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

The Weekly News.

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

Provincial Library
LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY
FEB 28 1895

NO. 120. UNION, COMOX DISTRICT, B. C., TUESDAY, FEBUARY 26, 1895. $2.00 PER YEAR

J. McKim,

Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Hardware, etc., at the Old Stand, Corner First St. and Dunsmuir Ave.

UNION, B. C.

New England Restaurant

O. H. Fechner, Prop'r.

Meals At All Hours

—AT THE—

—NEW DINING HALL—

Prices:—10c. 15c. and 25c. 21 Meals for $5.00.

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.

UNION MEAT MARKET

Choicest meats always on hand. Fresh fish weekly.

VEGETABLES &c.

Vessels supplied on the shortest notice.

Simon Leiser, Prop.

Union Store

JUST ARRIVED — Fine assortment of WALL PAPER of the latest designs.

ALSO

Two Cases Spring Clothing

Inspection Invited

25 Cases of Shoes Just at Hand.

ON THE ROAD

We have on the way the largest and choicest assortment of spring goods ever brought in to this district

Look out for the Arrival, of which Notice will be given in this paper.

Simon Leiser, Prop.

CASH CASH CASH

Sweeping Reductions!!!

McPhee & Moore hereby notify their friends and patrons that on and after 1st March their business will be conducted on the *Cash System Alone.* They are confident that the introduction of the cash system to Union and Courtenay will be beneficial to all parties. They are prepared to make *Sweeping Reductions* in the present prices of all groceries, drygoods, feed &c. Look out for our list of sensational prices on 1st March.

CASH CASH CASH

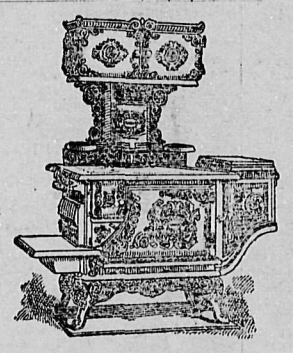
CASH CASH

Cash and Cash Only —On the first day of March our goods in all the different lines will be Marked Down to the Lowest Possible Price for Cash and Cash Only. A sweeping reduction in prices will be made in all our different lines to encourage the cash system which we believe to be the most beneficial to both seller and buyer. McPhee & Moore

Union Mines

Furniture Store.

A Full Line of Everything Including Granite and Hardware.



CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Grant & McGregor, Props.

Thos. C. Morgan

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

Fashionable Tailor

William's Block,

UNION, B. C.

Drs Lawrence & Westwood.

Physicians and Surgeons.

UNION, B. C.

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

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

DENTAL NOTICE.

Dr. A. C. West, of Victoria, A. C. T. M

Will visit Union professionally on Wednesday, Feb 27th and remain until Thursday, March 7th

Dr. West will be prepared to perform all operations in Dentistry and would call special attention to those desiring Artificial Dentures to his Combination Plate good or adaptation and value to of which he is the sole licensee in B.C. Specimens may be seen at his office.

Extracting without pain by a sure, efficient and perfectly safe local anaesthetic.

Office: Cumberland Hotel.

Kelly & Jenkins

Photographers

PHOTOS Are here for the next thirty days. Photos taken from stamp to life size portraits: specially for schools on Saturday; all work guaranteed and finished in the best and latest style. No. PHOTOS taken on Sunday.

EVENING SCHOOL.

Open to young men and women, All that care and experience can do for the young people.

Special terms for five month course. For further particulars apply to

Box 145, Union. D. McD. Hunter, Teacher.

CREDITOR'S MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that in the matter of the assignment of Mr. Sharp, hotel keeper, Courtenay, to Louis W. Fauquier, real estate agent Union, for the benefit of his creditors, a meeting of the creditors will be held on Thursday, the 28th day of February 1895 at 11 a. m., at the office of the undersigned, in Union.

G. F. Cane, Solicitor. Louis W. Fauquier, Assignee.

THEOBALD & WATKINS.

House Sign and Ornamental PAINTERS

PAPER HANGING A SPECIALTY. All orders promptly attended to

Prices away Down

WE will send you by mail for 25 cents a porous plaster, or six for $1.25 for relief of pains in back or chest.

Address C. H. Bowes, druggist, 27 Johnson St., Victoria, B.C.

Carpets. Rugs. Shades.

Big consignment of these goods just received by Grant & McGregor. The window shades will make your eyes water—just from the celebrated firm of Menzie, Turner & Co., Toronto.

LAND—If you want to buy 20, 40 or 60 acres of good land, call and see E. Phillips of Grantham. He can suit you.

Save time and money by getting a well made and perfect fitting suit at Morgan's the fashionable tailor.

LARGEST FUR AND HIDE HOUSE IN NORTH AMERICA

JAS. MCMILLAN & CO. INC. —210-212— FIRST AVE NORTH Minneapolis, Minn.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR GIVING LATEST MARKET PRICES. Fair selection; immediate returns. MAKE US A TRIAL SHIPMENT.

GEO. FORD INTERVIEWED.

Trip to Honolulu Interesting Particulars of the Mid-Ocean Isles—A Word Here and There.

As mentioned in last week's issue Mr. Geo. Ford, postmaster and farmer, Hornby Island has just returned from a trip to the Sandwich Islands. Thinking that something interesting might be learned we directed one of our reporters to interview him with the following result:

Rep. Mr. Ford, when did you leave for Honolulu?

Mr. Ford. On the 17th of December last I took the steamship Warrimoo at Victoria for Honolulu, securing second cabin passage. Very few took first class. Everything was neat and comfortable and the table was of the best. The passengers were mostly business men, who soon became very social and friendly. The trip was pleasant and much enjoyed. I forgot to mention that the passage was only $25; same for return. I had to show $50 in gold when I bought a ticket, and when I reached Honolulu after a week's sail also had to exhibit the $50 before I could land.

Rep. What about Honolulu?

Mr. Ford. Oh, it's a city about the size of Victoria, with only two first class hotels in it with prices respectively of $2 and $4 per day. The restaurants are largely patronized there. They have no good building stone, brick or sand, and the houses are made from material cut from the lava—not very good. The cost of board is about the same as here. All cooking is done by the Japs and chinese. Cordwood is from $10 to $15 per cord and rather small.

Rep. What of the climate?

Mr. Ford. Delightful. You get there the north east trade breezes. There is a difference of only ten degrees in the year. It is somewhat rainy, and intermittant, but not like the coffee plantations on a much higher elevation where the rain comes down in bucket-fulls. Flowers and fruit grow there the year round.

Rep. Is it orderly there?

Mr. Ford. Yes, just as safe as here. I was there when the rebellion broke out. This created a good deal of excitement, but was short-lived.

Rep. Did you travel about much?

Mr. Ford. Pretty considerable. Traveling is very dear there. I visited the celebrated volcano Kilauea on the Mauna Loa mountain in Hawaii, the largest active volcano in the world.

Mr. Ford brought a bundle of recent papers. An examination showed that *there were at least three daily papers* published in Honolulu. They contained no telegraph news, of course, and neither did they contain any news gleaned from foreign papers which are received by the steamers—merely local papers with little local news and filled principally with boiler plate matter and advertisements. Among the latter there could be found nothing to indicate that there were any bananas, plantains, cocoa-nuts, or taro which are known to abound. Sugar appears to be king.

TIN SHOP.

We are to have a tin shop at last—long needed. Mr. C. H. Tarbell of Victoria was in town on Wednesday arriving by the last steamer and made arrangements to have a suitable building erected on Dunsmuir ave. for his business. This will be put up at once so as to be completed by Wednesday March 6th when Mr. Tarbell is expected back ready for its occupancy. He will be prepared to do everything in his line and comes highly recommended having been connected with the leading houses in Victoria for some years. He is originally from the east where he has had large experience. He is a man of family, which, however will remain in Victoria for a while until suitable arrangements can be made for them here.

PASSENGER LIST.

The following is the passenger list of the SS. Joan on her upward trip last Wednesday:

F. Jones, J. Carthew, J. Urquhart, A. Urquhart, S. Piercy, R. B. Anderson, H. G. Secunan, Mrs. Kendall, C. H. Tarbell S. Fox, S. McKay, F. Wilson, Loui Boscheio, A. Selvato, E. B. Hill, N. V. Wickersham and wife, Haskins, Raby, J. Ramsay, Williams, Mrs. Cessford, Miss Swan, Wendick, Miss G. Thompson, Miss Taylor, J. R. Miller, E. D. Emery, Miss Tavinne, Mrs Duncan, F. Williams, Quann, C. R. Peiper, G. Ford, J. Wilson, Graham, Boyd, A. D. Williams and family, T. H. Berg, R. Bryden, H. J. Austin.

CONCERT.

The concert in aid of the Union and Comox District hospital will take place on Thursday evening the 28th inst. It will be under the management of Mr. Howell. The charge of admission is only 50 cents. We understand that Mrs. Piket has kindly donated the use of her hall. The merits of the concert will well repay the cost of attendance for every effort is being put forth to make it first class. Every one should take tickets to help along the hospital which is a public necessity.

DIED.

WHITE—At Union, Febr'y 21st Lottie White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. White, of whooping cough, aged 8 months.

WHITE.—On Saturday Feb 23rd at Union, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip White, aged one month.

TREE.—At Union, Sunday Feb. 24, William Tree, a miner, aged 56. He was an old pioneer, having been upon this coast for over 20 years. He was a member of Black Diamond lodge No. 5, of Nanaimo. Union lodge No. 11, C.O.O.F. had charge of his funeral which took place today (Tuesday) at 1 p.m. from the Oddfellows' hall

FISH FISH

I will deliver fresh fish every BOAT-DAY to the people of Union and Cumberland. H. H. Boyd

UNION HOSPITAL.

The necessity of a hospital here is now very apparent as it now has, we understand, ten patients. A visit was made to it Saturday afternoon for the purpose of learning its exact condition. The various wards were seen. The first thing observable was the neatness and orderly manner in which everything was kept and done. The sick appear cheerful and contented and to be receiving every attention. In all the wards there was a grate fire furnishing plenty of heat and ventilation. The bedsteads were of iron and suited to hospital requirements If some friends would send in some cheerful pictures to adorn the now bare walls they would be much pleasanter and the effect on those who are compelled to gaze on a broad expanse of white plaster, would be beneficial. And we might say here that a little thoughtfulness in sending in some flowers would not be amiss. The matron, Mrs. Westwood, appears to be taking a lively interest in her work. She is, we are told a regular graduated nurse from the hospitals of the old country and well equipped for her responsible position. Miss Shaw, the nurse is well liked, quiet and attentive to her duties, but as no mortal can be on duty 24 hours a day, she has of late been "spelled" by Mrs Anderton.

The old range is useless owing to not having been properly set, and the want of a sufficiently sized chimney for draft; and we suppose this will have to await needed funds. The cook, however, gets along very nicely on present appliances for the time being, and does good work. Attention is paid to furnishing a variety of food, so that each meal is not a duplicate of the one it followed. Fresh fish, wild fowls, and fresh meats make up a menu to tempt the appetite. No salt meat of any kind has been inside the hospital since its doors were opened, notwithstanding the rumor started by some wiseacres who never knew what fresh meat was.

The expenses of running the hospital are small when we consider what is being done. In fact economy under present conditions is *compulsory*, the government so far having made no appropriation towards sustaining the hospital except as to building.

It is a great advantage to have a physician resident in the building, and the services of a trained nurse as matron who, if an adequate salary were paid, would receive $40 per month. And yet no remuneration is received beyond the use of living rooms and table board. It is not likely that Dr. Westwood and his wife will consent for a great while to continue hospital life, and deprive themselves of the comforts and pleasure of a private home, to which everyone of course aspires. In the meantime the present arrangement is the most economical as well as the most advantageous every way for the hospital directors, and it is to be hoped it will not be changed until the institution is established on sound footing.

Visitors are welcome between 2 and 4 o'clock week day afternoons.

UNION SHIPPING.

The whaleback, City of Everett, arrived Monday and left today with 4000 tons of coal for San Francisco.

The Mineola left Wednesday at 2 p. m. for Port Los Angeles with 3000 tons of coal.

The Comet with scow left Saturday with 220 tons of coal for the gas company of New Westminster.

The tug Daisy left Monday with 154 tons of wash nut coal for Victoria.

The San Mateo will be due next Tuesday.

The tug Daisy left Thursday with 165 tons wash coal for the SS Kingston of the North Pacific Steamship Co.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Services will be conducted next Sabbath at the usual hours in the hall. Morning, 11 a. m. Evening, 7 p. m.

The pastor will be absent for one Sabbath owing to a meeting of presbytery in Nanaimo but the pulpit will be supplied.

Sabbath school, 2 p. m; Bible class, 3 p. m.

Prayer meeting and baptism Wednesday evening, 7 30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.

The Rev. S. Cleaver, M. A. will be in Union next Sabbath (Mar. 3rd) and occupy the pulpit of Grace Methodist church, morning and evening. Mr. Cleaver is a man of more than ordinary ability, and it will be a treat for all who can, to hear him.

K. OF P. BALL.

The K. of P. ball at the Bay last Thurs day evening proved even a more decided success than was expected. The number in attendance was fully 100. Mr. Peiper of Nanaimo assisted by Mr. Harvey of Nob Hill furnished the music. The refreshments were provided by Messrs. Kenward & Proctor, bakers of Courtenay. From Denman a few came, including Miss Piercy and Miss Louis. The turnout from Courtenay was general, but about a third of those in attendance were from Union. The society must have netted a very handsome sum.

BOARD MEETING.

A meeting of the directors of the Union and Comox District hospital is hereby called for 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, Feb. 27th at the new school house.

J. B. McLean, Sec'y

The new Dickson hotel has been fitted up inside without regard to expense, but with due regard to convenience and beauty. The bar room is not large and cannot well be made a loafing place. The little cove in the corner as you enter, to use a marine expression, with its elegantly designed columns and arrangements, is a "thing of beauty." The bar fixtures and richly framed mirror, doubling in appearance the size of the room, with the really meritorious paintings, of a character which might properly adorn a ladies parlor, give a general effect at once pleasing and artistic. The wood work was done by Grant and McGregor, and the painting and paperhanging by Theobald and Watkins. They both exhibit correct taste and splendid execution.

LOCALS.

Concert Thursday night.

Sponges and Toilet Articles at Pimbury & Co's.

Let every one attend the hospital concert.

As you pass, call and see Morgan's cheap tweed suits.

The concert Thursday evening.

The paper mill at Alberni has been closed by the mortgagor.

Tomorrow, Feb. 27, will be Ash Wednesday—the first day of Lent.

Great reduction in suiting and panting at Morgan's, the fashionable tailor.

Pimbury's Balsamic Elixir will cure your cough. Try it.

Dr. Tolmie, V. S. of Victoria was up to visit professionally the celebrated "Rara.

We make a specialty of Family Recipes. Pimbury & Co.

C. H. Tarbell, tinsmith of Victoria was a guest at the Waverly a portion of the week.

E. B. Hill of the Black Diamond city was in town Thursday and left by way of the Bay.

Morgan, the fashionable tailor, gives you your photo enlarged free for any $10 purchase.

Mr. A. C. Fulton, butcher, will adopt the cash system in his business on the 1st of March.

Grant & McGregor will receive by this week's steamer a large consignment of McClary stoves.

FOR SALE—Cheap for cash, a good Karn organ. Enquire of T. D. McLean, jeweler, Union.

Mr. Fred Wilson, representing McLennan and McFeely of Vancouver made us a call Thursday.

Mr. Berg was in town Wednesday and Thursday looking after the interests of the San Francisco Examiner.

Mr. Russell, farmer up the settlement, accidentally dislocated his ankle. We have not learned the particulars.

For choice pies, cakes, wedding cakes, party or social refreshments, call on Kenward & Proctor the Courtenay bakers.

Attention is called to ad. of Dr. West, dentist, in another column. He will be here on the 27th and is highly recommended

The management of the Hospital concert will be under Mr. Howell. Tickets only 50 cents, date Thursday evening the 28th.

Mr. A. D. Williams' wife and family, and Mrs. John Williams were among the passengers to Union on Wednesday by the SS. Joan.

Miss Nash, milliner, will sell the remainder of her stock at cost until the 20th of March, to make room for her new spring goods.

FOR RENT OR SALE—A neat story and half cottage at the thriving village of Courtenay. Enquire of R. Cessford, Union, B. C.

Mr. John Urquhart of Urquhart Bros., accidentally suffered a fall at the saw mill in Courtenay last week, striking upon his head and has since been confined to his house.

Mr. Watkins of Theobald & Watkins, painters, will be here tomorrow. He is a skilled sign painter. This enterprising firm is doing work away down so as to live and let live.

Mr. Miller, representing eastern furniture houses and Philip Eckert's undertaking supplies, was here last steamer day and obtained from Grant & McGregor a large order for a general assortment of furniture.

The great mammoth store of Simon Leiser has everything from a tooth pick, hand made, from Rio, to magnificent silks from the celebrated looms of Versailles. Mr. Leiser is now arranging for regular shipments from Europe.

Remember that on the first day of March—close at hand—McPhee & Moore will sell for spot cash only, but will place their goods at so low a figure as to take your breath away. Don't believe it? Well call and see how long you can hold your breath.

The concert of Thursday evening will be enlivened by a banjo duet by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jenkins. They will be dressed in character. Mr. Jenkins will appear again in the progamme as a banjo soloist, and will deliver his celebrated stump speech entitled "De Milk in De Cocoanut."

At No. 4 slope there was a small pocket of gas reached on Monday night by Geo. Whitehead, resulting in burning his arms, neck and breast. He was taken to the hospital. At the same slope on Tuesday David Jones was burned about the neck and arms from the same cause. His injuries are slight however.

We are in receipt today of a copy of a special edition of Copp, Clark and Co.'s Canadian Almanac for 1895, printed for the enterprising corporation of H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., of London, England who are now sole proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure." *It is full of valuable* information and reflects credit on the publishers as well as on the enterprise of the English company.

In No. 5 shaft the sinking goes on at a satisfactory rate. Two accidents occurred there last week. The first was on Tuesday when Jay Allen was hit by a falling bucket-chain. He was pretty badly hurt and was taken to the hospital. The second case was that of David Jones and occurred on Thursday. A drill slipping from some point above him struck him on the head. He, however, was all right in a day or so.

On Monday evening of last week the congregation of the English church decided that they had secured sufficient funds to justify them in proceeding to build a house of worship. The following gentlemen were selected as a building committee: Rev. J. X. Willemar, James McKim, C. Watson, and D. Lawrence, officers of the church; and F. B. Smith, H. P. Collis, J. W. Fauquier, K. Sharp and D. Jones. The committee was organized by the election of Rev. Mr. Willemar as chairman, J. McKim treasurer, and J. W. Fauquier secretary.

UNDER A CLOUD.

A THRILLING TALE OF HUMAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GUEST SPEAKS OUT.

"Why not a run to St. Malo and a couple of months' yachting?"

Sir Mark proposed as a cure foreign travel, but Myra refused to go. Edie tried vainly to inveigle her into some distraction, and Guest spent a little fortune in concert and opera tickets in trying to persuade her to accompany them, but they were generally wasted.

Miss Jerrold tried hard, too, and was more successful, coaxing her niece to come and stay at her house, or to spend quiet afternoons with her, no one else being admitted. And all the time it was understood that the unfortunate engagement was a subject tabooed; but one day, when Myra was with her alone, Guest having been there by accident when the cousins came—that is to say, by one of his accidents, and at a suggestion from Miss Jerrold that a walk would do Edie good, as her face looked "very pasty," having taken Edie for the said walk—Miss Jerrold seeing the wistful eyes, sunken cheeks, and utter prostration of her niece's face, bethought her of a plan to try and revive interest in things mundane, at a time when the girl seemed to be slowly dropping out of life.

"We've petted and cosseted her too much," said Aunt Jerrold to herself. "I'll try that."

She tried that, and attacked her niece in a very blunt, rough way, keenly watching the effect of her words the while.

"I do wonder at a girl of your spirit wearing your heart out for the sake of a scoundrel. That's done it!" she added to herself, for a complete change came over Myra's aspect.

"Aunt!" she cried indignantly.

"I can't help it my dear," said the old lady sharply. "I've kept it back too long, and it is only just that I should tell you how reprehensible your conduct is. Here is a wretched man who professes to love you——"

"Malcolm Stratton did love me, aunt," said Myra proudly, as stung beyond endurance she gave utterance to the thoughts she had kept hidden so long.

"Looks like it!" continued Aunt Jerrold. "Bah! the horsepond is too good for such as he!"

Myra turned upon her fiercely.

"Aunt," she cried, "it is not true!"

"But it is true, my dear, or the wretch would have said a few words in his defense."

"I cannot stay here and listen to you, aunt," cried Myra, rising with dignity. "It is cruel of you to speak of Mr. Stratton like this."

"Oh of course. Silly girl! The worse a man is, the more weak, infatuated woman defends him."

"I defend him, aunt, because I am sure there must be some good reasons for Mr. Stratton's conduct. He was not the man who could have acted so. His whole career gives your charges the lie."

At that moment Edie and Guest returned the former joyous and bright, but forcing a serious look as soon as she saw her cousin's agitated face.

"I am waiting for you, Edie," said Myra coldly; and, turning to her aunt, she bent her head slightly. "Good-afternoon, Mr. Guest," she said, and she left the drawing room.

"Aunt, dear, what is the matter?" whispered Edie.

"We've been quarreling, my dear; thank goodness!" said Miss Jerrold dryly. "There, good-by. Run after her, little woman. Kiss me; I haven't quarreled with you."

She embraced the girl affectionately; and as Guest followed to the door, and held out his hand, Miss Jerrold whispered:

"Come up again when you've seen them to the carriage."

In five minutes Guest was back looking at his hostess wonderingly, for the old lady was standing in the middle of the room with her face full of wrinkles, and her arms folded across her chest. She did not seem to see him, and he made a slight movement to attract her attention, when she waved her hand toward a chair.

"Sit down, boy," she said, without looking in his direction; "I'm thinking. I'll attend to you directly."

He obeyed more puzzled than ever; and at last she took a chair by the back, dragged it across the carpet in a masculine way, and thumped it down in front of him.

It's not a pleasant subject for a lady—an unmarried lady—to talk about, Percy Guest," she said; "but I'm getting such an old woman now that I think it's time I might speak plainly."

"What about?" said Guest, wondering of what breach of good manners he had been guilty.

"What about, you silly boy? Here's poor Myra eating her heart out, Edie miserable, my brother a perfect bear, I'm worried to death, and you say, what about! Malcolm Stratton, to be sure."

"Oh!" cried Guest very much relieved.

"Well, I do not see anything to look pleased about, sir."

"No of course not; only I thought I had been doing something."

"You have been doing nothing, it seems to me," said Miss Jerrold sharply.

"Really, I have done my best."

"But I thought barristers were such clever people!"

"Oh, dear no," said Guest seriously. "Very stupid folk as a rule. Sort of gun a barrister is. The solicitor is the clever man, and he has to load the barrister before he goes off."

"Then for goodness' sake get some solicitor to load you, and then go off and shoot something."

"I wish you would load me, Miss Jerrold."

"Well, look here, my dear boy. We seem to have settled down to a belief that Malcolm Stratton has been a great scamp, and that he drew back on his wedding morning in consequence of the interference of some lady who had a hold upon him."

"Yes, that is what we thought," said Guest sadly.

"And then tried to commit suicide out of misery and shame?"

"Yes, I have been able to get no further, poor fellow. He is utterly dumb, as soon as I try to get anything from him."

"What does that friend of his—that Mr. Brettison say?"

"Mr. Brettison? I have not seen him."

"Why not? He has known Mr. Stratton many years. You should have consulted him, and tried to find out from him what might have happened in days gone by."

"I did think of that."

"And did not act?"

"I have had no chance. Mr. Brettison is out of town. I have not seen him since the wed——"

"Ah!" cried Miss Jerrold warningly.

"Since that unhappy day."

"On that day?"

"No. It was a day or two before, but I think I heard Stratton say Mr. Brettison came to see him that day, and that he was going out of town."

"Humph! That's strange."

"Why?" said Guest.

"He was very fond of Malcolm Stratton, wasn't he—I mean, isn't he?"

"Yes, of course."

"Why should he go out, on Stratton's wedding day, instead of stopping to congratulate him?"

"I don't know. It was odd, but Mr. Brettison is eccentric."

"It's more than odd, Percy Guest," said Miss Jerrold, looking very keen and intent; "the clew lies that way. Mr. Brettison must have known something and quarreled with Malcolm Stratton; it seems to me."

"You think so?"

"Yes his conduct suggests it. Out of town? Hasn't he been to his chambers since?"

"I think not."

"There is a clew then. I've loaded you. Go off."

"And find Mr. Brettison?"

"Of course. Then try and get from him the information we want."

"Do we want that information, Miss Jerrold?"

"Of course we do, sir. Malcolm Stratton's actions may be purged from their grossness, and happiness come after all."

"Heaven grant it may!" cried Guest.

"There, then, you have something sensible to do; better than always calling here in your speculative way. Go to work at once, and come and communicate with me."

Guest went off at once, and had himself driven to Benchers' Inn, where he ascended to Stratton's door, but turned off to Brettison's where all was dark and silent.

He knocked, but there was no answer; and, after repeating the knock several times, he went to Stratton's door, where he had no better success. Going down, he crossed to the tunnel-like archway, where he found Mrs. Brade, and learned Mr. Brettison had not yet returned from the country.

"Mr. Stratton does not seem to be at home either."

"No, sir. He goes out a deal now, and is very seldom at home. Many people come to ask for him, and I give them his message—that they are to write."

"Well, that's reasonable enough if they have not made appointments, Mrs. Brade, so pray don't shake your head like that."

"Certainly not, sir, if you don't wish it, but I can't help thinking he'd be better not left alone."

"Why?" said Guest impetuously.

Mrs. Brade tapped her forhead, and Guest frowned angrily.

"Nonsense, my good woman," he cried; "don't exaggerate, and pray don't jump at conclusions. Mr. Stratton is no more mad than you are."

"That ain't saying much, mister," cried the porter from the next room, where he was making up for late hours consequent upon sitting up for occupants of the inn, "My missus is mad as a hatter."

Mrs. Brade darted to the door and closed it with a heavy bang, following by snatching, more than drawing the curtain over the opening—a curtain originally placed there to keep off draughts, but so used by Mrs. Brade as to give the onlooker an idea that her husband was a personage kept on exhibition, and not shown save as a favor and for money paid.

"I don't know what I could be thinking of to marry that man, sir," she said indignantly. "Mad, indeed! Not mad enough to take more than's good for me, and pretty often, too."

"A lesson for you, Mrs. Brade," said Guest sternly, "You cannot make a more painful or dangerous assertion about a person than to say that a person or personage is mad."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WALKING IN THE DARK.

Disappointed in his visit to the inn, Guest went back to his own chambers, where his first act on reaching his room, with its lookout over the old rookery, was to take out his pocketbook, and carefully examine a photograph—a proof intrusted to his care that day—and which he instantly pressed to his lips several times before restoring it to its envelope, and returning it to his breast.

His next proceeding was to light his pipe, lie back, and think over Miss Jerrold's words; and the more he thought over them the more they seemed to fit the situation.

One thought begat another till he grew startled at the growth emanating from Miss Jerrold's suggestion.

Stratton had always been greatly attached to him, he knew, but he did not always confide in him; he had a way of being extremely reticent, especially over money matters, and he recalled a little upset they had once had about a time when Stratton was hard pressed to get his rent ready and had raised the money in what he (Guest) had dubbed a disreputable way—that is to say, he had borrowed from "a relative" instead of from his friend.

"The old lady's right," mused Guest, after a long period of thinking, during which his ideas seemed to ripen. "Mr. Brettison must know, and depend upon it, he, being such a particular, high-souled man, was angry with Stratton, and would not come to the wedding. Of course; I remember now, Stratton did say that morning that Brettison was off, out collecting. Now, how to find out where, he has gone."

No idea came, for Brettison was one of the most erratic and enthusiastic of beings. Being very wealthy, and living in the simplest way, money was no object; and he would go off anywhere, and at any cost, to obtain a few simple and rare plants for his herbarium. As Guest mused over the matter, he recollected that Stratton said something about the south; but whether it was south of England, France, or Italy he could not remember.

"Might be the South Pole," he muttered pettishly. "Fancy that old chap having nothing better to do with his money than spend it over weeds!

"Now, if I had half," he said, after refilling his pipe, "I could go to the old admiral and say—— Oh, what a fool I am!"

But somehow that idea about Brettison and his money seemed to pervade his brain for the next few days, and to be mixed up with Stratton and his troubles. He recollected the money lying in crisp banknotes upon the table, and recalled that it was a heavy sum. That was an entirely fresh view to take; could Stratton have borrowed that money from Brettison? Likely enough, and that might have caused the estrangement. People did not like lending money. They would offer to do so, but when the demand was made they were a little bitter.

"'Neither a borrower nor a lender be,'" muttered Guest, quoting from his favorite author, and then adding, "if you can help it."

"Bah! That upsets the idea of the lady in the case," he muttered impatiently. "What a fool I am! As if it was likely that poor old Mal would try to make his quietus with a bare bodkin—modernized into a six-shooter—because old Brettison was huffed at his borrowing money. I must pump it out of the poor fellow somehow."

That evening he went to Stratton's chambers, but could get no reply; and he waited about on the stairs till, growing uneasy and suspicious once more, he knocked again, and listened at the letter slit.

Just then he heard steps, and the occupant of the upstairs chambers ascended to the landing.

"How do?" he said. "Mr. Stratton's out. I met him on the Embankment not half an hour ago."

That swept away the black, mental cobwebs once more for a time about Guest's brain, and he went away relieved—but not before writing his intention of dropping in about ten that night, and thrusting his card in at the slit—to dine at his club, after which he went into the library to read up some old legal cases, and think about Edie.

He was punctual to the time appointed in Bencher's Inn, but there was no light in Stratton's window, none in Brettison's, and he waited till eleven in the expectation of seeing his friend come back.

At the above hour he became convinced that Stratton had returned early and gone to bed, so he went to his own chambers vexed and irritated, after dropping another card into the letter box, making an appointment for the next evening at seven.

"Take him out for a bit of dinner. He seems to be very busy just now, or else he is behaving very sensibly and taking exercise to get back his strength."

Guest went to Benchers' Inn the next evening at seven, but the outer door was closed, and after waiting for some time he went off to his club and wrote a letter begging Stratton to make an appointment to see him.

Next day glided by and there was no reply. The chambers were still closed, and the Brades had not seen their occupant; neither had Mr. Brettison come back.

Guest made light of the matter, and then went and called on the admiral, who promptly begged him to stay to dinner, but the young man refused, glanced at Edie, and stayed.

This delayed the visit which he had intended to pay Miss Jerrold, but he went to her on the following day to report his ill success, and then to the great institution where his friend ruled over the natural history specimens.

To his surprise Stratton was not there, one of the officials informing him that his chief had taken a month's vacation to recover his health.

"He seemed so broken down, sir, by study, that the committee suggested it."

"And never said a word to me," thought Guest. "Well, the man who says poor old Mal is mad is a fool, but he certainly does act very queerly. Never mind. He'll come all right in time."

More days glided by, and Guest became alarmed, for he could get no tidings of Stratton. The chambers were always closed, and no notice was taken of the letters; so he went to Bourne Square on business—he made a point of going there on business whenever he could—and was shown into the drawing room, where Myra greeted him very kindly, though he noted a peculiar, anxious, inquiring look in her eyes two or three times before she rose and left the room.

"Now, Mr. Guest," said Edie as soon as they were alone, "you have something to communicate?"

"Something I want to say, but don be quite so business-like."

"I must," she said sharply. "Now tell me: something from—about Mr. Stratton."

He told her of his ill success, and she frowned.

"We don't want his name mentioned here, and we take not the slightest interest in him; but as you are interested, and as news, of course you can tell anything. But isn't his conduct very strange?"

"More than strange."

"And you can't find Mr. Brettison either?"

"No; but I'm not surprised at that. He's co lecting chickweed and 'grundsel,' as Mrs. Brade calls it, somewhere. But I shall be glad when he comes back."

Edie sat thoughtfully for a few minutes.

"You see, directly you cannot get to see him because his doors are shut you begin to think something is wrong."

"Naturally."

"And that's absurd, Percy—Mr. Guest."

"No; no; don't take it back again like that," he pleaded.

"Mr. Guest," she said emphatically. "Now look here: he must come to his chambers sometimes, because he would want his letters."

"Possibly," said the visitor coldly, for that formal "Mr. Guest" annoyed him.

"And he communicates with the people at the institution."

"Yes, but he has given them no fresh address."

"Then naturally they write to his chambers, and Mal—this man gets his letters from time to time. There's nothing shocking the matter. He is avoiding you, and wants to break off the intimacy."

"Then he is not going to," said Guest with spirit. "I'm afraid he has done something wrong some time."

"Indeed?" said Edie with her eyes twinkling.

"I mean, men do."

"Oh!"

"I have, lots of times."

Edie grew a little more stately—a hard task, for she was too petite to look dignified.

"I don't mean anything bad," said Guest hastily; "and if old Mal thinks he is going to get rid of me he's mistaken. I'm not a woman, to throw a fellow over because he's had some trouble in the past. I forgive him whatever it is."

"I suppose wicked people find it easy to forgive other sinners?" said Edie demurely.

"Of course. Poor old lad!" said Guest thoughtfully; "I wonder what he did do."

"I'd rather not discuss such matters, if you please, Mr. Guest, said Edie coldly.

"Oh, very well, Miss Perrin. I thought I could come to you for help and counsel as a very dear friend, if as nothing else, and, now I want your help, you back out.

"No, I don't—Percy."

"Ah!"

Only that interjection, but it meant so much in words—and acts, one of which resulted in the fair young girl pointing to the chair from which Guest had risen, and saying, with a little flush in her cheeks;

"Suppose somebody had come into the room. Sit down, please, Mr. Guest."

He obeyed.

"Now come; help me," he said. "We must forgive poor old Malcolm, whatever it is; and one of these days perhaps, someone else will."

"No, never: that is impossible."

"But what can he have done?"

"I don't know, unless he has been married before, and killed his wife so as to get married again."

Guest looked at her in horror, and she turned scarlet.

"I—I beg your pardon," she stammered. "I did not mean that."

"No," said Guest dryly. "I should think not."

Farther conversation was stayed by the entrance of Myra, looking rapt and strange, as if in a dream. She did not seem to notice them, but walked across to the window, and, as she went, Guest was shocked by the alteration in her aspect. It was as if she had lately risen from a bed of sickness, while that which struck him most was the weary, piteous aspect of her eyes.

As she turned them upon him at last it was in a questioning way, which he interpreted to mean, "I am dying for news of him, but it is impossible for me to ask"; and a curious feeling of resentment rose within him against Stratton, for he felt that he had literally wrecked the life of as true a woman as ever breathed.

A faint smile dawned upon her lips, and she glanced from him to Edie and back—a look which made the crimson on Edie's cheeks grow deeper, as the girl said quickly:

"Mr. Guest came to tell me how hard he is trying to get some news, and what he has done."

"News!" cried Myra excitedly, and her hands were raised toward their visitor, but she let them drop to her sides as her brows contracted.

"He has been telling me that he has—"

"Where is papa—has he come back?" said Myra, coldly ignoring her cousin's proffered information, and a few minutes later Guest shook hands and went away.

"Her pride keeps her silent," he said thoughtfully. "No wonder; but she'd give the world to hear the least bit of news. Poor girl! She'd forgive him almost anything. I must, and will, find it all out before I've done."

But the days grew into weeks, and Guest's visits to Bourne Square were always barren of news, save that he was able to announce that Stratton certainly did go to his chambers now and then. This he found out from the porter's wife, who bitterly bewailed the state in which they were falling.

"You may shake your head at me, Mr. Guest," she said, "and it's our secret, for not a word shall ever leave my lips, but let me ask you, is it the behavior of a gentleman as has got all his change——"

"Got all his—— Oh, I see, you mean his senses."

"Why, of course, sir, to keep his rooms shut up as he does, and never a duster or a brush put inside the door.

"He is afraid of his specimens being disturbed, Mrs. Brade,"

"Oh, dear, no, sir. It never was his way. "I'd got used to his manners and customs—we understood each other, and if I lifted up a bottle or a specimens, whether it was a bird or only a bone, down it went in the same place again, so exact that you couldn't tell it had been moved.

"But Mr. Brettison does the same, Mrs. Brade."

"Him, sir?" said the woman contemptuously; "that's different. One knows he's a little bit queer. It's nothing new for him to be away months together, and then come back loaded with rubbidge."

"When did you say Mr. Stratton came here last?"

"Four day's ago, sir, and I went after him, and begged and prayed of him, with a pail and broom in my hand, to let me do him up, but he only pointed downward like a man in a play; and there's his place going to rack and ruin."

"Next time he comes, Mrs. Brade," said Guest, slipping a sovereign into her hand, "send your husband on to me directly and try and keep Mr. Strattor till he comes back."

"That I will, sir," she cried eagerly; and she kept her word over and over again, but to Guest's intense chagrin always too late. "Just comes in quickly, sir, runs up to his rooms and gets his letters, and goes out the other way."

This occurred till Guest grew damped, then angry, then damped again; but, in spite of his disheartened state, he manfully resumed his search, for whenever he was disposed to give it up as what he called a bad job, he was forced on by Edie with the greatest eagerness—"to save her life."

There was a time when Guest thought of getting professional help, but a strange dread of something terrible being wrong kept him back from this, and he spent every spare hour in seeking for his friend in every resort, but all in vain. Still he heard of him again and again, and of his calling at the institution, where he had a fresh release from duty granted him for a month; and feeling that he was bound to run against his friend sooner or later, Guest relaxed his efforts, and the very next day caught sight of Stratton in a cab, followed it till it turned down one of the Strand culs-de-sac, saw him alight at a great house overlooking the river and pay the cabman; and then followed him in, and up a great winding stone staircase to a door on the upper floor.

"She lives there," thought Guest with a feeling of rage in his breast, and, running lightly up the last few steps, he crept unobserved behind Stratton, and laid a hand upon his shoulder just as he was thrusting a latchkey into the lock.

Stratton gave a violent start, but did not turn round. He only uttered a low sigh.

"Very well," he said. "I have been expecting you for weeks."

"Stratton!" cried Guest reproachfully, and his friend turned slowly round so haggard and aged a countenance that Guest was startled.

"You?" said Stratton, with a curious, dazed look around, as if for someone else whom he had expected to see there. "I thought—I thought——" He paused, and then after an interval: "Well, you have found me. What do you want?"

Guest did not reply for the moment, but looked sharply from his friend to the door and back.

"There is someone in there!" he said to himself; "and for Myra's sake I will know the truth."

Then aloud:

"Take me into your room; we can't talk here."

Stratton made a quick movement before the door as if to keep him back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Profits of Literature.

Just what a successful hit in literature means to an author in dollars and cents was demonstrated to me a few days since, when I saw a cheque sent to Hall Caine for nearly $5,000 as royalties on the American sales of "The Manxman" during the last four months, writes a correspondent. In the same manner over $10,000 has been sent to Stanley Weyman by his American publishers as royalties on his books during the last nine months. What has been thus far remitted to Mr. Du Maurier is not known, but it is close to accuracy to place his revenue from "Trilby" at $25,000. It was not an unusual thing for Robert Louis Stevenson to receive $15,000 a year from his literary work, and I remember very well, during the popularity of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" as a book and play, that Mrs. Burnett's yearly income exceeded $25,000, Mary Wilkins has netted over $5,000 from "Pembroke," and a close friend of S. R. Crockett tells me that his income last year from his writings was over $20,000.

Literary success is a very profitable thing, without a doubt. When once it is achieved the truth of the old maxim, that nothing succeeds like success, is very quickly demonstrated to the author. But only a few reach the coveted goal. A novel, for example, must sell 5,000 copies before it pays its publisher and begins to show a profit to its author. And when one considers that not one out of 40 novels ever reaches a 5,000 sale, the chances of success will be better understood.

WINES FOR EVERYBODY.

French Treaty—Blood Making Wines.

The Bordeaux Claret Company have over twenty thousand dozens of Claret, Burguny, Sauterne, Ports, Sherries, which they are offering at $3 and $4 per case of 12 large quart bottles. All guaranteed pure, sound, and imported direct from the vineyards of France and Spain. They are not common washed-out wines but are old rich, generous, genuine fruity wines; solon their merits only and not on a label o brand—brandolatary will soon be a thin of the past. Nearly every swell family i Montreal have tried them and will now use no other. All first-class physician recommend them. Our cellars are open t the public and we guarantee satisfaction Ask your wine merchant or grocer for them or address for price list, Bordeaux Clare Company, 30 Hospital St., Montreal. Telephone 1394.

The Longest Words.

Below are the nine longest words in the English language at the present writing:

Subconstitutionalist.
Incomprehensibility.
Philoprogenttiveness.
Honorificibilitudinity.
Anthropophagenanarian.
Disproportionableness.
Velocipedestrianistical.
Transsubstantiationableness.
Proantitranssubstantiationist.

The canal connecting the Baltic with the North Sea fifty-nine miles in length, is now finished except a few minor details.

A CALAMITY AVERTED.

Almost at St. Mary's with Almost Fatal Results.

The Victim Suffered For Months During Which time he was Forced to Sit in a Chair—His Case Finally Pronounced Hopeless—How His Restoration was Brought About.

(From St. Mary's Argus.)

How different are the feelings that take possession of one as they read the particulars of some great railway or steamship disaster where scores of lives with whom we have no acquaintance have been lost, and reading the particulars of the runaway of a span of horses attached to a carriage from which one of our acquaintances has been thrown and killed. In the former case, although the loss of life has been great, you say "Isn't it terrible?" but in a few days the affair has probably passed from mind, while in the latter instance months after you could recount the minutest particulars of the runaway. And so it is when we read the particulars of cures really remarkable, but because we are not interested in the person restored the facts are soon forgotten. But when a case can be submitted right at home, with which a large number of our readers are familiar, it will, we are sure, be of special interest and carry conviction.

Our readers will remember that over two years ago while Mr. Gideon Elliott, James street, St. Mary's, was teaming ashes he was thrown from a load and received such severe injuries to his spine that he was unable to walk or lie down in bed. He suffered great pain in his back. For long months he lived night and day in a chair, not able to do the slightest thing to help himself. And with no prospect of hel before him he began to feel that life was a burden and he had no desire to live. Two physicians attended him, but after exhausting their powers Mr Elliott was told that "if he had anything he wanted settled he had better attend to it at once," the last doctor telling him he could not be cured. To an Argus representative Mr. Elliott gave the above facts and said that after having suffered a great deal of pain, and notwithstanding he was told he was incurable, he determined to try the Pink Pill treatment and purchased a dozen boxes of the renowned Dr. Williams' Pink Pill for Pale People. Inside of three weeks he began to feel the effects of the pills and now most emphatically declares that they have made him as well as he is to-day. When he started taking them he was not able to help himself in any way, but during the past fall he took up the potatoes in his garden, and can now do all the chores around his house. This is a wonderful change in a man who spent months in a chair unable to help himself or even to lie down and who was told by physicians that his case was hopeless, and it is another trophy added to the many victories of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills over disease.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

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

Denmark's Queen is suffering from an attack of shingles, and is, consequently, confined to her apartments.

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 Polson'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.

Geo. Mattheson, tank-pumper at the Lucknow station, fell from a tank and dangerously injured himself.

Worth Securing.

The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., have the reputation of issuing the handsomest pamphlets put out by any proprietary medicine house in Canada, and one just issued under the title "Four Generations of the Royal House of England" bears out this well earned reputation. The cover is a work of art, and gives well executed portraits of Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and the infant, Prince Edward of York. The contents will also be found interesting from cover to cover. A copy of this handsome pamphlet will be mailed free to any of our readers who will send their address (plainly written) on a post card to the Dr. William Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Rev. Dr. Fawsett in speaking of St Leon invariably refers to it as "The precious Fluid."

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 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 Sarsaparilla Cures

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

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.

Rev. J. H. Ross, curate of St. George's church, Guelph, is about to leave for Bermuda for the benefit of his health.

What a Prominent Merchant Says.

I take pleasure in adding my testimony of the good effects I have received from St. Leon Water. I have been using it for some years, and consider it a wonderful regulator and the most perfect water on this continent. Owing to the very uncertain condition of our city water I very rarely drink it, preferring to buy St. Leon, rather than risk my health in drinking water the purity of which is nearly always questionable. James G. Giles, 834 Yonge street, Toronto.

John Randolph, ex-G. T. R. conductor has bought the City Hotel, Kingston, and assumed proprietorship.

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

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.

Don't Forget

that when you buy Scott's Emulsion you are not getting a secret mixture containing worthless or harmful drugs.

Scott's Emulsion *cannot* be secret for an analysis reveals all there is in it. Consequently the endorsement of the medical world *means something*.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes *Wasting*, promotes the making of *Solid Flesh*, and gives *Vital Strength*. It has no equal as a cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anaemia, Emaciation, and Wasting Diseases of Children.

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

WANTED—OFFICE MANAGER in every City and County. Fortune for good Agents. Address, D. A. EVANS & CO., 74 College St., Room 12, Toronto, Ont

CANADIAN PATENT FOR SALE Something superior in "Sled Shoe." Address R. H. JORDON, Waynesburg, Pa.

VALUABLE CANADIAN PATENT for sale, in Wood Trimming Machine, at a bargain. CHARLES NERACHER, Cleveland, Ohio.

STAMMERING Permanently cured by Linton's Educational System. No advance fees. Write for circular. THE LINTON INSTITUTE, 65 Shuter St., Toronto

AGENTS WANTED For the latest and best line of Books and Bibles in Canada, all sizes and prices; terms liberal. Write for circulars. William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto, Ont.

G. DUTHIE & SONS

Slate, Sheet-Metal, Tile & Gravel Roofers

Sheet Metal Ceilings, Terra Cotta Tile, Red Black and Green Roofing Slate, Metal Cornices, Felt, Tar, Roofing Pitch, Etc. Gutters, Downpipes, &c., supplied the trade.

Telephone 1933. Adelaide & Widmer Sts TORONTO

FIRE PROOF ROOFING — ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE — METALLIC ROOFING Co MANUFACTURERS, TORONTO

THE IMPROVED VICTOR INCUBATOR

Catalogue 4 cents.

Hatches Chickens by Steam. Absolutely self-regulating. The simplest, most reliable, and cheapest first-class Hatcher in the market. Circulars free. GEO. ERTEL & CO., London, Ont

.....THE.....

Great North Western Telegraph Company OF CANADA.

Direct and exclusive connection with the offices of the Western Union Telegraph Company in the United States and Canada, (over 21,000 in number); also through Canadian Territory, with the Anglo-American, Direct and American cables to Europe and countries beyond; and direct connection with cables to West Indies, Central America, South America and Bermuda Islands.

Have you tried them? No! Then do so at once for they always cure. What? Why

Dr. Laviolette's SYRUP OF TURPENTINE

The most palatable, the most reliable, the safest and the most efficacious remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice Croup, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, And all affections of the throat and lungs.

Dr. Laviolette's Anti Catarrhal Balm

The cheapest and best remedy for Catarrh, cold in the head, etc (25 cents a tube.)

Dr. Laviolette's Norway Tar Liquor Concentrated.

The great Blood Purifier (only 25c, for large bottle) cures all maladies of the skin and mucous membranes.

ASK FOR THEM from your Druggist or Grocer, who can procure them from any wholesale house

Or direct from the proprietor

J. Gustave Laviolette M.D.

232 & 234 St. Paul St., Montreal

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Rob Roy Cigar

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

EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., MONTREAL.

SEEDS For nearly half a century we have been supplying the Farmers, the Gardeners, the Florists and the Horticultural Specialists in all portions of the Dominion with our Selected and Reliable Seeds of Seeds for the Field, the Garden and the Greenhouse; and year after year their orders come to us as regularly as the Seasons, so that the people's trust is to us a most valuable possession. Our Seed Catalogue for 1895 is now ready and will be mailed free to all who apply to

John A. Bruce & Co.

SEED MERCHANTS, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

CANANOQUE DRY EARTH CLOSET... Every home should have one. Endorsed by all Doctors and Scientists. PRICE $5.00. Manufactured by CAN. GEAR CO.

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

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 $2.00 SEND TO CREELMAN BROS. Mfrs GEORGETOWN, ONT.

I'll Pay You TO ATTEND THE NORTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE. For either a Business or a Shorthand Course. No one should expect to succeed without a good business training. Announcement free. C. A. Fleming, Owen Sound

HORNS MUST GO.

The Leavill Dehorning Clipper will take them off with less trouble and less pain than any other way.

Send for circular giving price, testimonials, etc.

S. S. KIMBALL, 577 Craig Street, Montreal.

MUSIC

Every Music Teacher in Canada should know where they can get their Music cheapest. Write us for Catalogues; also sample copy of the CANADIAN MUSICIAN, a live monthly journal with $1.00 worth of music in each issue. $3 to $6 per day made by canvassers. See premium list. We carry everything in the Music line. WHALEY, ROYCE & CO. 158 YONGE ST. TORONTO, ONT.

Are you WEAK? NERVOUS? TIRED? SLEEPLESS? PALE? BLOODLESS? THIN? DYSPEPTIC?

you need Schiller's Sarsaparilla Pills.

They make weak nerves strong, promote sound, refreshing sleep, aid digestion, restore lost appetite, are perfect blood and flesh builders, and restore the bloom of health. Sold by all druggists 50cts. per box, 6 boxes $2.50.

K. H. SCHILLER & CO. TORONTO

GRANBY RUBBERS

Better this season than ever. Everybody wants them Every dealer sells them. They wear like Iron.

A WILD DRIVE IN IRELAND.

Some of you must surely know Terence O'Callaghan, and those of you that do will agree with me that we could better spare a better man, as the saying is, and join in hoping that his shadow may never grow less. Good-natured in every sense of the word, humorous, jovial, and hospitable, he realizes the achievement in which so many of his compatriots fail, of being as good a fellow as he seems. His generosity is proverbial; and if he is open to the imputation of occasional reluctance to meet the just demands of his creditors, he atones for it by an equal readiness to share his money, when he is in funds, with any friend who may be in need of it. It was only the other day that I heard of a double-barrelled incident which comically illustrates both sides of his character in this respect.

A friend of mine, Dawson by name, having learnt that Terence had landed a clear £300 over an outsider, thought it would be a good opportunity to recoup a tenner which he had lent him five months before on the assurance that it should be repaid "within ten days at the very latest." He espied the bold Terence swaggering down Bond Street, with his head thrown back and his hat perched very much on one side, as his habit is when he is at peace with himself and all the world; when, in other words, he has some spare cash in his pocket. Taking this as a happy augury, Dawson accosted him, and was received with characteristic heartiness.

"It's a year at least since I saw ye—and where have ye been hiding yourself all this time? And when will ye dine with me at the club? Name your own night, me dear fellow—any night ye like—would to-night suit ye? At eight sharp? There'll be half-a-dozen of us, and all of us friends, and what more could any man want?"

Dawson excused himself, pleading a previous engagement, and after congratulating him on his recent good fortune, asked if it would be convenient for him to settle that little matter of the outstanding tenner. Terence's jaw fell, and his whole demeanor underwent a transformation as sudden and complete as a gorgeous firework when the combustibles are exhausted.

"Me dear fellow, me dear friend, why didn't ye ask me yesterday? Or even this morning? Then I could have done it for ye; now it's impossible. I parted with the last sovereign no later than ten minutes ago at the top of this very street, and it's on tick I'll have to go for the dinner this night. But ye needn't be afraid I'll forget it, for it's downright sorry I am to disappoint ye, and I think I can promise within a week, or ten days at the latest, if that'll do——" and shaking the crestfallen Dawson by the hand, he swaggered on down the street. Later in the afternoon Dawson saw him on the steps of his club, the centre of a group whom he was entertaining with some extravagant sally or other, and obviously on the very best of terms with himself. A happy inspiration struck him: he brushed hastily past, quickly turned, and shot the beaming Irishman with, "Can you lend me £10, Terence?"

Terence's hand was deep in his pocket on the instant, and pulling out a large roll of notes.

"Is it a tenner? With all the pleasure in life, me dear friend," he said in a breath. "Five and five is ten," picking out two £5 notes and thrusting them into Dawson's hand; but are ye sure ten'll do? Hadn't ye better make it twenty while ye're about it? There's plenty more where that came from, and shure ye're heartily welcome to the half of what I have."

Dawson thanked him suitably, but said a tenner was all he wanted, and hurried off before it dawned on Terence how he had been tricked into paying his debt.

Well, Terence and I are friends of many years' standing now, and he has often asked me to stay with him at his place in the old country, but one thing or another always prevented my availing myself of his hospitality until this time last year. The previous fifth of November, which is the anniversary of the day on which he first saw the light, I had entertained him at dinner; and over our postprandial cigar and whiskey and soda, he was so pressing in his invitation to me to come over and spend my Christmas at "The Castle" (pronounced "Cassel"), and so, evidently sincere in his desire that I should do so that I consented.

"Then ye'll come on Christmas eve in time for dinner. Ye shall have the heartiest welcome in all Ireland, and ye'll stay over Christmas, and maybe till the New Year, which will be better still; and I'll give ye a reception that'll astonish ye, and the best cock shooting, though I say it who shouldn't, that ever ye've had in the whole of your life. There's one wood, which Dan writes me word he'd be scared to go into for fear of losing an eye with their bills. So give me your hand on that; and ye needn't bother to write or anything, for I'll be expecting ye and counting the hours till ye come. Only if ye're dead or dying, ye might send me a telegram, so that I may know ye can't come. But if ye play me false, me dearest friend, it's not me dear friend any longer ye'll be, but in me black books the longest day ye live—so that's a bargain now?"

I assured him again that, bar sudden death, I should not fail to present myself punctually in time for dinner on Christmas eve; and thereupon we parted.

The following 24th December saw me on board the Milford and Waterford packet, bound for the latter port en route to the Castle (Cassel) my friend Terence's residence, which is situated in a wild part of the county of Tipperary. I am a bad sailor, and in the whole course of a wide and unfortunate experience I never remember to have suffered so dreadfully from seasickness. Before we left Milford, a fellow-passenger, an Irish ecclesiastic of most affable and prepossessing manners, prevailed on me to try an unfailing antidote.

"The sea promises to be rough," he said "but if you do as I advise you, I will guarantee that you'll be no more seasick than if it were as smooth as a mill-pond. Just eat a hearty meal, and drink with it as much Guinness's stout as ever you can hold. They you will lie down and go asleep, and it's odds but what when you wake, you'll be safe in Waterford Harbor."

I followed his advice to the letter; but, though I do not doubt that it was given in good faith, it did not turn out happily for me. True, that very soon after the meal, which I consumed in strict accordance with my worthy mentor's directions, I succeeded in falling asleep, and on waking found that we were in smooth water. So far so good, except that I also found that I had a racking headache, which was a feature in the programme that I had not been led to expect. But worse remained behind; for while I was mentally debating which might be the greater evil, seasickness or an aggravated headache, I suddenly realized that I had an ample opportunity of comparing them both, side by side, so to speak, for the vessel began to pitch, and roll and toss, and jump, and heave, and wriggle, and perform every combination of those aquatic gymnastics for which the Irish Sea affords such unrivalled facilities. It subsequently transpired that while I slept, the captain had put out, and found the weather so bad, that after some hours he had been obliged to put back; and that on my waking he was just beginning for the second time to attempt to cross to the other side. Over the remainder of that passage we will, if you please, draw a veil.

Arrived at length, a length which seemed interminable, at Waterford, I thought it well to telegraph to my friend Terence, lest in the excitement of the festivities of the season he might forget to send his 'bus to meet me at Ballylogue, the station at which you get out for the "Cassel." He prides himself on having an excellent memory, and the boast, "I never remember to have ever forgotten anything in all me life," is as frequent on his lips as "I'd have ye to know, sir, that I've forgotten a dashed sight more about it than ye ever knew, sir." Nevertheless, I deemed it prudent, if only by excess of precaution, to wire: "Arrive Ballylogue 4.10. Send 'bus, grey pair." In pressing his invitation on me he had promised, amongst other inducements, that I should have his 'bus and pair of greys to tool me over.

"Ye can come any time you like," he had said; "late or early ye'll be equally welcome; and whatever hour it may be of the day or night, ye'll find me 'bus waiting for ye, and a pair of greys that will land ye at me door almost before ye think ye've started." The distance, he added by the way, was "a few miles, just a nice dhrive."

It was dark when I reached Ballylogue, and on running my eye over the paraphernalia I missed the Gladstone bag which I had myself seen put into the van at Waterford. I was arguing the matter with the porter, when the station-master came up and asked what the trouble was about.

"Shure, it's this gintleman who owns all this luggage," said the porter, "that sez the blackguards have stolen his bag on him."

"I didn't say anyone had stolen my bag," I interposed; "I only said——"

"Did ye, or did ye not tell me your bag was stolen, or lost, which is the same thing any way?"

"I told you that I saw my bag put into the van at Waterford, and that it's not here now."

"Which bag?" queried the porter.

"If it was in the van, it's in the van it must be," announced the station master, "unless," he added, by way of afterthought "it's been taken out."

"Shure, that's what I've bin after saying to the gintleman meself, and I told him that it was meself that took all the luggage out of the van, and the divil a sign of the bag there was in it, and that's why he's been saying that I stole his bag."

"I have told yon a hundred times——" I began, with pardonable irritation at his persistent misrepresentation.

"'Deed, an' ye have, and its five hundred times too often, and what's more, it's not the truth neither, but far from it," replied the porter, who also was fast losing his temper without any reason that I could see.

Here the station-master closed the discussion by saying with an air of pleased discovery and conviction:—

"Tim, the gintleman'ull be wantin' his bag."

"That's thrue, sorr," assented the porter, "but it's not here it is."

"Then," rejoined his superior, with an air of final decision, "the bag must be found."

"But where will it be found, sorr," queried the porter, "when it isn't there?"

At this juncture I descried an object on the opposite platform, which, as well as I could make out in the dim light, resembled my missing bag, and I mentioned the fact to the two officials.

"It's not your bag that is at all," was the porter's answer, "for I put that thrunk on that platform meself."

"Your bag cannot be on that platform, sorr," observed the station-master, "for it's the wrong platform it 'ud be, and you coming from Waterford."

"If you you would kindly bring it here, we might see," I mildly suggested.

"And how could I be thormentin' other people's luggage?" asked the porter, adding by way of clincher, "more be token at this time o' night too."

"Your bag cannot be on that platform," said the station-master, and he walked away, having apparently exhausted the subject to his own satisfaction, and shut himself into his room.

Fearful of keeping the pair of greys standing longer, I crossed the line myself, found, as I had expected, that the object on the other side was my Gladstone bag, and returned with it in my hand.

"This is my bag," I said to the porter in a tone of studied moderation, "and now if you will bring the luggage along, we will go to the 'bus."

"It's not a bag at all," was his reply, "it's a thrunk, and if ye'd asked for your thrunk I'd hev known, and ye could hev had it at onst—and what 'bus'd ye be going to?"

"Isn't there a 'bus waiting for me here outside? A 'bus with a pair of greys, belonging to Mr. O'Callaghan of the Castle?"

"The sorra a 'bus I've seen for a fortnight or more—nora pair of gray harses raythor, if that's what ye mane. Ye're shure," he went on with a twinkle, "it's a 'bus ye do mane this time?" My misdescription of my bag evidently still rankled in his mind; a man who could call a Gladstone bag a bag might obviously, in his opinion, be guilty of misusing even such a plain word as 'bus. "If it's a bus, maybe Mr. Murphy" (the station-master) "will know; I'll go an' ask him; if anny one will have it, it's himself," he added with that proneness, so common amongst Irishmen of his class, and generally so wholly unwarranted by fact, to invest third parties with desirable or convenient attributes. But it proved on inquiry that Mr. Murphy knew no more about the 'bus than his subordinate; indeed, he even outran that functionary in his negative wealth of ignorance, for he assured me it was months since he had seen "even the sign of a 'bus in them parts."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rural China.

On every side white homesteads are scattered, each in its setting of giant bamboo shoots, writes a traveller. When you have realized the fact that each of these little clusters of lime-washed cottages represents the home of fathers, sons, grandsons and all their female belongings, you will begin to appreciate the density of the population. In front of every farm stand yellow straw stacks raised on wooden legs, and under each a tiny red cow ruminates, or else a dull, hairy water buffalo, stupidly wondering whether a mouthful of straw snatched from above will repay the trouble of balancing on his hind legs.

The general effect is most homelike and pleasant. It must be added that a closer inspection of one of these farms does not prove so satisfactory. Round about the ground is strewed with litter and broken earthenware, while the drainage from the cattle sheds forms puddles on the roadway. The plaster has fallen in flakes from the walls; the gay lanterns and gaudy texts in red and black that adorn the entrance only accentuate the dismal untidiness; nor is the semi-circular fish-tank, half full of stagnant water, pleasing either to eyes or nose.

Clattering across the drying floor between it and the house I bring out a pack of curly black-haired dogs, who bark furiously, but at a respectful distance. I am known here, and am let pass without further comment than the customary "Stit li fan m'chyant?" ("Have you eaten rice or not yet?"), which, like "How do you do?" call for no particular answer.

A Charmer.

Bobby—"You ought to see my big sister Everybody says she's a beauty."

Johnny—"I bet she can't hold a candle to my sister for looks. Why, my sister sold twenty-two tickets for a charity concer-

For The Young.

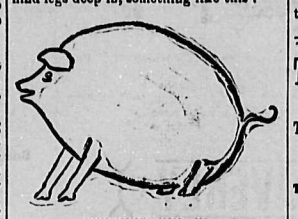
Yes, you can make your own pigs very easily, children, and they will be so nice and sweet and funny that nobody can object to your taking them right into the parlor with you.

The first requisite is a lemon. This will cost about three cents and you can get it at any grocery store. You must ask the man who sells it to you to permit you to select one from his basket. Take one with a long stem or peak at one end like this:

When you get home cut a small notch down in the stem, as shown by the dotted

IN EMBRYO.

lines in the sketch above. This will be the pig's mouth and should be colored red. (Red ink will do.) After his mouth has been properly cut Mr. Pig should be laid square on his back and four matches or small sticks of wood should be sharply thrust through the skin and well into the lemon at or near the places indicated by the rings and points in the sketch. The matches or sticks should stands out at an angle so Mr. Pig won't fall over, and if he is to be allowed to sit down put the hind legs deep in, something like this:



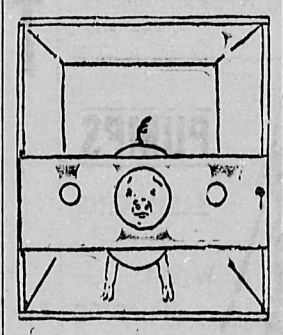
FINISHING HIM UP.

Pigs like to sit down, and they usually do after eating; so it is just as well to make your pig repose in this comfortable manner at the start. Now ask mamma for a couple of black pins to put in above his nose for piggy's sharp little eyes and whittle out two ear-shaped pieces of thin wood, dye them pink on the inside with paint or red ink and press them in over the eyes so they will "lop" or hang a little. Now tie a small piece of grayish brown string tightly about the head of a pin and drive it, head and all, in through poor piggy's skin where his tail belongs. You can then cut the string off to leave his pigship with a tail of an inch or so in length.

It is really of little importance where you keep this kind of a pig, and pigs themselves don't seem to be very particular where they are kept if they only have enough to eat. You can make a small pen of one of papa's cigar boxes, and I will show you how to hang doors and fasten it so Mr. Pig can't get out unless you open the gate for him.

The inside measurements of the box should be 3 inches by 3 by 4 inches, though some pigs like large pens, and a great deal depends upon how often you let your pig out. When you have made your pen take three pins and cut the heads off in such a way as to leave a point, with an old pair of shears or a file, and then bend them carefully into a long, slender "U" for staples. Now cut a piece from the cigar box cover quite as long as the pen is wide and about an inch wide itself, the grain of the wood running with the length.

This is for the gate. Make a notch in the centre of one end for the latch. Now for hanging the gate, which is the nicest part of the whole job and must be done very carefully. The first thing to do is to hammer down the heads of two pins so they will pass through the staples. When they are just right drive one into the lower edge of the gate, close to the opposite end from the latch. If you don't put it very near the edge the gate will "bind"—it won't



AT HOME.

open freely. Now put the other pin in the upper edge directly opposite the lower pin. Then lay the house on its back, the open side up, and place the gate in the position you want it. The gate should be about half an inch from the bottom of the pen so piggy can't get under it. Now very carefully drive two of your staples into the edge of the box just above and below the edges of the gate and over the pins. Don't drive them too far at first. Try your gate to see if it swings. A curved pin makes a good hasp. Cut the point off, so you will not prick your fingers when you go to let piggy out for a stroll in the garden. Your pig and his pen are done.

An English Military Abuse.

In a recent article on confidential reports I mentioned the case, perfectly authentic, of a regiment in which the officers had to give up playing billiards, the reason being that the colonel was devotedly attached to the game, and that, try as they might none of them could possibly help beating him, in which case they made an enemy of him for life, says London Truth. Another story of the same kind is told by one of my service readers. He states that one night, in his presence, a commanding officer invited a junior to come and make up a rubber. The junior politely declined. The C. O. repeated the request, remarking, "I wish you to play." The junior again excused himself, upon which the colonel, with obvious temper, told him to remember that he (the C. O.) had not yet finished his report on him. This threat is said to have been uttered in the presence of two or three witnesses. It is an extreme case, of course, but milder examples of the same sort of thing can be furnished by a good many army men.

A DIPHTHERIA OUTBREAK.

Anti-Toxine Taken to Eganville for an Alarming Spread of the Disease.

Information was received at the Provincial Health Department, Toronto, on Wednesday of a serious outbreak of Diphtheria at a point 65 miles from Eganville, Ont. One man has already succumbed, and 10 others are down with the disease. A medical inspector has left for the scene, carrying with him a quantity of anti-toxine. If the case turns out as now reported, it will furnish a significant test of the efficacy of the new treatment of diphtheria.

Hermoine.

This graceful costume is adopted from the Greek for evening wear as a tea gown. The bands and bottom of dress are hand embroidered, and the goods is "Liberty wool crepe.—Toronto Ladies' Journal.

THE DEAD MEAT TRADE.

THE EMBARGO ON LIVE CATTLE A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

The Australians and New Zealanders Are Enlarging the Dressed Meat Trade with Great Britain—No Reason Why Canada Should Not Do the Same—We Have a Good Country and Finer Cattle Than the United States.

The Calgary Herald, discussing the exclusion of Canadian cattle from Great Britain and Belgium on the plea that they are diseased, is inclined to regard the embargo as a blessing in disguise and holds that the remedy is to change our methods of doing business and ship dead instead of live cattle. There is much in this to commend it to the attention of cattle raisers and shippers. While Canadians are not relaxing their efforts to have the embargo withdrawn, with no immediate probability of success, the Australians and New Zealanders are enlarging the dressed meat trade with Great Britain which their energy has established. The course of United States shippers, too, affords

A LESSON TO CANADIANS.

When their cattle were refused admission by the British authorities some years ago and had to be slaughtered at the port of entry, they did not engage in useless disputations of the embargo, but set about preparations for building up a dressed beef trade, and now there are fleets of steamships which do nothing else but carry dressed beef from New York and Baltimore to the British markets, the abattoirs of Chicago contributing the bulk of the supply. So great has this trade become, and so firm a place has it in Great Britain, that the shippers have become dictatorial and have aroused the resentment of their customers to such a pitch that the London Chamber of Commerce has advised that every effort be made to increase meat supplies from Canada and the other British colonies.

With the exception of the abattoir recently established at Collingwood, the output of which will for the present seek local channels, there is not an abattoir of importance in Canada, mainly because the live cattle trade has engaged so much of the attention of shippers that they have had none to give to

THE DRESSED BEEF TRADE,

which has been shown to be the more advantageous of the two. If abattoirs at Chicago can ship dressed beef to Great Britain at a profit the same could be done by Canadian abattoirs, and had there been the activity here which shippers in the States display, the Canadian dressed meat trade would now be among the leading industries. There is much to be said for such a trade in preference to shipping cattle alive. As The Calgary Herald points out:

"The shipment of live cattle has much to be said against it. It is brutally cruel for one thing. It is an expensive method of shipment. On car and on steamship, the beasts take far greater stowage room living than dead. Consequently freight is higher per pound. A live shipment requires personal attendance on the journey, and the beasts have to be fed and watered until they reach their destination. A considerable proportion die during the voyage. All land in poor condition, and some are possibly in so injured a condition that they in any case must be strengthened on arrival in port.

THE LOSS IN WEIGHT

on an animal during the journey is almost sufficient to take the profit off the shipment. The person who really benefits by live shipments is not the Canadian rancher, but the British farmer, who purchases the cattle to fatten after their arrival across the Atlantic."

Chicago draws its supplies from the ranching country of the west and southwest. Canada has an equally productive country as source of supply, and of finer cattle than in the United States' herds. Slaughtered upon this side, say at Montreal, or some point at tide water whence the dressed beef could be expeditiously shipped to Great Britain, the shippers would retain the hides, the horns and the tallow which they now part with and would have the profit of them. Certainly the subject is one well deserving of the attention of cattle shippers, who can find in foreign example a lesson well worth heeding.

Let the effort to lift the embargo continue, but it should be supplemented by sustained effort to enlarge the dead meat trade.

No Doubt About It.

"Do you play by note?" inquired one of the summer residents of Blueville, of the violinist of the "Berry Corners Orchestra," which had been discoursing ear-piercing strains at a lawn-party.

"Nivver a note do Oi play by, sorr," replied Mr. Flaherty, mopping his heated brow with a handkerchief of sanguinary hue.

"Ah, by ear, then?" said the summer resident, with a smile of gracious interest.

"Nivver an ear hilps me, yer honor," responded Mr. Flaherty, returning his handkerchief to his capacious pocket.

"Indeed! May I ask you how you— what you do play by, then?" persisted the inquirer.

"By main strin'th, be jabbers!" said Mr. Flaherty, with a weary air, as he plunged his ancient instrument into its green bag; "an' it's moighty dry wurrk, an' that's the thruth, sorr!"

CHEATING THE CUSTOMS OFFICER.

ome of the Many Ingenious Devices Resorted to by Contraband Importers.

The devices which smugglers have resorted to in order to pass the custom-house inspectors are quite as ingenious as those of criminals seeking to escape from jail. Mechanical appliances of all kinds have been invented in which to conceal contraband articles. One of the most remarkable of these is a Bible hollowed out inside so that a number of valuable watches could be concealed among the leaves. This was carried under the arm by a solemn visaged and reverend looking gentleman with white whiskers. He took passage on a channel steamer for England, and was noted among his fellow passengers forth ccie and attachment he displayed toward the holy book. The man turned out to be a notorious smuggler, who, in a small way, had for years been defrauding the revenue by bringing in articles supposed to pay duty. Several loaves of bread hollowed out inside so as to contain cigars have also lately been seized, and from the same gang of smugglers was taken a concertina filled with choice Havana cigars, upon which a high duty would have to be paid if brought in in the ordinary way.

Another equally bold attempt to pass the customs inspectors was made by a handsome woman, who expressed great indignation when it was proposed to search her person. She said that she had been insulted, but the officials had reason to suspect her. When her corset was taken off it was found to contain numerous pockets filled with contraband goods. This article of attire now reposes in a curious little collection of smugglers' devices which the British authorities are constantly adding to. One of these appliances, which is believed to have done much duty in the hands of smugglers, is a can with numerous rings, made to tow overboard from the stern of a steamer. It was water-tight, and contained a large quantity of cigars when captured. An oil can with a chamber to contain brandy was also taken from one of the engineers of an incoming steamer.

Perhaps one of the boldest devices was a bogus log of wood, or rather a log which had been hollowed out, and was found kicking about harmlessly upon the deck of a steamer. It was closely packed with cigars. Imitation lumps of coal have also been made for this purpose, and these, painted black, have been almost impossible of detection. It was a good joke on the smugglers, however, when one of these got lost in a load of coal, and the fine cigars it contained ultimately went up in smoke through the furnace of the steamer.

THE ARGENTINE WHEAT CROP.

The New Crop is a poor one, and the Grain Below Average.

Reports from Buenos Ayres concerning the Argentine wheat crop may exert considerable influence upon the market. For months the prevailing impression as to the size of the new crop in Argentina has been discouraging to our wheat growers. From the preceding crop there was exported to Europe more than 50,000,000 bushels. The sale of this great exportable surplus by a country which did not produce wheat enough for its own use a few years ago has been a weight on the wheat market the world over. At the beginning of the Argentine season which is now closed it was reported that the wheat acreage in that country had been increased by 10 per cent. in spite of the fact that the average price received by Argentine wheat growers last year was only 38 cents a bushel, and until now there has been a general expectation that the Argentine surplus for export would at least be equal to that of last year.

It is difficult in that country to obtain promptly any trustworthy estimate of crop yields or to ascertain the general condition of the wheat crop while it is growing or at the time immediately preceding the harvest. The crop statistician must wait for the final results. Consequently, there had been no trustworthy reports from Argentina which could serve to modify the general impression that the output would be equal to and probably exceed, that of last year. Dispatches from Buenos Ayres say that the new crop had proved to be a poor one and that the quality of the grain was below average. It would be unwise to regard these advices as conclusive, but it seems probable that the exportable surplus of the Argentine crop will be considerably reduced, and that the effect of this reduction will be beneficial with respect to the wheat growers of other exporting countries.

A Wonderful Machine.

A conception of the ingenuity involved in the construction of some of the finer tools now employed in various manufactures may be obtained from the following fact:

A machine for turning out watch-screws was recently exhibited at the Institution of Mechanical Engineers in London, which was so complicated that several skilled engineers present confessed that they were unable to follow the train of mechanism, even when it was explained by the aid of working drawings!

Yet this machine, when a wire is fed to it, goes on doing its work, turning out perfect screws, and as long as the wire lasts it requires no interference by its human attendants.

For every widower who marries a widow, there are 11 who espouse maidens.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"You know that mother will be here to-morrow," said Mrs. Bowser at dinner the other evening.

"Yes, I remember," replied Mr. Bowser, "and I shall be glad to see her. If all mother-in-laws had been like her, the funny men couldn't have worked off a single joke bout it."

"She will have the side bedroom up staire."

"All right."

"But as the furnace dosen't seem to heat that room sufficiently I thought I'd put up a small stove."

"That's the correct thing, my dear."

"The girl got the stove up there this afternoon, but she couldn't put the pipe together."

"Just so, Mrs. Bowser, and you want me to do it. All right."

"I—I was going to ask you to telephone to a stove man."

"What for? When the time comes that I can't jerk three or four lengths of stovepipe together, I'd better retire to an asylum."

"But you—you—"—

"Will lose my temper, eh? Not much! I'm as placid as a mill pond and could set up forty joints of stove pipe without a wink If all husbands were as calm and good natured as I am, this would be a far better world, Mrs. Bowser. I'll trot up and fix things and be down again inside of five minutes."

Mr. Bowser reached the room mentioned to find three joints of pipe and an elbow awaiting him. He threw off his coat and picked up two of the joints. All ends were exactly of the same size. He changed ends, but found them the same. He placed the three joints in line, but the same fact was still apparent. He was pondering over it when Mrs. Bowser entered the room and handed him the hammer and said:—

"You may need this. One end must be squeezed into the other, of course. If you think you can't"—

"Mrs. Bowser, what did I come up here for?"

"To put up the stovepipe, dear."

"Exactly. I know how to do it. I'm going to do it. I was squeezing stovepipe together before you were born. I was simply wondering if the man who invented stovepipe was a fool or a lunatic. I'll be down in a minute."

When she had gone, he dropped down on his knees and began working at two joints. There was something wrong—just a trifle, somewhere. If he squeezed at one spot, a bulge appeared in another. When he tapped with a hammer on one side, the other immediately displayed a cantankerous disposition. There are six ends to three joints of stovepipe.

Mr. Bowser counted them and was perfectly satisfied of this. Three of the ends ought to have fitted into the other three, but they were mulishly obstinate. He was trying to fit the elbow somewhere between the three joints, to see if he could not break the combination and hit a prize chromo, when Mrs. Bowser entered again.

"Are you having trouble?" she asked.

"Not a bit. I was just experimenting a little. As you are only in the way, you'd better go down. If I want your valuable assistance, I'll call you."

Mr. Bowser's face was streaked with perspiration and grime. His shirt sleeves had wiped off a goodly portion of the stove blacking. Even the back of his neck seemed to have come in contact with the pipe. After Mrs. Bowser had gone, he tried the elbow on the joint which he had mentally marked, "Exhibit A." No go. Then he tried it on "Exhibit B." No go. Neither end of "Exhibit C." would fit in or fit over. He hammered the end of one joint in and the other out, but we've all been there. Mr. Bowser was calm. A curious light shone in his eyes, and his ears worked backward and forward, but he didn't pick up one of the joints and demolish a gas fixture or mirror.

Meanwhile Mrs. Bowser was getting the baby to sleep, but at the same time listening intently for the climax she knew was certain to come. She heard the squeak as Mr. Bowser pressed on one end of a joint with his knee and flattened the pipe to a thickness of a pancake, and chills went over her. She knew when he got the pipe under his feet to press it back, and a hunted look came into her eyes. She followed his movements as he wiped his face on the bedspread and then picked up a joint to attach it to the stove. He tugged. He panted. He let go to get a better hold, and in imagination she could see his eyes hanging out like peeled onions. Her heart was standing still when there was a great crash up stairs. That was Mr. Bowser falling over the stove. The second crash was the stove falling over Mr. Bowser.

That gurgling sound was Mr. Bowser trying to say something. She heard him get up. As he jumped on the different joints in succession and mashed them flat, the chandeliers below waved in the breeze. She heard the window go up, she heard each piece of pipe strike in the alley, and the crash of the stove which followed made the baby yell out. Then she heard Mr. Bowser kick over two chairs, bang the wardrobe and start down with a slump, slump, slump, hair on end, collar wilted and holding up a bleeding finger, and as he entered the sitting room she prepared for the inevitable. It came. He described several gyrations in the air with the cut finger, assumed a pose intended to make her feel her nothingness and said:—

"Mrs. Bowser, I shall telephone to my lawyer. When he comes, send him direct to the library—to the library, Mrs. Bowser."

ANOTHER TRIP FOR MR. TYRRELL.

Invited to Make a Journey to the North-west Corner of Greenland—Will Probably Accept.

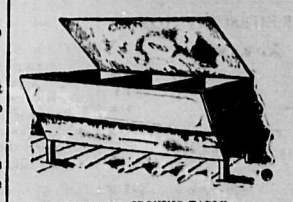
A big Arctic exploration, in which a Weston man is to take the leading part, is on foot. Mr. J. B. Tyrrell of the Geological Survey, who has just returned from an exploration of the Northern Barren lands of Canada, has been asked by Prof. Steins, head of the United States Geological Survey, to lead a party to Ellesmere Land, situate in the 77th degree of latitude, to the northwest corner of Greenland, across the Smith Sound from the Inglefield landing, the most northern point reached by the famous Peary expedition. The party is to go to search for and rescue two Swedish naturalists who have been lost on Ellesmere Land. Another object is to make a survey of north and west coasts of Ellesmere Land. It is proposed the party sail by vessel to Baffin's Bay via Davis Strait and the great northwest passage. The terminus of the exploration will be over 2000 miles distant from Newfoundland, and about 200 miles further north than the point reached by the Peary expedition. The expedition is under the U. S. Geological Survey it being put on foot by American capitalists. The sum of $50,000 has been subscribed towards the exploration. Mr. Tyrrell has not as yet accepted the offer to undertake the trip, but there is little doubt he will accept. It is learned he has the permission of the Dominion Government to take it up if he wishes to do so.

In Guelph a beautiful cactus is in bloom, bearing 150 flowers.

THE HOME

Tubs and Ironing Table Combined.

Set tubs make easier the weekly washing day, and they can be made by a carpenter at no great expense or by the man of the house himself, if he be handy with tools. The illustration shows a combination of



TUBS AND IRONING TABLE.

tubs and ironing table, the space on top of the tubs being increased by the raising of a hanging shelf which is hinged to the top of the front so as to come flush with the cover proper when raised to a horizontal position. To secure solidity, two legs can be inserted under this shelf when it is raised. The three compartments make it possible to put the clothes through the customary three waters without first emptying one compartment to make room for the final rinsing. If there is not running water in the house the tubs should be fitted with stop cocks at the outer corners to draw off the water.

Housekeeping, and the Home.

No doubt all the women who read this article pride themselves upon their housekeeping. You are excellent housekeepers, everyone, but is it not possible that in the zeal of keeping house you somewhat lose sight of the ideal home making? It must be admitted, a home is not a home unless it is well kept in every detail, but do not let the petty details engross your whole time and attention, and drive you into nervous prostration by the strain and worry. There are the children whose wants must be attended to. Do not neglect the little treasures. If you can not attend to both house and children, let it be the children. An authority has said that a child's character is formed during the first seven years of its life. If this be true you cannot give them too much of your loving attention and thought. They are very quick at that age to notice any lack of sympathy; and do what one will, they know instinctively whether one loves them. Children are all, more or less, imitators of others. Then you, the mother, who are brought into constant contact with them, have a most careful task to perform in doing and saying nothing that your children may not do and say. As they grow older, and the mother sees the one growing into a sweet-faced little girl, mother's own daughter, the friends say, with the looks and actions of mother coming to the surface, and the other growing into an exact reproduction in miniature of the father, with some of mother's graces added, the mother's heart swells with pride and love, and she is most thankful that she never sacrificed the children for the house.

Then, too, the patter of little feet, sticky fingers on the window panes, darling little faces, and childish voices will not always gladden the home. They will grow up, some may be taken away, and then to the lonely mother every unkind word and every neglected duty will come back, magnified a thousand times by the silence in the home.

Let the children have their pleasures. Train them to be obedient, neat, and to some extent orderly, and then let them have all the fun their busy brains can devise so long as it is harmless and innocent. Long after they have grown to manhood and womanhood, even after they have families of their own, they will look back to their happy childhood as the oasis in their lives. Mother will be thought of as the dearest mother that ever was, and father will be the best man.

The mother, though, must not become a slave to the children in order that they may have a good time and no cares in their childhood. Mother has rights and privileges upon which the children, as they grow older, must not infringe. One of the most important is that she shall not wait on those who are abundantly able to wait on themselves. She must not confine herself to looking after their bodily wants entirely. Advance wish them in their mental pursuits. Be their companion in their readings, or in whatever they are doing. One of the great mistakes mothers make nowadays is to see their offspring advancing and yet make no effort to keep as well posted themselves. If a son or daughter ask a question, more respect is felt for the mother if she is able to answer it and give them suggestions they had not thought of. Do not allow them to get out of your reach mentally. Read the papers and the monthly magazines. If a book comes out that is all the rage, read it, and be able to discuss it and tell who the author is. If it is impossible to arrange your duties to have time to read yourself, one of the children or your husband might read aloud in the evening when you are engaged with the household mending or sewing. In that way all would be benefited, and by exchanging thought upon the characters, new ideas would be gained.

Strive to keep well the house in which you live, but do not forget to keep polished the gem which lies in the upper story of the temple of the body.

Two Good Recipes.

Lemon Pie.—Line a pie tin with paste; slice thin one lemon, removing the seeds; mix a tablespoonful of flour with two thirds of a teacupful of sugar and spread evenly over the pie; add a cupful of cold water, put on the upper crust and bake in a quick oven. The pie should be put into the oven as soon as may be after the water is added. This makes a delicious pie and has the advantage over lemon pies as they are usually made at the present time in that it is quickly and easily made.

Dried Blackberry Pie.—Line a pie tin with paste; sprinkle into it a handful of dried blackberries: mix in a dessert spoonful of flour with half a teacupful of sugar and spread evenly over the pie; add a teacupful of cold water; put on the upper crust and bake in a well heated oven. This recipe makes a very nice pie if the berries are properly dried. Blackberries as they are usually dried are almost worthless. As soon as may be after the berries are brought from the field they should be spread upon earthen plates, sprinkled with sugar and scalded in a hot oven, then mashed with a knife, again spread evenly over the plates and carefully dried in the oven. They should be stirred several times during the drying process. When dried they should be put away in glass cans or tight paper sacks. Prepared in this way they are nice for pies and are always ready.

A Whale's Jawbones.

The jawbones of a whale are sometimes 20 feet in length, and the mouth, when wide open, is 12 by 18 feet. The throat, however, is so small as scarcely to admit a hen's egg. The whale gets his living by straining the animalcule and small fish out of the water he takes into his capacious mouth. It must be slow work, but then he has plenty of time and nothing else to do so he attends to his eating so regularly that he often accumulates a ton of oil in his bulky system.

THE WEEKLY NEWS

Published Every Tuesday At Union, B. C.

By Whitney & Co.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

IN ADVANCE.

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 2
Single Copy	0 05

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.

No Advertisment inserted for less than 50 cents.

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

Tuesay, Feb. 26, 1895.

Mr. Williams, of the city of Vancouver has made a most remarkable discovery. He declared from his place in the legislature that the route from Victoria to Australia was by way of Bute Inlet. We suppose as a matter of course that he will now be made a member of the Royal Geographical Society.

The Liberals of Victoria have selected as their standard bearers in the coming campaign, Wm. Templeton and Dr. Milne. They could not have done better. These gentlemen will poll the full Liberal vote. The Conservatives, if they would succeed, must match them with candidates equally popular. To properly balance the forces and make the fight picturesque, the Conservatives should nominate W. H. Ellis and Dr. Davie.

The Bella Coola Colonists appear to delighted with their surroundings and prospects. The climate is fine and the land not hard to clear, and is of good quality. As the settlers appear to be industrious and willing to work for what they get and withal have a sensible hard working leader in their minister, Mr. Saugstag, the colony will undoubtedly soon be in a flourishing condition. It has done splendidly so far. The lesson it teaches is that association is wisest in a new country.

Which is it to be, a session or a dissolution? We think the suspense should be ended and the country given to know on what they are to depend. The country was not made for the politicians, who act however as if they thought it was. The business of the country is undoubtedly suffering from a campaign which will be unduly prolonged if we are to have a session before an election. The issues are made up. Let the people decide them and the policy of the government be determined accordingly.

The American congress is appropriating money for a submarine cable to Honolulu. With that action we can't complain, but should endeavor to obtain a sufficient footing for our own cable stretching from Vancouver Island to Australia. As an independent power we should demand from them the same favors granted the United States or any other nation. These islands lie in the pathway of our Australian steamers, and a coaling station there as well as a small island on which to land a cable would be a very great advantage.

The cold weather in Europe and east of the Rockies in Canada and the United States has been productive of much suffering and loss of property. The death rate among the aged and feeble has been especially heavy. In the south the cold has been remarkable, accompanied in many places by furious snow storms. The distress in some sections has been fearful, the terrors of the weather being augmented by the terrors of poverty. In London and Glasgow the soup kitchen alone stands between starvation and tens of thousands of people, the latter city alone feeding in this way over 40,000 people.

We are glad to notice that a movement is on foot in Tacoma to receive Canadian money at par. This is sensible. Trade is obstructed enough by the tariff without setting up any additional artificial barriers. The cost of shipping back all the Canadian money taken in the coast cities of the United States would amount to an infinitesimal small sum per annum. By removing this obstruction trade would be encouraged and a better feeling restored. United States money is taken everywhere in British Columbia at par and the interests of our southern neighbors require that there should be reciprocity in this matter.

NEW INDUSTRY.

The McClary Mfg. Co will immediately make some extensive additions to their factories at London, with a view to manufacturing new lines of goods. They intend making steel and cast iron enamelled or granite ware. These lines have hitherto been altogether imported, but this company will shortly be in a position to fully supply the market. This will add another new industry, by establishing a factory for this important class of goods, which have not heretofore been made in Canada.

THE BUSY MAN.

If you would get a favor done
By some obliging friend,
And want a promise, safe and sure,
On which you can depend,
Don't go to him who always has
Much leisure time to plan,
But, if you want your favor done,
Just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has
A moment he can spare,
He's always "putting off," until
His friends are in despair;
But he whose every waking hour
Is crowded full of work
Forgets the art of wasting time;
He cannot stop to shirk.

So when you want a favor done,
And want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly
Works thirty hours a day.
He'll find a moment, sure, somewhere,
That has no other use,
And fix you while the idle man
Is framing an excuse.

As the general election campaign becomes serious and ubiquitous, it grows more and more necessary for the elector to put himself on guard against the stump speaker and the party organ, both of which argue from a "brief." It is the professed business of these twin retailers of biassed rhetoric and "doctored" statistics to delude, mislead and befog the voter. They are useful just in proportion as they are plausibly unfair and credibly untruthful. The highest point of the art they practice is that at which they can profess with sober faces to present both sides of the question at issue, and yet make it clear that no one not a fool or a knave could possibly accept the position of their opponents. But it may be taken for granted at the outset by any thinking elector that neither party in Canada is made up principally of knaves or fools—MONTREAL STAR.

"TH[illegible] T[illegible] MILKING MACHINE

Several correspondents have written to us for more particulars of the new milking machine. Since the first notice of it appeared in our issue of the 3rd. ult., we have made further inquiries, and are informed that the machine has been invented and worked out by Dr. Shields of Glasgow, and Mr. William Elliott, of Lanark, and that it is thoroughly successful and practical in every way. It milks the cattle quickly dry and without injury to the teat. It is estimated that a man and two boys, say fourteen to sixteen years of age, will easily milk from 100 to 120 cows an hour with it. The power required is about two horse. The machine is very simple, and with ordinary care should last twenty years. All the parts coming in contact with the milk are very easily cleaned; in fact, they are just thrown into a big bath of cold water and rinsed and placed in clear water again.

A company is being formed to take over the patents and manufacture the machines and place them on the market, and it is expected they will be ready for the spring trade. We understand that orders from people who have already seen the machine at work have already been received for between 200 and 300 machines, to be fitted as soon as possible.

We hope, in the course of a few weeks to have an opportunity of personally inspecting this machine at work.—FARMERS GAZETTE, Dublin, Ireland.

Helping Out the Vicar.

Some years ago, in a very rural district a farmer had a cow for sale. Now, as there was no weekly paper to advertise in, it was the custom of the vicar to give such notices out to his congregation on Sundays So the farmer thought he would go to the vicar and get him to advertise the cow in church.

"Yes," says the vicar, "but you don't come to my church."

And they struck the bargain that the vicar should advertise the cow, and the man in return should go to church. Now, unfortunately, the man was very deaf, and on the Sunday following when the vicar gave out the banns of marriage between Joseph So-and-so and Sarah So-and so—a rather unusual incident, for they seldom had a wedding—the farmer took it for granted that the vicar was giving out particulars of his cow and shouted out:

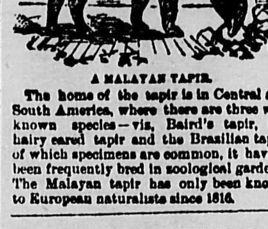
"You may as well say, while you are about it, that she is a most gentle creature, entirely free from vice and a great eater." —London Tit-Bits.

These Nice Large Buttons.

Here is a nice little story conducive to a continued popularity of hooks and eyes. "One secret of the Chicago packers great fortunes is simply," said a resident of that city recently, "they don't waste anything. The meat, the entrails—everything is made use of but the squeal. They can't catch that, so it is wasted. Funny thing what they do with the blood. It is all caught in a great tank, and after it clots is carted off to a stamping house, where powerful machines are busy stamping it into buttons. Yes, buttons of blood are a novelty. It is all done at one stamp of the big dies, and it was found that they wear remarkably well. They are distinguished by their peculiar red color."—New York Sun.

The Asiatic Tapir.

Our cut shows a nearly adult specimen of the Malayan or Asiatic tapir, which is less frequently to be seen in zoological collections than other varieties of the tapirs.



A MALAYAN TAPIR.

The home of the tapir is in Central and South America, where there are three well known species—viz, Baird's tapir, the hairy eared tapir and the Brazilian tapir, of which specimens are common, it having been frequently bred in zoological gardens. The Malayan tapir has only been known to European naturalists since 1816.

HOTEL DiCKSON

UNION B. C.

Dickson & Co., Props.

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

—CHOICEST—
LIQUORS
AND CIGARS
Table Unsurpassed

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 Specialty.

K NWARD & PROCKTER.

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.

A FINE STOCK

of Clocks, Watches, Books and Stationery.

T. D. McLean

—:JEWELER:—

UNION, B. C.

M. J. HENRY,

Nurseyman and Florist

Greenhouse and Nursery—
604 westminster Road, Vancouver
P. O. Address—Mt. Pleasant, Vancouver.

Fine stock of upland grown Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Vines, Roses, Bulbs, etc. Also Agricultural Implements, Spraying Pumps, Bee Hives and Bee Supplies

Compare prices, buy direct and put the agents' profits in your own pocket.

Wolf River and other varieties of Apple Trees, 25c. each, $18 per 100.

Abundance and other better varieties of Plum Trees, 30c each, $25 per 100.

Italian Prune, 2 year old, on plum roots, $15 per 100.

Keifer and other better varieties of Pear, 35c. each, $30 per 100.

Strong two year old Currants, $4 per 100.

No traveling agents. Get my new catalogue before placing your spring order.

114 2m

BARKER AND POTTS,

BARRISTERS,

SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, &c.

NANAIMO. B. C.

P. O. DRAWER 18.

H. A.

Barrister & Solicitor, No's 2 & 4 Commercial Street.

NANAIMO, B. C.

J. A. Carthew

ARCHITECT and BUILDER,

[U]NION, B. C.

Society Cards

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

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

Wm. Wright, R. S.

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

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

Visiting Brothers cordially requested to attend.

R. S. McConnell, Secretary.

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

W. Duncan, Sec.

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.

PARTNERSHIP DISSOLUTION.

The partnership between the undersigned in the logging business at Courtenay has been dissolved by mutual consent. All outstanding accounts will be paid by Mr. H. Stewart, to whom all bills due the firm must be paid.

Courtenay, B.C., Feb 1st 1895.
Robert Graham
Hugh Stewart

Nanaimo Cigar Factory

Phillip Gableaanp Co., Prop's

Baston Street — Nanaimo B. C.

Manufactures the finest cigars and employes none but white labor.

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

A. D. WILLIAMS

Notary Public and Conveyancer

AGENT FOR THE

DOMINION BLDNG AND LOAN ASSC. OF TORONTO.
LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE INS. CO.
CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION.

MONEY TO LOAN
On Approved Security

When absent from the city JOHN WILLIAMS will transact his business

Miss B. B. Williams,

Teacher of Music, Shorthand and Typewriting

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

Nanaimo Saw Mill.

—AND—

Sash and Door FACTORY

A. HASLAM, Prop

(OFFICE—MILL STREET.)

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

NANAIMO, B. C.

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

Cedar. White Pine. Redwood.

H. J. Theobald,

House and Sign Painter,

Paper-Hanging, Kalsomining and Decorating.

GRAINING A SPECIALTY.

All Orders Promptly Attended to

Union, B. C.

LOUIS W. FAUQUIER

NOTARY PUBLIC,

CONVEYANCER.

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance.

—REAL ESTATE—

—PUBLIC AUCTIONEER.—

RENTS COLLECTED

—AND—

ESTATES MANAGED.

Esquimalt and Nanaimo Ry.

Steamer Joan

W. D. OWEN, MASTER.

On and after Mar. 22nd, 1893

The Steamer JOAN will sail as follows CALLING AT WAY PORTS as passengers and freight may offer

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

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

Esquimalt & Nanaimo R'y.

Time Table No. 23,

To take effect at 8.00 a. m. on Thursday, Jan. 10th, 1895. Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

NORTH BOUND (READ DOWN.)

No 2 Pass'r. Daily	Miles from Victoria	STATIONS.	Miles from Wellington	No. 1 Pass'r Daily.
De. 3.00 PM		Victoria	78	Ar. 12.00 NOON
3.04	1	Russell's	77	11.56
3.14	4	Esquimalt	74	11.46
3.17	5	Stewart's	73	11.43
3.30	6	Parson's Bridge	72	11.40
3.37	8	Langford	70	11.33
3.57	11	Goldstream	67	11.23
4.08	20	Summit Siding	58	10.57
4.20	22	Shawnigan Lake	56	10.30
4.40	31	Cobble Hill	47	10.20
4.45	35	McPherson's	43	10.05
5.06	38	Koksilah	40	9.55
5.10	40	Duncan's	38	9.50
5.20	43	Somenos	35	9.40
5.37	47	Westholme	30	9.33
5.43	53	Chemainus	25	9.15
6.00	59	Oyster Bay Siding	19	9.00
6.08	62	Oyster Bay	16	8.51
6.40	73	Nanaimo	5	8.20
Ar 7.00	78	Wellington		De. 8.00

SOUTH BOUND (READ UP)

On Saturdays and Sundays

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

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

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

Through rates between Victoria and Comox.

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

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

Items That Are Interesting At Our Store

The best value we have ever seen in Flannelette—8, 10 and 14 yards for a dollar. A special line of all pure linen Toweling, 16 yards for $1. New check Muslins—1895 quality—price 25% less than last year —5, 6, 7, and 8 yds. for $1. All plush and cloth Jackets must be entirely closed out—do you require one?—see us about it when you come down—we'll make the price suit you. We are having great success with our BARGAIN COUNTER—sure to be something on it you can use—look it over.

SLOAN & SCOTT

The Famous

DOMINION PANTS CO.

364 & 366 St. James St.
MONTREAL.

[S]UITS To order $13

PANTS $3

Send for Samples. Prompt delivery. Perfect fit guaranteed.

Geo. B. POWELL, Gold House, Vancouver, is our special agent.

WAVERLY HOUSE,

UNION, B.C.

This Magnificent Hotel Building Is Now Opened for the Reception of Guests.

Finest Appointments.

Best Table. Splendid Sample Rooms and Reasonable Rates.

Every Convenience for Miners.

A. Lindsay, Lessee.

Cumberland Hotel.

Union, B. C.

The finest hotel building
Fixtures and Bar
North of Victoria,
And the best kept house.

Spacious Billiard Room and new Billiard and Pool Tables

Best of Wines and Liquors.

J. Piket, Prop.

PUMPS

Manufactured

—and—

Wood Turning

DONE

by **Bennett & Hay** Union, B.C.

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, Props.

Stage and Livery,

COURTENAY, B. C.

Fine Rigs at Reasonable Rates Always on Hand,

Teaming Promptly Done.

McQUILLAN & GILMORE.

Puntledge Bottling Works.

DAVID JONES, Proprietor,

MANUFACTURER OF

SODA WATER, LEMONADE, GINGER ALE,

Sarsaparilla, 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.

R. Sauser,

Manager for J. Wenger,

Watchmaker - and - Jeweller.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.

McKenzie & McDonald,

Courtenay, B. C.

CARRIAGE MAKERS

—AND—

General Blacksmiths.

—CUT PRICES.—

Bring on Your Work.

LIVERY

I am prepared to furnish Stylish Rigs and do Teaming At reasonable rates.

D. Kilpatrick, Union, B. C.

TEAMING

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.

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

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.

G. B. LEIGHTON,

At the Bay, Comox, B. C.

Blacksmithing and Repairing of all kinds

Carriage Work and Horseshoeing a specialty

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.

Combination Iron Bedstead

No 118

These goods are sold by

Grant & McGregor.