart began to enfeeble rapidly and about half past one unconsciousness supervened. The action of the heart became intermittent and was scarcely perceptible until it ceased altogether.

VAIN SEARCH FOR MARTIN.

NANAIMO, Nov. 1.—[Special.] A party of ten headed by Charles Martin spent the greater part of the past twenty-four hours in a continuous and systematic search of New Castle Island, in the hope of discovering some trace of the lost William Martin. Proceeding to the spot where Smith was discovered on the beach, by a passing Siwash, the party patrolled the shore for several miles: one each side. When night came on they lighted their lanterns and proceeded inland. Hour after hour the band of anxious searchers roamed back and forward but in vain. No trace of the missing man rewarded their efforts. Smith, who was by the merest chance snatched from the jaws of death, is still a badly battered man. Of the circumstances of his escape he knows but little. From the time he fainted on the beach, on Monday afternoon, until Wednesday afternoon, is a blank which he has not yet sufficiently recovered to fill.

BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

New Westminster, Nov. 3.—A prisoner named Jones undergoing sentence of eighteen months at Westminster jail, made a break for liberty today. Governor Moresby was on hand and gave chase Not being able to catch up he fired his revolver but missed. Arrived near the Gas Works the prisoner showed signs of fatigue but struggled on for the dense woods directly infront of him. Moresby fired again, and again missed. At the edge of the woods the prisoner stumbled over some brush and before he could rise was capiured by Moresby and other officers who joined in the pursuit.

CAPT BUTLER PROMOTED.

Nanaimo, Nov. 3.—Capt. J. E. Butler of Victoria has been appointed pilot for Nanaimo district and will assume his new duties on December 1st.

ANOTHER FIRE

Fire totally destroyed the home of Jas Peterson at Five Acre Lots, Chase River last night. It started about 11 o'clock noon. Peterson was at home at the time and in a few minutes the building and contents were a heap of ashes. The loss is estimated ai about $2000. The insurance was $1800 in the Royal.

CHANGE OF NAME.

New Westminster, Nov. 3—[Special]—The Board of Trade have requested the city council to have the word "new" dropped from the city's name by act of the Legislature as unnecessary and inconvienient.

HUNTING WITH DOGS.

New Westminster, Nov. 3.—At Mission City, James Kipp, Charles Gardner, Henry Gardner, and Samuel Cromacy were fined $25 each for hunting deer with dogs.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of the late John Hetherington are requested to present the same, and all persons indebted to the above estate are hereby notified to pay the same to John Mundell, collector for the estate within the next thirty days.

By order of the executors.
Nov. 1, 1894.

COURTENAY ITEMS.

Editor News: There has nothing very exciting happened during the last week. Luckily we are free of sensational items like murder, horse-stealing or runaway couples.

On Tuesday evening last week there was a social dance at Mr. Russell's up the Settlement. A few went from Courtenay. There was a good attendance. D. McAllister, Jack Martin and George Grieve furnished the music. It was a very pleasant affair.

The work of getting the new planer up at Urquhart Bros is progressing. It is said in this connection, that the water from the old canal will be utilized as a motive power.

McPhee's new store is nearly completed and it is expected that the store will be formally opened in about a fortnight The post office will be transferred to it. Its a splendid looking building and there is no doubt but that a good business will be done here.

The teachers of Puntledge school and Courtenay school are arranging for an entertainment to be given here about Christmas by the pupils of the two schoo's They are in training for the affair and will surprise people with some interesting drills and maneuvres.

Considerable interest is being manifested in the course of the lectures to be given under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church. A ticket for the whole course is only $1, while a single admission costs but 25 cents—cheap enongh. The Rev. Tait will open the course with a lecture at the Bay in K. of P hall Nov. 14 and one at the new hall at Courtenay on the following night on the interesting subject of Love, Courtship and Marriage As he is a man of experience he will no doubt give some useful hints. A sprightly lecture may be expected. There will also be good music, and possibly some recitations. Tickets for sale at Duncan's and the Bay stores.

Mr. John J. Grant and wife have reached their new home in Southern California. They are staying at Lacrecenta or near there. It is hoped the climate may have a beneficial effect on the health of Mrs. Grant.

Charles Kenward, who has been ill for some days is again on deck, looking as well as ever.

Occasional.

GAMBLING.

(Communication.)

Among the most dishonerable, unmanly and dishonest practices of men of today, gambling has a prominent place. This is no light thought, that our working men (and especially our young men) are not above this extreme foolishness, and that our community for one moment, tolerates it.

The professional gambler is one of the most dangerons outlaws, that can be found among our youth: he is by far the most contemptable of all thieves; and, with his associates, the most dishonerable production of our age. The poverty-stricken home, the ignorant youth, and the deplorable condition of the laborer, are the lighest traces of his work; while scoundrelism, licentiousness, and murder bear evidence of his ravages. That he should find company and get gain in Union is a fact that should make us blush for shame; alarm each parent in the place and arouse the officers of the law to defend the future citizens of our country, from this distroyer. He should be considered (as he certainly is) a public enemy, and treated accordingly. But the cowardice of our young men, who make themselves his slaves, is a reproach to any free people. What can be more disloyal to our government, than this breaking of laws made for our safty? What can be more alarming than to see our young men swindled out of their wages and character? This is a pretty state of affairs in our enlightened age. These are bright prospects for the twentieth century; these are strong pillars on which to rest our future liberties. Young men, for shame! that you, in the prime of life, should fall prey to such a vile, weak, and contemptable enemy!

UNION MINES PUBLIC SCHOOL.

(October Report.)

Number of pupils attending, 112
Aggregate daily attendance, 2218.
Average daily attendance, 98.5.

List of pupils who made highest marks in their respective clases:

FIFTH—Laura Abrams; Lyddie Garrison
FOURTH—Sydney Burton, Tillie Garrison
SENIOR THIRD—Nellie Miller, Willie Ferguson.
INTERMEDIATE THIRD—Nellie Strang, Maud Young.
JUNIOR THIRD—Marea Tobacco, Hannah Anthony.
SENIOR SECOND— William Hayman, Henry Richards.
JUNIOR SECOND—Maggie Strang, Edith Lawrence.
SECOND PRIMER—Mabel Abrams, Rich Ray.
SENIOR FIRST PRIMER—Alfred Ray, Redofya Bertoldi.
JUNIOR FIRST PRIMER—Mary E. Whyte
Agnes Gleason.

SHIPPING NEWS.

The Glory of the Seas is at the wharf loading for San Francisco.

The steamer Daisy came in on Monday for coal for the City of Ringston, Victoria.

The Thistle was in and left on Friday for Victoria.

The Tepic was in and left on Friday with load for Vancouver.

The Lewis Walsh left on Wednesday with 2200 tons of coal for San Francisco.

TENDERS.

TENDERS for the rental for five years of the Carwithen farm of about 200 acres will be received by the undersigned up to noon of December 1, 1894.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

For particulars apply to
W. Duncan,
Sandwick, B. C.

OYSTERS.

Call at O. H. Fechner's for Oysters, the best in the market.

Brevities.

16 cases of boots and shoes just arrived at McPhee & Moore's.

The lumber is on the ground for a new cottage on South Second street.

FOR SALE.—A Jersey bull, full pedigree. Apply to John Piket, Cumberland Hotel, Union

Mr. J. W. Fauquier left Tuesday for about 10 days. During his absence Mr. J. Bruce will attend to his business.

Come out to the Reading Room tonight (Tuesday) and help organize a Mock Parliament.

The third cottage of Mrs. Nixon is nearly finished. It will be occupied by Mr. J. Abrams and family.

Winthrop O. Frost of the Glory of the Seas got into a fight on Sunday with a Siwash who kicked in one of his ribs.

The rainfall in Union during the month of October just passed was 8.59 inches. There were 18 days on which there was more or less rain.

Of all the suds bedaubing set
Who whet their razors keenest,
On Fechner you can safely bet:
He shaves the people cleanest.

E. Robertson, a seaman on the Glory of the Seas, on Saturday fell from the gangway between the vessel and the wharf received a bad contusion on the chin.

Mr. N. Harvey with A. C. Fulton, butcher has a forest ranch near Robert Grant and W. H. Harrigan's ranches which he is opening up. Two men were at work there yesterday.

On Thursday the mule drivers quit work because of a reduction in the daily wages of twenty-five cents which now leaves them $2.25 per day. Their places have been filled temporarily.

The social dance at K. of P. hall under auspices of K. of P. on the evening of Nov. 13th will be fully up to the character of everything given by the K. of P. See their add.

Wm. Halliday will start for Kingcome Inlet on Monday next with a party consisting of Merle Halliday, Clifford, Eustace and Percy Smith and J. Cowie; Mr. Cowie taking up the party with his steam launch, the Rover.

When A. W. McIntyre returned from Victoria last week he brought with him a magnificent coffee urn, and paraphernalia to enable him to give a hot cup of coffee, oysters and lunch in first class style. Try his place.

McLary stoves are all the "go"
And people want no other,
Because they are the best you know;
With them you have no bother.

If of a stove you are in want
Don't wait a single minute,
But go direct to "Alec" Grant.
Plank down your cash and get it.

Mr. Low, who drove the milk wagon for Mr. Mathewson for some months, and was ill in the Vancouver Hospital for quite a while is out again looking well and hearty. He and a brother recently from Scotland, have bought a ranch near Port Kell, on the Frazer where they propose to settle down to farming and orcharding.

Grantham school house lot rejoices in a new fence which from the curiosity it excites is supposed to be an object lesson If it is patterned after any style it must relate back far anterior to queen Ann, perhaps to anti-deluvian times; or it may be that the veil has been lifted for the benefit of the builder and that it is reveal ment of the "go" of the next century.

PERSONAL.

J. B. Holmes of the Bay was here Saturday.

Geo. G. McDonald, proprietor of the Elk Hotel, Comox, was in town Saturday.

R. B. Anderson, watchmaker and metal worker was over from the Bay on business.

W. Rennison of the Settlement made his appearance on our streets one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Milligan of the Settlement are seen here quite frequently.

Stafford McKelvey of the Lower Prairie was in town shopping.

Joseph McPhee of the Bay, Courtenay, and Union drove over on Saturday.

John Wilson of the steamer Joan is staying in town for a few days.

Mr. Pettingell of powder fame is again in our midst.

Wm. Langton of the Magnet stores, Nanaimo, was up last Wednesday to visit his branch store here under the able management of R. P. Edwards.

VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

The new blacksmith shop of T. L. Ray on Third street (Courtenay road) will be running in full blast the last of this week.

"Week in, week out from morn till night,
You may hear his bellows blow
You may hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a Sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low."

HORNBY ISLAND WHARF.

Ed. News: The government wharf at Hornby Island is in a bad condition, one third of the piles being eaten off by worms. Owing to the way it was put together the fenders and slip are gone. The Government should do something with it before all the planks are lost. "A stitch in time saves nine" in a case like this every time.

Islander.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

From Vancouver World.

The News, heretofore published at Courtenay, Comox, has removed to the growing and bustling town of Union, where handsome new quarters have been expressly built for our sprightly and energetic cortemporary into which it has entered under the most favorable conditions and promises for its future progress and prosperity. The News is a credit alike to its publishers and the locality in which it is published. Brer Whitney deserves all the encouragement and patronage he is receiving.

UNDER A CLOUD.

A THRILLING TALE OF HUMAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

IN BENCHERS' INN.

"My darling! Mine at last!"

Ting-tang; ting-tang; ting-tang.

Malcolm Stratton, F. Z. S., naturalist, a handsome, dark-complexioned man of eight-and-twenty, started and flushed like a girl as he hurriedly thrust the photograph he had been apostrophizing into the breast pocket, and ran to the deep, dingy window of his chambers to look at the clock over the old hall of Bencher's Inn, E. C. It was an unnecessary piece of business, for there was a black marble clock on the old carved oak chimney-piece nestling among Grinling Gibbons' wooden flowers and pippins, and he had been dragging his watch from his pocket every ten minutes since he rose at seven, taken his bath, and dressed; but he had forgotten the hour the next minute, and gone on making his preparations, haunted by the great dread lest he should be too late.

"Quarter to ten yet," he muttered. "How slowly the time goes!" As he spoke he sniffed slightly and smiled, for a peculiar aromatic incense-like odor had crept into the room through the chinks in a door.

He stepped back to where a new looking portmanteau lay upon the Turkey carpet, and stood contemplating it for a few moments.

"Now, have I forgotten anything?"

This question was followed by a slow look round the quaint, handsomely furnished old oak-paneled room, one of several suites let out to bachelors who could pay well, and who affected the grim old inn with its plane trees, basin of water, and refreshing quiet, just out of the roar of the busy city street. And as Malcom Stratton looked round his eyes rested on his cases of valuable books and busts of famous naturalists, and a couple of family portraits, both of which seemed to smile at him pleasantly; and then on and over natural history specimens, curious stuffed birds, a cabinet of osteological preparations, and over and around the heavy looking carvings and mouldings about the four doorways, and continued from the fireplace up to the low ceiling. But, look where he would, he could see nothing but a beautiful face with large, pensive eyes, gazing with loving trust in his as he had seen them only a few hours before when he had said "good-night."

"Bah! I shall never be ready," he cried, with an impatient laugh, and crossing to one of the doorways—all exactly alike—he disappeared for a moment or two, to return from his bedroom with a black bag, which he hastily strapped, set down, paused to think for a moment, and then taking out his keys opened the table drawer, took out a check book, and sat down to write.

"May as well have enough," he said merrily. "I've waited long enough for this trip, and a man does not get married every day. One—fifty. Signature. Bah! Don't cross it, stupid!"

He tore out the check, threw back the book, and locked the drawer, before going to a door on the right-hand side of the fireplace, bending forward and listening.

"Wonder he has not been in," he muttered, "Now let's see. Anything else? How absurb! Haven't finished my coffee."

He took the cup from the table, drained it, and, after another look round, turned to the left side of the fireplace, where he opened a door corresponding to the one at which he had listened, went in, and returned directly with an ice ax and an alpenstock.

"May as well take them," he said. "Myra can use you."

He gave the alpenstock a rub with the table napkin before placing it and his old mountaineering companion against the bag. Then, bending down, he was busily strapping the portmanteau and forcing the tongue of the last buckle into its proper hole when there was a knock at the door behind him, and he started to his feet.

"Come in!"

The answer was a second knock, and with an impatient ejaculation the occupant of the chamber threw open the fourth door.

"I forgot the bolt was fastened, Mrs. Brade," he said, as he drew back to admit a plump looking, neatly dressed woman in cap and apron, one corner of which she took up to begin rolling between her fingers as she stood smiling at the edge of the carpet.

"Yes, sir," she said, "if I make so bold, and I don't wonder at it. Oh, my dear—I mean Mr. Stratton, sir—how handsome you do look this morning!"

"Why, you silly old woman?" he cried, half laughing, half annoyed.

"Oh, no, excuse me, sir, not a bit. Handsome is as handsome does, they say, and you is and does too, sir, and happiness and joy go with you, sir, and your dear, sweet lady too, sir."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Brade, but——"

"I always thought as you would marry some day, sir, as was only natural, but I never thought as a widow would be your lot."

"Mrs. Brade!" cried Stratton impatiently, and with his brows contracting a little. "I am very busy—not a moment to spare."

"Of course, sir, and no wonder; but I do wish it hadn't been such a dull morning."

"Dull?" cried Stratton, rushing to the window; "I thought it was all sunshine."

"Of course you did, sir; so did I; and well I remember it, though it's forty years ago."

"Mrs. Brade, I told you I was busy. I thank you for your congratulations, and I gave you all your instructions yesterday, so pray what do you want?"

Mrs. Brade, wife of the inn porter, lifted the corner of her apron to her mouth, and made a sound like the stifling of a laugh.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure, and of course it's natural at such a time. I came because you sent word by the waiter that I was to——"

"Of course, yes: about ten. I'm so busy, I forgot," cried Stratton hastily. "Look here, Mrs. Brade, I want you to go over to the bank; it will be open by the time you get across. Cash this check for me; bring all notes—tens and fives."

"A hundred and fifty pounds, sir?"

"Yes; take a hand bag with you. Don't get robbed."

"Oh, no, sir. I know too much of the ways of London town."

"That's right. Excuse my being hurried with you.

"Of course, sir; I known well what your feelings must be. (Sniff, sniff.) Why, you can smell Mr. Brettison a-smoking his ubble-dubble with that strange tobacco right in here."

As the woman spoke she went straight across to the door on the left of the fireplace.

"Here! where are you going?" cried Stratton.

"Back directly, sir," came in smothered tones, accompanied by the pulling of a bath chain, the gurgling of water, and the sound of shutting down a heavy lid.

"Lor', how strong Mr. Brettison do smell, sir. It's my memory's got that bad sir," said the woman, reappearing and carefully shutting the door, "that I'm obliged to do things when I see them want doing, else I forgets. It was only yesterday that Mr. Brettison——"

"Mrs. Brade, the check, please.

"Of course, sir," said the woman hastily just as there was a little rat-tat at the brass knocker of the outer door, which she opened.

"Here is Mr. Brettison, sir," and she drew back to admit a spare looking, gray man, dressed in dark tweed, who removed his soft felt hat and threw it, with a botanist's vasculum and a heavy oaken stick, upon an easy-chair, as he watched the departure of the porter's wife before turning quickly and, with tears in his eyes, grasping Stratton's hands and shaking them warmly.

"My dear boy," he said, in a voice full of emotion, "God bless you! Happiness to you! God bless you both!"

"My dear old friend!" cried Stratton. "Thank you; for Myra, too. But come, you've repented. You will join the wedding party after all?"

"I? Oh, no, no, my boy. I'm no wedding guest. Why, Malcolm, I should be a regular ancient mariner without the glittering eye."

"I am sorry. I should have liked you to be present," said Stratton warmly.

"I know it, my boy, I know it; but no; don't press me. I couldn't bear it. I was to have been married, my dear boy. I was young, if not as handsome as you. But," there was a pause—"she died," he added in a whisper. "I could not bear to come."

"Mr. Brettison!"

"There," cried the visitor with forced gayety, "just what I said. No, my dear Malcolm. No, No, my boy. I'm better away."

Stratton was silent, and his neighbor went on hastily:

"I heard you packing and knocking about, but I wouldn't disturb you, my dear boy. I'm off, too: a week's collecting in the New Forest. Write to me very soon, and my dear love to your sweet wife—an angel, Malcolm—a blessing to you, my boy. Tell her to let you gather a few of the mountain flowers to send me. Ask her to pick a few herself and I'll kiss them as coming from her."

"I'll tell her, sir."

"That's right; and, Malcolm, my boy, I'm quite alone in the world, where I should not have been now if you had not broken in my door and came and nursed me back to life, dying as I was from that deadly fever."

"My dear Mr. Brettison, if you ever mention that trifle of neighborly service again we are no longer friends," cried Stratton.

"Trifle of neighborly service!" said the old man, laying his hands affectionately upon the other's shoulders. "You risked your life, boy, to save that of one who would fain have died. But Heaven knows best, Malcolm, and I've been a happier man since, for it has seemed to me as if I had a son. Now, one word more and I am going. I've a train to catch. Tell your dear young wife that Edward Brettison has watched your career—that the man who was poor and struggled so hard to place himself in a position to win her will never be poor again; for I have made you my heir, Malcolm, and God bless you, my boy. Good-by; write soon."

"Mr. Brettison!" cried Stratton, in amaze.

"Hush!"

The door opened, and Mrs. Brade reappeared with a black reticule in one hand and a ruddy telegram envelope in the other.

"I see, wanted already," said the old man, hastily catching up hat, stick, and collecting box, and hurrying out without another word.

"Telegram, sir; and there's the change, sir."

"Eh! The notes? Thank you, Mrs. Brade," said Stratton hurriedly, and taking the packet he laid them on the table and placed a bronze letter weight to keep them down. "That will do, thank you, Mrs. Brade. Tell your husband to fetch my luggage, and meet me at Charing Cross. He'll take a cab, of course."

"I shall be there, too, sir, never you fear," said the porter's wife, with a smile, as she left the room, Stratton hurriedly tearing open the envelope the while, and reading as the door closed:

No bride's bouquet. What a shame! See to it at once. EDIE.

"Confound!" ejaculated Stratton; "and after all their promises. Here, Mrs. Brade, quick. Gone!"

He threw open the door to call the woman back, but before he could open his lips she had returned.

"A gen—gentleman to see you, sir, on business."

"Engaged. Cannot see anyone. Look here, Mrs. Brade."

"Mr. Malcolm Stratton, I presume," said a heavily built man with a florid face, grayish hair, and closely cut foreign looking hair.

"My name, sir, but I am particularly engaged this morning. If you have business with me you must write."

This at the doorway, with Mrs. Brade standing a little back on the stone landing.

"No time for writing," said the stranger sternly. "Business too important. Needn't wait, Mrs. what's-yer-name," he continued, turning upon the woman so sharply that she began to hurry down the stairs.

"I don't care how important your mission is, sir," cried Stratton; "I cannot give you an interview this morning. If you have anything to say you must write. My business——"

"I know," said the man coolly: "going to be married."

Stratton took a step back, and his visitor one forward into the room, turned, closed the outer door, and, before Stratton could recover from his surprise, the inner door, and pointed to a chair.

"Sit down," said the man, and he took another chair and sat back in it.

"Well of all the audacious——!" began Stratton, with a half laugh; but he was interrupted.

"Don't waste words, sir; no time. The lady will be waiting."

As he spoke Stratton saw the man's eyes rest for a moment on the banknotes beneath the letter weight, and an undefined sensation of uneasiness attacked him. He mastered it in an instant, ignoring the last remark.

"Now, sir; you say you have business with me. Let me hear it, since I must—at once."

"Ah, that's businesslike. We shall be able to deal."

"Say what you have to say."

"When you sit down."

Stratton let himself fall back into a chair.

"Now then. Quick!"

"You propose being married this morning."

"I do," said Stratton, with a sort of dread lest even then there should be some obstacle in the way.

"Well, then, you can't; that's all."

"What!" cried Stratton fiercely. "Who says so?"

"I do. But keep cool, young man. This is business."

"Yes; I'll be cool," said Stratton, mastering himself again, and adopting his visitor's cynical manner. "So let me ask you, sir, who you may be, and what is your object in coming?"

The man did not answer for a moment, but let his eyes rest again upon the notes.

"I say, who are you, sir?"

"I? Oh, nobody of any importance," said the man, with an insolent laugh.

Stratton sprang up, and the visitor thrust his hand behind him.

"No nonsense, Mr. Malcolm. I tell you this is business. Without my consent you cannot marry Myra Barron, formerly Myra Jerrold, this morning."

"I say, who are you, sir?" cried Stratton furiously.

"James Barron, my dear sir—the lady's husband."

"Good God!"

CHAPTER II.

TWO SHOTS FROM A REVOLVER

Malcolm Stratton started back with his eyes wild and his face ghastly, just as there was the faint sound of steps on the stone stairs, and directly after someone gave a long continued double knock on the outer door.

"Company, eh?" said the man rising. "Get rid of him. I've a lot to say. I'll go in here."

He went straight to the doorway on the right of the fireplace.

"No, no," cried Stratton harshly; "that is a false door."

"False door?" said the man; "is this?"

He laid his hand upon the other on the left of the fireplace, and opened it

"All right. Bath room. I'll go in here."

As the man shut himself in Stratton reeled as if he would have fallen, but a second rat-tat upon the little brass knocker brought him to himself, and, after a glance at the closet door, he opened that of the entry, and then the outer door, to admit a good looking, fair-haired young fellow of about five-and-twenty, most scrupulously dressed, a creamy rose in his buttonhole, and a look of vexation in his merry face as he stood looking at his white kid gloves.

"I say, old chap," he cried, "I shall kill your housekeeper. She must have black-leaded that knocker. Morning. How are you. Pretty well ready?"

"Ready?" said Stratton hurriedly. "No, not yet. I'm sure I——"

"Why, hullo, old chap; what's the matter?"

"Matter? Nothing, nothing."

"Well, you look precious seedy. White about the gills. Why, hang it, Malcolm, don't take it like that. Fancy you being nervous. What about? Packed up, I see."

"Yes—yes."

"Wish it was my turn," continued the newcomer. "Might as well have been two couples: Mr. and Mrs. Malcom Stratton; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Guest. Why, I say, old chap, you are ill."

"No, no," cried Stratton hurriedly; and a sudden thought struck him.

Catching up the telegram from the table, he handed it to his friend.

"Hullo! Nothing serious? Poof! What a molehill mountain. You shouldn't let a thing like this agitate your noble nerves. Bless the dear little woman. I'll run on to Common Garden, Central Avenue, as we say in some suckles, bully the beggar for not sending it, start him, and be back for you in a jiffy."

"No, no," cried Stratton excitedly, "don't trust them. Get the bouquet, and take it yourself. Don't come back. I'll meet you at the church."

"All right, old chap. Your slave obeys. *Only, I say, I would have a duet*—S. and B.—before I started. Screw up, and don't come with a face like that."

The speaker went to the door, opened it, and looking round laughingly: "Precious dull; I'll tell 'em to turn on the sun," he said, and hurried out.

As the outer door closed Stratton darted to the inner and shut it, while, as he turned, his unwelcome visitor stepped out of the bath room—evidently formerly a passage leading into the next chamber—and returned to his chair.

"Best man—bouquets—carriages waiting—church—wedding breakfast," he said laughingly. "By Jove! I could drink a tumbler of champagne."

By the time Stratton had grown firmer, and, pointing to the door, he cried:

"Look here, sir: I'll have no more of this. You are an impostor. I don't know where you obtained your information, but if you have come to levy blackmail on the strength of such a mad tale, you have failed; so go."

"To my wife?"

"To the police-station if you dare to threaten me. Look here: James Barron, otherwise James Dale, died two years ago."

"Then he has come to life again, that's all," said the man coolly. "Now, look here, you; I've not come to quarrel. I call on you, and of course it must be just dampening at such a time, but you see, I had no option. It wasn't likely that—be cool, will you? Let that poker rest!"

He spoke savagely, and took a revolver from a hip pocket.

"I say it wasn't likely that you would be pleased to see me, and I'm not surprised at your crying impostor, because, as I well enough know, the papers said I was dead, and for the past two years my beautiful little wife has worn her widow's weeds."

Stratton made a gesture to start forward, but the man sat back in his chair and raised the pistol.

"I'm a very good shot," he said coolly. "Be quiet and listen. I'm an impostor, am I? I was not married to Myra Jerrold, I suppose, directly after the old man had taken her for a continental tour with pretty, merry little Edie Perrin. Bless her—sweet little girl! I'd rather have had her if she had possessed Myra's money. It's all right, my dear sir. I can give you chapter and verse, and commas and full stops, too, if you want satisfying. But you do not; you know it's all true. Why don't I put in my claims? Well, there is that little unpleasantness with the police, and that is why," he continued as he toyed with the revolver. "I object to your calling them in to interfere. No, Mr. Malcolm Stratton, I shall not let you call them in for more reason than one. Ah! you begin to believe me. Let me see now, can I give you a little corroborative evidence? You don't want it, but I will. Did the admiral ever tell you what an excellent player I was at piquet?"

Stratton started.

"Yes, I see he did. And how I used to sing "La ci darem" with Myra, and played the accompaniment myself? Yes, he told you that, too. My dear sir, I have a hundred little facts of this kind to tell you, including my race after Myra's horse when it took fright and she was thrown. By the way, has the tiny little red scar faded from her white temple yet?"

Stratton's face was ghastly now.

"I see I need say no more, sir. You are convinced Myra is my wife. There has been no divorce, you see, so you are at my mercy."

"But she is not at yours," cried Stratton fiercely. "You go back to your cell, sir, and she will never be polluted by the touch of such a scoundrel again."

"Polluted? Strong language, young man and you are losing your temper. Once more, be cool. You see I have this, and I am not a man to be trifled with. I do not intend to go back to my cell: I had enough of that yonder, but mean to take my ease, for the future. These chambers are secluded; a noise here is not likely to be heard, and I should proceed to extremities if you forced me."

"You dare to threaten me?"

"Yes, I dare to threaten you, my dear sir. But keep cool, I tell you. I didn't come here to quarrel, but to do a little business. Did you expect me! I see you have the money ready."

He pointed to the notes—notes to defray a blissful honeymoon trip—and Stratton had hard work to suppress a groan.

"There, I'm very sorry for you, my dear sir," continued the scoundrel, "and I want *to be friendly, both to you and poor little* Myra—good little soul! She thought me dead; you thought me dead; and I dare say you love each other like pigeons. Next thing, I admire her, but she never cared a sou for me. Well, suppose I say that I'll be dead to oblige you both. What do you say to that?"

Malcolm was silent.

"I never wanted the poor little lass. Frankly, I wanted her money, and the admiral's too—hang the old rascal, he won about fifty pounds of me. But to continue. Now, Mr. Malcolm Stratton, time is flying, and the lady will soon be at the church, where you must be first. I tell you that I will consent to keep under the tombstone where the law and society have placed me, for a handsome consideration. What do you propose?"

"To hand you over to the police," said Stratton firmly, but with despair in his tone.

"No, you do not. You propose to give me the money on the table there, to sign an agreement to pay me three hundred a year as long as I keep dead, and then to go and wed your pretty widow, and be off to the continent or elsewhere."

Bigamy—blackmailed by a scoundrel who would make his life a hell—through constant threats to claim his wife—a score of such thoughts flashed through Scratton's brain as he stood there before the cool, calculating villain watching him so keenly. Money was no object to him. Mr. Brettison would let him have any amount, but it was madness to think of such a course. There was only one other—to free the innocent, pure woman he idolized from the persecution of such a wretch, and the law would enable him to do that.

Malcolm Stratton's mind was made up, and he stood there gazing full in his visitor's eyes.

"Well," said the man coolly, "time is on *the wing, as I said before. How much is* there under that letter weight?"

"One hundred and fifty pounds," said Stratton quietly.

"Write me a check for three hundred and fifty pounds then, and the bargain is closed."

"Not for a penny," said Stratton quietly.

"You will. The lady is waiting."

"So are the police."

"What!" cried the man, rising slowly and with a menacing look in his countenance. "No fooling, sir. You see this, and you know I shall not be trifled with. Once more let me remind you that a noise here would hardly be heard outside. But you are not serious. The prize for you is too great. Police? How could you marry the lady then? Do you think my proud, prudish little Myra would take you, knowing me to be alive? Stop, will you?" he cried with a savage growl like that of a wild beast, "or, by all that's holy—— Here, what are you going to do, fool?"

"Summon the police," cried Stratton, who was half way to the door, as the man sprang at him with activity of a panther.

For the next minute there was a desperate struggle, as the men wrestled here and there, both moved by one object—the possession of the deadly weapon.

Then one arm was freed, there was the sharp report of a pistol, and a puff of ill smelling smoke partially hid the struggling pair.

Another shot with the smoke more dense. A heavy fall.

Then silence—deathlike and strange.

Outside, on the staircase a floor higher a door was opened; there were steps on the stone landing, and a voice shouted down the well:

"Anything the matter?"

After a moment another voice was heard:

"Nonsense—nothing. Someone banged his oak."

There was the sound of people going back into the room above, and in the silence which followed, broken only by the faintly heard strain of some street music at a distance, the door below, on the first floor landing, was opened a little way, the fingers of a hand appearing round the edge, and a portion of a man's head came slowly out, as if its owner was listening.

The door was closed once more as softly as it was opened, and the sun, which had been hidden all the morning by leaden clouds, sent a bright sheaf of golden rays through the dust-incrusted staircase window, straight on the drab-painted outer door, with the occupant's name thereon in black letters.

MR. MALCOLM STRATTON.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Oratory, like the drama, abhors lengthiness.—Bulwer.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

It is easy when we are in prosperity to give advice to the afflicted—Aeschylus.

Even from the body's purity the mind receives a secret sympathetic aid.—Thomson.

Capacity without education is deplorable, and education without capacity is thrown away.—Saadi.

Put this restriction on your pleasures; be cautious that they injure no being that lives.—Zimmermann.

It is lucky for us that the bee does not look upon the honeycomb in the same light we do.—Whately.

Poesy is of so subtle a spirit that in the pouring out of one language into another it will evaporate.—Denham.

The blush is nature's alarm at the approach of sin, and her testimony to the dignity of virtue.—Fuller.

It is the admirer of himself, and not the admirer of virtue, that thinks himself superior to others.—Plutarch.

Some desire is necessary to keep life in motion; he whose real wants are supplied must admit those of fancy.—Johnson.

To write well is to think well, to feel well, and to render well; it is to possess at once intellect, soul and taste.—Buffon.

He that aspires to be the head of a party will find it more difficult to please his friends than to perplex his foes.—Colton.

Since I cannot govern my tongue, though within my own teeth, how can I hope to govern the tongues of others?—Franklin.

GROWING WORSE.

Jews in Morocco Plundered and Stripped on Their Way to Market.

Advices received here from Tangiers say that affairs in Morocco are growing worse. The Jews, while on their way to the markets, are continually plundered and stripped of their clothing, and on the principal roads an imperial tax of £5 is demanded for free passage. The Erchamana tribe is demanding the immediate release of Muley Mohammed, *the eldest son of the* late Sultan, Muley Hasson. Muley Mohammed was proclaimed Sultan early in September in spite of the fact that his younger brother Abdul Aziz, had previously been proclaimed Sultan, and recognized as such at Fez, the seat of the present Government of Morocco. Muley Mohammed, however, had previously been imprisoned at Narakesh by order of his brother, the Sultan, and was compelled to sign an Act of adhesion to Abdul Aziz. The position of the latter had been secured by his being recognized as Sultan by the powerful Shereef of Wazan. In addition to demanding the release of Muley Mohammed, the Erchaman tribe is demanding the immediate release of all the other political prisoners now in confinement at Morocco city. If there demands are not granted, the tribesmen mentioned threaten to attack and plunder Morocco city.

A Last Resort.

Jimson (confidentially)—"Say, do you hear that young woman singing?"

Policeman—"I should remark."

"She lives next door to me. Say!"

"Well, say it."

"I'll give you a box of the best cigars ever smuggled if you'll rush into that house and ask who is being murdered."

A Bargain.

He (a clerk)—What would you like to see, madam?

She—Why, I'm looking for my husband.

He—Will I do, madam, or shall I show you some others?

POETRY.

The Happiest Heart.

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame;
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to heaven the rest.

—Harper's Magazine.

Advice to a Young Blackbird.

Ah, there you are, let out alone at last.
I've watched your goings on for some days past
Though you may try to hide your youth by cheek,
I know your age: you left the nest last week.
Come here and let me give you some advice,
It shall be useful, kindly and concise;
For your new life has jars as well as joys,
And there are cats and catapults and boys.
When on the lawn be vigilant and firm,
And deftly learn to land the unwilling worm;
When times are hard and every lawn is dry,
Give up the usual worm and try the fly;
Feast through the summer; but, when autumn comes,
Abstemious be—but chiefly with my plums
Thank man in winter for his crumbs and grain
And, in the summer, praise the Lord for rain.
In nesting time don't build too near the sod,
Choose a thick holly; and then trust in God;
Get a good mate, with kindly heart and tail
Managed with grace, not flaunted like a flail.
When you fall out, as will do hens and hubs,
Don't make it known by scolding through the shrubs.
And now about your singing, just a word:
Practice for skill, not merely to be heard;
You ought to have a voice of some repute,
Your father's voice, you know, is like a flute;
Keep your song low, and warble from the chest
A mellow, rich contralto suits you best;
What'er you do don't trifle with the air,
But work it out with conscientious care.
"Give yourself airs," but don't "go on the street,"
Or your best passages too oft repeat;
At early morn a cheerful voice maintain,
But in the evening sing your tenderest strain.
Work hard, be true, and for perfection search,
Then in your art you'll take the highest perch.
Think over what I've said, remember that
Where'er you are, look out! here comes the cat!

—Elliot Stock.

Prescience.

The new moon hung in the sky,
The sun was low in the west,
And my betrothed and I
In the churchyard paused to rest:
Happy maid and lover;
Dreaming the old dream over.
The light winds wandered by,
And robins chirped from the nest.

And lo! in the meadow sweet
Was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet,
And the ivy running wild,
Tangled ivy and clover,
Folding it over and over;
Close to my sweetheart's feet
Was the little mound up-piled.

Stricken with nameless fears,
She shrank and clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears
For a sorrow I did not see.
Lightly the winds were blowing,
Softly the tears were flowing,
Tears for the unknown years,
And a sorrow that was to be!

—T. B. Aldrich.

Early Work in Electricity.

An Englishman invented electricity; a Prussian, in the land of amber, invented the first electrical machine. Otto Guericke, of Madgeburg, who also invented the air pump, formed the instrument by which electricity could most readily be produced. He placed a globe of sulphur on an axle, to be turned by the hand of the operator, while with the other he applied a cloth to the sulphur to produce the necessary friction. It was a rude, imperfect machine, but it was at once found to have made a great revolution in the science. Electricity, which had heretofore been known only in its feebler forms, was now given out in sharp sparks, and displayed a thousand curious properties. Sometimes it attracted objects, at others repelled them. It seems at times to exercise a kind of volition. The weather affected it sensibly dampness dissolved its strength; it was capable, too, of influencing bodies at a considerable distance, and was apparently independent of the usual laws of space. Yet the seventh century glided away, with its fierce religious wars and its wonderful voyages and settlements, while little progress was made in the knowledge of electricity. Newton paid no particular attention to the new science. He suggested, however, that the electrical substance was a subtle ether, filling nature, which could be set in motion by friction. Yet his bold inquisitive mind was never strongly attracted by the mysterious study; the flashes and sparks of the electrical machines seemed, perhaps, a puerile entertainment to the great student of nature's laws. Nor did any other eminent philosopher of the age suspect that human hands would ever wield the thunder bolt, or unfold, by the aid of a globe of sulphur, the mightiest principles of nature.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

The Naval Engagement at Yalu River—The *Necessity of Increasing the English Navy.*

Lord Charles Beresford, in a recent interview, said that the result of the recent naval engagement between the Chinese and Japanese fleets at the mouth of the Yalu river proves the imperative necessity for an adequate number of cruisers. If the Japanese had had more of the cruiser type of vessel they would have tackled the Chinese ships in the open sea; and had the Chinese been better supplied with cruisers they ought to have been able to manœuvre and secure a better position, instead of being kept close in shore by the enemy's ships. Otherwise the opposing fleets were evenly matched. The battle proved that the powers of offence of modern fleets are infinitely superior to their powers of defence, and this shows the importance of more auxiliaries such as dockyards and reserves of munitions and men. "Immediately war is declared," said Lord Charles, "we ought to attack, and never stop attacking, not to stand on the defensive alone. Command of the sea depends upon auxiliaries quite as much as upon the number of ships. If two combatants are compelled by damage to suspend hostilities, victory will rest upon the one who first gets to sea again after making repairs."

PRINCES AT HOME.

How the Three Sons of the Kaiser Obtained a Good Big Kiss From Their Mother.

The domestic life of Emperor William's family is full of homely affection, of which the world gets occasional charming glimpses. A few days ago, before the Emperor and Empress started for East Prussia, the three elder Princes had just said good-night in the usual way, and requested their mother to come to their quarters just for a moment for a last good-bye before she left. "But you'll be asleep long before then," the Empress said. "No, we will not," the boys replied, and begged again for another visit. Quite late at night when she was ready for her journey, the Empress went to the bedroom of the boys, and, to her surprise, found them wide awake. In order to keep each other awake, they had roped themselves together. When one began to show signs of sleepiness, the two others pulled away at the rope till he recovered from drowsiness. There was a tender, last farewell, and then the trio went to sleep.

TORONTO ASSESSMENT OF 1894.

Analysis of the Assessors' Returns—Increase in Population.

An analysis of the assessment returns for the city of Toronto gives some very interesting statistical information regarding that city. The decrease of $4,404,655 in the general assessment does not come as a surprise at all, as Mr. Maugham, the assessment commissioner, indicated several months ago that boom values in the outlying districts would be discarded altogether and valuations approaching closer to real market values would be determined instead by the assessors. The reduction on the realty assessments by wards as follows:—No. 1, $858,548; No. 2, $140,318; No. 3, $241,359; No. 4, $949,391; No. 5, $563,146; No. 6. $1,312,903.

The assessment on incomes dropped $72,966, and on personal property the figures this year are less by $265,123 than the amount in the corresponding column for last year.

While the taxable property shows a reduction which might fairly be presumed to be warranted in the present depressed condition of the real estate market, as an equitable readjustment after the collapse of the boom, the exemptions have increased by $462,784.

THE INCREASE IN POPULATION.

The most gratifying feature of the returns, and one that will substantiate most forcibly the claim that Toronto is once more beginning to recover from the evil effects of the deceased boom, is shown in the substantial increase of population. Since the assessment was made last year the people within the city's gates number 6,455 more. The tendency is westward, and Parkdale shows the largest increase.

In One Man's Life.

What wonderful things have happened within the memory of one man is illustrated in the case of George Augustus Sala, the English special correspondent and reconteur. "It is something to be able to tell the present generation," he says "that I have seen Louis Philippe while he was still King of the French; that I have seen Soult, Thiers, Guziot and Lamartine; that I have witnessed three revolutions in the French Capital; that I followed Garibaldi in his campaign in the Tyrol; that I have heard Daniel O'Connel deliver a speech at the London Tavern; that I knew Lord Palmerston; that I was in Franco Mexican War and at the storming of Puebla; that I spent thirteen months in America when she was in the midst of war; that I was personally acquainted with Abraham Lincoln, with Seward, with Stanton, with Charles Sumner, with George Bancroft, with Longfellow and with Bayard Taylor with Grant and with McClellan, with Horace Greeley, Raphael Semmes and Jefferson Davis.

"I have conversed at Algiers with the Emperor Napoleon III.; I have been petted on the head by the great Duke of Wellington; I have lived in Cuba when there were negro slaves there, and in Russia when there were millions of white serfs in the dominions of the Czar. I can remember to have seen the Czar Nicholas himself at Ascot races; I attended the funeral of the assassinated Alexander III.; I was at Constantinople when the first Turkish Constitution was proclaimed from the steps of the old seraglio, and I can hear now the unanimous shouts of 'Amin' from the Moslem troops present."

Alcohol as an Ape-Catcher.

"The ape family resembles man in more than one respect," remarked Marron T. Bird, of Jackson, Miss. "They love liquor, and this love, as in the case of mankind, often causes them to fall. The natives of Central Africa make a fermented beer of which the monkeys are very fond, and, by using it as a bait, capture a great number of these animals. The natives go to the parts of the forests frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground gourds full of the enticing liquors. As soon as a monkey sees and tastes it he utters loud cries of joy that soon attract his comrades. Then an orgy begins, and in a short time *the beasts show all degrees of intoxication.* Then the negroes appear. The drinkers are far too far gone to distrust them, but apparently takes them for larger species of their own genus. When a negro takes one by the hand to lead it off the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support and endeavour to go off also. Another will grasp at him, and thus in turn till the negro leads a staggering line of ten or fifteen staggering monkeys. When finally got to the village the monkeys are securely caged and gradually sober down, but for two or three days a limited supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity."—*Globe Democrat.*

Chineese Luncheon Ceremonies.

A Swede has sent home to his own country an account of a lunch he received in China. He and the members of the Russian Consulate were invited to this repast by the Governor of Kashgar. They had forty-six different dishes served. But the interest is less in the food than in the etiquette. This is very rigid, and not likely to be mastered without study.

An invitation for lunch is sent two days before the occasion, and, if not answered, is understood to be accepted. It is always for 12 o' clock noon, but the guest is not to arrive before 2. With the invitation comes a card with the host's name, and sending of this means that the guest is at liberty to adopt whatever costume he thinks fit. On his arrival, the host examines the glass of his guest, and tests the chair which is intended for his use, to give him assurance that he may sit upon it with safety. He even affects to wipe the dust off the seat. Then follow the forty-six courses.

On this subject the Swede was not sympathetic. They consisted chiefly of shell fish, of stripes of the fat of mutton, followed by a dessert of a preserve of pore, much appreciated by the Chinese, but which leads the Swede to remark that the rule that the moment it is finished the guest leaves the table was a merciful one. He adds that the banquet greatly distressed the personnel of the Russian Embassy, but that the Russian missionary. M. Ignatief, seemed to enjoy it.

The Mosquito at Business.

The little insect drops gently and daintily down on the spot it has selected for its attack, and the descent of so light and airy a being is likely to leave the victim *unconscious of its presence,* unless he has actually seen it settle. Then the proboscis is pointed downward, and the tiny lips that form its tip pressed against the flesh. The bristles within the gutterlike sheath being then pressed together into one solid boring implement, their common tip is forced down on the flesh, and as they enter the wound, the trough in which they were lying separates from them in the middle, and becomes bent toward the insect's breast, the two little lips all the while holding on tight.

The greater part of the length of the stilettos is then plunged into the victim's flesh, and the blood is drawn up the fine interstices of the composite borer. The wound, though six instruments are concerned in making it, is extremely minute.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

The Way to Manage.

It is very hard to convince housekeepers who are young, strong and ambitious, that strength as well as dollars should be saved for the "rainy day," that is sure to come sooner or later. "I managed very well, and had time for recreation, until baby came," said a young woman in a discouraged tone, "but now, no matter how hard I work, many things are left undone."

There are many young housekeepers who get along nicely after the morning cleaning is done, but who are rushed and worried the first hours of the day, until they are nervous and tired. The baby must be washed and dressed, the breakfast table cleared, dishes washed, beds made, sitting room put in order, and the young wife is at a loss what to do first.

Considerable may be done to forward the morning's work the evening before. Immediately after the supper is cleared away and dishes washed, set the table for breakfast—even to the chairs. Grind the coffee and put in the boiler, prepare the potatoes for boiling, baking or frying, and get everything intended for breakfast ready to cook. You can get the meal in half the time it takes when no previous preparations are made. Then, just before retiring put everything in the proper place in the sitting room, so that it will be ready to be swept in the morning without delay. You can comb your hair and arrange your dress before you leave your bed-room, so that you may look neat and tidy.

After breakfast, sweep and dust the *sitting-room, remove the things from the* breakfast table, and you can then wash and dress the baby without feeling nervous and hurried.

Unexpected tasks may rise, or interruptions occur, so that a set programme cannot be carried out, but in that case you will certainly be glad of the preparations made the night before.

Now, with yourself and baby in a presentable condition, you can proceed with the rest of your work without the annoyance and worry you would otherwise feel, and should a friend drop in, the moments spent in resting and chatting will refresh you instead of causing additional worry about the appearance of your house and yourself.

How to Make a Skirt.

Not all the home-made dresses are satisfactory, and the skirt of the past few seasons, together with the present one, has been a very serious matter to the home dressmaker. I have been told the exact modus operandi of the professional dressmaker, and will share my knowledge with you. The circular skirt with its various modifications, while about the prettiest skirt, is not becoming to all figures or suitable for all materials. Slender figures and firm material are adapted to the circular skirt, so in making a dress have the right kind of a pattern. (Never before could patterns be bought so cheaply.) It is best to use new lining and facings even for made-over gowns. Cut the lining to the skirt, then before sewing up baste on the stiffening, which should extend some eighteen inches on the breadths, and baste firmly. Now lay on the dress goods and baste this firmly and if the goods is worsted hold it a little tight or it will seem to sag. After this is done, baste the seams with care. It is an easy matter to stretch the under side a little or hold the upper one a trifle full; this must be carefully avoided. Sew the seams. Try the skirt on the person who will wear it and pin it to the right length. It should turn up about an inch at the bottom. Baste this down and press with a hot iron if the goods is woolen, cross-stitch this down and then baste on a four inch facing cut on the bias. This is important and the basting should be carefully done. Fell the upper part of facing down without catching the stitches through to the outside. Baste the braid on flat and fellit down on both edges. I have made a skirt following these directions exactly and am well pleased to know just how the work should be done. Even the item about putting on the dress braid is worth a good deal. The flatiron is invaluable in making dresses and should be used freely on woolen goods but not touch the material; a damp cloth should be placed between. This pressing gives a neatness of finish that nothing else will.

Flannel Garments.

At this season of the year it is a good rule to regulate the clothing, that, when exposed to out-door air, the difference of temperature experienced shall not be such as to produce any dangerous impressions. It is well to put on flannel garments before the first frost, as it is of very great service in preserving the health of the inhabitant of all cold and temperate climates. Flannel worn next to the skin is the very best dress for those who have begun to *decline* in years, and is also well adapted for infants and young children, especially in autumn, winter and spring. Older children do not require it, excepting during the seasons of greatest cold, and all persons under forty, in good health, should reserve it as a resource for their declining years, during which period it becomes every year more and more useful and necessary.

Flannel ought not to be worn at night. The best plan is to discard it in bed, unless, from great debility or age, sufficient warmth cannot be insured by a moderate quantity of bed clothes. Flannel must be frequently changed, in order to preserve it strict

THE McCLEVERTY.

"He is a fine specimen of the old-fashioned Highland head of the clan," Saxby remarked, after the tall, gray-haired, military-looking man had left the smoking room. "Impoverished, like so many of his class; and obliged to let his family place and his shootings, he tells me; but a thorough gentleman, every inch of him. By the way, Moxon, don't call him Mister McCleverty again. Of course he said nothing, but I could see that he didn't like it. *He is* The McCleverty, you know."

Saxby has a habit of kindly setting me right upon *minor points of etiquette* which I confess that I don't relish. However, I took the rebuke good-humoredly, feeling that I had, perhaps, deserved it, and promised to address his friend as "McCleverty" for the future. We were staying the night at Saxby's house, after having shot his coverts during the day—such being the recognized custom in our rather remote county, where distances are considerable and the roads none too good. Our Scottish fellow-guest, who had shot better than any of us, and with whom I had had some little conversation in the course of the afternoon, had pleased me by his courteous manners—*which, if a trifle condescending*, were nevertheless friendly and unaffected. He was, I *presumed, one of* Saxby's London acquaintances. Saxby, upon the strength of having married the daughter of an Irish earl, is rather apt to give himself the airs of a man of fashion, and goes up to London for a few weeks every season—a luxury which some of us can't afford in these hard times, and which, I dare say, makes the wives of some of us slightly jealous of Lady Emily.

When I went up to bed, I found my own wife toasting her toes before the fire, and the first thing she said to me was: "John, I have asked The McCleverty to come to us on the 10th, and he thinks he will be able to manage it. *It will be such a triumph if* we can secure him! Mind you don't forget *to renew the invitation to-morrow morning.*"

"I shall be very glad to welcome him, my dear Jane," I replied, "although I don't see quite why I should be expected to triumph if I obtain that privilege."

"You know very well that we have all *those people coming to dinner on the 16th*, and that we are a man short," she returned impatiently. "Oh, don't say that you can get one of the young officers over from York. That wouldn't be at all the same thing. The Saxbys, as I told you, have refused. Lady Emily pretends that she is afraid of the long drive—such rubbish!—and she is *trying to persuade The McCleverty to stay* on here. Now do you understand?"

I partly understood; and I understood still better when Jane went on to mention that the aristocratic Scot had been talking to her about her family, which he had spoken of as one of the most ancient in England, and had even heard of the family *emeralds and diamonds which had passed* into her possession. As a matter of fact, Jane's family, though of respectable antiquity, is no whit superior to that into which she has married; while as for the jewels which she is pleased to describe as heirlooms, they are nothing of the sort, or they could not have been left to her by her *grandmother. However, it is foolish*, besides being a great waste of time, to argue against a woman's fixed ideas, and I had no personal objection to entertain the gentleman who seemed to have been acute enough to discover my wife's weak points.

The upshot of it all was that our appreciative friend joined us before luncheon *on the 16th, bringing his valet and a good* deal of smart luggage with him. I gathered from this and from some incidental remarks of his that he was only comparatively impoverished. He seemed to be upon intimate terms with many distinguished, personages, and was, I must say, extremely good company. We went out *shooting for an hour or two while the light* lasted, and the more I saw of him the better I liked him.

But it was at dinner time that he proved himself a genuine social success. With his highbred air, his courtly address, and that precise, foreign-sounding Highland accent of his he made a facile conquest of our assembled *friends and neighbors, and he had something* to say to each and all of them. Jane, I need hardly mention wore the family gems, with the beauty of which he was, or said he was, duly impressed.

"Only I do think, my dear Mrs. Moxon," said he laughingly, while he was wishing my wife good-night, "that it is rather unwise *of you to keep such valuable stones in* the house. You ought to let your bankers take charge of them for you. Burglaries are not unknown even in the quiet regions of Yorkshire, I suppose?"

It must have been this speech of his that caused me to have a horrid nightmare some hours later. I dreamt that the house was *being broken into, and I was as thankful* as I always am, under such circumstances, to be awoke by Jane until I made the disagreeable discovery that she had other reasons for shaking me violently than the usual one that I had been shouting in my sleep. She was sitting up in bed, with a terrified countenance, and—

"*John! John!*" *she exclaimed, do get up* and see what is the matter. I am sure I can hear somebody moving about downstairs!"

The worst of it was that after listening for a minute, I was equally sure of the same thing, and without being more of a coward than other men, I frankly *own that the idea of having to* sally forth unarmed and face a party of burglars, who were in all probability provided with revolvers, did not fascinate me. Still it was obvious I could not remain where I was and allow my plate to be carried away; so I slipped on my dressing gown, clutched the poker, in default of a *better weapon, and made for the back* stairs.

I will not deny that my descent was a somewhat unnecessarily noisy one, nor will I pretend that I was not greatly relieved to hear the sound of precipitately flying footsteps beneath me. I have always been told that burglars, when disturbed, prefer *running away to showing fight*, and I was grateful to these nocturnal marauders for having observed the rule of their profession in that respect. Of course I was after them like a shot; but my agility is no longer what is was thirty years ago, and I was only in time to ascertain that they had escaped through the back door, which stood *wide open. An already distant rattle of* hoofs and wheels convinced me that immediate pursuit was out of the question. What would have been the use in tearing, in a dressing gown and slippers, after the trap, which was evidently doing a good twelve miles an hour? It was much more to the purpose to ascertain what my losses were, and *after I had, with much difficulty* aroused the butler and the footman (who were apt to sleep heavily on dinner-party nights), I had the satisfaction of discovering that the miscreants had been too much scared to bear away their booty. Some spoons and forks were scattered about the pantry; but we counted them all, and found *that not a single one was missing.*

I then went upstairs to reassure Jane, who listened to my narrative with much interest, and, at the conclusion of it, begged me to go at once and thank The McCleverty for the great courage and presence of mind that he had displayed.

"He came in immediately after you had gone downstairs," *she said, "and apologized* so nicely for intruding upon me. But his first thought was of the jewels. He took possession of the case, assuring me that he would defend my property with his life. He had a pistol in his hand, and looked as if he quite meant what he said."

"Contound the fellow!" I returned rather crossly; "he might have thought of defending my life and property, since he had a pistol handy."

At the same time I was bound to admit that it was rather thoughtful of him to remember my *wife's valuables*; so I hastened to tell him that it was all right and to relieve him of further responsibility. But, alas! it was not all right; it was all most distressingly wrong. My reiterated knocks at his bedroom door meeting with no response, I made so bold as to turn the handle—when, to my horror and dismay, I found the room empty, and the window wide open. Hurrying to the latter, and craning my head out, I saw, extended upon the grass, the ladder by means of which that arrant imposter had effected his retreat. He had taken his luggage with him too. It was plain as could be that he had carried out his well laid-plan without any need for *precipitation.*

The police were kind enough to explain to me, later on, what that plan had been; though I scarcely required the aid of their perspicacity to divine it. Of course his so-called valet had created the necessary diversion by making a disturbance downstairs; of course the butler and the foot*man had been drugged; of course every* detail of the scheme had been carefully arranged beforehand, and equally of course I was just half an hour too late in arriving at the conclusion that I had been shamefully swindled. I did what could be done at the time. I dressed myself with all possible dispatch, had the old horse put *into the dogcart, and galloped off to York* ventre a terre; but need I say that no individuals answering to my description of the thieves had been noticed at the railway station? The police profess to be upon their track, and have professed to be upon their track for rather more than a twelve-month now; but I don't believe they will *ever catch them, and I am quite sure that* Jane will never see her emeralds again.

What does strike me as a little bit hard is that, after all the expense and annoyance to which I have been put—not to speak of the heroism of my conduct on that fatal night—I should be covertly sniggered at by my friends *and openly accused by my wife of being no* better than an old noodle. Experience has taught me that it is idle to reason with Jane; so I merely shrug my shoulders when she calmly asserts that it was I who invited The McCleverty to spend a night beneath our roof. As for Saxby, he takes no sort of blame to himself in the matter. *He says he never made himself in any* way answerable for a person as to whose respectability he had grave doubts, and that he had only asked the fellow to stay because he had ascertained that he was a good shot. I have reminded him of the remark already quoted about "a fine specimen of the old-fashioned Highland head of a clan"; *but he declares that he has no* recollection of having used such language, and he has the effrontery to add that a little common sense on my part would have saved me from being victimized as I have been.

"Why, my good man," says he, "the name isn't even a Scotch one, and any *ordinary book of reference would have* told you that there is no such person as The McCleverty in existence!"

All the same, I suspect that he has had a baddish time of it with Lady Emily; and, in default of any other consolation, that must serve.

JUST BEFORE RETIRING.

How Insure Peaceful and Refreshing Slumber and a Sweet Mouth.

A warm bath, a light lunch, and a clean mouth before retiring are good things to take. They promote sleep and a "clean' tongue in the morning. What this lunch should be the consumer must decide, says the New York World. The juice of a couple of oranges, half a grape fruit, a cup of tea with dry toast, a sandwich and glass of ale, cup of hot bouillon, biscuit and a glass of sherry, crackers with milk and vichy, or a bowl of bread and milk are the choice of as many different people, all healthy and handsome.

The best thing in the morning after a cold plunge or sponge bath is a cup of hot tea or coffee with a little lemon juice. The earlier *this draught is taken the better; it should* precede the breakfast by at least half an hour. This is prime for the alimentary canal; it is a comfort to the stomach, and puts the digestive organs in order. A cup of hot milk is also prescribed, and even hot water the first thing in the morning is not bad. For anything but the abusive cup of *cold water the poor stomach will be grate*ful. If an appetite for breakfast is wanted, and the time permits, take a walk to the corner, alone, inhaling and forcibly exhaling the air through the nostrils. No ten dollar cure in therapeutics can compare with this.

WHERE INSECTS DO THRIVE.

Experiences of a Traveller Through the Mountains of Montserrat.

One of the first things that struck me in Montserrat was that nearly all the planta*tion houses were surrounded by white sand.* When I asked about it I found the reason sufficiently *startling. There are serpents* in Montserrat, and great spiders as big as a child's head, and centipeds and scorpions and myriads of small green and brown lizards. It is to keep these creatures away that the sand is brought up from the beach and spread around the houses. Snakes and spiders and other crawling things do not like to make themselves too prominent, and they hesitate to cross a wide strip of white sand. When they try it they are easily seen and killed.

I had a chance to spend only one night in the mountains of Montserrat, but then I learned the necessity of surrounding the *houses with white sand. Of course no such* pains were taken with the mountains cabins, and I made the acquaintance of a fine variety of insects.

My arrival at the cabin was very different from the way in which I went to the Jamaica cabins. There the colored people though hospitable, were entirely independent, *and knew they could either take me* in or send me about my business, as they chose. In Montserrat they are much more dependent upon the planters; and when Moses, my valet, rode ahead, to tell the people of the cabin that he and a guest of "Maws Colonel" would do them the honor to spend the night in their house, the effect was very *much as if some Englishman in* New York should receive a cable saying that the Prince of Wales would be over in the Campani to spend a week with him.

Moses made no bones about having everything taken out of the room we were to occupy and making a thorough search for insects. He even pulled up some of the *floor boards and poked into the thatch.* The first thing he unearthed was the most savage-looking tarantula I ever saw. This *fellow* when in motion looked quite as large as the crown of a derby hat; but when we killed him he was coiled up into a lump about as big as your fist. After killing the ground spider, as the negroes call it, Moses found a panful of centipeds and *scorpions* in the walls and thatch and drove out a few hundred small lizards. I did not mind the lizards, for they are playful as kittens. They are not slimy like our northern lizards, but clean and, always very pretty. They are precisely like the chameleons the fashionable girl had a fancy for wearing a *few months ago.*

Fortune calls at the smiling gate.—Japanese Proverb.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Keeping Horses From Rubbing.

Among other causes, high feeding with heating food and but little exercise brings on an itching which makes many horses *rub their tails while in the stable.* The itching is often so severe that the hair is *nearly all rubbed from the upper side, giv*ing them a most decidedly unpleasant and ragged appearance. This state of affairs should be corrected by cooling food and proper outward application. In the meantime a very simple arrangement, similar to that shown in the engraving, should be

ATTACHMENT TO PREVENT RUBBING.

used. It is a simple framework of wood, hinged to the side of the stable immediately back of the stall, and so arranged that it may be folded by pulling on the rope. The ends should project beyond the division of *the stalls and be about three feet from the* floor. If the animal is tied short it will be impossible for him to rub. Another plan is to tie a chain or rope across the rear of stall, or a board may be used instead, being so arranged as to be easily removed. The folding plan, first described, will prove the most convenient, and when not in use *may easily be raised up out of the way.*

Economy of Jersey Cattle.

The lesson of the nineteenth century has *been economy. Men consider now, not so* much what has been done, as how it has been accomplished. The scientific engineer calculates exactly the increase of power which an extra pound of coal beneath his boiler will produce, and the most economic amount to accomplish a certain work. The tailor and the shoemaker no longer toil and draw their thread from morning till night; the genius of the age has pointed the way to a production of shoes and coats at an infinite reduction of cost. In all lines of labor and trade the rule holds true and nowhere are its workings better exemplified than in the field of agriculture and dairying.

In the vast industry represented by the *cow, competition has caused new methods* to supersede the old. The dairyman-farmer *considers from an economic standpoint* and decides by actual test the relative value of different breeds. It is under such circumstances that the cattle of the Island of Jersey have risen into prominence until, received with almost universal favor, the Jersey cow may rightly be called the "Queen of the Dairy."

Originating, as is supposed by eminent authorities, on the coast of the continent neighboring to the island whose name *they bear, this breed has ever been cherish*ished and protected by the inhabitants of fertile Jersey. As civilization advanced in the eighteenth century, and ease of communication became more general, the fame of this native breed spread, and the records they were making, even in those early times, astonished the dairy world. From *1789, when the states of Jersey enacted* laws forbidding the importation of foreign cattle from France, to the present day, the history of the Jersey breed of cattle is a story of progress and merit recognized. The spirit of emulation and industry raised among the Jerseymen has been the means of making their island a place of no *small importance.*

The reasons for the so general adoption of the Jersey as the cow for all purposes are numerous and important. Along most lines the Jersey has no superior. Quality and quantity of butter product, small cost of keeping, the ability to trace her pedigree through many generations, these are some *of the points in which the Jersey is inval*nerable. From being called the "gentleman's cow," her superiority has gradually asserted itself until, as a dairy cow, such records are registered by her as can be shown by no other breed.

The idea is prevalent that the Jersey is a cow only to be owned by the wealthy *cattle breeder. No greater mistake could* be made. Economy points to the Jersey as the cow also for him who uses but a single head for family purposes. True, the original expense may be somewhat greater for a Jersey of good breeding than for a cow of common stock. The utility of the Jersey and her adaptability to all *situations were fitly praised in a recent* number of the Country Gentleman: "The Jersey cow that can average a pound of butter for 365 days in the year, with good care, is the cow for the millions, and it has been proved that the Jersey will do this five to one over all other breeds and with less feed."

The Jersey has been well denominated a milk machine. Usually small in size, there is no room for surplus fat while she is making the rich milk for which she is noted, Mr. Wayback may continue to feed a large cow through many years, in order that, finally, she may make more beef, but he who is abreast of the times *adopts the economic Jersey. A beef* breed the Jersey is not; but every part of the little cow has a use in producing the present profit of her owner.

The care and treatment of the Jersey must be based, as with any other *breed*, on the broad foundation of common sense. Different individuals of any breed require *different food and management.* For docility the Jersey has no equal; for hardiness almost no superior. Braving without harm the storms of a Canadian winter, acclimated with the most encouraging success in the warm states of the South, she thus far has defied the complaints of the croakers.

Bred in and in through many generations *in that narrow land which is their ancient* home, and always with their worth for dairy purposes in view, the Jersey produces milk richer by far in the element of butter than that of any other breed. Tests in a different direction have also revealed its worth for cheese making. Richer in color, finer in quality, pre-eminently superior in *the quantity of butter product for a given* quantity of milk—such, in addition to commanding a higher price in the markets, are some of the characteristics of the products of the Jersey cow.

To state facts concerning her performances is to argue most cogently in favor of the Jersey. Her position to-day seems one *of assured success. As in the past*, when her merits become recognized, she was warmly welcomed, so in the future her worth must gain her friends.

The danger is always greatest with cows in good condition and those *which are good* milkers. It is also greater when they have been fed previous to calving in a way that *is calculated to produce a large flow of milk* as soon as they come in. It is a matter, therefore, that cannot receive too close attention at the hands of dairymen. The loss of any kind of cows at any time cuts in seriously upon the profits; *but when the very* best specimens are lost, then the matter becomes serious indeed. If the loss can be *prevented by attention to such simple de*tail as those outlined above, then the dairyman who neglects attention to these details should not complain if this dread disease should occasionally decimate his herd.

To Prevent Milk Fever.

The following method of caring for cows *has been attended with good results in a* number of cases. They are given a diet rather laxative than otherwise, and are allowed ample opportunity to take exercise. Care should be taken, as a matter of course, not to feed them a stimulating diet consisting of carbonaceous kinds of meal, as, for instance, corn. As the time of calving draws near the cows should be given a *purgative, consisting of one pound of* epsom salts and two or three ounces of ginger. Then, again, after parturition a similiar dose may be given. The milk should all be carefully withdrawn from the udder, and with more than ordinary frequency where trouble is anticipated. If these precautious are followed it will be *less frequently* that any dairyman will have to mourn loss from this cause.

Why France Hates Italy.

The true cause of French hatred for Italy is not far to seek. Smarting under the knowledge that the French armies had been defeated by the Germans, and that these defeats would probably be repeated were France to attack Germany, the French looked elsewhere for an opportunity of regaining their lost military prestige. It was evident to every Frenchman that if Italy stood alone she could easily be crushed by the overwhelming numbers of the French army, France could thus gain military glory, new territory and a ready-made fleet.

Here, then, is a glorious opportunity waiting for the armies of France, and nothing but that pestilent Triple Alliance stands in the way. This is the whole secret of the growth and violence of French hatred toward Italy. France wishes to wage a war in which victory would be reasonably certain. France wants the superb Italian fleet, the possession of which would give her an overwhelming naval preponderance in the Mediterranean. France wants to destroy Italian unity, so as to render any future Triple Alliance impossible, and to strengthen the attachment of French Catholics to the republic by restoring the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. And nothing, so the French believe, hinders this desirable consummation except the *fact that behind the army of Italy are* ranged the armies of Austria and Germany.

THAT OPEN LETTER.

The particulars of a remarkable cure of consumption, after the patient had reached the last stages, related in the article published in last week's issue under the heading "An Open Letter from a Prominent Physician," has caused much comment. It is well known that physicians, as a rule, are averse *to speaking words of praise* for an advertised medicine, however meritorious it may be, and when one of them casts this prejudice aside and gives in plain unvarnished language the particulars of a case that must take rank among the most remarkable in the practice of medicine, it is not only a noteworthy triumph for the medicine in *question, but also reflects credit* on the physician who has cast aside his professional prejudice and gives the result of his use of the medicine for the benefit of suffering humanity. In the articles published from time to time, vouched for by reliable newspapers, the public have had the strongest evidence that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for *Pale People is a medicine* of remarkable merit, and now to these is added on the authority of a well-known physician, over his signature, the particulars of a cure of consumption through the timely use of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. It cannot be too widely known that a remedy has been found that will cure this hitherto *deadly and unconquered disease*, and if any of our readers have not read the article to which we refer we would advise them to *look up last week's issue and give it a care*ful perusal. The facts related may prove of valuable assistance in a time of need.

A Correction.

He—What is he going to do after he graduates.

She—Wouldn't it be more appropriate to ask: "Whom is he going to do?"

Cured the Doctor.

For some time past I suffered from Slumps, Chills, and Liver Complaint. After *considerable thought I adopted St. Leon* Mineral Water with a view to cure, and I just cordially say I was surprised, but greatly so, at the great change for the better it has worked in me.

DR. S. GEO. PAQUIN, Quebec,

The Reason Why.

Mrs. Bagley—Why are you crying so, Lucie, dear? Is someone you love dead?

Lucie—W—worse. He—he's married.

It is reported in Shanghai that the Emperor is dissatisfied with the course *events are taking*, and that affairs are gradually working towards a coup d'etat.

Ibsen's income tax has just been assessed in Norway at $335, based on a fortune of $44,000 and an income of $3,300

She—"Do you play croquet, Mr. Mildmay?" He—"Not without swearing."

Hood's Cured After Others Failed

Scrofula in the Neck—Bunches All Gone Now.

Sangerville, Maine.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Gentlemen:—I feel that I cannot say enough in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. For five years I have been troubled with scrofula in my neck and throat. Several kinds of medicines which I tried did not do me any good, and when I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there were large bunches on my neck so sore that I could

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

not bear the slightest touch. When I had taken one bottle of this medicine, the soreness had gone, and before I had finished the second the bunches had entirely disappeared." BLANCHE ATWOOD, Sangerville, Maine.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

TWO LUCKY MEN.

They Invest in a Lottery Ticket and Each Gets a Small Fortune Sick is Well Invested.

Less than a month ago S. Lahishensky was a poor, struggling young tailor, at 214 Jackson boulevard. To-day he is one of the happiest men in Chicago, for dame fortune has smiled upon him in a most substantial way and *he is* the proud possessor of quite a comfortable bank account. It happened in this way:

Mr. Lahishensky is a Hebrew. He was born twenty-two years ago in the land of the Czar, where the Jews are much persecuted. Five years ago, alone, and almost penniless, he left his native and and sought a home in *America, finally locating* in Chicago in 1891. He had learned tailoring, in Russia and at 214 Jackson boulevard he started a little repairing shop about five months ago.

On Friday, Aug. 10, W. Rothenberg, a customer of Mr. Lahishensky, came into the shop and chanced to show two one-twentieth tickets in the *Honduras National* Lottery (Louisiana State Lottery) which he had purchased for 50 cents. Mr. Lahishensky *offered* to take one of them, more as a jest than ought else, and was given one of the slips, for which he gave Mr. Rothenberg 25 cents. The drawing took place on Aug. 14 and Mr. Lahishensky was surprised that the number *on his ticket*, 18 172, had drawn the second capital prize of $20,000. He presented his ticket and *last week received* a check for $1,000, being the one-twentieth to which he was entitled.

Mr. Lahishensky is an industrious, energetic and deserving young man in whose han is the money will be well spent. When asked by a reporter for The *Dispatch* what he intended to do with the money he replied: "I am going to send a part of it to *my father and mother*, who are still in Russia. The remainder I shall use to enlarge and expand my business, and to build *myself* up in Chicago. I appreciate the good fortune and I have purchased another ticket in the September drawing *of the* Honduras National Lottery. That company is honest and prompt and paid my prize *without a quibble.*"

W. Rothenberg, who held the other one-twentieth of the same number, lived at 25 Newbury avenue, but when a reporter of The Dispatch called there it was found he had moved; none of his neighbors could give his present address. But Mr. Lahishensky *said* he knew Mr. Rothenberg had gotten *his money also.* Mr. Rothenberg was a workingman in very moderate circumstances, and the money paid him by *the Honduras National Lottery* company will prove a blessing to him and his family and will be well spent, no doubt.—Chicago (Ills.) Dispatch, Sept. 14.

At the Front Door.

He—Can I see Miss Smith?

Servant *(who knows him)*—No, sir; she's out.

He—Out where? Out with some other fellow?

Servant—No, sir; she's out with you, sir. That's what she told me, sir.

You Get Strong,

if you're a tired out or run-down woman, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. And, *if you suffer from any* "female complaint" or disorder, you get well. For these two things—to build up women's strength, and to cure women's ailments—this is the only medicine that's *guaranteed.* If it doesn't cure, in every case, your *money* is returned. On these terms, what else can be "just as good" for you to buy? The *"Prescription"* regulates and promotes all the natural functions, never conflicts with them, and is perfectly harmless in any condition of the female system. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, brings refreshing sleep, and restores *health and* vigor. For ulcerations, displacements, bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, and *every chronic* weakness or irregularity, it's a remedy that safely and permanently cures.

The inhabitants of Munes, France, are very indignant because the Perfect has forbidden an announced bull-fight.

Charlatans and Quacks

Have long plied their vocation on the suffering pedals of the people. The knife has pared to the quick; caustic applications have tormented the victim of corns until the conviction shaped itself—there's no cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor proves on what slender basis public opinion often rests. If you suffer from corns get the Extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere.

Mr. Louis Gothmann, the Chicago astronomer, reaffirms his discovery of what seems to be a sign of vegetation in the moon.

The Tree of Heaven is the common name *for the Ailanthus, a very topical, looking* tree. Brown Bros. Co., Toronto, Ont., tell us that itis not a very satisfactory grower for our section. This house wish an agent here. They pay salary and expenses and offer liberal inducements.

Admiral de Gama asserts that there has been rioting in Rio de Janeiro, lasting five days, accompanied by outrages on Portuguese merchants, instigated by President *Peixoto.*

Get Rid of Neuralgia.

There is no use in fooling with neuralgia. It is a disease that gives way only to the most powerful remedies. No remedy yet discovered has given the grand results that invariably attends the employment of Pol*son's Nerviline. Nerviline is a positive* specific for all nerve pains, and ought to be kept on hand in every family. Sold every where, 25 cents a bottle.

No great is done by falterers who ask for *certainty. No good is certain* but the steadfast mind, the undivided will to seek the good.—George Eliot.

Cold in the head—Nasal Balm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails.

Jack—"That girl next door sings like a lark—or should I say a nightingale." Tom—"Both. *A lark, you know, sings* by day and a nightingale by night."

Recipe.—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract.....one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake
Sugar.....two pounds
Lukewarm Water.....two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE. TAKE THE BEST. 25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

STAMMERING and **Stuttering** *permanently* cured. No advance fees. Cure guaranteed. THE LINTON INSTITUTE Write for circulars. 63 Shuter St., Toronto.

MANHOOD Wrecked & Rescued

By W. J. HUNTER, Ph.D., D.D. A series o chapters to men on social purity and right living. It is written in plain language that al may understand. Live Agents wanted. Circulars *containing terms sent on application* WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, Toronto, Ont.

In 10 MINUTES THE MOST EXCRUCIATING PAIN has been alleyed and CURED by use of ST JACOBS OIL

Do You Cough?

It is a *sure sign of weakness.* You need more than a tonic. You need

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites, not only to cure the Cough but to give your system real strength. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

HAMILTON LADIES' COLLEGE

Re-opens September 6, 1894.

All teachers honor graduates of universities or colleges. Regular courses for graduation in literature and science, music, art, elocution, etc. Excellent accommodation, inspiring instructors, refining associations and pleasant *surroundings. Address the Principal,*

A. BURNS, S.T.D., LL.D

ALBERT COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

SPLENDID RECORD of six candidates for Senior Matriculation. All were successful. Candidates prepared for Teachers' certificates. Diplomas awarded in Commercial Science, Music, Fine Arts, Elocution. Will reopen Thursday, September 6th, '94.

For calendar address

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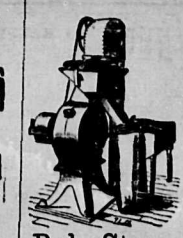
MARLIN Model 1893 Made in 32-40 and 38-55 calibres. The only repeater on the market for these cartridges. Light Weight. REPEATING RIFLES Heavy Metal. Solid Top, Side ejection. Made in "Take Down." Write for catalogues to The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.



Your Profits Will be increased, your land freed from foul weeds, if you **Feed Your Stock Grain Ground** by a **WATEROUS**

Buhr Stone Chopper

Grinds everything, even to the finest seeds. Stones last a lifetime. Iron plates, chilled 1-16, are not in it with French Buhr Stones, 6 inches thick. Chilled Clear Through. Easy to run, simple, durable, fast—Write us.

Waterous, Brantford CANADA.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY New from Cover to Cover.

Successor of the "Unabridged." *A Dictionary of English, Geography, Biography, Fiction, Etc.* Standard of the U. S. *Gov't Printing Office*, the U. S. Supreme Court and of nearly all the School-books. Hon. D. J. Brewer, Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, writes: I commend it to all as *the one great standard authority.* Send for free pamphlet containing specimen pages. *G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.* Do not buy reprints of ancient editions.

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I have been drinking St. Leon Mineral Water regularly for four years, and consider it the very best thing to drink while in general training. It is an excellent regulator, having completely cured me of constipation and kidney trouble.

W. H. HASLITT, 335 Manning Ave., Champion Pedestrian of Canada.

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THE MONEY-MAKER KNITTING MACHINE ONLY $10 ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT, OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS, PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, &c. THIS IS GOOD FOR $3.00 SEND TO CREELMAN BROS. Mfrs GEORGETOWN, ONT.

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They give perfect satisfaction in fit, style and finish, and it has become a by word that

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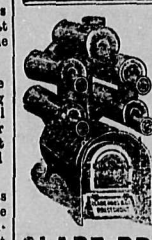

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Our Specialty.

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Preston Furnaces are the Best

Let us send you Catalogue and full particulars, and you can

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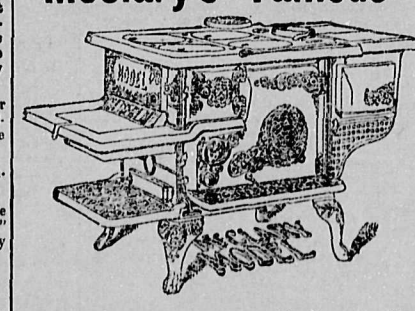

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OXFORD WOOD and COAL **FURNACES**

..FOR ALL SIZES OF BUILDINGS..

Capacity from 10,000 to 80,00 Cubic Feet

"CYCLONE STEEL RADIATOR"

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WOOD FURNACE
HEAVY GRATE, especially adapted for wood burning
Heavy Steel Plate Fire Box Dome and Radiator, which heat quicker and are more durable
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By Whitney & Co.

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One Year	$2 00
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RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One inch per year	$ 12.00
" " month	1 50
eighth col per year	25 00
fourth " "	50 00
week, " line	00 10
Local notices, per line	20

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

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L. P. FISHER, NEWSPAPER ADvertising Agent, 21 Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco, is our authorized agent. This paper is kept on file in his office.

Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1894.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

Now that the ruler of Russia is daily expected to breath his last the attention of the world is directed to his reign and the man himself. It is generally conceded that, all things considered, he has made a good sovereign, and the chief objection of Socialists against him is that he has perpetuated a system of government which is essentially despotic. But for an absolute monarch he has been a liberal ruler, loyal to his country and interested in the welfare of his people. He has been a man of peace, and had he not been kept back by the nobles would have effected important reforms which must now await upon the opportunities and inclinations of his successor. His has not been a happy personal reign. His life has been sought on more than one occasion and his responsibilities, perplexities and troubles have been such as to make him about the last of mortals to be envied.

PEACE.

It is said that the agents of the various powers will shortly hold a conference with a view of securing a board of mediation to arbitrate between China and Japan Such a move would be eminently proper. China did notwant war, and Japan flew to arms without reasonable provocation. She should be made to call a halt. The civilisation of China may not be of the highest form, nor the Chinese of the highest type of humanity, but does that justify their butchery? Corea with her 16,000,000 should be independent, and the ambitious Japs should learn to respect the rights of her less martial neighbor. There is no more virtue in national brutal force than in individual strength. The Japs can best distinguish themselves in the arts of peace which "hath her victories no less renowned than war."

OUR READING ROOM.

In every town there ought to be kept up a reading room, if it would do its full duty to the people. Churches must be maintained to foster the higher and spiritual life. They may not be perfect, no one supposes them to be, but without their aid society lapses into barberism. The news paper, if true to its profession, is a beacon light, furnishing the news, irradiating intelligence, strengthening the hands of the government in needed and useful ways, upholding law, order, and morality and aiding public enterprises. The schools are the very foundations of society and do a necessary work. But where a town has reached the numbers and importance of this, there should also be some provision made for a Reading Room. The town has many homeless people; for without a family a cabin is not a home. Young men need some place to which they may go of an evening without being forced to lounge about either stores or hotels. On evenings on which there is no amusement, what better place for them to go than a reading room? For those of us who are better situated, and have plenty of reading, is there not a duty incumbent to visit those rooms and occasionally spend an hour there if only by way of encouragement, and to keep up the interest? Let the merchant, the minister, the docter the editor the business man, all classes, drop in frequently. The social feature which this would add would be worth the trouble, and we may be sure that under these circumstances the homeless young man, the man without much variety of literature, those for whom the reading room would be the greatest boon, would avail themselves of its privileges.

We do not, or should not live for ourselves alone. We are our neighbors keepers; and if we do not sacrifice a little of our time for the encouragement of measures to benefit others we may be sure that the penalty of our selfishness will be visited upon us in the form of increased lawlessness, and disorder, the blight of which may reach many a home and taint the social atmosphere.

An effort is being made to organize a mock parliament by a few earnest friends of the Reading Room, for the purpose of importing new life and vigor into it. A meeting will be held to night at the rooms at 8 p. m, and we trust that the project may not fall through for want of interest on the part of the public.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Selection.

Emerson was of the race of the mystics, yet remarkable for his practical widsom. He is associated with the movement known as New England Transcendentalism, and although seeking no leadership and encouraging no school, he was the highest expression of that movement, and was recognized as a guide and philosopher.

The testimony of Tyndall and others shows the influence of Emerson in fostering the best mental and spiritual life. He is revered for his ever timely thought and stainless personality. He is still an inspiration to high-minded; "a friend and aider of those who live in the spirit."

His poems possess the same quickening value which is the quality of the essays. Emerson framed no system. He was a seer and mystic. He was not a reasoner, and he supplies not argument. But his centralizing faith, which gave spiritual coherence to all his teaching, was a devout and living theism. To him God was the one reality, and true life the unquahified obedience to spiritual laws. To him truth was vital. It was something to live by, and he lived it. It was not views he held, but realities. "The one universal mind," he said, "is in us; let us obey it." "If mankind," again he says, "is to be raised to a higher plane of happiness and worth, it can only be by the resolution of each to live his own life with fidelity and courage." "All things are moral," was his teaching. "So do we put one life into every act,"

Emerson's gospel was optumistic and inspiring. It was embodied in his own gracious personality no less than in his suggestive words. He will teach us the much unheeded lesson "that Ought, that Duty, is one with science, with beauty, and with joy."

AUCTION.

The following property on the estate of the late John Hetherington will be sold by auction at the farm on Thursday the 8th day of Nov. The sale will commence at 10 a. m.

STOCK.

One Pedigree Clyde Stallion, Earl of Moray. One Mare and Colt.

Twenty-four head of Beef Cattle from 2 years old and upwards. One Cow and Calf. Sixty-five Sheep.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

Two Plows, One Wagon. One pair of Bob Sleighs. One set of Double Harness also other Harness.

SEVENTEEN TONS OF OATS.

About 35 tons of Hay and a quantity of Straw. Some Household Furniture &c.

By Order of the Executors.

NOTICE.

Mr. Geo. Roe, customs officer has authority to collect all debts due me, and receipt therefor Persons are requested to make payments to him, or to my brother, Mr. Robert Grant, at Union.

99-2m J. J. Grant.

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the estate of the late John Hetherington are requested to present the same, and all persons indebted to the above estate are hereby notified to pay the same to John Mundell, collector for the estate.

By order of the executors.

FOR SALE.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned for the purchase of the farm known as the Gordon farm, situated near Courtenay, being Section 62 on the Official plan or Survey of Comox, and containing one hundred and fifty eight acres, more or less

Parties sending in tenders will specify whether for superficial purchase or coal rights included.

Application to be made and Tenders to be mailed either to John Pawson, Nanaimo or to

G. F. Cane,
Solicitor,
Nanaimo.

NOTICE.

ASSESSMENT ACT 1891 AND AMENDMENTS

NOTICE is hereby given that a Court of Revision and Appeal under the Assessment Act, will be held in the Court House, Comox, on Wednesday, December 5th at the hour of 2 p. m.

Comox, B. C. (By order)
Oct. 18th, 1894. W. B. Anderson, Assessor.

COUNTY COURT.

A session of the County Court will be held in the Court House at Comox, Wednesday, Dec. 5th next at 2 p. m.

H. Stanton,
Oct. 18th 1894. Registra.

HELP WANTED!

WANTED.—ACTIVE, HONEST GENTLEMAN or LADY to travel representing established, reliable house. Salary $65 monthly and traveling expenses, with increase if suited. Enclose reference and self addressed stamped envelope.

THE DOMINION,
317 Omaha Building, Chicago.

J. A. Cathew
ARCHITECT and BUILDER,
UNION, B. C.

HILBERT & SON
FUNERAL DIRECTORS and EMBALMERS
Graduates of the Oriental, Eureka, and United States Colleges of Embalming
Nanaimo, B. C.

For Sale
My farm of 113 acres, with coal right, also stock and farm implements.
James Clark,
Comox, B.C.

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

LOUIS W. FAUQUIER
NOARY PUBLI
CONVEYANCER.
Fire, Life and Accident Insurance.
—REAL ESTATE—
—PUBLIC AUCTIONEER.—
RENTS COLLECTED
—AND—
ESTATES MANAGED.

RIVERSIDE BAKERY
COURTENAY, B. C.
We supply the best of Bread, Pies and Cakes and deliver at the Bay Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and at Union every week day.
wedding Cakes a Speciality.
KENWARD & PROCKTER.

Painting, Paper Hanging, Etc
During the Fall and Winter months I will attend to jobs for Farmers and others of inside painting, papering, etc., at quite reasonable rates. Any word left at The News Office will receive prompt attention.
G. H. SCOTT,
UNION, B. C.

R. B. Anderson,
Practical Watchmaker
Worker in Light Metals and
Gunsmithing and Tin Work
Dingwall Building.
Comox, B. C.
Wedding and other rings made to order.

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.

[L.S.] D DEWDNEY.
CANADA.

PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

VICTORIA, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, QUEEN, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c.,

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

A PROCLAMATION.

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

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

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

By Command.
JAMES BARKER
Provincia Secretary.

IF you wish medicine or drugs of any kind write or send to Cyrus H. Bowes, Box 504, 27 Johnston St. Victoria, B. C. Mail orders have prompt attention All communications strictly confidential. Cut this out and paste it in your hat for future reference.

Riverside Hotel
Courtenay B C
W. Sharp, Proprietor
The Hotel is one of the best equipped on the Pacific Coast, and is situated at the mouth of the Courtenay River, between Union and the large farming settlement of Comox.
Trout are plentiful in the river, and large game abounds in the neighborhood
The Bar connected with the hotel is kept well supplied with the best wines and liquors. Stage connects with all Steamers. Terms moderate

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
Billard and Pool Tables,
Best of Wines and Liquors.
J. Piket, Prop.

General Teaming
and
Livery
Business.
McKENZIE & SMITH
Comox, B. C.

Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.
Steamer Joan
J. E. BUTLER, 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
Leave for Valdes Island once each month
For freight or state rooms apply on board, or at the Company's ticket office, Victoria Station, Store street.

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y.

Time Table No. 21,

To take effect at 8.00 a. m. on Thursday Nov. 1st, 1894. Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

NORTH BOUND READ DOWN No. 2 Passenger Daily.	NORTH BOUND READ DOWN No. 4 Passenger Saturday, Sundays	Miles from Vic	Stations	SOUTH BOUND READ UP No. 1 Passenger Daily	SOUTH BOUND READ UP No. 3 Passenger Saturday, Sundays.
8 00 AM	De 2 30 PM		VICTORIA	Ar 12 24 PM	At 5 58
8 04	2 34	1		12 30	5 54
8 14	2 48	11	RUSSELLS	12 19	5 44
8 18	2 53	15	ESQUIMALT	12 15	5 40
8 24	3 00	20	GORGE	12 09	5 34
8 31	3 08	26	SUMMIT SIDING	12 02	5 26
8 34	3 12	29	SHAWNIGAN LE	11 59	5 23
8 44	3 24	35	COBBLE HILL	11 49	5 13
8 57	3 39	45	MILL STREAM	11 40	5 04
9 05	3 49	51	KORSIAR	11 32	4 56
9 12	3 58	56	DUNCANS	11 25	4 49
9 22	4 14	66	SOMENOS	11 15	4 39
9 28	4 24	72	CHEMAINUS	11 09	4 33
9 35	4 34	78	OYSTER BAYS	11 02	4 26
9 45	4 48		NANAIMO	10 52	4 16
9 50	4 56		WELLINGTON	10 47	4 11
10 05	5 19			10 32	3 56
10 12	5 28			10 25	3 49
10 22	5 40			10 15	3 39
10 32	5 52			10 05	3 29
10 42	6 04			9 55	3 19
10 52	6 16			9 45	3 09
11 00	6 26			9 36	3 01
Ar 11 05	6 35			Ar 9 31	2 56
De 50	6 14			De 9 15	2 32
Ar 12 10 PM	Ar 6 20			Ar 8 25 AM	De 1 50 PM

On Saturdays and Sundays

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

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

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

Through rates between Comox and Victoria.

Mileage and Commution Tickets can be obtained on application to Ticket Agent, Victoria Station.

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

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.

Yarwood & Young,
Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Office Cor Baston and Commercial St., Nanaimo, B. C

The Nanaimo Pharmacy
Nanaimo B. C.
W. E. Mc Carney Chemist,
Manager.
Pure Drugs Chemicals and Patent Medicines.
Physicans Presciptions and all orders filled with care and dispatch. P. O. box 12

McKenzie & McDonald,
Courtenay, B. C.
CARRIAGE MAKERS
—AND—
General Blacksmiths.
—CUT PRICES.—
Bin on Your Work

Nanaimo Saw Mill
— and —
Sash and Door Factory
A Haslam, Prop. Mill St., P O Box 35, Tel. 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.
All orders accompanied with CASH promptly and carefully attended to.
Steamer Estell
Harbor and ontside towing done at reasonable rates.

Cumberland Meat Market
All Kinds of
Fresh Meat, Hams and Bacon
and
All Kinds of Vegetables and Farmers Produce,
Orders from surrounding country promptly filled.
A. C. Fulton, Prop.

WAVERLY HOUSE,
UNION, B. C.
This Magnificent Hotel Building Will be Opened for the Reception of Guests July 1.
Finest Appointments.
Best Table. Splendid Sample Rooms and Reasonable Rates.
A. Lindsay, Lessee.

Wood & Kilpatrick.
UNION, B. C.
Having Added to their Own the
Splendid Livery Outfit.
of R. Grant and Co
Are Prepared to furnish Styish Rigs at Reasonable Rates
Give them a call

Robert J. Wenborn.
Machine Works, Nanaimo
Dealer in Bicycles. Agent for Brantford Bicycle Co., 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.

BULBS,
TREES - PLANTS.
Tulips, Hyacinths, Crocuses, Daffodils, and Lilies now ready for planting.
Large and complete stock of one and two-year-old small fruit plants and trees.
Fine assortment of two and three-year-old Apple, Pear, Plum, Prune, Cherry and Apricot trees. Buy your stock of first hands. No travelling agents, no goods on commission. Estimates given on your list. Send for catalogue before ordering. Address.
M. J. HENRY,
8-2m. Mt. Pleasant P.O., Vancouver, B.C.

BIG SALVAGE SALE.
The Great Sloan & Scott Salvage Sale commences Wednesday, Oct. 17. All that fine stock will be cleared out at salvage prices. Doors thrown open at 9:30 a. m. and closed at 6 p. m. every-day except Saturday. Cash only during sale.
SLOAN & SCOTT.
49 Commercial St.
Nanaimo, B. C.
J. ABRAMS

UNION CLOTHING STORE
Union, B. C.
Have Just received a fine Assortment of English Worsteds for Suitings. Also Keep Ready Made Clothing, Hats, Shoes and
GENTS FURNISHINGS.
The Tailoring Department is in charge of D. McLeod, which is a guarantee of perfectly fitting garments and the best of workmanship.

Stage and Livery,
COURTENAY, B. C.
Fine Rigs at Reasonable Rates Always nHand
Teaming Promptly Done,
McQUILLAN & GILMORE.

Puntledge Bottling Works.
DAVID JONES, Proprietor,
— MANUFACTURER OF —
SODA 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.

Get Suited.
J. Abrams, the clothier of Union has a fine of 1400 samples to choose from for suitings, ranging from $22 per suit upwards. Perfect fit guaranteed

C. H. Beevor-Potts
Solicitor, Notary Public. Conveyancing in all its branches. Office Comercial St, Nanaimo.

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.

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

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

Union Clothing Store
Goods At Cost.
For the next thirty days you can purchase at the Union Clothing Store Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes, White and Colord Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Gents under Clothing, Socks, Overalls, Cordigan Jackets at cost. The above goods all new. Please call and inspect goods. Suits made to order at the lowest possible price

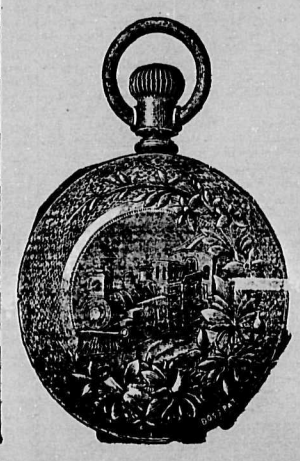
H A Simpson
Barrister and Solicitor. Office in 2nd flat, Green's Block, Nanaimo, B. C
Will be in Union every Wednesday and Courtenay on Thursday.

Nanaimo Cigar Factory
Philip Gable, Proprietor.
Baston Street — Nanaimo B. C.
Manufactures the finest cigares, employing none but white labor.
Why purchase inferior foreign cigars, when you can obtain a SUPERIOR ARTICLE for the same money?

O. H. Fechner.
BARBER
Shop: Late Drug store.
Union, B. C.

G. B. Leighton
At the Bay, Comox, B. C.
Blacksmithing an Repairing of all kinds
Carriage Work and Horseshoeing a specialty

UNION Bakery
UNION B. C.
Best of Bread, Cakes and Pies always on hand.
The Bread Cart will be at Courtenay and Comox Tuesdays and Fridays.
Adderton & Rowbotham, Prop



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Jeweler, Bookseller
and Dealer in
Organs, Pianos, Music
Stationery, and Notions of all kinds.
Union Mines, B C.